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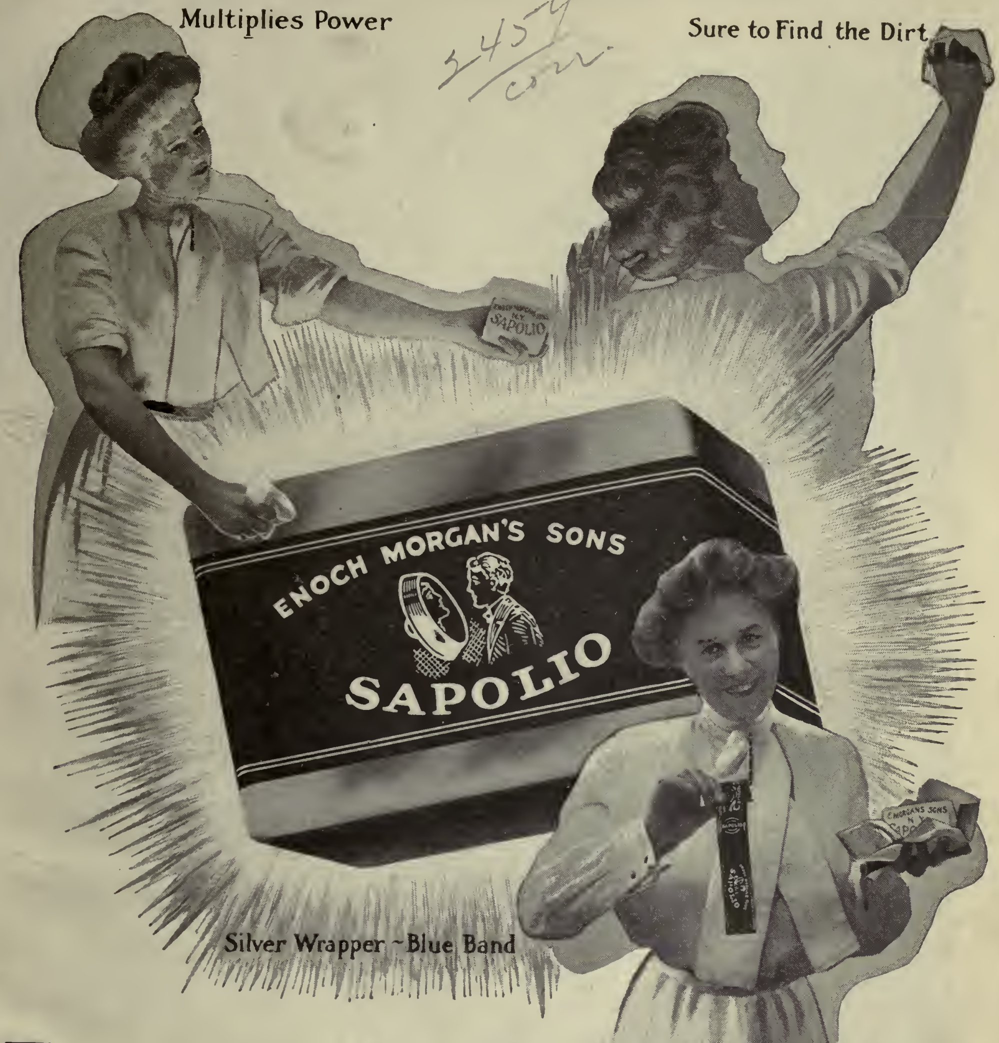
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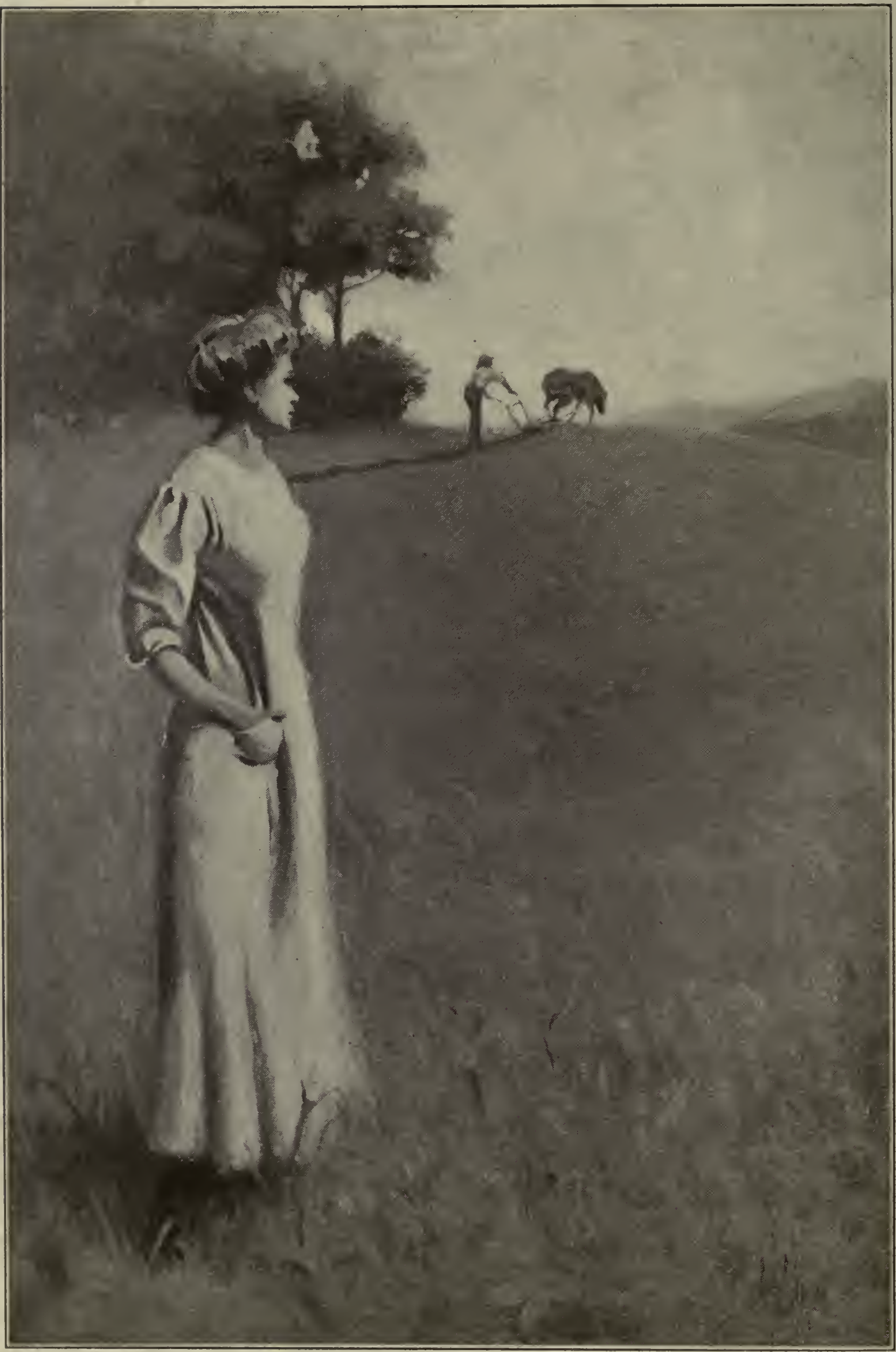

His hand was upon the plough, and he did not look back

—"Two and a Pocket Handkerchief"—page 103

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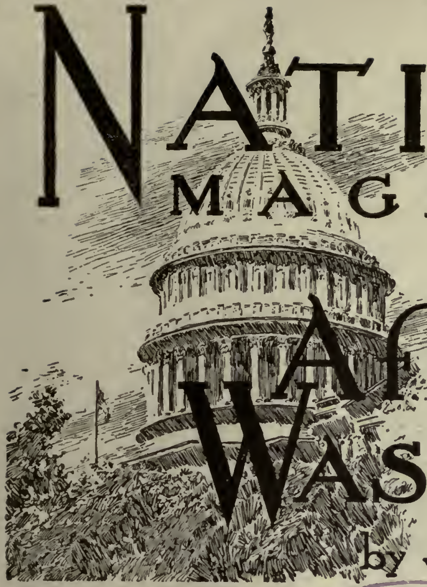

NATIONAL
MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1912

Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

AUTUMN finds Washington in a retrospective mood. While the country is in the throes of a presidential election, there is a placidity about the Capital that is refreshing, for presidential votes are not cast in the District of Columbia.

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The President has been located at his summer home in Beverly; Doctor Woodrow Wilson has journeyed back and forth from the "little white house" at Sea Girt; Colonel Roosevelt from Sagamore Hill has been making his flights across the country; while Eugene V. Debs in the West is urging and instructing his followers in the tenets of Socialism, and Chapin, the Prohibitionist, vigorously stumps the country in his intrepid fight. Five presidential candidates in the field and hardly the echoes of a campaign in Washington itself—the goal of five presidential ambitions!

With nearly all the Congressmen, Senators and public officials away, Washington becomes a better political observatory than at any other time. It is true the presidential headquarters are maintained, but there is a zest lacking that is felt within the borders of the states where presidential votes are cast. The political prophet is kept busy. In October days at Washington one feels like an onlooker, as he reads the papers on the progress of the campaign, and for the moment national interest is diverted from the dome on the hill and centered in the movements in close political states.

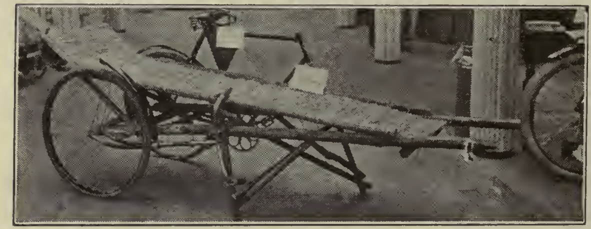
* * *

THE parks of the Capital and the surrounding Virginia and Maryland woods are aglow with the most splendid color scheme of all the year. Seen in the distance through the purple haze the Lee Mansion recalls the stirring scenes of an autumn fifty years ago, when the Capital was thronged with soldiers, and Abraham Lincoln walked up and down the Avenue with the weight and cares of a Civil War and the preservation of the Union on his shoulders.

In one of the parks I chanced on an old veteran who was serenely smoking his pipe and who remarked that in the autumn of '62 there was a great influx of new troops recruited from the North, and how recent defeats of the Union Army made even Washington seem sombre and gloomy, despite the glories of that beautiful autumn.

A troop of Boy Scouts were just passing —lively young lads of from eight to sixteen. "Did you ever stop to think," mused the old veteran, "that one-third of the armies of the Civil War were nothing more than boys like those lads you see marching there? But they were filled with the spirit of patriotism, and before the down had begun to show black against their rosy cheeks, they had developed into heroes, aye, too often into martyrs. Those were the days when it meant something to keep up the spirits of the people. Old and new patriotic songs were sung on every occasion, and the deep devotion and purpose of the hour was felt everywhere.

"In Washington there was a large number of Confederate sympathizers, and even in those days we used to dread seeing President Lincoln mingle so freely among the people and among the troops—but little dreaming that his death would come by the hand of an actor-assassin."


PRIZE BICYCLE STRETCHER
Which was awarded a prize of $1500 at the recent Red Cross Conference

The old man thought a moment, and as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, said:

"What a difference there is between this and the old-time elections, for there is no deep and bitter feeling as yet in the heat of the presidential battle. Truly the world is moving. People understand the uselessness and anguish of war, and no more startling truth has ever been uttered than that of my old commander when he said, 'War is hell.'" And the veteran of '62 doffed his hat as he pointed to the equestrian statue of William Tecumseh Sherman standing out in the glory of the autumn noonday.

A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF NATIONAL MUSEUM, WASHINGTON

* * *

"NECESSITY is the mother of invention," quoted the old Washingtonian, who stopped to rest on the Capitol steps. He carefully deposited an armful of consular reports on the step above. "Here's this report from England about coal. The great coal strike there has created universal interest among manufacturers in an organized search for substitute and cheaper fuels for power and heat. A great many oil engines, this report claims, have already been ordered to replace and supplement steam power. A large number of English cities, including Aldershot, Chichester, Birmingham, Bath, St. Albans, Bridgewater, Oxford, Sheerness and Liverpool, will soon be wholly or partially independent of coal for their electrical plants. Many water works are also replacing steam with petrol engines, and the tie-up of the railways has given an enormous activity to the automobile and auto-truck trade."

"Pesky autos!" broke in a wiry little man who was passing by. "Pretty soon if a fellow hasn't got one of them infernal machines, he'll have to walk, I s'pose."

"Right you are, brother," agreed the old Washingtonian. "Doesn't it even say in this report here that 'many firms propose to send out their drummers with autos adapted to carry a reasonable amount of samples, enabling a man to cover more ground and find new customers with less loss of time and expense.'"

"Drummers, eh?" gasped his little neighbor. "Well, now! I reckon that ain't so bad, after all. You see, friend, my son's a traveling salesman. I tell you, those English are the ingenious cusses! Doing without coal, eh?"

ANOTHER genial young man has been added to the White House force. For some years Thomas W. Brahany has been one of the most popular secretaries and newspaper correspondents at Washington. Everyone seemed to call him "Tom," and his good-natured ways, keen observations and loyal services have always attracted friends. He was born at Madison, Wisconsin, in 1875, educated at the public schools there and also studied at the University of Wisconsin. He began his newspaper career as correspondent for various Chicago and Milwaukee newspapers. Later on he became the state editor of the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, and after a while he seemed to know everyone who lived within the boundaries of the state.

At the opening of the Fifty-sixth Congress Mr. Brahany came to Washington as private secretary to Senator J. V. Quarles, and remained with him during his entire term. For two years he was with Senator Spooner, and then became Washington correspondent for the *Milwaukee Sentinel*. His work at the Capital also extended to the Washington Bureau of the *New York Evening Post*, and later to the Washington Bureau of the *New York Tribune*. On December 12, 1910, he was appointed executive secretary of the Tariff Board, and held this position until he assumed his present duties as assistant secretary to the President in place of Sherman Allen, who was made assistant secretary of the Treasury. The brilliant career of Thomas Brahany shows the possibilities for an energetic young man who is eager to render loyal and efficient service, with a good nature that cannot be disturbed under any circumstances.

* * *

IN vacation days it was refreshing now and then to find a place where political matters were not taken so seriously. There was Uncle Hiram down in old Nantucket. He sat on a barrel on the edge of the wharf, whittling and reminiscent. He insisted that politics, after all, was just a little game of fishing and reminded us of the time he went after "big fish."

"The first bite," he said, "I thought I had a big halibut, but before I got him in, the line parted. The second time a bluefish with teeth like a chopping machine took hold, and I just got him alongside when he bit the gange in two and I lost him."

"What about the third time?" from everyone, impatiently.

"Oh!" he answered, leisurely adjusting the bait to his line, "the third time I just caught a good honest codfish. People will go fishin' and expect to get halibut, swordfish, bluefish and all them thar things that are more val'yble, but they come 'round finally and just take good old-fashioned codfish. Now with all these air trimmin' and new progressive fellows when they come right down to brass tacks and get all over the excitement, every party will be content to go after codfish. It is a good diet and it lasts.

"Now the p'litical waters are stirred. There is Wilson, he is a good halibut; then Roosevelt, he is a mighty spry, toothsome bluefish, but after all is done we come to codfish because we are reminded of codfish during the hard winter when we

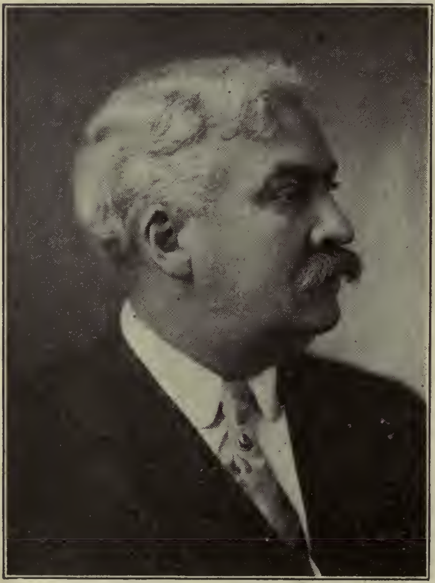
THOMAS W. BRAHANY
The live-wire Washington newspaper correspondent, who has been appointed assistant secretary to President Taft

want something substantial to eat. Yes, sir, you can draw your own conclusions."

He put his quid of tobacco on the other side and reflected.

* * *

WHEN it comes to thoroughly active work at a congressional hearing in Washington, Mr. Herbert Noble of New York knows how to expedite business for results. He appeared for the publishers in the Senate hearing for the Periodical Publishers' Association and made "every little movement" count from the time Dr. Shaw of the *Review of Reviews* began his argument until the last Senator had finished his interrogations.



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HERBERT NOBLE OF NEW YORK

An effective advocate of liberal postal regulations

The most important hearing in recent years in which the interest of the government was involved was conducted last year before the Hughes Commission, over which Justice Hughes of the Supreme Court of the United States presided, appointed by President Taft for the purpose of determining the cost of carrying the mails.

Every magazine reader in the United States was vitally interested in the outcome of this hearing as the Commission was appointed for the purpose of determining the cost of carrying second-class mail especially.

The results were as gratifying as the interests were vital, as Mr. Noble succeeded upon the evidence adduced by the Post-office Department itself in proving that the cost to the government for the transportation of magazines was considerably lower than it had been reported by the government to be, and as a consequence the postage rate on magazines was not increased.

Mr. Noble was born in Maryland, was graduated from St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland, from which institution he recently received the degree of LL.D., and was for some years a professor at the Law School of Columbia University in the City of New York. He is now the senior member of the New York law firm of Noble, Estabrook & McHarg. Mr. Noble has always been a Democrat in politics, but his first consideration has always been the practice of his profession. Whether in trying a case, making a plea, or in personal conference, Mr. Noble has that delightful, charming personality which inspires confidence and wins friends. When he shakes his shock of hair, and meditatively twirls his heavy gray moustache, it is certain that something is being planned which will bring results. A man who knows how to handle a hearing in these "much heard" days has mastered a form of legal and legislative procedure that is in great demand. Many a lawyer distinguished in his home city or state has met his Waterloo in the swirl of Washington intricacies, and the man who comes to the Capital and attracts the attention of Congressmen and government officials makes a lasting impression, and is often recalled later to become a part of the select "inner circle" itself.

* * *

A LIVELY diplomatic skirmish was occasioned over the proposition of relieving part of our American shipping from payment of tolls at the Panama Canal. The note of protest from Great Britain came during Ambassador Bryce's absence and insisted that to allow American vessels to pass through the canal without the payment of tolls would be to violate the letter and spirit of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty.

President Taft's response came with a ring that showed the legal bent of his mind. He believed that we have the right to charge tolls to all nations alike for the use of the canal, and that these tolls should be the same to all. He insisted that "when we are dealing with our own ships, the practice of governments subsidizing their own merchant vessels is so well established in general that a subsidy equal to the tolls, an equivalent remission of tolls, cannot be held to be discrimination" as the United States owns and built the canal and certainly has some rights established as far as the interests of this nation are concerned. Whenever a legal point that involves wading through a mass of papers comes up in the regular routine, President Taft is as happy as if he was enjoying an extra holiday. A member of the foreign legation insisted that no other President had ever been so strongly entrenched in legal knowledge that executive opinions did not have to wander through a labyrinth of legal explication before a clear and definite decision was reached, couched full-born in legal vernacular.

Senator Root takes issue on this point with the President, and insists that the Hague Tribunal would not place this construction upon the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Commissioner Louis K. Rourke of Boston, long prominent in canal activities, agrees with the New York senator, holding that the canal is a military asset rather than a practical business proposition.

The Hay–Pauncefote treaty recalls some interesting episodes in the history of diplomacy. The treaty provides that "the canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic, or otherwise." It is felt that this clause clearly refers to other nations and not the nation who built the canal and owns the canal. Otherwise it would be difficult to discern any practical business reason for investing $375,000,000 in a

LINCOLN'S FAMOUS BODYGUARD

Showing the surviving members of the guard which was with the great President during the greater part of the war. *Seated, left to right*—William Reith, president of the Veterans; John J. B. Leach, vice-president; Earnest Ruppert and Louis Kettler; *standing*—Rudolph Saur, John A. Seiler, Jacob Karr and Charles Hartman project from which no benefits would accrue to the owner of the "Great Ditch."

* * *

ONE of the most effective addresses on the recall of judges and decisions was the speech of Congressman Augustus P. Gardner of Massachusetts, which is likely to find use later as campaign material.

The speech strikes a progressive note and makes a close analysis of what constitutes pure democracy. The Massachusetts Congressman has made a thorough study of the subject and claims that since the foundation of our government judges may be removed by the legislative and executive power, and those who have been found guilty of misconduct removed by impeachment. Then he reminds us that this is an era of discontent; much of it justifiable, while much is due to the artful sophistries of the demagogue. "When filled with anger," aptly remarks Mr. Gardner, "men do not attack with discrimination, but attack blindly."

HON. AUGUSTUS P. GARDNER
Massachusetts Congressman, one of the prominent orators of the House

Showing that the ancient British court procedure has been reformed, while ours is archaic, Mr. Gardner charges our courts with clinging to worn-out methods, and gives a most comprehensive review of instructive experiences, pointing out graphically how Abraham Lincoln would certainly have been removed under the recall system in 1861 or 1862, since Lincoln was the choice of the minority only, a large majority of the people having voted in 1860 for other candidates.

"In ancient Rome," says Congressman Gardner, "the tribunes of the people were charged with the duty of annulling laws which struck at fundamental rights. Those whose purposes had been thwarted advised the Romans to do away with the tribunes, and history states as a result that Rome gave up the tribunes, lost her liberty and never regained it until the tribunes were elected as before to hold in check the irrational impulses of individual leaders among the people."

Mr. Gardner's speech throughout is full of meaty argument. Not only does he cite historical instances, but an event within the memory of men still on the floor of Congress, when a Democratic member, after twenty years of faithful and appreciative service, voted on the unpopular side in one instance and was recalled by his constituency.

Insisting that the recall would make men seem cowardly and fearful of delivering decisions, however right and just, knowing that political squalls might sweep them out of office and that the one grave difficulty that will confront the country, as confessed by even Governor Foss, would be in getting good men to serve under such conditions, Mr. Gardner asks: "Would the task be lighter if these men had been obliged to face the torture of a political canvass and uncertain tenure?" Although the issue is not so sharply drawn as earlier, the matter is in the minds of the people, and thorough discussions like that of Congressman Gardner help toward reaching conclusions that assure lasting and beneficent results.

* * *

A VIGOROUS and effective campaign has been opened by the Chicago Bar Association upon "trouble-hunting pluggers" and "defamers of the profession," who have proven a common enemy to the honest lawyer as well as to the people. The results of the investigations have been astounding, and the committee in charge has taken vigorous steps for reformation. The judges have been asked to coöperate in eliminating this "trouble-hunting" lawyer and parasitic "shyster."

President E. B. Tolman has reported that the proceedings of certain lawyers at the jail and police courts, when defending poor persons accused of crime, are intolerable. "The method," claims Mr. Tolman, "seems to be to discover how much the prisoner and his friends can raise, to take all there is in sight, and then render no real service."

As long as lawyers take and secure fees for doing nothing, the public will continue to be suspicious of the profession, and lawyers are taking vigorous steps to encourage and advocate forms of court procedure that will eliminate a good deal of unfounded but natural prejudice against the lawyers and courts.

* * *

THE new Field Secretary of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, Mrs. Maude Wood Henry, is the first woman to enter the ranks of the men workers in an official capacity. Her appointment, by Senator Ransdell of Louisiana, the president of the national organization, came as a fitting consummation to her work and accomplishments in the waterway movement, a leading issue in the South.

For the past two years Mrs. Henry has worked in the interests of the proposed barge canal along the Gulf of Mexico, destined to connect the Atlantic Coast of Florida with the Mississippi River at New Orleans. This is the project of the Mississippi to Atlantic Inland Waterway Association, of which United States Senator Duncan U. Fletcher of Florida is the head. Mrs. Henry has not only financed this organization, but has addressed audiences of men in all the leading cities and towns of the gulf states, and through efficient publicity and statistical work has done much to arouse public sentiment as well as Congressional action in the matter of appropriations for this waterway.

She will retain her office as Field Secretary of this organization and divide her time between it and the National Rivers and Harbors Congress.

For ten years prior to her connection with the waterway movement, Mrs. Henry was associate editor and business manager of *North and South*, the official industrial and immigration magazine of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, and was prominently identified with immigration interests in the Southern States.

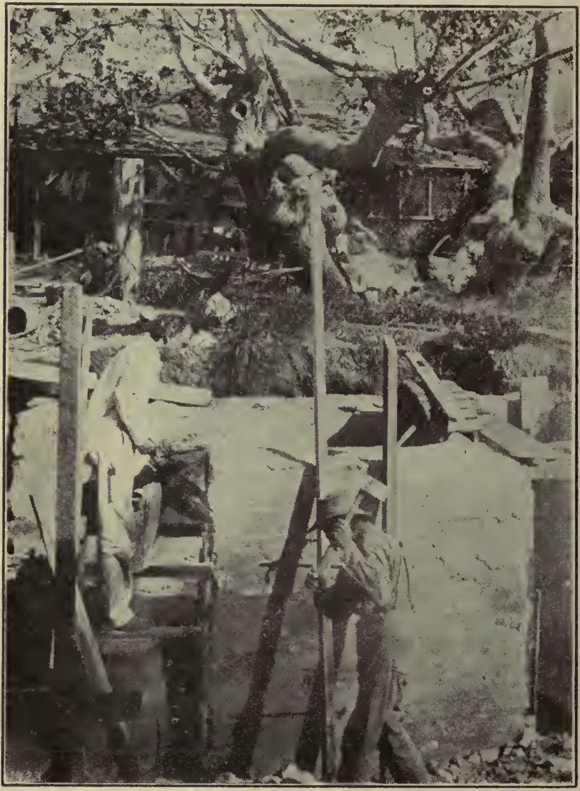
The National Rivers and Harbors Congress, "second in importance to the Congress of the United States," stands for a comprehensive plan of improving all the nation's waterways, which involves an expenditure of between five and six hundred million dollars. Its "campaign of education" has aroused the entire country to the needs and benefits of water transportation, which not only regulates rail rates, but furnishes cheaper and additional means of handling the growing commerce of the United States, which under normal business conditions can no longer be cared for by the railroads unaided.

MRS. MAUDE WOOD HENRY
The first woman to hold an official position in the National Rivers and Harbors Congress

The National Rivers and Harbors Congress has many thousands of members, including the President of the United States, many national statesmen, foreign diplomats, railroad officials and men prominent in the commercial and industrial life of the nation.

* * *

INTEREST has been revived, during the season when "the corntops ripen, and the meadow is in bloom," to make the maize—just the plain corn plant—our national floral emblem. Miss Edna Dean Proctor's classic poem, "Columbia's Emblem," goes far to imply that the time is coming when the United States will recognize the stately Indian corn plant as the distinctive emblem of the giant young nation of the Western continent. And why should it be chosen? Because it is indigenous and peculiar to America—not a stalk existed in any other country till Columbus carried some ears to Spain on his first voyage; because far more than any other plant it is linked with the traditions of the Indian races here, and was almost worshipped by them for its value in their lives; because it is unique and beautiful in all its stages of growth, and unique and beautiful in painting and sculpture.



CHARLES F. LUMMIS AND HIS INDIAN ASSISTANT BUILDING HIS HOUSE IN LOS ANGELES

A number of our young Congressmen have become interested in the matter and are advocating the adoption of the beautiful and gracefully tasselled corn as the national floral emblem. Its appropriateness is undeniable, although some have felt that because it represents the basic product of the fields of the country, maize would lack the dignity of a purely decorative emblem. Most Americans, however, have not this narrow aestheticism, which would mean an imitation of Old World customs, with the lily, the rose, or the fleur-de-lis. "Let us," as one youthful statesman urges, "choose an emblem peculiar to our Western hemisphere, one that evokes an enduring sentiment."

In the early days, corn was known as "Indian wheat" or "Indian corn," as it was unlike any Old World cereal. It was particularly associated with the aboriginal settlers of America, for in the small plots in New England, girdled by forest trees, the Indians used to invoke the blessing of the Great Spirit in planting corn, and in the fall they would gather in the full crops, and give thanks for the harvest.

Other nations have their emblems: Ireland, her shamrock; France, her lily; England, her rose; Scotland, her thistle. In our great country each state has its own floral favorite—California, the poppy; Vermont, the red clover; Kansas, the sunflower, etc. As Edna Dean Proctor has well said: "Let each state take what best suits its latitude and its love. But to bind them all together, and to symbolize our broad country, there is but one: the beautiful, distinguished, historic, American plant—the Maize, the Corn."

* * *

VISIONS of the old clock ticking away on the shelf at home, bearing the mark of "Ansonia," came up before me as I chanced to visit that good old Connecticut town. Ansonia is now a prosperous and thriving manufacturing center, where branch manufactories of the American Brass Company and the large works of the Farrel Foundry and Machine Company make a great variety of specialties that are famous the world over, and exploit the genius of the Connecticut Yankee.

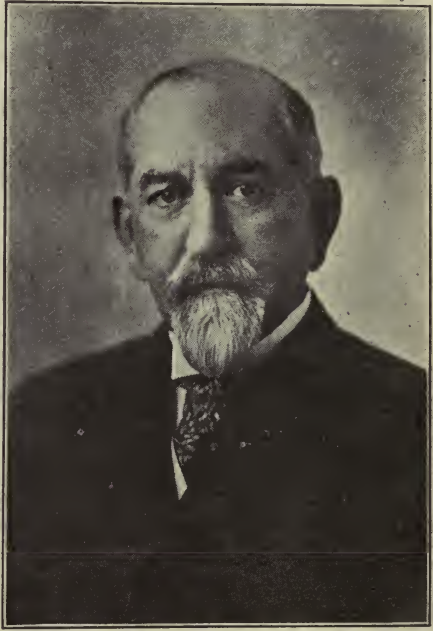
Near Ansonia is the historic old town of Derby, crowned by a church spire designed by Christopher Wren, the famous architect of the majestic St. Paul's Cathedral in London. Between the two rivers, the Housatonic and the Naugatuck, a great shipping industry was carried on in the old days, but the deeper draught of ocean-going vessels, improved harbor channels and the changed conditions of ocean commerce at the greater seaports have now lessened local commerce.

At Ansonia lives Mr. Charles Frederick Brooker, everywhere recognized as one of the business leaders of the country. Mr. Brooker is noted for his energy in pushing whatever work may be ahead of him. Few men have compressed more effective activity into a span of life.

Born in Litchfield, Connecticut, Mr. Brooker's career has been peculiarly associated with the Nutmeg State. He was educated at Litchfield and Torrington, and it seemed appropriate that he should receive last year from Yale University, the pride of his state, the honorary degree of A.M. Mr. Brooker was married at London, England, to Mrs. Julia E. Clarke Farrel, of Ansonia, Connecticut, the town which has since been his home. For twenty-five years a director of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway, Mr. Brooker has had more influence upon the country's affairs than he is willing to admit.

Mr. Brooker has taken a leading part in the development of the great Connecticut industries. He has served in both houses of the Connecticut legislature, has been an influential member of the Republican State Central Committee, as well as a member of the Republican National Committee since 1900, and the delegate-at-large for his state at three national Republican conventions.

Since 1893, when he was a member of the Connecticut Senate, Mr. Brooker has taken no part in state politics, and has not sought public office, confining all his political efforts to National Committee work. That he has made the influence of the Commonwealth of Connecticut felt in national party councils is testified by all who have come in contact with him. Known in all parts of the country, Mr. Brooker is a type of the progressive and constructive American business man.



CHARLES F. BROOKER
Who has been Delegate-at-Large for Connecticut at three National Republican Conventions

To spend a few hours with him at his home on the hill at Ansonia, amid the scenes of his life activities, and to hear the crisp comment of affairs of today and tomorrow, with the glow of ripe reminiscence, is a rare treat. He is an exponent of that sound sense and practicality that is the predominating influence of the times.

DURING the long vacation days most of our public men have been at play or at rest in their summer homes. The contrast of their quiet and generally restful surroundings to the steady grind and occasionally exciting episodes at Washington suggests the query of the "supe" who wanted to know "What Mark Antony would amount to in the Forum scene if there were no 'Romans' to address." He was right, agreed the stage manager. No man can become a real celebrity without the citizens of his own Rome about him for a setting.

OLD WASHINGTON HOUSE

Where it is said Edgar Allan Poe wrote his famous poem, "The Raven." In 1840 the property upon which the house stands brought $750. The price on the sale this spring was nearly $10,000

Young men are often employed to play "society" parts on the stage, in evening dress, as "guests at the ball." On another night, the same young men become armored knights, forming a part of a brilliant mediaeval tableau, after which they go home to find themselves just plain, ordinary citizens, munching a cheese sandwich and winding the clock.

Many a man who starts out with the feeling that he is to become a great leader of men finds that conditions and circumstances change with kaleidoscopic suddenness. Amid the setting of the great political conventions there were earnest and enthusiastic members of the retinue, who with excited gestures and wild acclaims entered into the zest and spirit of the occasion with even more ardor and enthusiasm than did the leaders themselves. In the old days this was called political "work," later to be remembered by the leader when there was patronage to be distributed. Such promises before election and their final redemption form the most pathetic and often tragic episode of American politics.

* * *

NOW that the campaign is really under way, Senator John Sharp Williams' charge that it costs the government six dollars for each senatorial bath is arousing renewed discussion. The iconoclastic Senator from Mississippi insisted on having the baths removed to make room for the storage of public documents; and even recitals of the glories of Caracalla's baths in ancient Rome did not appeal to him at all. Senator Williams would eliminate one chance of the muckraker to rake, for he declared that the "graft" of "free baths" was not worth while. Thus will Mr. Williams add to his laurels by removing the luxurious baths provided for senatorial statesmen and installing a new document room at the Capitol.

Many of the old-time "senatorial privileges" have been swept away in recent years, with the public insistence that Congressmen must be plain people or they cannot expect the support of the plain people. As one cynic remarked, the time may soon come when there will be no novelty in Billy O'Brien's remark: "Who in h—l wants to be a Congressman, if he is only an automatic voting machine and a fleet-footed messenger boy?"

* * *

WITH almost periodical regularity there is a demand for an American anthem to take the place of "America." Out of a large audience in Philadelphia, it was found that only twenty-four knew even so much as the verses of "America." Remember, this was in Philadelphia and among elderly people, and not the children of today; for thanks to the school teachers, there are few children who could not sing at least two or three verses of "America" without omitting a word.

The people must have a national air, something that stirs, and "America" is sung to music originally German, which had been fitted with words loyal to British sovereignty, so that the Germans, British and Americans all somehow find common ground in the grand old melody left us by Handel. It is felt, however, that there is no "thrill" to it that fits the American temperament. We must have something of the tempo of "Dixie" or "Marching through Georgia"; but it is interesting to hear President Taft sing a rolling bass to "America," and even candidate Woodrow Wilson can lend a sonorous tenor to the national anthem. While it may not have all the tingle desired, it will be a long time before we can eliminate the solemn and deep affection of the American people for "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty."

The stern, forceful old song has a ring to it that touches the serious, sober emotions of Americans, and one philosopher has insisted that it is perhaps just as well that we do not have a passionate, vengeful rush of words and music such as makes "La Marseillaise" even today a harbinger of discontent and possible revolution.

* * *

IT was on a presidential tour that I first met Sherman Allen. On this particular occasion, razors were at a premium, for the boys had to shave often if they were to grace social functions, and some had left their razors behind. Now even a newspaper man is loth to have his blade dulled at a time like this, but Sherman Allen obligingly loaned his razor, and even assisted in the tonsorial labors. No one ever knew Sherman Allen to overlook a kindly act to a fellow-scribe. Since he entered the service at the White House as assistant secretary to the President, he has made a splendid record. His old newspaper friends were especially proud of him during the "bomb scare," when he conducted matters with great tact, meeting and greeting people in a most gracious way. His recent promotion to the position of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury adds one more to the many distinguished government officials taken from the galaxy of newspaper correspondents.

HON. SHERMAN ALLEN
The new Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He had been acting as assistant secretary to the President and was formerly one of the most popular newspaper correspondents at the Capital

Sherman Allen hails from Vermont, and has a strong and enduring love for the Green Mountain State, which has produced so many men who have become leaders in Washington. He has long taken an enthusiastic interest in the operations of the Treasury Department, with which he is now associated. The assistant secretaryship of the Treasury has been a stepping-stone for many men who have won distinction, including Mr. Frank Vanderlip of the National City Bank, Campaign Manager Hilles, Mr. James Burton Reynolds, Mr. Louis A. Coolidge of Boston and other former newspaper boys who have "made good." The Treasury Department seems to have the lucky berths for future celebrities.

THE SENATE KITCHEN IN THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL
Here meals are prepared for the men who make history; the kitchen is in the old part of the Capitol, the cornerstone having been laid in 1793 by President Washington

* * *

SINCE the ghastly details of the Titanic horror have been sifted in both English and American investigations, and in the light of the stories of the survivors, new laws are crystallizing in maritime countries to cover everything that may hereafter prevent a recurrence of this catastrophe. Long before this disaster had called attention to the necessity of additional safeguards for human life at sea, the Senate had ratified the Brussels Convention regarding assistance and salvage at sea, and passed a bill requiring all American captains to render assistance to those in danger of being lost. Other bills relating to the employment of extra wireless operators had also received the effective notice of the Senate, although the bills had not become law at the time of the loss of the Titanic. The new bill, giving the Secretary of Commerce and Labor power over all wireless stations and providing for licensing them, is in harmony with the recent international wireless treaty ratified by the Senate. All stations are ordered to give absolute priority to signals and radiograms relating to ships in distress, and all wireless communications will stop instantly upon hearing a distress signal, except in answering or aiding the vessel in distress.

The international signal of distress is "S. O. S." and is written into the statute, and the continental Morse is used. The Secretary of Commerce and Labor will vigorously enforce the law requiring wireless apparatus on all ocean steamers. Already records have proven that the wireless has been the means of saving thousands of lives; and had it not been for the message sent from the ill-fated ship, possibly nothing would ever have been heard of the thousands of souls on board the Titanic. Neither would the details have been learned, which have resulted in aggressive action taken to preclude a repetition of this great marine tragedy.

* * *

AMONG the members of the diplomatic corps who always bring back a significant message to Americans is Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, American minister to Denmark. Dr. Egan, full-bearded, suave and courteous, has long been looked upon as an ideal diplomat, whether in the drawing room, salon, or foreign council chamber, but his fame rests upon the results of a thorough study of the "farmers' welfare" problem in European countries. He insists that Denmark has the most prosperous agricultural people in Europe. The wealth per capita of Denmark is comparatively next to that of England, but more evenly distributed. Free education has done away with almost all cases of illiteracy. Dr. Egan has facetiously divided Denmark, like Caesar's Gaul, into three parts, "Butter, Bacon, and Eggs" for it is out of these products that Denmark has managed to work out her prosperity, notwithstanding great handicaps.

Any laborer, however poor, who has worked for five years on a farm in Denmark, who is able to secure the backing of two reputable members of his community, may obtain a loan of about $1,582. With this he may purchase a farm of from three to twelve acres. This has been the beginning of many of the prosperous farmers in Denmark. The small Danish farmer can secure more for his butter and eggs than any other foreigner. He will not even use seeds until tested by experts. He buys his cotton, meal and beans through a co-operative society. He never kills his own hogs but sends them to the co-operative packing-house, although there are five hundred hogs to every thousand persons in Denmark. Denmark is not a good grazing country, yet it is famous for grazing products.

As there are only fourteen weeks in the year when the cattle can graze in the open, the Danish farmer raises root crops for his dairy cattle and at the same time thereby fertilizes his land. He farms only twelve acres and follows a scientific rotation of crops. He has, through his co-operative society, the use of a scientific expert, who visits his farm every eighteen days, answers all questions after consultation with him, and also keeps a duplicate set of books for the farmer, so that the farmer knows exactly the amount of butter fat each cow yields every day and week, and all other details that have led to the permanent success and prosperity of the Danish farmers. Above all, his butter, bacon and eggs can be depended upon as the best of their kind. The bacon is sweet and thoroughly cured; the butter first class and in neat and handy packages, and the eggs are sold for just what they are—with their age specified. All of which could be profitably pondered by some American farmers and by the exporters who must compete with foreign markets.

ADDISON H. KING
Of the United States Custom Service in Montreal, P. Q.

ORGANIZED at Chickering Hall, New York, in 1887,for the purpose of assisting in the election to office of the nominees of the Republican party and to advance and sustain the principles of honest, efficient and economical government, the National Republican League is now in its twenty-sixth year.

D. B. ATHERTON
Secretary-treasurer of the National Republican League

It has prospered steadily, increasing both in membership and in influence, until now, representing more than one million voters, it is a powerful political factor. It has reached this eminent position because it has, from its very inception, been actuated by unselfish devotion to the high principles of the Republican party. It has not sought to advance personal ends, but has regarded the progress and perpetuation of the Republican party as of prime importance. Its members have worked together with great enthusiasm, and in the accomplishment of the ends for which the organization was created have felt amply rewarded for their labors.

Every state in the Union is represented in the League through Republican clubs, while effective management has been maintained through the establishment of headquarters at the national capital and through state organizations. Under the leadership of Mr. John Hays Hammond, who four years ago accepted the presidency of the League and who has since devoted much time and thought to its development, the scope and influence of the League has been greatly extended. In a speech delivered recently in Chicago, Mr. Hammond emphasized the fact that the membership of the League was composed of "clean-cut, disinterested, public-spirited, patriotic young Americans." This is unquestionably the real foundation of the remarkable success achieved by the League.

Under its constitution the League did not participate in pre-convention activities, but it will take an active part in the campaign which is now in progress. "It will seek," says Mr. D. B. Atherton, its energetic secretary-treasurer, "to educate the American people, and especially the first-year voters, to a realization of the dangers which menace the country through Democratic victory. The League will seek to continue the prosperity which is now universal; to preserve the republic along the lines which have made it a marvel among nations and which have brought peace and happiness to all; and to maintain the splendid record the Republican party has made for good government."

In the past the League has been honored by the personal identification with its organization as president of such eminent Republicans as John M. Thurston of Nebraska, James S. Clarkson of Iowa, Judge D. D. Woodmansee of Ohio, General E. A. McAlpin of New York, Hon. J. Hampton Moore of Pennsylvania, Isaac Miller Hamilton of Illinois, and others equally prominent. The principles of the League have been heartily endorsed by all the Republican leaders, and it is playing an important part in the campaign.

HON. FRED WATSON ESTABROOK
The New Hampshire member of the Republican National Committee at New York headquarters

ONE of the new men prominent in the management of the Republican national campaign is F. W. Estabrook of New Hampshire. At Chicago he proved his mettle as one of the most cool-headed and earnest workers. He was found "on deck" early and late, watching with the keen eye and cool judgment of a practical business man every move on the chessboard. His active career as a business man served him well, in knowing just how to handle the perplexing problems that came up from time to time. New Hampshire may, indeed, be proud of him as a member of the Republican National Committee. Just after the strenuous days of the Convention at Chicago, he was pressed into service on the National Committee, and has given his time to the work with unflagging energy and enthusiasm. His office is in the national headquarters in New York, and when a proposition receives the attention of Mr. F. W. Estabrook it is generally felt that it is in competent hands.

Mr. Fred Watson Estabrook comes of sturdy New England ancestry. He was born at Grafton, Massachusetts, graduated from the Grafton public schools, and began life as a bookkeeper in a shoe factory. He soon grasped every detail of the business and in 1879 launched the Estabrook-Anderson Shoe Company of Nashua, New Hampshire. Since 1900 he has developed some of the best mining properties and ore producers in the West. He is a trustee of St. Mary's School in Concord, New Hampshire, and president and director of many prominent financial and industrial institutions. He began his political career as a member of the Republican National Committee from New Hampshire, and has "made good" in this line in the same quiet and effective manner which has characterized all his other undertakings.

CAPTAIN CHARLES R. HOWLAND
One of the heroes of the United States army. He was recently presented with a gold medal from the government for saving the lives of twelve men, at the risk of his own

* * *

ONE of the most conspicuous and effective workers in the presidential campaign of 1912 will be John Hays Hammond, an ardent and aggressive leader who has never held public office—and who desires neither position nor money. He believes in his old college mate and friend, "Big Bill Taft," whom he first knew in happy student years at Yale, and has always been an enthusiastic advocate of the time-honored Republican principles for which President Taft stands.

Mr. Hammond has taken a prominent part in the work of the National Republican League. He is especially interested in organizing the men who are to cast their first vote, and in placing young men in the front rank. He was a conspicuous figure at the Chicago Convention and at the annual meeting of the League a splendid tribute was paid to his qualities as a leader. While such men formerly received little encouragement from the so-called political machines, Mr. Hammond has already succeeded in effecting many state organizations that will soon be ready and active on the firing line. More than a million members are already enrolled in the National Republican League, and Mr. Hammond insists that first-year voters and newly naturalized citizens will have the first attention of the League.

Few of the members of the League have political ambitions, but are rather animated by patriotic motives. The campaign will enlist the interest of thousands of men who have never before taken an active interest in politics, because the issues involved, the great fiscal and economic doctrines of the Republican party, are more vitally essential to the welfare and progress of the country than at any other time.

Issues are to be presented showing how directly the welfare of every individual, whether wage-earner or capitalist, producer or non-producer, is at stake. The old-time machine methods have passed. The support of the rank and file of the Republican party in recruiting voters is the first consideration. The party management is in the hands of men determined that Republican principles, which have been so vital and essential in the history of the country, shall prevail. Mr. Hammond was an earnest supporter of Mr. Charles Dewey Hilles, the aggressive young man chosen for the responsible work of heading the National Republican Committee in the present campaign.

Mr. Hammond knows men, and his rugged experience and indomitable energy make him a picturesque leader for the young Republicans. He has the aggressive spirit, the substantial, effective progressiveness and a career of achievement that makes his leadership in the League especially appropriate. This is shown concretely in the appreciative tribute from prominent men in all parts of the world. There are few men by whom John Hays Hammond is not known and admired—because he "does things." Free from political ambition and in no way interested in any industry affected by the tariff, he exemplifies what broad-minded patriotism means in a presidential campaign.

His home at "Lookout Hill" overlooks the historical harbor of Gloucester, and on the walls of his library is an autographed photographic collection of international celebrities. The tributes written on these pictures are an eloquent appreciation of a forceful and striking world-personality. Although he loves to be in the thick of the fight, he never loses his head. He goes into work with the same intrepid spirit that characterized his adventures in South Africa, where he faced perils that would have appalled men of less nerve.

John Hays Hammond is more than a national character. His work has been carried to the four quarters of the globe with the same enterprise and courage that have marked the whole career of the California boy who made his name and fame in the world's gold camps. John Hays Hammond has the qualities of leadership which especially appeal to young men. He is an aggressive advocate of reform, and clean political methods, and is insistent that the moral status of the Republican League members shall be one of the effective forces of party organization.

The college work under the direction of Mr. Alfred E. Lunt has already begun, and the lusty young voters and workers are organizing. The simple record and principles of the Republican party are to be presented without rancor, bitterness, or partisan prejudice. The keynote of Mr. Hammond's work in the campaign is an appeal to the aggressive, energetic force of young Americans who, looking to the future, see peril in a departure at this time from the tried and tested policies of the Republican party, under whose guiding hand the country has made more progress than at any period in its history. The young Republicans are insisting that the doors of opportunity shall not be slammed in their faces just at the time when they are entering upon life's activities. If all young voters in the country could sit down and talk fifteen minutes with John Hays Hammond, they would realize that his ideas are as broad as his activities, and how important it is to organize and push forward in the present campaign for the supremacy of Republican principles with that all-conquering enthusiasm that dissipates the disgruntled pessimism, which would deny to the youth of today its rightful heritage of tomorrow and check the onward march to still greater constructive and substantial national progress.

HON. JOHN HAYS HAMMOND
President of the National Republican League
"Although he loves to be in the thick of the fight, yet he never loses his head"

Weighing the Presidential Issues*

WHILE these lines are being written, a presidential campaign is in progress that baffles political prophets. Five candidates are in the field, and a tour of fourteen states deepens the conviction that there never was a more unsettled condition of mind among the voters of the country than exists thirty days prior to the presidential election of 1912. There have been straw votes showing the drift here and there, and several state elections, but none of these seem to bear the impress of finality.

A survey of the situation after exhaustive research shows the United States today an unexampled instance of the benefits of peace and prosperity. There is work everywhere, and a demand for still more workers. Two words inseparably associated are Peace and Prosperity. Now the first proposition that confronts the voter is the relation of the political situation to the business and wholesome welfare of the country and to his own personal interests. History reveals to us that in no nation that ever existed have the benefits of prosperity been so widely distributed per capita—that is, more people actually and individually owning more property per capita—as in the United States of America. This is not computed as simple division of the wealth by population. Whether responsible for this condition or not, it has come about under a series of Republican administrations. The election of a Republican President has resulted invariably in an adjustment of the country's agricultural, industrial and business affairs that has been of immeasurable popular benefit.

If a business man prospers he is loth to change his administrative and executive officials. If he has men who are doing well and have been identified with the upbuilding of his business, profits are regarded as the product of the efficient service of his men, and he at once instinctively feels the peril of a change. Primarily we must consider as business men all those who are "making good" today. Every workingman with his pay envelope, every farmer with his check for grain or stock, every man on a salary; in fact, every individual in America is essentially a business man. Business enters into the building of churches, schools, institutions, cities and homes; this tremendous unity of effort being the abiding assurance of a united country, under the smile of peace, in an era

*Written in response to many inquiries from readers as to the editorial opinion on the pending campaign.

of prosperity that has never before been approached in the history of a nation.

The opening of the Panama Canal, a successful national business undertaking carried out during these successive administrations in which millions of the public money have been diverted to the development of real commerce instead of spent on wars of aggression, has unfurled a new vista of national development. The opening of the Orient to American trade was significant, but still more important is our trade development in South America, in the Pacific, in the world over—the development that is certain to follow that great opening which means so much directly and personally to every man in the United States earning a dollar and hoping to earn more.

* * *

THE past four years have found in the presidential chair a man presented as one thoroughly fitted and trained for the executive work of a nation. In four years we find the prophecy fulfilled in constructive administrative work, and in the regulative and restrictive measures that have held in check the avaricious and greedy. Progressive is scarcely a strong enough word to apply to the administration that has accomplished so much in the past four years. Progressive is as Progressive does. The merit rests in things *done.*

The work so well begun eleven years ago has been carried into concrete rather than abstract achievement, and it is certainly not progressive to go back even *one* year on the road of progress, much less *four.* The danger is today that, acting under an illusion, some leaders who earnestly believed themselves the Progressives of seven years ago are in fact the *reactionaries of today.* Some self-styled Progressives are protesting against the immutable and inevitable laws of progress which mean first and foremost the untrammeled freedom of the inherent right of individual initiative—the basis of the liberty for which our forefathers fought in establishing free and representative government. In these days restriction and regulation can be accomplished without rancor, hate, or passion. The world today has outgrown hatred, especially the United States. The greatest exponent of international world peace and the most influential peace advocate of any country has been William Howard Taft. One eminent European statesman pronounced his peace propaganda as the greatest stroke of statesmanship since the dawn of Christianity. We must think of the war-waste of money—the thousands of lives that have been saved by cool-headed and far-sighted restraint in refusing to plunge the country while in the very bud of prosperity into the vortex of war. It would seem reactionary to replace him with one of militant ambitions.

In the beauty and glory of October days the voter will do a little thinking for himself. The month-old newspaper reads like a nightmare. A political platform with a prescription for all the woes of mankind seems almost ludicrous when you look about for the "invisible patient." The age of fake medicines has passed, and the people are now discriminating, able to judge clearly between political and medicinal nostrums. The men who are building up towns and cities, creating pay-rolls, establishing institutions, developing commerce, helping on the young men to help themselves in their individual work, are not carried away by paroxysms of passion when they see about them a condition that belies the "motion" pictures of political aspirants. Irresistibly the current is sweeping along that will wash out and clear away the driftwood that impedes world progress, not forgetting that a few reservoirs and dams are necessary to conserve the force of the stream, although they may appear at times to be obstructions to the ardent and impatient.

* * *

THE Republican party is a party with a glorious past. It may have its blots, nevertheless present-day prosperity came under its activities and its adjustment to the needs and necessities of the times. As John Hay so eloquently said on the fiftieth anniversary of the party in Michigan:

> "For fifty years the Republican party has believed in the country and labored for it in hope and joy; it has reverenced the flag and followed it; has carried it under strange skies and planted it on far-receding horizons. It has seen the nation grow greater every year and more respected; by just dealing, by intelligent labor, by a genius for enterprise, it has seen the country extend its intercourse and its influence to regions unknown to our fathers. Yet it has never abated one jot or title of the ancient law imposed on us by our God-fearing ancestors. We have fought a good fight, but also we have kept the faith. The Constitution of our fathers has been the light to our feet; our path is, and will ever remain that of *ordered progress*, *of liberty under the law*. The country has vastly increased, but the great-brained statesmen who preceded us provided for infinite growth. The discoveries

of science have made miraculous additions to our knowledge. But we are not daunted by progress; we are not afraid of the light. The fabric our fathers builded on such sure foundations will stand all shocks of fate or fortune."

The party in its progressiveness has never believed in tipping over the milk and crying about it, but in taking the pail and going after more, stimulating optimism and hope, and deprecating obstructive bitterness. Real progress seldom thrives in slime and muck. The muck pastures are being drained and the sour soil sweetened. The atmosphere on the political horizon is clearing, and while old party lines have been broken, the results in Maine show how quickly they can be re-established.

* * *

MANY first voters insist upon having opened to them the same doors of opportunity and initiative which served their fathers. Other voters will remember the smokeless chimneys, the soup-houses, the gaunt faces and the wild and pathetic cry for work everywhere in '93, when a change was made in the fiscal and administrative policy of the nation. There is a time and tide in the affairs of every voter when he soberly realizes the responsibility that rests upon him in protecting not only his own family and individual interest, but the sources from which he must seek and earn a livelihood. His own horizon of opportunity is considered.

The American people are not superficial. They realize today the absolute necessity of a protective tariff in order to maintain the American standard of living. This is the specific tariff policy of the Republican party at this time, and it is inconceivable that a party so clearly and definitely representing a tariff policy that holds in check the ravages of cheap labor, foreign goods, by a maximum and minimum tariff that automatically builds up American trade on the business principle of give and take will not be supported.

The battle alignment is clearly defined between the great political parties on the tariff question. Professor Woodrow Wilson has long advocated policies and ideas clearly defined in his books and public addresses, most emphatically opposing a protective tariff. He has pronounced "protective tariff nothing more than bounty," and has stated that "it hinders commerce immensely." On a direct question he insisted that he was in favor of advocating a repeal of *all protective tariff laws* and establishing a tariff for revenue merely.

YES, we hear about the high cost of living, which we realize is a world-wide problem and the penalty of progress. The cities increase, the farms decrease in proportion, the population increases, and production from farm and ranch decreases as the city grows from the farm. Gold production increases and the value of gold decreases. The farmer increases his land value tenfold, and products from $100 land cost more than from $10 land. It is an individual problem and can only be solved by the adjustment of expenditures for necessities. A comparison with what our fathers and mothers expended under the same conditions tells the story. The fear of sneers of friends and neighbors and even strangers adds to the cost of living. The methods of merchandising, the higher and better standard of living today must be adjusted. The American standard of living is a direct result of protective tariff and this same tariff is absolutely essential to preserve that standard of living which the people have enjoyed under Republican administrations. Is it progressive to take away these increased luxuries and go back to the days of a cheaper dollar and scarcity of work and wages?

The situation is altogether perplexing; it is without analogy or precedent, and after attending the national conventions and political meetings in fourteen states, the situation still defies a prediction of assurance. The average voter is weighing presidential issues as distinctive from personal or local issues—a differentiation never known before. He is waiting until all the evidence is heard to cast his ballot with that discrimination which has already shown itself where congressmen of one party have been elected, while at the same time a majority of votes were cast for candidates of another party on the state ticket.

* * *

THE drift of opinion following the national convention—that the break in Republican ranks assured the victory of Doctor Wilson—wanes as election day approaches. The lively interest in the revolt of the third-term candidate shows that it is drawing from Wilson, also from the Socialist and Prohibitionist candidates, to an extent greater than from Taft, while many Democrats who revere the Constitution have quietly determined to vote for Taft and take no chances.

The results in Michigan show that the third-term party polled a lighter vote than the Prohibition party. The November result will be a distinct verdict on clearly defined national issues. The insistent call for progress and for a perpetuation of peace and prosperity is sounding out clearly in the din and clash of the political skirmish lines. The great reserve force of voters, inspired by a quiet spirit of patriotism and a realization of what Republican principles and administrations mean to the material and moral welfare of the country and themselves, are going to vote from conviction rather than emotion. The young men have taken hold of the political oars with the determination that political bosses and barons must go. A boss is a boss, however labeled, and President Taft has proven himself independent of the Arch-Boss of the times.

"The sons of Troy on high designs the wakeful hours employ," sings Homer in his "Iliad." "The scattered shafts and broken bows of ambitions glitter in the dust and will lie here and there dishonored relics of Diana's war." The awakened conscience of the people demands fair-minded justice between man and man, and voters resent being made a party to personal feuds and hypercritical judgments. The real, progressive spirit of the times, fearless of foes who have thrived on political bigotry and puerile warfare, is emphasized in the new alignment and organization of the Republican party. Leaders are demanded who have a sense of right and justice to *every man*, poor or rich, high or low, who is doing his best toward opening wider the doors of opportunity. The United States has always been known as a nation of Opportunity, and the inherent right of an American citizen is to insist on an administration of affairs that looks to the welfare of American interests, American homes and American ideals. The wholesale importation of Old World ideas, of Swiss referendum and initiative, of French mob-recall of judiciary injected into so-called Progressive platforms would be reactionary and repress American initiative to the level of Old World countries that are still groping for New World prosperity.

* * *

IN the personnel of the candidates, the country is indeed fortunate, for every one of the five represents the highest type of manhood. None can gainsay the intrepid, brilliant and popular qualities of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt; Doctor Wilson's public and private life is without a blemish; and the same may be said of Doctor Chapin and Eugene V. Debs. The genial, conscientious character of President Taft has stood the test of years of merciless scrutiny. But the presidential election is not a decision of personal preference—it is a decision upon fundamental principles upon which the administration of the government is to be based, and among these principles are three things that it seems must result in the election of William Howard Taft; first, the record he has made and the results he has shown; second, because he represents more directly and more concretely than any other candidate the tariff policy of the nation with which prosperity has always been associated. There have been no smokeless chimneys—no panics during Taft's administration. Finally, and perhaps most important of all, on the threshold of a changing in the commercial currents of the high seas, a broad and ardent spirit of international world peace has, under the influence of William Howard Taft, received a recognition and exerts an influence which this country little realizes; and the continuance of this world-wide, firmly-established spirit of Peace means much to every man, woman and child. It means holding in check those passions that invoke the terrors of war and usher in bloodshed and devastation. The strong, impregnable position of William Howard Taft on the peace question has saved millions of dollars to his country, to say nothing of protecting American households from the loss of father, brother, lover and friend through sad and gruesome war.

When I saw President Taft during the campaign, he seemed personally indifferent to the results, looking forward to election day with the confidence of one who has done his work conscientiously and well. All the bitter shafts of political warfare and rancor fell harmless at his feet. He looked earnestly into the embers on the hearth and quietly said, "The one great dream of my life is to have my country lead in the permanent establishment of a world peace, an appropriate policy with which to commemorate the opening of the Panama Canal, a grateful appreciation of the unexampled era of prosperity with which this country has been blessed by a kind Providence and an intelligent, high-minded and energetic citizenship."

* * *

ALTHOUGH many strange things may happen in a few days, even this early I cannot conceive that the American people are going to make a mistake. There will be more earnest and conscientious individual thoughtfulness in casting the presidential ballots in 1912 than ever has been known before, and in the confines of the voting booth with the picture of his own hearthstone in mind, the American voter will not thoughtlessly sign away his birthright as an American to a protective tariff income. He will realize that the nation's prosperity and free representative government, which means the delegating of power to a fellow-citizen in whose ability and integrity he has faith and confidence—made fast to sound constitutional moorings—mean more than the uncertainty involved in a change. He will ask himself the question—a change to what?

Hopeful, without indulging in prophecy, the writer looks forward with confidence to a verdict in November that will not imperil, but rather enhance the progress of the nation, by holding fast, as McKinley said, "to that which we *know* is good"—to those principles and the progress of the Republican party which have never failed to yield substantial dividends of confidence, peace and prosperity—instead of broken promises which too often constitutes the currency of visionaries—to every citizen in his capacity as a stockholder of the greatest business establishment the world has ever known. The scales are duly balanced, and the result lies "on the knees of the gods."

Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE ROAD OF GOLD

A Parable

By ISABEL ANDERSON

Author of "The Match-making Bat," "The Owl's Letters," etc.

THE pool reflected beauty. One night the pretty child had become a lovely woman. As Ivy gazed into the mirror of the forest it was borne upon her that she was no longer a child, and with wonder and pleasure she watched her reflection in the clear, deep water. After dreaming a long time, she raised her beautiful eyes, which seemed to reflect the sky in their depths, and saw that she was surrounded by men, who were stretching out their hands, while some of them held tempting presents.

It was springtime, and all nature was awakening, happy in the new life bestowed by the warm golden sunshine. The young bears in the forest poked their noses out of their lairs after their long sleep through the cold white winter, and sniffed the air filled with the scent of the budding saplings. Children, who had been housed through the long, dark days, once more came forth to play in the woods and pick the wild flowers, joyful in their freedom.

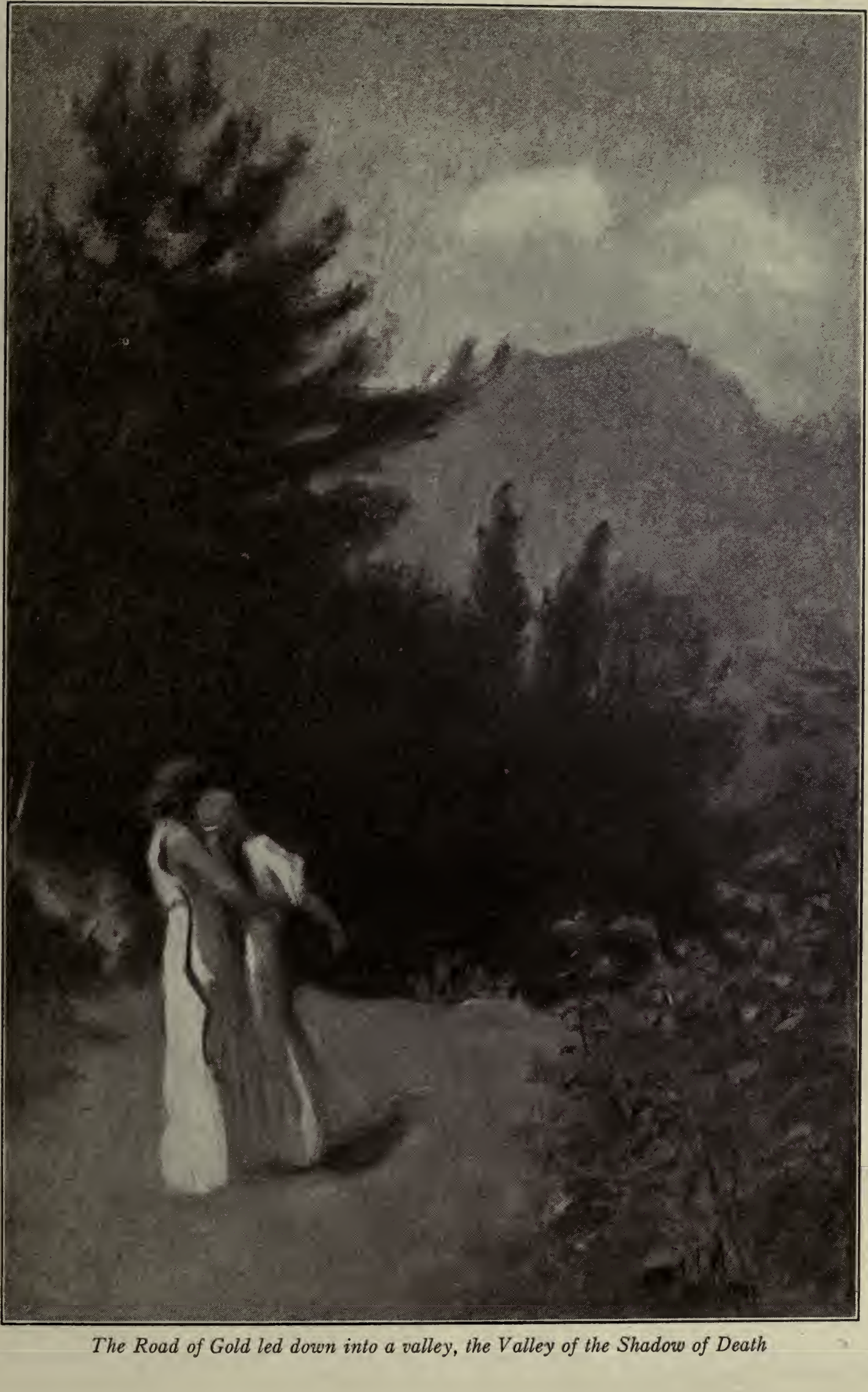
Ivy was bewildered, and at first could not decide what to do, for she was very young. One youth among those who came was not only handsome, but he offered her a huge and sparkling diamond, like a bright star from the heavens. It was into his hand that she put her own, and gently whispered, "I take this man to be my wedded husband, to love, honor, and obey." So Ivy and Robin were chained by golden links of matrimony.

As these two looked into each other's eyes a great love came to them; gazing thus, lost in their own happiness, they quite forgot all else. So it happened that as they traveled along the road of life in Mother Nature's forest they lost their way and followed others who were heedlessly taking the trail of pleasure leading down the mountainside. Some of those who trod this road were clad in glittering garments, others in garb more tarnished, and a few were attached by ropes of coin. All were hurrying down, down, and as they walked great clouds of glittering dust rose about their feet, for this was the Road of Gold.

On each side stretched a strange artificial country where the rocks had turned into priceless jades, the flowering apple blossoms to delicately tinted coral, and the daisies gleamed like smooth-skinned pearls. Champagne the color of topaz sparkled in the river bed, and banquets were given on the edge of the stream where the guests drank wine from goblets of crystal and ate endless delicacies on golden dishes.

Pan, in his wanderings, stopped there for a time, and he gathered together birds of gay plumage, rare ones with splashes of yellow like dripping honey, others of the deep blue color of the moving waters, and some as red as blood. Birds with fine trailing feathers as white as the soft clouds came from far-off regions, and songsters with notes as beautiful as the violin.

Pan sat in the branches of an old oak, and with the aid of his golden flute and the sighing of the wind, the music in the air became weird and stirring and after the feast the company danced wildly to Pan's mad strains.



The Road of Gold led down into a valley, the Valley of the Shadow of Death

Ivy and Robin looked on in astonishment at this new world, and at first were frightened, then fascinated by the sounds and colors. But soon they forgot their simple life and joined in the dance of those forever seeking pleasure.

The Road of Gold led down into a valley, the Valley of the Shadow of Death. But no one looked below, for all were absorbed in their own thoughtless enjoyment. The further down the hill they went, the faster everyone ran and the more riotous became the crowd. As they neared the foot, there was gambling and quarreling and vice.

The lines in the faces of the handsome youth and his lovely wife were fast becoming strained and greedy, and in their eyes shone a cruel light. But they still held hands tightly in their strenuous search after excitement, for the two had once loved. There was a curious dance one night, when the wraiths of fire had lighted torches of flame over the country, and drops of moonstones rained from heaven to put them out. In the mad effort to catch more precious moonstones, their hands became unclasped, and the couple fell headlong upon the hard pavement of gold.

When Ivy and Robin came to their senses they found the moonstones had turned to water, and they then realized that in following the pleasant heedless Road of Gold they had nearly ruined their souls and made their lives fruitless. There was yet time, however, to return, for the valley was still below them. So once more, hand-in-hand, they set out together to climb the mountain.

Bruised and aching, they trudged up the steep ascent with heads bent. Praying as they went, and only stopping to do some kind act or to persuade others to abandon their foolish downward career, at last Ivy and Robin reached the top of the mountain, followed by those who had been induced to follow them. They stretched out their arms with great longing to the lost friends of their childhood, who with kind, serene faces welcomed the travelers to the old home of their youth. The artificial Road of Gold was left behind with its worries and struggles.

Now beneath the red and yellow leaves of autumn, surrounded by their grateful followers, they watch in peace and happiness, Nature expressing herself in the glories of the setting sun, and wonder how they ever could have been so foolish as to choose the mirage upon the Road of Gold.

MY HUSBAND

By MARY NORTH HUEGLE

SO good he is, yet gay withal; so kind and gentle, yet so strong.
His smile, his laugh, so merry are; his voice to me is like a song.
My head just reaches to his heart, so tall he is. From true, grey eyes
His soul shines forth in love, eternal, all-compelling. Though the skies
May change their fickle, shifting moods from day to day, but never he;
So constant is his steadfast heart in wisdom and in purity,
Self-sacrifice and honor emanate like sunlight from this loving man.
To be the cherished wife of such a husband, oh, how proud I am.

The Wit *of* Saadah

by

Allan Updegraff *and* Salloum Mokarzel

THE quality of sunlight is much the same, saith the proverb, the world over; and, of a truth, one looking upon the ladies who go up and down in "Bagdad-on-the-Subway" (I quote your best short-story writer) may often be reminded of those whose eyes enhance the mystery of lattices in Asham-on-Barada. Hear a plain story from the other side of the world.

Midmost a splendid garden, hard by the eternal waters of the Barada, Moavyah Caliph, Prince of the Faithful, Son of the Prophet, built for his summer pleasaunce a great pavilion. Granite and alabaster, marble and silk and spun metals shed off and softened the fierce white light of day. Many passages gave welcome to any breeze that might blow across the blossoming orange-trees and tamarinds of the garden. In the inner court the feathery jets of fountains cooled the air and filled it with pleasant tinklings. In this court, with the seats of his councillors and companions grouped about it, Moavyah had his couch-of-state. Here he was accustomed to sit in the long afternoons, conversing and listening to the converse of his friends, as befitted a man whom heaven and earth denied no pleasant thing.

It was given to Moavyah to see, between the parted tapestries that framed the blazing distance of one midsummer afternoon the semblance of a bowed man approaching, on foot, across the desert.

"Verily," said the Caliph, "Allah has not created the man who can well depend upon his own legs on such a day. Let one of my attendants go forth, bearing cool water, and meet this man, and bring him before me. For I think that a man who, afoot, would brave such withering heat, must needs be worth seeing and speaking with."

So an attendant departed and, within the space of half an hour, brought the wanderer before the Caliph. The man was plainly not borne down with a weight of years, but exposure and privation had loosened his limbs and stolen away his flesh to the likeness of a man of fourscore. Nevertheless he stood straight and looked level before Moavyah.

"Peace be upon thee, brother Arab," said the Caliph. "Of what *kabila* art thou, and what may be the desire that drives thee, afoot, across the burning sand?"

"And upon thee, O my Lord, may the blessings of Allah fall abundantly," returned the stranger. "I am of the tribe of Bani Ozrah. But before I speak of that which has driven me these many leagues across the unfriendly sand, I would show myself not deficient in the customary courtesies of free Arabs. Will the Prince of the Faithful deign to listen to the verses that I have composed in his honor?"

"We will hear them right gladly," declared the Caliph. "And thy mission shall not be the sufferer if, as I have no doubt, they shall prove to be well turned."

So he of the tribe of Bani Ozrah delivered the verses he had made in honor of the Caliph, according to ancient and established custom, and Moavyah was pleased to judge them tolerably well put together.

"Thou hast no little skill in this art, brother Arab," he said. "And thy two arms, I venture, were formerly not ill-suited to the handling of a gun?"

"Formerly—that is well said," agreed the stranger. "But now—behold them! They are as the withered arms of one whom Time leads down into the Valley of the Shadow! I have suffered afflictions, and not the least of them at the hands of one of thy governors, O most gracious and potent Lord! Have I permission to speak of these matters?"

The Caliph drew back a little upon his silken couch, for the man's eyes and voice were as of one knowing the bite of the iron of life, whereas it pleased Moavyah to know only the silk and gold.

"Yes, yes, speak thy complaint," said the Prince; "but spare me too much waving of thy arms and calling upon the Prophet. It is my lot to hear full many tales of disaster."

"I beg the august pardon!" The stranger bowed low, and when he lifted his face it had become as the straw masks that cover the faces of dead men. "My story is simple and brief. When I came to man's estate I was wed to a neighbor's daughter, a girl whose childhood had passed beside my own. I kept a little flock of sheep and a few camels, and she kept the home and the cheese-house; and so we lived along, after the manner of poor people, happily enough, for almost a year. Then Allah sent a pest among my sheep and camels, so that not one was spared. My father-in-law, seeing that I no longer sent him curds and cheese for his support, came secretly and stole my wife away, desiring that I should divorce her so that he might re-marry her to a richer man, and thus gain riches, for she is beautiful. Accordingly I protested to Mirvan, thy governor in Medina. But Mirvan, when he had seen Saadah, turned against me.

" 'Thou shalt release the girl,' he said to me, 'and take five hundred pieces of silver for thy good sense.'

"But I told him that I had little good sense, and so should be utterly bereft of all good things, being bereft of my wife. Whereupon he had me well beaten with rods, and for three days, O Prince of the Faithful, O Sun of Justice, he kept me without food and water in a dark and noisome cell. On the third day he had me brought before him. A headsman's block was in readiness, and a slave stood by with a scimiter. One brought the head basin and put it in place before the block.

" 'Choose!' then said Mirvan to me. 'Thou shalt divorce her and have riches, or thou shalt refuse and have an end to thy life. For I swear, by the beard of the Prophet, if thou shalt longer hesitate to say the necessary words, I will make the light of day to shine between thy head and thy shoulders!'

"Prince, in my sickness and cowardice, I took the counsel of prudence rather than of valor. Thrice, according to the law of the Sheri'ah, I repeated: 'I divorce thee, Saadah.' Thereupon Mirvan had me again thrown into prison to await the lapse of the months before it is lawful for a divorced woman to re-marry. But the walls were old, and I dug my way out and escaped across the desert. Naked and unarmed I have come these many blinding leagues to lay before thee the wrong that has been done by thy servant. It is known, among all the tribes, that thou art a just man. Thou knowest that the divorce forced from me under pain of death was no divorce. There is the law of divorce; but no law that one man may force another to use that law. I know that from thee, O Moavyah the Just, I shall obtain justice!"

"Verily," said the Caliph, "unto Allah we belong and unto Him we shall return." He stroked his beard reflectively. "It is plain that Mirvan has exceeded the law and oppressed a Moslem. Thy wife, brother Arab, shall be brought here to speak of these matters. In the meantime thou shalt be well lodged and fed. All justice shall be done thee. Not for naught is Moavyah called 'The Just!' "

After the stranger had been led away and two couriers on swift dromedaries had been dispatched to Medina the lustrous, seat of Mirvan, the governor, one of Moavyah's councillors ventured the remark that the situation was susceptible of complications.

"For," said he, "we know of Mirvan that he is a just man, and proud of his justice, a Shepherd of the People. I argue, therefore, that the woman is gifted either with magical powers or with great beauty. Now it is plain that a woman possessing either of these attributes will not cling very long to our broken-winded friend out there. Probably we shall find that all her desires are toward the excellent harem of Mirvan."

Moavyah nodded doubtfully. "In that case our judgment will be complicated."

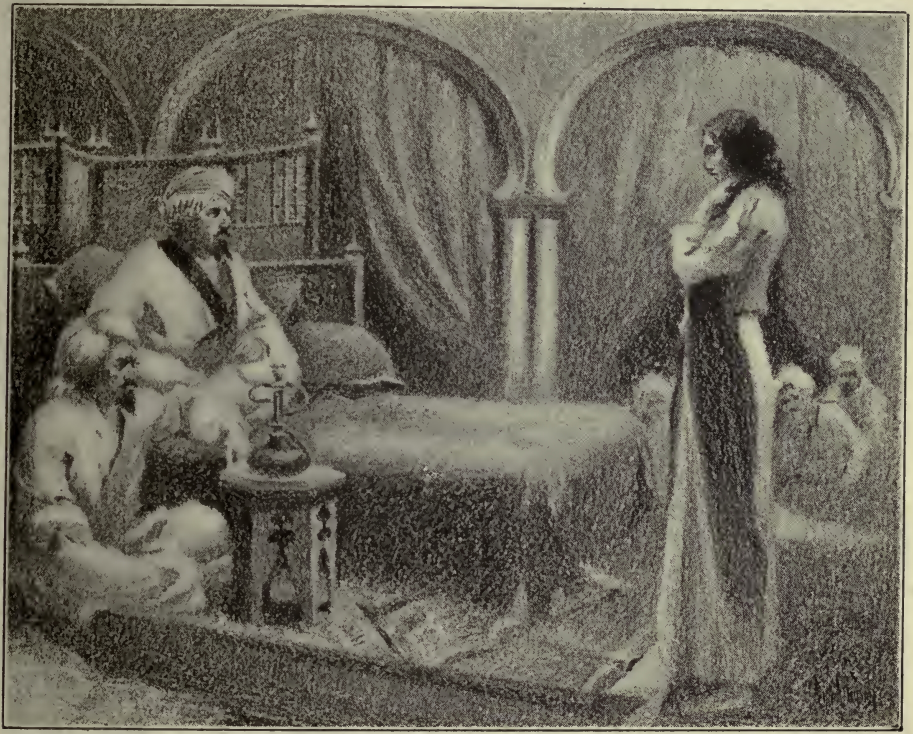
"And still further complicated," pursued the councillor, whose name was Abdallah, and whose fame for wisdom was very great, "should she cast, as it is not improbable that she will do, eyes of liking toward thyself."

At this clever deduction the Caliph and his court smiled approbation.

"And yet, thy view of the matter may be a mistaken one," commented Moavyah, after a little time spent in consideration. "Thou hast much wisdom, but mayhap thou knowest woman better than women. All beauties do not come gladly even to the house of the Prince of the Faithful."

"No rule but hath its exceptions," returned Abdallah. "The rule is: All beauties come gladly to the house of the Prince of the Faithful. In general, as thou knowest, rules may be trusted. Shouldst thou allow it, she will come."

Moavyah put the thought away from him. "It is not well to consider the possibility of things that are unlawful," he said. "The woman is a wife."



"Moavyah roused himself and looked again. The woman stirred not, nor did her eyes fall before his stare"

"Perhaps thou shalt find," suggested Abdallah, "that she has been divorced."

But the Caliph would speak no more of the matter, and so no more was spoken of it until the two couriers returned, bringing Saadah with them. They brought evil news as well, for Mirvan, after first refusing to deliver the woman, had later waved her into the custody of the couriers with his left hand and stabbed himself to the heart with his right. With his customary careful observance of the proprieties, Moavyah convened his council and selected another governor for Medina before having the cause of this misfortune brought into his presence. Nor would he listen to any who wished to hold Saadah at all blameworthy in the matter of Mirvan's death.

"Thou wert always a just man," commented Abdallah, when Moavyah had delivered this judgment. "The woman is not blameworthy, but beautiful. It is—how many months since thy seraglio was gladdened by a new face?"

But Moavyah, for the sake of Abdallah's long service, pretended oblivion to these insinuations, and ordered that Saadah be brought before him. The courtiers accordingly brought her and left her standing, veiled, upon the tesselated dais before the Caliph and his council.

"Thou are called Saadah?" asked the Caliph.

"Yes, O Prince of the Faithful."

"Put back thy veil that we may see what manner of woman so bewitched our poor brother of Medina."

When the veil was thrown back there was much craning forward of necks, but no gasps nor mutterings of admiration. The woman was not strikingly beautiful. Her features were regular and calm, her eyes large, lustrous black, and unwavering. But there was no bright carmine in the cheeks, no quick flash of the eyes, no sudden curve of the mouth to catch a man's heart forthwith as in a net.

"Ah!" The Caliph's low exclamation was in the nature of an expression of the general disappointment. He leaned back upon his couch.

"Thou hast looked and judged too quickly," murmured Abdallah, smiling cynically at his Prince. "Too many paste diamonds have dazzled thine eyes against the appreciation of this pearl of price. Mirvan's judgment is vindicated; he had reason!"

Moavyah roused himself and looked again. The woman stirred not, nor did her eyes fall before his stare. His own eyes, rather, were the ones that grew confused.

"I perceive that thou art an upright woman," he said. "We have summoned thee in the matter of a complaint by thy husband, thy former husband. We would know whether thou didst wish this man to divorce thee; or was the divorce spoken against thy will, as against his own?"

"Seeing that he has divorced me," replied Saadah, "wherein does that make a difference?"

Moavyah glanced at Abdallah. "Well said," murmured the councillor, nodding his head. "She has wit. Of a truth, Allah has thee in high honor."

"But the divorce was spoken under compulsion?" suggested the Caliph, turning again toward Saadah.

"Yes, under compulsion."

"There is the law of divorce, but no law that one man may force another to use that law. It might be said by some that the divorce was not valid."

"Nevertheless, he divorced me."

Moavyah could not forbear a glance of triumph at his favorite councillor, but Abdallah's brows, to his surprise, were puckered with perplexity. "I do begin to be doubtful of my ears," he murmured.

"But I do not," returned the Caliph. "Dost not see that she has feeling against the man?"

"Yes, she has feeling against him."

Moavyah leaned back and looked, for some little time, into the woman's face.

"Saadah," he said, "thou art fair. With better acquaintance, I do begin to think thee the most beautiful mole upon the face of my empire! If this man, thy former husband, will release all claim on thee, I am tempted; of a truth I am much tempted, to take thee for the star of my house. Say, now, whether this is pleasing to thee."

For the first time Saadah's eyes fell. "Would it not be well, O Prince," she asked, "first to question this man, my former husband, about these matters?"

"Thou art as perfect in mind as in face!" declared the Caliph. "It is not lawful to consider the matter of thy re-marriage, thou wouldst say, while there is still a suspicion that thou art not free. The spirit of the Prophet is with thee! Saadah, I gave thee my heart when first my eyes looked upon thee; now thou hast won my mind and soul also. So, now, let this man be brought before us."

Accordingly he of the tribe of Bani Ozrah was brought and placed beside Saadah, his former wife. So white and red he was by turns, so trembled his thin body beneath his ragged garment, that he might have been a-fevered. Many eager glances he cast toward Saadah, but Saadah looked at him not at all.

"Brother Moslem," said the Prince, "it was never my way to sidle, like a cat, about the hot broth. Thou hast admitted divorce from this woman. But Moavyah is not called 'The Just' for naught. If thou wilt give over any claim thou may'st still have to Saadah, I will bestow upon thee three white slave girls, each endowed with a thousand pieces of silver and ten suits of the finest silk and linen, all complete. And I will make thee a yearly gift of gold, so that thou shalt be known as one favored by the Prince of the Faithful. All this will I do for a word from thee. Come! How is it with thee?"

"It is with me," replied the man, tightening suddenly like a drawn bow-string, "as if, in seeking escape from the heat of the desert, I had fallen into a pit of blazing charcoal! O Prince, I have sought thy justice, not thy kindness! O Moavyah, the Just, grant me simple justice, and let me go!"

The Caliph, much perplexed, looked to Abdallah for counsel. "It is evident that the sun has affected the fellow's head," murmured the old man. "Thou canst, of course, try Mirvan's method of persuasion."

"But I cannot, by the law, take the woman from him against his will!"

"True, and thou wert ever careful of the law. Perchance the woman may persuade him."

"Saadah," said the Caliph, "thou hast heard how this poor man, being distraught by misfortune and long wandering in the unsoftened sun, has refused my magnanimous offer. Nor will I refuse to add to the riches I have offered him. Behold, he would take thee with him, without goods, without money, naked and defenseless, to the hard country which is his own. Nor is he a well-favored man. Say, now, what is thy choice as between him and me? I offer thee and him riches and honor! Wilt thou not lay before him his foolishness in this matter?"

"Seeing that he is a distraught man and foolish," replied the woman, glancing for the first time at her former husband, "what will argument avail? Moreover, thou hast said, according to the law, that he must release me of his own free will."

"A marvel!" muttered Abdallah. "The woman is mad also!"

"Not mad, my Lord," Saadah reproved him. "Thou art a reasonable man. I have thought much since misfortune came upon me and mine. See now: if we have little, there is so much the more to gain; and gaining is far better, thou knowest, than being given. With the help of Allah we shall get more sheep and camels, and I shall make more cheese. Perhaps, also, Allah will vouchsafe us children to honor us in our old age. And as for this man, my former husband, if it be permitted to speak openly of such matters, I love him. Nor is my hard country hard to me." She cast a furtive glance out through the parted tapestries that opened on the desert. "Thou knowest how it is said: The tent of my husband is better for me than the palace of a stranger. Justice, O Moavyah the Just!"

"Thyself must answer her, my Lord," murmured Abdallah drily, in response to a glance from the Caliph. "She quotes the Prophet and I have no answer ready to my hand. I would say, however, that I do begin to regret my first judgment as to her beauty. Note, now, the sharpness of her profile, and her eyes assuredly lack luster."

"Verily," said the Prince of the Faithful, "unto Allah we belong and unto Him we shall return." Only after much grim stroking of his beard did he find further comment to make. "Not for naught is Moavyah called The Just," he admitted at length. "Thou hast spoken foolishly, Saadah, but it is not given me to deal with thee according to thy foolishness. Rather I am minded to show thee the munificence of my pardon. Thou and thy husband shall have five hundred pieces of silver, and a camel to bear thee hence. Peace go with the!"

The courtiers murmured their admiration at this exhibition of liberality.

"If I may hazard a suggestion," interposed Abdallah, "only a little silver, ten pieces at the outside, and no camel."

"Thou art the well-spring of wisdom!" declared the Caliph. "Whereas these others applauded me, thou hast seen to the root of the matter. My beneficence may be better bestowed elsewhere. They are not worthy!"

"No," agreed Abdallah, "they are not worthy."

"Peace go with thee, my daughter," he added abruptly, "and with thee, my son. Make thy cheese, milk thy goats! And may Allah grant ye many sons and daughters to be inheritors of their mother's wit!"

"Thou wast ever a master of irony," cried the Caliph, much pleased. "So, now, let these ungrateful ones be given ten pieces of silver and sent upon their way."

But the man and woman of the tribe of Bani Ozrah deeply pondered Abdallah's saying as they lay side by side that night beneath the stars.

MEMORIES

By FRANK I. SHOREY

WHERE'S a rough little camp by the lakeside,
  Away in the woods of Maine;
There's a place of rest in this snug little nest
  That I long to enjoy once again.

There's a land I call "God's Country,"
  For its forests are filled with peace;
There's a place of content, and with happiness blent;
  It gives to one's life a new lease.

There are hills where the sunlight lingers,
  And valleys cool and green;
There are mossy dells and wooded fells,
  Where one loves to wander and dream.

There are bays hid deep in the shadows,
  Long stretches of sunlit sand,
There are lilies white, on the waters bright;
  Oh! it's an enchanted land.

There are golden, glowing sunsets,
  And bright stars in the evening sky;
There's a gentle breeze in the forest trees,
  And a full moon sailing high.

There's a night, but one can't describe it,
  With its silence deep and grand;
There's the plaintive trill of the whip-poor-will,
  And the lap of the waves on the sand.

There's an odor of pine and hemlock,
  The voice of the brook calls still;
Why hesitate, when all nature waits?
  I long to go back, and I will.

[*Pathe Freres*] GWENDOLIN PATES (IN CHAIR) IN A PATHE FRERES COMEDY

Entertaining Sixteen Millions Daily

By GILSON WILLETS*

HERBERT PRIOR was the towerman at a junction on the main line. His wife, Mary Fuller, started out on a special excursion train to attend a picnic given by the Engineers' Association. Prior objected to her going, because she had been invited to do so by Engineer James Gordon, who was known to be somewhat of a sport. And what made Mary's going all the more objectionable was the fact that she insisted upon riding in the very cab of the engine with Gordon.

Mary's conscience troubled her, however, before the picnic ended, and she started to walk back home along the track rather than ride back on the engine, or even in the train, of which her admirer was engineer.

Meantime Prior, the switchman, kept his little girl with him in the tower, the better to look after her in her mother's absence. The name of the little girl was Edna May Weick, and presently Edna slipped down out of the tower to seek amusement on the right-of-way. And suddenly, from his tower window, Prior saw his little one standing on the track, with her back to the oncoming returning excursion train driven by Gordon.

Prior had previously sidetracked a freight train to permit the excursion train to pass. Seeing his child now in imminent peril of being ground to death under the wheels of the excursion train, he shouted to her frantically. She did not hear him. In desperation Prior pulled a lever that turned a switch so that the excursion train would be run on to the siding and thus save his little Edna.

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* Mr. Willets is the author of a hundred photoplays as well as of the well-known novels "The Double Cross," "The First Law," etc.

[*Edison*]

"THE SWITCHMAN'S TOWER"

Mary Fuller snatches little Edna May Weick from the very jaws of death, in front of the oncoming engine

But then the horrible realization of what he was doing stole into Prior's consciousness. Though he had taken the only one possible step to save his child, the turned switch would plunge the excursion train, packed with passengers, into the freight on the siding. No! no! he must sacrifice his child, one life, to save the lives of many. And so, covering his eyes with his hands, the agonized father reversed the switch; so that, though the train would now continue on the main track and kill the switchman's child, the trainload of excursionists would be saved.

[*Kalem*]

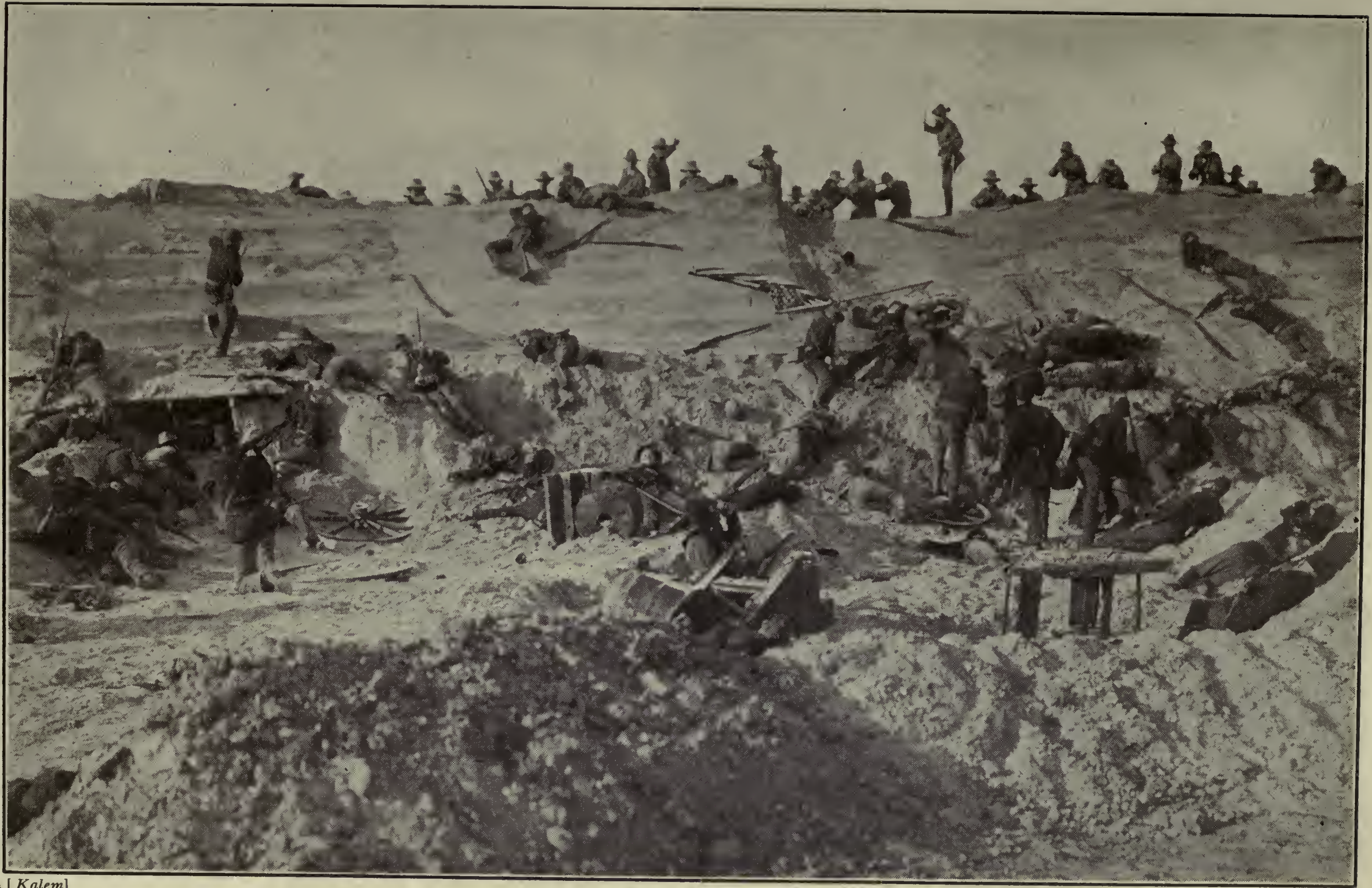
MISS ALICE JOYCE

The leading lady of the Kalem company, in "A Prisoner of Mexico"

But, as Prior peered in mortal anguish from his tower window, he beheld a miracle. He saw his wife Mary—who had walked all the way home from the picnic grounds—he saw her step to the track just as the train was about to run down their child. He saw her seize the little girl and snatch her from the very jaws of Death—pressing the girl to her bosom as the train, driven by Gordon, thundered past.

Even the stoical camera man who was photographing this scene for the Edison Moving Picture Company felt the thrill of the thing. It was, indeed, perhaps the most thrilling scene ever pictured by this company. It showed one of the finest deeds of heroism ever shown on the screen, and it made a profound impression on the thousands of moving picture fans who had paid a dime to witness it.

This is a type of the thirty or more cinematograph plays that are being turned out daily by the thirty and more companies engaged in this $100,000,000 business, employing over two hundred thousand men and women in the staging of the plays and the manufacturing of the films of the twenty-minute plays that are thrown on the screens of sixteen thousand theaters in the United States alone for the entertainment of sixteen million persons every day in the year.



[*Kalem*]

THE BATTLE IN "THE BROTHERS OF SUSANNE"

[Kalem]

A WAR-TIME WEDDING IN "WAR'S HAVOC"

The companies engaged in this great new industry, which makes progress so fast that a picture produced six months ago is regarded as "old-fashioned" today, are divided into two camps. In the one camp are the dozen great companies that form what is popularly called the Trust, but which is officially known as the Patents Company, they being the owners of the machines that project the dramas on the screen. These companies include all the best-known in the business—the Kalem, Vitagraph, Biograph, Pathe Freres, Selig, Essanay, Lubin, Melies, and so on.

In the other camp are the so-called independent companies, who are fighting the Patents Company in the courts for the right to use the inventions without paying the big fees charged. These independent companies include the Imp, Reliance, Eclair, Nestor, Bison, Republic, and others.

About the players who portray the parts in the dramas, we hear much and read more. What picture fan does not know by name the beautiful and clever leading girl of the Kalem forces, the moment she appears on the screen? "Alice Joyce!' he cries with delight, for Alice is a favorite from coast to coast. And who does not know Bunny, of the Vitagraph, the moment his big, beefy, marvellously expressive face is seen? And we hear much especially about the well-known players of the regular stage who appear in the "movies"—Nat Goodwin, Bernhardt, Rejane, etc., including Marshall Wilder, who is now appearing in Vitagraph pictures.

But the people we do not hear about or read about are those who produce the pictures, the directors and officers of the companies who put the players through their paces, telling them exactly what to do. Yet these are the men to whom, principally, belongs the credit for the marvels of the pictures and the progress that the industry has made and the raising of the quality of the plays produced.

There is Mr. Marion, for example, president of the Kalem company. Six

[*Kalem*]

SCENE FROM A KALEM WAR-TIME PLAY

years ago he left the Biograph and started the Kalem Company with a capital of zero. Today he rides in his own motor, is lord of a country estate and thinks nothing of paying $1,000 a day for the exclusive use of a railroad division to stage a picture; nor of paying $500 for a freight car which he means to hurl down an embankment to smithereens; nor of $2,000 to buy a cottage for the purpose of burning it to the ground. And Mr. Marion probably has the ablest corps of assistants in the business—Buel, who directs; Lang, who perfects the scenarios; Wright, who handles publicity; and Long, who is Mr. Marion's partner in seeing that the wheels keep going round. There's the bright sparkling Larry Trimble of the Vitagraph, whose artistic touch is applauded by millions every day; and Brennan and Turner of the Imp, who certainly have produced the most rip-roaring melodramas, such as "The Temple Dancer," a most remarkable drama of Hindu life. And there are no end of others I might mention personally, but can't because there are so many other phases of the industry that demand mention in this story of the biggest amusement enterprise in the world.

The world, I say, because the film picture produced in the United States is seen nowadays in every country in the world. The greatest of the American companies, indeed, find their largest market abroad. They print the captions on their films in from fifteen to twenty different languages. And more. They send companies round the world to take pictures "on the spot." Kalem has a company in the Holy Land doing the Life of Christ "on the spot." Vitagraph has a company consisting of Bunny and Larry Trimble and others doing Dickens novels "on the spot" in ye merrie England.

At home, too, the producers send companies to every part of the Union for local color. Nearly every important producer has at least one company in California. Many have companies in Florida in the

[*Kalem*]

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG

winter and in the northwest in summer. Selig recently sent a company to Colorado, and Vitagraph to Montana. These enterprising concerns have no end of times sent a company on a jaunt of five hundred or a thousand miles to make just one scene lasting ten seconds—hiring special trains for the purpose.

These traveling corps of players are public educators. They show the people of any one country or section of country how people live in other sections and other countries. The educational importance of the moving picture has, indeed, grown wonderfully even in the last year. Colleges, schools, industrial leaders, scientists turn now to the "movies" for aid in their respective fields. The Imp company showed how a tea farm is conducted in North Carolina, a rare industry in this country. In a dozen cities films are used in the public schools to teach history, geography, etc. The Lubin Company, of Philadelphia, has made pictures of the actions inspired by various diseases, the inmates of hospitals posing for the purpose, to enable physicians the better to study such diseases. Tuberculosis is being fought everywhere by the use of the motion camera. Every movement of the surgeon in making an operation for appendicitis has been shown on the screen. A motion picture was made in Toledo intended to drive toothache out of the world. Every condition of tooth decay and disease was shown. The crusade against flies has been helped by this same means, by bringing before the public in a startling way the danger of permitting the house fly to live.

[*Essanay*]

"SIGNAL LIGHTS"

A scene from the gripping Essanay railroad drama in which the station agent's little child learns to operate the signal lights and foils the robbery of a "bullion" train

Films were made in Philadelphia showing the care of babies in hot weather, for the benefit of the mothers of the land. The digestive processes of the human organs has been shown in films.

Many states teach good government through the moving picture; others show the proper disposal of sewerage and garbage, water filtration, pure water supplies, etc. And what we don't know about the army and navy, Congress, the President and Cabinet, isn't the fault of the moving picture companies.

Chemists use the motion camera to show various processes, such as that of extracting sulphur out of the earth. Other scientists have used the film to show the deformation of metals when strongly compressed by hydraulic press. The American Society of Mechanical Engineers have thrown sound waves on the screen. Entomologists have recorded in motion pictures the way insects travel. All phases of agriculture are taught by this means. Railroad companies use the films to teach the men the elements of safety in railroading, using the pictures in lieu of text-books. The life of the water flea has been filmed, to show people why they should boil water. Thus has the moving picture become important as an educator, until now the moving picture show is everywhere regarded as of as much importance as the village post-office.

Another extremely important phase of this industry has to do with the gathering of news in pictures. The moving picture house has become as important to public knowledge of events as the daily paper.

[*Kalem*] THE EXECUTION OF A TRAITOR IN "THE BROTHERS OF SUSANNE"

You can now *see* the great happenings of which you read, the happenings of every country on the globe. The principal company acting as a news gatherer is the great French company, Pathe Freres. This company, in the United States alone, has five camera men constantly traveling from state to state, while ten others await orders to move instantly wherever their services are required. This, besides a corps of camera correspondents, perhaps forty or fifty strong, called the "emergency corps." Sometimes the move required of the Pathe Weekly News man is made with difficulty. When the smashup happened on the Wabash in Missouri, at St. Peter's, the nearest Pathe news man was at Appleton, Wisconsin. The weather was as cold as Pearyland. Snow lay deep. Two trains on which the Pathe man took passage were blocked. Two taxis were put out of commission. But, after thirty hours of struggle, the Pathe news man reached the wreck at St. Peter's in time to picture the wrecking crew at work.

And the same with the Pathe camera operators in all countries. They are ever on the go to show the people of the world what is happening. Alfonso, of Spain, while motoring recently on a road some forty miles from Madrid, passed a Pathe man who had recently taken motion pictures of his Majesty in the royal palace. "Get in!" called the King of Spain as the car stopped. And his Majesty carried the camera man all the way to Madrid, talking, on the way, of motion pictures with all the enthusiasm of the garden variety of picture fans. These news gatherers by camera seem to be omnipresent. They pictured the review of the Boy Scouts by the Kaiser at Breslau. They are with the Italian and Turkish armies in Tripoli. One of them went up in an airship seven thousand feet and photographed half of France at that altitude. Tregeron, Wales, was devastated by flood, and so was Guanajuato, Mexico. Moving picture operators were on the spot in both places. Such is the

[*Kalem*]

"A PRISONER OF MEXICO"

importance of the moving-picture industry in assembling the news visually for the whole world.

In social life, too, the film is used to preserve for posterity the important events in family life. A millionaire in California ordered moving pictures made at his wedding. Other millionaires elsewhere followed suit. Christenings, baptisms, even funerals are now moving-pictured, to be kept as parts of family records.

This industry has helped to put hundreds of theaters out of business. This applies especially to those theaters in smaller towns that formerly were reached only by traveling companies. The public in such places found that the "movy" gave them a far better, far higher-class show for ten cents than the road companies of the regular stage gave for fifty cents and a dollar. The result is that now the theatrical managers, in a frantic endeavor to win back this lost trade, are putting on the best plays all over the country for ten, twenty, thirty cents, a syndicate having been formed for this purpose, controlling theaters in fifty cities.

As a result of putting so many road companies out of the running, hundreds of actors and actresses found themselves out of jobs. What put us on the blink? they asked themselves. The "movies," was the answer. All right, let's get a job with the "movies." And forthwith the offices of the moving-picture companies were invaded by the players of the regular stage. And they were hired on the spot, too. The consequence is today that, unless you have had regular stage experience, it is useless to apply to the moving picture companies for a job. The players have found, too, that they are far better off than they were when employed on the legitimate stage. On the regular boards, their season lasted only forty weeks, sometimes only thirty weeks, and ofttimes only thirty days, or even only three days. On the silent stage they are not only paid more money than they received on Broadway, but their season lasts three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. The job with the "movies" is permanent, whether you work every day or not.

And to get a berth with a moving-picture company you've got to have just the right kind of face, too. You've got to have a picture face, a face that tells the story by its expression, since one cannot tell the story in words. And brunettes are wanted, girls; and blondes are not wanted. Black eyes and black hair show up best on the screen.

Then, of course, you've got to do certain more or less dangerous stunts not called for on Broadway. Howard Missiner, of the Essanay Company, had to permit himself to be thrown through a skylight and land in a bathtub full of water. G. M. Anderson, one of the owners of the Essanay, and also one of the best-known actors on the silent stage, while fighting with the villain, in "Broncho Billy's Bible," on the edge of a precipice, lost his footing and fell. The other actors cried out in horror, rushed to the edge of the precipice and found Anderson hanging, in midair, to the branches of a tree that had grown out over the yawning chasm. In the mob scenes in many a play, many a man has been hurt in a way not called for by the director.

[*Kalem*] FROM A KALEM WAR PLAY

And as for writing the scenarios, the plays for the motion camera, it is estimated that some fifty thousand persons are trying their skill at this every day. But alas! out of every thousand plays submitted voluntarily, all but a handful are sent back. Mr. Lang, the scenario editor of the Kalem Company, told me that of eight hundred plays submitted in two weeks, not a single one was accepted, and that not a single one would ever find acceptance with any company, so poor were they.

Yet hundreds upon hundreds of writers, even magazine writers and novelists, write to the picture companies every day asking for information about writing plays and expressing a desire to "get into this new field of writing." There's only one conscientious answer to be made to the aspirant for scenario honors. That is, unless he is fairly bursting with new and wholly original ideas, unless he has studied the field thoroughly, unless he is acquainted with practically all the plays that have been produced, unless he has made a study of the technique of photoplay writing, unless he knows what has been done and what the companies want—he should keep away. There are less than thirty successful scenario writers in the United States. These write the majority of the three thousand or more plays produced in a year. And probably the most successful of these photoplaywrights is Mr. Bannister Merwin, of the Edison staff, who is now in Europe preparing plays for a company which the Edison people are sending abroad.

Hundreds of writers believe that lots of money is to be made writing photoplays, but unless one can turn out a great number of these plays, it is a losing game. The standard is higher than it seems from a study of the ordinary pictures you see at a show. The thing the company pays for is the *idea* rather than the scenario. Any good scenario editor will take an idea and work it into a good play. The pay for a scenario averages only $25. For a

[*Imp*]

A MILLIONAIRE FOR A DAY

"Never in his life before had he submitted to the manicure and 'never again'"

"half reel" it is only fifteen, and most comedies must now be only a half reel, since the foreign market wants only short comedies. The writer who gets $50 for his play is a genius, and he can't get that more than once in a while. Thus, unless one possesses the requirements here stated he will find himself the lowest paid person in the business. The stage carpenter earns more. Yes, the pay is miserable—to the outsider, the writer who won't take the time, or can't take the time, to study this form of drama and take the work seriously, conscious that it is a separate and distinct profession, requiring just as much training as any other profession.

For those who cannot resist trying their hands at photoplays a few terse "don'ts" are suggested: Don't write western plays. They are a drug on the market. The public in America is sick to death of the cowboy sheriff-Indian play. Don't write chase pictures. Chase pictures were made in the Year One. No director, unless he takes the chance of losing his place, will put on a chase picture. Don't write the trick picture. These trick pictures have operated to make the public believe oftentimes that a really great scene is a trick of photography.

And don't dramatize standard works, novels, poems, historical events, unless the company is first asked about it. For these dramatizations, however, there is great demand. But it must first be known just what the companies want dramatized. To give an idea of how such dramatization should be made, I append a scenario of

[*Biograph*]

TERRIBLE NEWS

The Lonedale operator in a Biograph Railroad Drama

Paul Revere's Ride for moving picture dramatization. I have written a scenario of this particular Longfellow poem in a way to convey several points on dramatization. First, the use of the actual poem; second, the license that may be taken with the poem in the way of using imagination and making additions consistent with what is conveyed in the poet's lines otherwise; third, to show the method of construction.

Synopsis of a Dramatization of Paul Revere's Ride

By GILSON WILLETS

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[Note: Paul Revere at time of ride was forty years old, but license can show him younger. He was one of the Minute Men, and all those whom he warned that night were Minute Men. The ride was from a point on the Charles River, opposite the Old North Church, Boston, to Lexington, where the fight occurred early next day. The ride was, of course, at midnight. Would it be possible to show night light in all the scenes to the end of the ride when the battle is on?]

The scenario is in forty-seven quick, exciting scenes, comprising action as follows:

1 Town Street, in front of British barracks, sentry, etc., with table in front. British officers, with map, discussing movement of troops. Paul Revere, unseen by officers, watching. Suspects that a military movement to Lexington is to be made that night. Paul decides upon a plan to outwit British.

2 Exterior of a barn. Paul's Friend (mentioned in poem) on way from barn. Two lanterns in sight. Paul appears, tells friend of his suspicions regarding British, imparts his plan, sees lanterns, has idea, seizes lanterns, urges Friend to follow him. Caption from poem: "If the British march By Land or Sea from the Town Tonight."

3 By a church, supposed to be Old North Church, showing tower and belfry. Paul and Friend appear. Paul gives Friend instructions regarding lantern signals. Caption for this: "Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch—one if by land, and two if by sea." Paul and Friend hide lanterns, hurry away.

4 River bank. A boat. Paul and Friend to boat. Paul into boat, pulls away, Friend hurries inland. Caption: "And I on the opposite shore will be."

5 Outside barracks, as Scene One. British troops forming, march off. Same officers giving orders. Very stealthy. Friend unseen by British, watching—cautiously follows troops.

6 River bank. Supposedly opposite side river. Paul lands from boat, dashes inland.

7 River bank. Plenty of boats. British troops embarking. Friend watching, unseen by enemy, indicates he will hang two lanterns, hurries away.

8 Front of stable, or barn. Paul comes out with horse saddled, mounts, rides off.

9 The church, as previous scene. Friend rushes up, seizes lanterns, and into church.

10 Bank of river. Paul dismounted, by horse, tightening girth, nervously watching opposite bank and upward to belfry. Caption: "Ready to ride and give the alarm."

Note: No more quotations from poem are needed.

11 Belfry, dark. Pigeons take flight. Friend with lanterns, has just lighted one and now suspends it in arch.

12 Paul by horse, as before, sees first lantern (on opposite shore). Mounts horse, waits.

13 Belfry, as before. Friend hangs second lantern in arch.

14 Paul mounted, waiting, sees second lantern. Gallops away pell-mell.

15 A stream, with boats laden with British troops, pulling cautiously down stream.

[Note: From here the scenes showing the ride are given, with two or three flashes showing British in boats still pulling down stream and finally landing at Lexington.]

16 Interior. Colonial ballroom. Dance of colonials in progress. Minuet.

17 Outside of Colonial mansion where ball is in progress. Paul gallops to window, shouts, no response, smashes window with riding whip.

18 Ballroom, as before. Dancers hear and see smash of window. Paul's whip and hand seen beckoning. All rush to window, hear the news. Men hastily bid women goodbye, tear selves away, rush out, servants producing muskets and men seizing muskets in flight from room.

19 Paul galloping madly down lane (here, if practical, he can jump a wall or fence or ditch).

20 Interior, a tavern, colonials drinking, carousing. An open door. Paul appears in doorway, on horse, gives alarm and away. Men spring up, rush from room.

[*Pathe Freres*]

GWENDOLIN PATES IN A PATHE FRERES COMEDY

[Note: In giving the alarm, each time, Paul points backward to indicate British are coming. Then points forward to indicate stand is to be made farther on (at Lexington). Therefore, in all outdoor scenes where men rush to "arms," they rush in direction taken by Paul.]

[Note: Paul always galloping, pulling horse down on haunches only long enough to give alarm, then galloping onward.]

21 A stream. British in their boats, pulling down stream.

22 Woods. Paul galloping through.

23 Loggers camp, wood piles, etc. Paul gallops up, calls. Loggers, woodsmen, woodchoppers, rush out, sleepy. Paul gives the alarm, gallops away.

24 Field. Shepherd and flock. (If shepherd and flock not possible, then this scene can be changed to ploughed field, or a field of growing corn). Paul, dashing through, shouts news to shepherd. Or if ploughed field or corn field used, merely dashes through pellmell.

25 Exterior farmhouse. New England porch, narrow, with bench on each side, one step up from ground, brass knocker on door. Paul gallops up, calls, no answer, gallops horse plumb up on porch to knocker, uses knocker. Heads in nightcaps at windows, farmer and helpers and sons open door in night clothes. Paul gives the alarm, rides off. Men indicate they will follow.

26 Interior, sick room in cottage. An open window. Mother sick on bed. Daughter nursing. Father and several sons watching patient anxiously. Paul on horse appears at open window, shouts the alarm, rides off. Father and sons seize muskets, dash away, daughter weeping, sick mother urging men to go.

27 A river or stream. Paul fording water at breakneck speed.

28 New England kitchen, interior. Pair of Colonial lovers, sparking, love scene. An open door. Paul on horse in door gives warning and rides off. Lover tears himself away from sweetheart, seizes musket from over mantel, alarms household, girl's father and brothers rush in. All indicate will follow lover.

29 The river. British in boats still pulling down stream.

30 A steep embankment. Paul dashes on horse up or down embankment.

31 Interior. Colonial dining-room. Wedding party on. Festivities. Hear noise outside, rush out.

32 Outside Colonial house in which wedding party is on. Paul on horse shouting to party, as members pour from house, rides on. Bridegroom tears self from weeping bride, other men give hasty farewell to women. All dash away after Paul.

33 Village street. Here a caption could be inserted reading: "Lexington." Town

[*Imp*]

"MILLIONAIRE FOR A DAY"

He deplores the fact that a millionaire can eat only one dinner at a time

crier in doorway, with bell, asleep. Paul gallops up, rouses town crier, urges him to sound alarm. Crier sleepy, rubs eyes, looks stupid, dazed. Paul seizes crier's bell, begins ringing it as he dashes on.

34 Another view, village street. Paul galloping down to camera. Town crier coming on run, calling for his bell. Heads out of all windows, night caps, etc. Men, rushing from doors to Paul, swarm around him. He gives the news. Rides on. Men show they will follow. Muskets have already been produced.

35 The river, near bank. British in boats, approaching bank. Officers giving orders about landing.

36 Interior town hall, arranged for meeting. Selectmen holding stormy meeting. Characters dressed here to represent men familiar in portraits as signers of Declaration of Independence. Speaker on platform, haranguing audience. Audience in wild storm of applause and cheers, bedlam reigning.

37 Outside the town hall. Schoolhouse can be used. Paul dashes up, with bell. Rings bell, shouts. No answer from within. Hurls bell through window (to attract attention).

38 Interior, town hall. Stormy meeting, as before, with bell coming through window and landing in their midst. Some rush to window, indicate see Paul and hear news. All scamper out by all exits in mad rush.

[Note: Here ends the ride. But if additional scenes can be got in, you could show various other stunts of Paul's riding. He could make horse dash up a long flight of steps somewhere. Swim a river, on horse. Through a gate. Through an archway to courtyard of hotel or house, or tavern, or inn. Through an orchard. Down a lane. He could force his horse up on a great colonial porch, the kind with pillars running above second story, and dash across this porch, giving alarm in flight to inmates of house. He could meet a stagecoach. Men from coach rush back after Paul, while coach continues onward with women. A colonial newspaper office could be shown. Paul gives alarm. Printers, etc., fly to arms. Old mill, millers warned, to arms. Ferryman's hut. Ferryman arms and off. Bunkhouse full of minute men. Paul gives alarm, minute men scramble to arms.]

[Note: Scenes following the ride now on. It is now daylight.]

39 Shore of river. A landing place. British landing from boats, marching double quick inland.

40 Wall by a road. Minute men (including as many as possible of all men seen in previous scenes), crouching along wall for a long distance. Many of them hatless,

coatless, all sorts of hastily gathered garments. All with muskets. Paul dashes up on horse, points back, indicating British coming, dismounts, horse leaves picture. Paul climbs to top of wall. They cheer him. He jumps down, joins them. They give him a musket. All lie in readiness.

41 A lane. British marching double quick.

42 The wall, as before, with Paul and men crouching behind it. British appear. Battle opens. Terrific fire of Colonials. British turn and flee. Minute men swarm over wall after British led by Paul. Many British fall, and some Colonials.

43 A lane between walls. British in retreat, firing back. Colonials pursuing, firing. Many British fall. Paul again mounted, leading Colonials.

44 A field. British scattered, retreating, firing. Colonials in pursuit, firing. Many British fall and some Colonials. Paul still mounted and leading.

45 A bridge. Last stand of the British, who fire at pursuers, then fling muskets away and run helter-skelter, leaving piles of dead on bridge.

46 The landing place at river—as 39—with British boats. Colonials in possession of boats. British run up, no muskets, followed by Paul leading Colonials. British surrender.

47 Last scene. Paul on horse, acknowledging wild cheers of Colonials. Many Colonials with bandaged heads, others wounded in arms and legs, etc. Paul himself with bandaged head. Petting horse on neck, to indicate horse did it all. Colonials pull Paul from horse, carrying him out of picture on shoulders, others following, all madly cheering and shouting.

[Note: If wished to introduce heart interest with Paul, his sweetheart could be introduced, if you are willing to take license with the poem or the fact. Instead of the man friend hanging the lanterns aloft in the belfry arch, the girl sweetheart could be the one to do this. It would be she, too, with whom Paul would make arrangements for the lanterns, instead of the man friend. Then one more scene could be added at end, to show Paul rejoining sweetheart, and Paul telling crowd of Colonials how the girl gave the signals, and the crowd cheering both lovers wildly.]

IT'S A GAY OLD WORLD

IT'S a gay old world when you're gay
And a glad old world when you're glad
But whether you play
Or go toiling away
It's a sad old world when you're sad.

It's a grand old world if you're great
And a mean old world if you're small;
It's a world full of hate
For the foolish who prate
Of the uselessness of it all.

It's a beautiful world to see
Or it's dismal in every zone.
The thing it must be
In its gloom or its glee
Depends on yourself alone.

—*"Heart Throbs," II.*

THREE DAYS

By

Frances Irvin

FOSTER had no premonition that an adventure lay in wait for him in deserted New York that sultry August night. It was nearly midnight, and the heat was stifling. The city lay silent and breathless under a heavy pall of mist. Still feeling the rush and roar of the train that had brought him from the West, he went up the steps of the Fosters' house, which stood in the middle of a block on the avenue. The family were all in Europe, and the house was closed, but as he had a key he decided to spend the night here before going on to New England for the remaining days of his vacation. As he opened the small door in the boarded-up vestibule, he noticed that all the other houses on both sides of the street were likewise boarded and sealed. There was no one in sight.

He was tired, but could not sleep, feeling suffocated in the thick, moist atmosphere after the breezy heights of Colorado. At last he sought the library downstairs. It was the central room of three. He opened the windows of the dining room at the back, settled himself in a comfortable chair and began to read. It was now about two o'clock in the morning.

He grew absorbed, and a faint sound in the street, a distant clatter of horses' hoofs, failed to disturb him. Nearer and nearer it came. He started as the rattle of hoofs and wheels passed the house, and suddenly there came a crash, a struggle, a floundering and straining noise. All alert, John rushed to the door.

Under the electric lamp at the corner the horse had fallen and was pitching about in the hansom shafts. There was no driver visible, and out of the hansom trailed a woman's white scarf. There was not even a solitary passer-by in sight, and on either side stretched the silent fronts of the houses. As John ran, he heard a woman's voice in a desperate exclamation.

The bright light revealed a beautiful girl, small and slender, in a white dress, leaning forward and vainly trying to grasp the reins, which had fallen from the driver's seat. With the other hand she supported the figure of a man seated beside her, with a ghastly wound in his face, from which the blood dropped slowly. A few drops had fallen on her white sleeve. The man's eyes were open; he looked at them vaguely, and sat silent and motionless in his evening dress.

At the sight of Foster the girl raised her arm imploringly. "Oh, save me, save me!" she exclaimed distractedly, but in a voice so low and musical that it became a moan rather than the hysterical shriek he dreaded. He glanced at the plunging, terrified horse, who seemed likely to overturn the hansom, but before he could rush to his head the girl implored him again:

"Oh, hide me, quickly, before anyone comes! I am so afraid! Oh, just take me away from him!"

The man was leaning away from her now, in the corner of the seat. Foster came closer, fascinated by her voice, by her beauty, her helplessness. She hid her face from the sight of the now rigid figure beside her. "By daylight I will go away, I will never trouble you again, and you will never be sorry. Oh, my God, help me! I know you are a good man."

"Come," he said, holding out his arm, and instantly she jumped to the ground. Foster was still conscious that there was no one in sight. For the fraction of a second they stood, looking at the man inside, whose head had fallen back, the light from the small window striking on the ugly wound. In that instant the floundering horse in some way got to its feet, and heaving and panting, started at a trot down the avenue. Instantly Foster seized the girl and half carried her along the silent street, and up the steps of the house. Fainter and fainter sounded the rattle of the retreating hansom with its quiet passenger.

On the threshold of the library the girl collapsed, and Foster bore her to the sofa in a faint. Was she Cuban, Spanish or South American? Such beauty had never before come within his experience. Her skin was dazzlingly fair, and her mass of golden hair was in startling contrast to her long, dark, liquid eyes, with their long lashes. Everything about her was small and fine, and suggestive of high breeding. Foster found some brandy in the dining room and soon revived her. He laid her hat and a bag that she carried on the table. He saw that there were splashes of blood on the lace of her scarf and dress.

Next he made sure that the windows were closed where any light might be seen. Then he pushed up the girl's sleeve, and found a ragged bullet scratch on her arm, which he bathed as well as he could. All this time she had not spoken, but now she raised her eyes and said with a quaint foreign accent:

"Oh, how kind you are. How shall I ever thank you?" Then she shut her eyes and lay as if exhausted, and suddenly began to shake convulsively.

"Oh, his face! that terrible face! I wish I could forget it. Oh, how I hate him!" Foster tried to quiet her now violent sobs, and recalled every device he had heard of for the relief of hysterical women.

All at once she began to talk in a low, rapid tone, and he bent forward to listen.

"You will never regret your kindness, senor, the good God will reward you," she said, gazing at him gravely. "Now, I must tell you something of myself, and in what danger I have been. You need not know where I come from—the South is enough. But you have saved me from things you cannot dream of. You have not these things in your country. Ah, my God!" She broke off, and Foster saw she was delirious. At intervals she became quiet and coherent again, and the broken recital went on, the man leaning forward and scarcely breathing for fear of losing a word.

"He took me to the theatre, and then to supper, and then I wanted to go home. You see I am engaged to marry him, but I hate him, and—I am afraid of him," with a shudder. "But he wanted to take a drive, as we had a hansom waiting to meet us at the restaurant. It was very late. He was hateful during the drive. And then suddenly I knew there was something wrong with the driver; he began moving about above us; then the little door opened above our heads. Benito wanted to kiss me; I put up my arm to push him away. Then a terrible flash and report, and a burning along my arm. Benito was perfectly still; he did not cry out. He only leaned back in his seat. The horse had started galloping, and then I felt the man spring or fall off his seat above us. The reins too fell, and I could not reach them. But I was stunned—I did not try at first. The street was empty, and so still—and there was a fog—I thought we would both be thrown out and killed, and I waited. Then the horse fell, and I tried to push Benito back and keep him from falling against me—he was so quiet, I was afraid of him. And then I saw you!"

She turned her great liquid eyes slowly on him and stretched out her hand to Foster, and he knelt down beside her. There was silence for a moment, and her romantic Southern personality impressed Foster strangely in this conventional room, long dedicated to methodical family uses. "You know the rest," she added slowly, and closed her eyes and seemed to sleep.

Foster went quietly back to the armchair where he had been earlier in the evening, feeling the need of all his sound common sense, which was not increased by her proximity.

But she soon began to toss and turn again, and cried out,

"Why, of course it was my cousin Francesco, and it was he I saw at the theatre, but I could not believe it. He hated Benito!"

Foster bent over her. "You say it was

Francesco? Was he in the driver's place? And he fired the shot?"

The sound of his voice brought her to herself, and she gave him an uneasy, frightened glance. "Did I say that? I was dreaming. No, of course it was not he. It was the hansom driver."

After a while, exhausted, she fell into a deep sleep. Foster sat down to think things over. Clearly he was in a serious predicament, and could not attempt to hide the girl after daylight. He thought of an old college friend who was now a clever surgeon. He could bring a nurse and take the case in hand, and arrive before people were about. The hansom with its passenger would give the matter to the public before long, and Foster would be obliged to tell all he knew of the affair. Would the girl be allowed to remain in his house, or would they take her to a hospital? Evidently these people were among the many South Americans who visited the States on a flying pleasure trip with neither business nor acquaintance in the city.

The girl's gold-embroidered bag lay beside him on the table. He took it up, idly opening and shutting the clasp, but started as there gleamed at him the pearl handle and bright muzzle of a dainty pistol. He pulled it out. One shot had been discharged.

The hours wore on slowly, and the girl lay moaning softly in her sleep. At six o'clock Dr. Charles Everton arrived, keen and expectant. He was already a bald-headed man with glasses, while Foster at the same age looked boyishly young.

"What, now, John?" was his greeting, as arm in arm they entered the darkened library. "Is this one of your usual quixotic adventures?"

"Nothing quixotic about it. Any man would have done what I did. I want to keep the girl here as long as I can, without giving the case to the police. There was no one about last night, and there are absolutely no witnesses. Our watchman was not on hand, and he thinks the house is closed for the summer. I am sure this girl has been the victim of foul play, and I want to hide her as she begged me."

"This sounds like you," said the doctor, looking at him quizzically. "Of course you can't hide her. But now, to business."

He pulled off his coat and gave his attention to his patient. He pronounced the small wound on her arm trivial, but in her general state of collapse and her high temperature he found some cause for alarm.

"My nurse will be here in a few moments," he said, coming back to the dining room. "She is the most discreet woman I know, and is in such demand that I was lucky to get hold of her. And here is the morning paper you asked for."

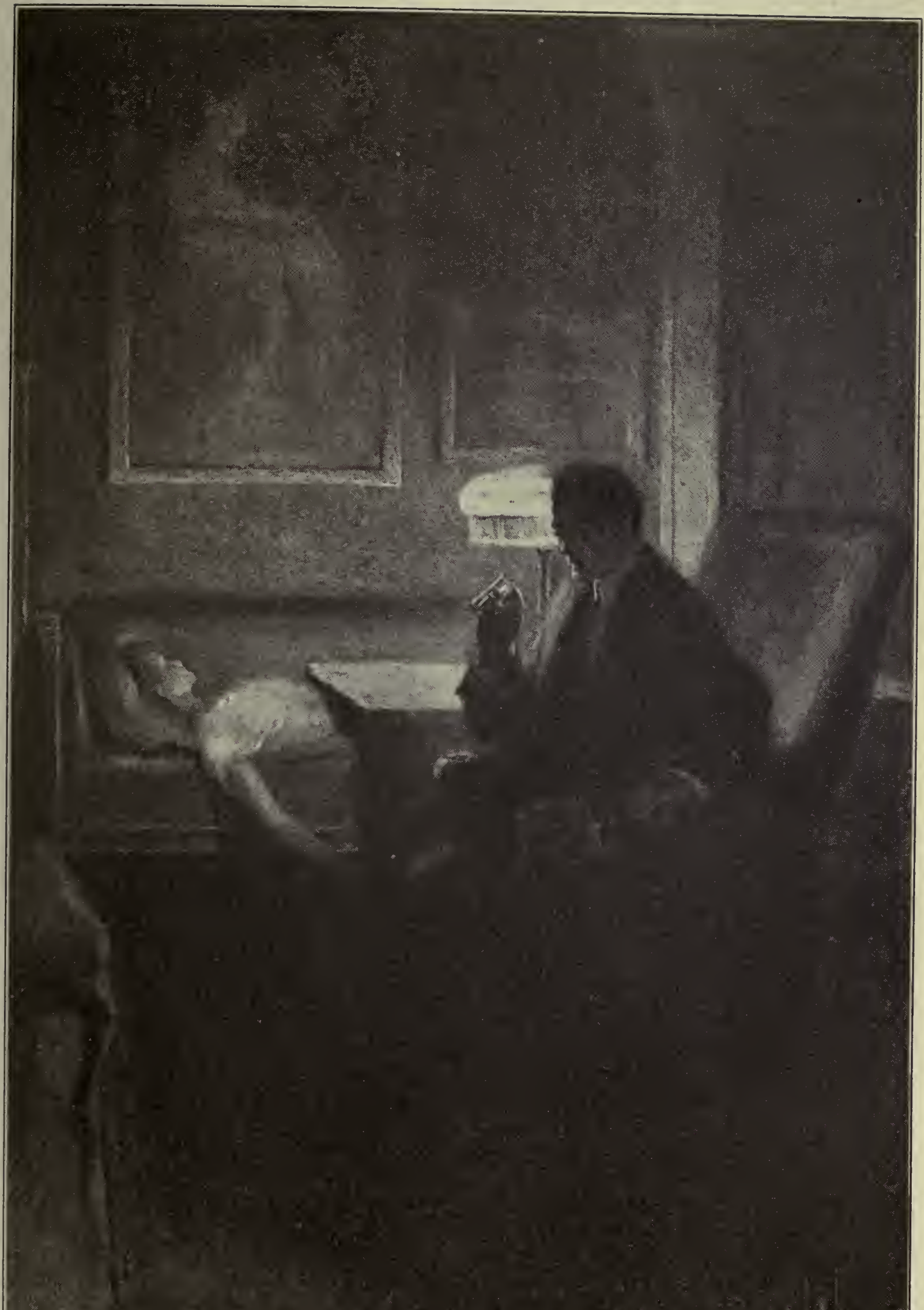
On the first sheet Foster pointed out the head line,

"A Corpse Goes Hansom Riding."

The night reporter had made a good story. A policeman at Twenty-Third Street had found the horse trotting soberly along with reins dragging on the ground. The driver's coat had been found with his badge, in the seat above. On the man, "olive-skinned and in careful evening attire," who sat quietly within, there were no marks of identification beyond the name of a London tailor inside his coat. He had American money upon him, but no cards or letters.

Immediate search had been made up the adjoining streets and avenues, and near Forty-second Street the driver's hat had been found. Then word had come from another part of the city that the hansom driver himself was identified.

This man, Harrigan, asserted that he had been "doped by a dark guy," who asked him in for a drink while a friend held his horse. "I was engaged to wait for a fare outside a restaurant. It was after one A. M. I had taken them to the theatre earlier in the evening. I supposed they were Cubans, a lady and gent. A fellow who had been standing about talking to the men on the sidewalk, asked me to have a drink, and I thought it no harm on such a hot night to leave my cab for a few minutes to get a little refreshment. I asked Sandy to keep an eye on my horse, for I was waiting just around the corner where the gentleman had told me. We went a little way down the street to a twenty-five cent restaurant. The place was empty; only old Jim Dolan, who kept it, was snoozing in a corner. He brought us some beer, and then went out to the room at the back and left us alone.



One shot had been discharged

I started to drink my beer, but the dark fellow said, 'I've got something better than that,' and pulled a flask out of his pocket, filled a glass and drank it down. 'That tingles some,' he said, 'better try it.' He talked English as good as me. I pushed a glass over and he pulled out the flask again and poured some out. I drank it; it did tingle, and I don't remember anything more, except a feeling of my coat slipping off my shoulders. The next thing I knew, I found a doctor with his kit beside me, and Sandy and two other men standing over me. 'Well, you were doped for sure that time,' Sandy said. Then he told me that the fellow had come out in my coat and hat and got up on the box and waved to him, and not long after the lady and gent came out of the restaurant and came straight to the cab, and they drove off. In fifteen minutes more poor old Jim Dolan came running out of the eating house yelling, 'Police! there's a man dead in here!' "

Foster turned cold as he read. But Everton had begun to move about impatiently.

"We must not lose any more time," he fumed, "in sending for the police. You have tampered with the situation too long as it is. In my opinion she may be shielding someone. You have got yourself into a nice mess, and the next thing these red hot emotions and shootings will be centering around you. The girl will probably fall in love with you."

Foster laughed. "Don't get worked up over me. I was dreading this stop in town, but I don't think I shall be bored."

"Please call up the police at once, and for Heaven's sake start that electric fan. This heat is enough to kill us," said the doctor, rolling up his sleeves, and then his broad shoulders and bald head disappeared into the darkened library. But Foster followed, and paused beside the writing table. As the doctor bent over the sofa Foster opened the gold-embroidered bag where it still lay, took out the little pistol and put it in his pocket. He lingered for a moment, till Everton turned and motioned him impatiently to the telephone in the dining room at the back. The nurse arrived a moment later, and the doctor went to let her in.

The arrival of the detectives, the detailed account laboriously taken down, occupied the next hour. Foster's story—with one small reservation—was accepted without question.

"I can't prevent publicity," said the big Chief detective. "As for the young lady, Dr. Everton tells me that her condition is hysterical and rather serious; there need be no question of moving her for a time. Her talk is rambling, and it is useless to attempt to get her testimony just now. I presume she has talked to you a good deal during the night?"

"In a very broken way," said Foster, and as he straightened back his shoulders he felt the weight of the little pistol in the inner pocket of his coat. "She implored me to save her from someone, to hide her as long as I could, and I am sure she has been the victim of foul play, and that you will catch a very ugly murderer when you find him."

"Of course she is under arrest, and your house will have to be watched from now on. My man can patrol the street or remain in your front hall, whichever you prefer. If you go out, you will be followed, but we will give you as little trouble as we can. I am sure that most of us would have done the same for a lady in distress." He went out, grinning broadly, and Foster resigned himself to the prospect of publicity.

As the heat was insufferable outside, he told the detective to take up his post in the hall. A second doctor had been called in and agreed that the girl should be kept as quiet as possible, but they had been obliged to admit the detectives to her room for a moment.

When the Chief had gone, Foster subsided into a chair for a quiet smoke. Scarcely was he seated when Everton came to tell him that the patient was begging to see him. He sent Foster in alone.

When the girl saw him she burst into tears. "So he is really dead!" she exclaimed. The nurse had made a bed for her, and she was lying there pale and wan. "But, oh, how could you?" she went on, motioning to the detective whose voice could be heard speaking to Everton. "The men came in here; they examined everything."

"My dear child, I had no choice. You had to have a doctor, and the rest followed. I am doing all I can; I will never cease my efforts. Believe me, it will all come out right very soon."

"Oh, thank you, thank you! do not think me ungrateful." And somewhat to Foster's embarrassment she kissed his hand as she held it. "But perhaps you are regretting that you took me in?" she added faintly.

"Regret it! I would do it a thousand times over!"

"Ah, but wait, you know nothing of me really. Lean nearer: can you understand my English?" Foster nodded, and drew a low bench beside her, and she went on:

"I live in San Jose—probably you do not know much about Costa Rica? My father is rich, but he has never been fond of me, and since my mother died I have not been happy. He wished me to marry Benito, and he set the wedding for the first day of September. I hated him, but what could I do? My father wanted to take a second wife, himself, and to get me out of the way. Fortunately I had money, and we have some freedom down there. I found out that one of my teachers, a Frenchwoman, was anxious to come to the States, so I offered to pay her journey if she would take me with her. I said I was going to visit a girl friend in the country, and I gained a few days in that way, and we took some luggage with us. Oh, that long journey to New Orleans, and then up here in the train! We stayed at a place she knew of—it was far away, in 'Harlem,' do you call it? It was very lonely, and we were there several weeks. She went out shopping day before yesterday, early in the morning, and she did not come back. I was so angry and frightened at being left alone. In the evening Benito came. At first I was angry, and then I was almost glad to see him, for I did not suspect anything yet. I believe now that he paid her to go away. He said he had followed us all the way, and that he would find me another companion and a better place to stay. He was very quiet and gentle, and asked me why I hated him so much. But when he said that I began to hate him more than ever. He asked me to go out to dinner with him that night, and said that the next day he would arrange everything. What could I do? I was all alone."

"And what of Francesco?" Foster ventured.

"Why do you keep asking about Francesco?" she said with a start, in an irritable voice. "There are many Francescos in the world."

"I will not ask you again; but, you see, the man who drugged the hansom driver and took his place has escaped completely."

"Oh, I am so afraid in New York. If I had not found you, and you had not been so kind, where should I be now?"

"You are safe here," said Foster, his hand closing over hers. Again as he spoke, he felt the hard handle of the pistol in his pocket. A sudden cold misgiving rushed over him, and was gone as quickly.

"You don't need to worry about anything," he said smiling. "Leave it all to me. I will take care of you."

"I have heard much of American men, and I believe they are all like you. I have known only one—a young engineer. I would like to see him again. We were great friends."

Her eyes grew dreamy. Foster watched her thoughtfully.

"I have heard of the women of Costa Rica, but I never knew they were so beautiful."

This brought back her wandering thoughts. She smiled delightedly. "I am glad you think I am beautiful. There are so many like me in San Jose."

The thought flashed through his mind that she had come to New York to find the young American and escape all her old life. He began to weave a sort of Monte Cristo romance, as he gazed at her small, regular features, at the contrast of her fair coloring and dark eyes. He remembered now to have heard that this old and wonderful type of Spanish beauty persisted in the Central American republic. It was so striking and unusual that he sat like a man fascinated, watching her long lashes resting on her cheek, and waiting to hear again the low musical voice.

Suddenly she said, "I have money with me, Mr. Foster. I asked the nurse to put it all in my bag. Of course they opened that, and looked at everything.

Please give it to me." He brought it from the table where it still lay, and she took out a powder box, a purse, and a goodly roll of bills in a chamois case.

"You must not spend anything for me without telling me, for I have plenty. And please keep this money for me."

Her eyes met his with a faint look of inquiry.

"There was something else—that I have put away safely," said Foster. He raised one hand to his breast pocket.

A peculiar look flashed in her eyes, and then she said, smiling, "I knew you had," and sank back contentedly. But she had grown so pale that Foster summoned the nurse.

"You stayed too long," said Miss Durham, "but she was worrying to see you." After a few minutes she came out to report that the patient had fallen asleep.

Everton had ordered a meal from a neighboring restaurant, and they sat down in quiet for the first time. The day seemed endless. The house was besieged by reporters, and the chief detective returned several times to inquire if the young lady were able to talk. As the mere mention of his name excited her beyond measure, Dr. Everton forbade anyone but Foster and the nurse to enter the room. She seemed to have been quieted by her talk with Foster, and when she did not ramble aimlessly she slept the deep sleep of exhaustion.

Toward evening the aspect of the house had been transformed. Everton's cook and butler, a smiling Jap, had been put in charge, and Foster had ordered his mother's bedroom, the coolest room in the house, carefully prepared for "Miss Morena," as the nurse called her. He had carried her upstairs himself, her long golden braids hanging over his arm, and doctor and nurse following. Pots of ferns had been placed in the windows, and there were vases of fresh flowers. The girl looked about in delight.

"Mind you, I don't approve of this, John," Everton said impatiently, as they went downstairs together. "There is something black behind it all, and we can't tell where it will end. In spite of her beauty and apparent simplicity I don't exactly trust the girl. I know some Spanish, and I have been in Southern countries, and I think she is in love with this cousin she rambles on about. Intrigues and shootings are the order of the day down there, and I am afraid you haven't realized—"

"Tell me what else I could have done? You are the same matter-of-fact fossil you always were at college. For Heaven's sake, doesn't beauty like that move you at all?"

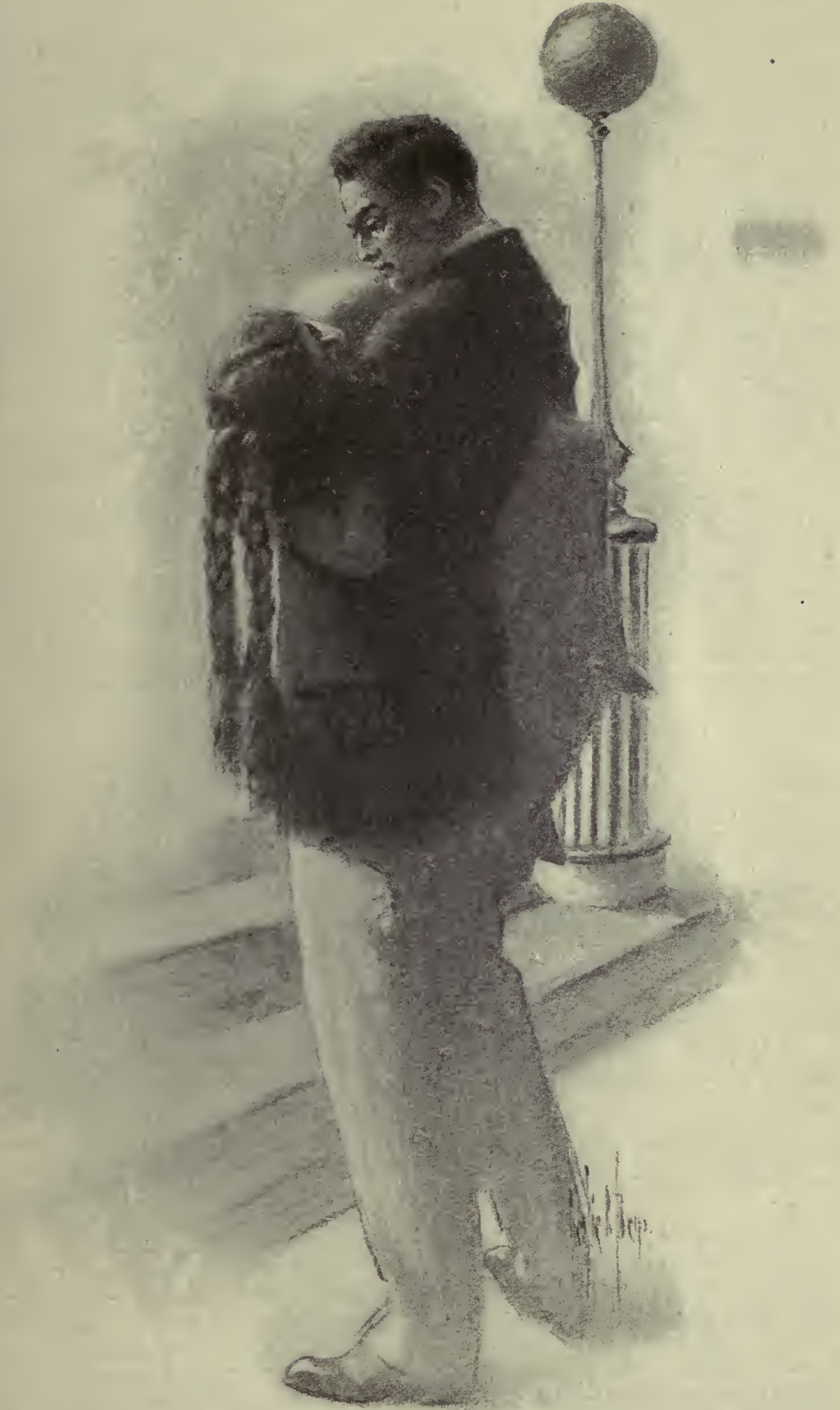
Everton flourished his handkerchief over his stout, jolly, perspiring face.

"Yes, but I am not in the toils as you are," he returned, grinning. "I am beginning to fear for your sanity. The heat has affected your brain. The sight of the lady just now in your respected mother's best bed—"

Foster lit a cigarette and smiled inscrutably. "I am going to carry the thing through, in spite of your croaking. I believe the girl is absolutely innocent—and you are quite right, I have never seen a woman who appealed to me as she does. But tell me frankly, if you want to get out of town, or give the case to someone else, I shall not be a bit offended. It may, of course, mean a long, complicated business for both of us."

"No," said Everton, grinning more broadly than ever, "now that you offer me my dismissal, I don't think I want to give it up. I will stay and see you through." With a laugh they shook hands. "Why, this beats the Arabian Nights," said the doctor, sinking down in a comfortable chair. He tapped Foster playfully on the chest. "You told me last year you were losing your interest in women." Something attracted his attention, and he kept on pounding. "Do you keep your whiskey flask always in your breast pocket?" he demanded.

"Yes, the whiskey habit has grown on me," said Foster shortly. But Everton still looked at him curiously. He knew that he was concealing something. Foster saw the danger of carrying the pistol about, and tried to think of a safe hiding place. It was not until he retired for the night that he had a chance to lock it away in an inner drawer in his bureau, and before he did so he removed the remaining cartridges and put them in a box with some of his own.



He carried her upstairs himself, her long golden braids hanging over his arm

Two days passed in the same round of interviews with detectives and reporters, telephone calls, and anxiety as to Miss Morena's condition. The excitement of the house was carefully kept from her. There were no further developments in the case. The young lady could not remember the address of the house in "Harlem" where she had stayed, and the French companion had vanished utterly. But finally, at the mention of a reward, the cabman who had brought the lady and gentleman from the house early in the evening, presented his story, and the girl's luggage was taken into custody.

Early on the morning of the third day the chief detective asked for a private talk with Mr. Foster. His man brought in a small foreign-looking trunk and hat box, and he unlocked the trunk and produced a small empty pistol case.

"Where is the pistol, and why was the young lady carrying it to a restaurant? It looks ugly for her. She might easily have carried it in her bag, but it was not found there. It looks bad for her, Mr. Foster, and I am sorry to say, uncomfortable for you. Even if you swear you saw nothing of the pistol, we shall be obliged to search your house, for form's sake. A search is going on now all over the city."

"Of course you shall search my house, if you must, but I am willing to take my oath, a thousand times, that she is innocent."

The Chief seemed unmoved. "With your permission, then, sir, we will begin at once. The men are outisde."

Foster threw down his cigarette and went to lay the new developments before Everton.

"These women are the devil!" said the doctor angrily. His anxiety for his friend awoke again. Then the usual summons came:

"The young lady wants Mr. Foster."

The doctor cleared his throat as Foster left him abruptly. From the stairs, John heard the men in the dining room moving about in their search. He might still find a safer hiding place for the pistol, he thought, as he reached the girl's door, But a detective was already posted on the stairs leading up to his room.

"It does me so much good to see you, I am going to send for you ver-r-y often now," said Miss Morena, as the nurse went into the adjoining room, and he drew a chair beside her. "You are tired, my dear friend. I am unhappy to have brought you all this trouble. I never dreamed I should be ill. I thought I could slip away the very next day, and you would hear no more of me."

"You shall never leave this house while I am able to prevent you," said Foster smiling. "So don't say anything like that again. Why, these have been the three happiest days of my life, and when you send for me—"

"No, no, you must not say those things. My good, kind friend, I am afraid you are going to have trouble—about that little thing—that you have hidden." Her voice fell to a whisper.

"There can be no possible trouble about that," said Foster, even at that moment fancying that he heard the Chief's men ascending the stairs. Bidding her not to worry, and to leave everything to him, he went down to the dining room to await the Chief.

The big detective came at last, shut the door behind him and held up the pearl-handled pistol. "We had to go through everything, you see. Some trouble to open that lock, too. You are excusable, sir, under the circumstances,"—his rubicund face looked almost sympathetic—"but it makes additional trouble for you. The barrels are empty. Even when we compare the other bullet—well, I wish you had not hidden it, sir, that's all."

"It will prove to be a small matter, Chief. And you won't worry the young lady with this, while she is so ill?"

"It is a pity I could not have a few minutes' chat with her. My first conversation was short, and I want to see if her impressions are any clearer now that she has had a rest."

He went to find the doctor, and Foster swore under his breath. Like a mechanical figure the Jap appeared again at the door. "The lady, she want Mr. Foster again."

But ascending the stairs in front of him were the broad backs of the Chief and the doctor. Miss Morena was waiting excitedly for them all. "I *knew* something was wrong. I *knew* the detectives were in the house again. I am quite able to talk now." She pointed to the Chief's hand. "You have found the case, and my pistol. I ought to have given them to you before, but I was so tired of being asked questions, I let Mr. Foster put them away. I did not kill Benito; I took my pistol with me because I knew he might force me to marry him, and I was ready to kill myself first. When we spent the night in New Orleans, I showed the pistol to the Frenchwoman I was with, for she had never had one in her hand. We drove out in the country, and I fired one shot just to show her how easy it was."

Foster grew a little uneasy.

"But the pistol is empty," said the Chief.

"Well, then, perhaps she tampered with it afterward," said the Senorita unconcernedly. "I put it into my bag that evening in a great hurry, when Benito was waiting outside my door, and I did not wait to examine it."

"Who shot him, then?" persisted the Chief.

"My God, I don't know," she moaned plaintively. "It is a hundred times that you ask me."

A series of questions followed, and then the Chief went out with Everton.

"I am so much better, they will let me get up tomorrow, and soon I can try to repay all your kindness. It has been a terrible three days for you, senor!"

"You can't go away, until I say so."

She flushed faintly.

"Do you want to go away? Have you been so unhappy here?"

"Ah, senor, you know I have been happy! I cannot say it enough!"

In spite of the new cloud that rested on the house, the nurse reported next morning that her patient had passed a good night and had asked for the newspapers. Foster went and brought all the morning dailies, and sent them with fresh flowers to her room.

"When is the engagement to be announced?" said Everton, surveying his friend's beaming face at breakfast. "I don't pretend to be a physiognomist, but you look positively beside yourself."

"And how near I came to losing it all!" said John amiably. And again he detailed to the restive Everton all the chances and changes that had led to his present adventure. Yes, he was certainly mad, the doctor reflected; the women of the tropics often affected men that way. Under suspicion of conniving with a murderess, he was eating his breakfast blithely and dreaming like a schoolboy of wedded bliss with the beautiful adventuress. So the doctor dubbed the patient in his inmost thoughts.

The Chief was shown in. He had been immediately informed by his man of the young lady's improvement; they must discuss removing her to closer custody. They had been lenient, but since the episode of the pistol, etc., they had notified the Tombs—

Foster pushed back his chair with a jerk. "You really mean this?" he said, growing rather white about the mouth

Everton sent him a warning glance "She couldn't be moved before tomorrow, at the soonest," he said politely to the Chief.

"Well," said the man, shrugging his shoulders, "by that time we must insist upon it. A disagreeable business, of course, Mr. Foster," he said apologetically. While he and the doctor talked, Foster paced the room impatiently. He was afraid that they would soon refuse to let him see the girl alone. He thought of all the things he still wanted to say to her, and of things he might have said.

Toward evening the order came: "Have the young lady ready at nine o'clock tomorrow morning to go down to the Tombs." Preparations were made without a hint reaching the Senorita, who sat poring over the newspapers. They would not tell her of the move until she had breakfasted next morning. She was absorbed in the idea of getting well, and in reading all the different accounts of the affair. She asked Foster if she might not soon be allowed to drive in the Park, which was said to be so beautiful. "Surely they could send me with a detective on the box!" she said laughing. He did not talk much, and his spirits sank lower and lower. He wished now that he had left the bullets in the pistol, wished that he had sent for a cleverer man than Everton, etc., etc. The Senorita sat serenely unconscious of his misery, but she too seemed pre-occupied. Once she asked for the telephone book, and sat poring over the lists of names. "Are you looking up your friend, the engineer?" Foster asked.

"Why, I had almost forgotten about him," she returned, surprised. "Were you jealous?" she added coquettishly, and the idea seemed to delight her.

Suddenly the doctor called Foster down to the telephone. It was the Chief's voice.

"We have arrested the man. All the cabmen on the stand, and old Jim of the eating house, have sworn to his identity. I will be over in ten minutes, and we will confront the young lady with him tonight, as the doctor has given permission."

"He is right," said Everton curtly. "We can't juggle with this thing any longer. She is able to stand it now."

Foster had been haunted all day by the thought of the Tombs. Now he wondered if they had caught the wrong man? False arrests were common, and the papers stated that more than one "dark guy" had been detained.

The prisoner was brought in, a fellow of twenty-two or three, of medium height, with a swarthy, boyish face, almost handsome. In his shabby clothes he looked like a man who had been under stress and in hiding. Foster followed them all upstairs.

Miss Morena was seated on the bed, the nurse holding her hand, and the group of men facing her. She looked up at Foster and repeated dully,

"No, this is not the man, I tell you it is not."

"You say you did not see him closely that night," said the Chief, "but be sure; look again."

At this Foster came and stood beside her. She looked up and said pleadingly, "Please make them take him away; I never saw this man," and covered her face with her hands. The prisoner's brilliant eyes were fixed on her bent head, and the four men were watching him curiously. Great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. He was breathing hard, and his intense Latin excitability contrasted with the imperturbable front of the big Chief.

"Do you know this young lady?" The boy shook his head.

("They have got the man all right," thought Foster, "and he loves her, poor fellow; he looks like a trapped animal, and doesn't know what to say or do. But she doesn't want *him*—although she won't betray him.")

"Miss Morena has spoken in her delirium of a 'cousin Francesco,'" the Chief went calmly on. "We have learned that a Francesco Alvarez studied engineering last year at the R— Institute and has been employed on the East River bridges. The evidence is clear. We haven't found his weapon yet, but that will come."

"There are hundreds of South Americans studying engineering up here; why do you arrest me?" demanded the young fellow, with a curious broad American accent. He tried to raise both hands in an excited gesture, forgetting that he was manacled to the detective, who gently lowered his arm again, as if accustomed to this activity on the part of his prisoner. Miss Morena leaned against the nurse, her face as white as marble.

"Will you let your prisoner sit down, Chief?" broke in the doctor. "It is hard to give evidence on an empty stomach. The Jap shall bring some food at once." He saw that the boy was trembling with weakness, and had probably been without food for some time.

The Chief pushed a chair forward. "We will give him a square meal right away, doctor, as soon as we have cleared up one or two points," he said amiably. His quick eye saw Miss Morena glance at the boy, and immediately turn her head away again.

"I won't take the time now to go over the stories of the driver Harrigan and the rest. We haven't found this young man's lodgings yet. He was arrested in Central Park, and I should judge he had spent several nights there. I suppose he had but little money when forced to go into hiding, for when my men found him he was famished and could hardly walk."

("He is trying to play on the girl's feelings," thought Foster).

But a smile dawned again on the Chief's face. He felt in his pocket and held up the pearl-handled pistol, turning it over and over admiringly.

"This pretty toy was last played with

by the young lady in New Orleans. She fired one shot, 'just to show her companion how easy it was!' They were out for a country drive. I am told the young ladies of Southern countries are often accomplished in this way. Then when she reached New York she carried it in an embroidered bag when invited to dine and go to the play by the gentleman to whom she was engaged. Doubtless she did not know the regulations of the Sullivan law—that is excusable. But does it not strike you as curious that she should have wanted to hide this pistol if she had no sense of guilt, and should have thus brought suspicion on Mr. Foster? You see, gentlemen, we are not omniscient; we can only go step by step. At present it looks as if the prisoner might have devised his original means of protecting his cousin, without thought of murder, and as if he had been accidentally thrown from the hansom by the bolting of the horse as he prepared to descend."

"A trap," thought Foster, growing more and more irritable. Why had he ever sent for the donkey, Everton, who had helped him so little through this muddle? The doctor was still watching the prisoner intently.

The boy's eyes never left the pistol as it lay gleaming in the Chief's hand. Now and then he raised his hand and wiped his forehead, jerking the much bruised wrist of the detective. As the calm voice went on, tears came to his eyes and were quickly brushed away. But as the recital ended, a queer look came over his face and his mouth tightened.

"I must tell you," he began, half rising to his feet. But weakness and excitement were too much for him. He passed his hand over his eyes and looked vaguely, appealingly at Everton.

The Senorita raised her head. "Chief, at last I shall confess it all. I did kill him." Her voice was low and quiet, and the electrified group before her waited in vain for an hysterical outburst. "He was so contemptible, no one could blame me. I fired one shot at him, and then the horse started to run—or I should have fired another—"

The Chief's face had lighted up suddenly, and again he turned over the pistol. But the prisoner with an oath started forward and seized it from his hand, dragging the detective with him. Then he dropped to his knees in front of the girl, grasping her hands and weeping like a child.

"Oh, no, no, *cara mia*, it is a lie. You say it to save me, but it is a lie!" he cried, turning to the Chief. Losing all self-control, he continued a broken murmur of protest to the girl, half in English, half in Spanish. The detectives lifted him to his feet, and Miss Morena said in an unmoved tone.

"He doesn't know what he is saying. I have told you the truth. I don't know who this man is."

"Ah, *Dios!*" exclaimed the prisoner, "I must speak; you must listen to me." He turned to the Chief. "My name is Francesco Alvarez," he hurried on, the words tumbling over each other. "We are cousins; we grew up together. Always I said that some day I would marry Pepita, and she was fond of me, too. We both hated Benito. He was older than we were; he came often to the house to see my uncle, and he admired Pepita. But I did something foolish; I offended my father and my uncle, and they sent me to the States to study engineering. They never let her have my letters; only one reached her, telling her that I was in New York. She managed to mail an answer to me. A year later I heard from a friend that my cousin was going to marry Benito; later that she had disappeared and that Benito had followed her to the States. Since then I have watched all the hotels and cafes. Long ago I gave her this little pistol and taught her how to use it. This never killed the man; my bullet must have been found in his heart. He deserved to die, officer!" He sank down exhausted, his face ghastly pale.

"We must take him into another room," said Everton. He glanced at the girl. She was saying again to the Chief in a monotone. "I have told you the truth; I don't know anything about this man."

"What do you make of it all?" said Everton, when he and the Chief and Foster were alone.

"Nothing much as yet, for no bullet has been found in the dead man," said the officer gloomily. "He must have been sitting well forward, for it did not pierce any part of the hansom. But in view of her confession, sir," to Foster, "I shall have to take her away tonight. Of course I have told you both this in confidence."

"Do you mean," exclaimed Everton, "that the bullet did not kill him?"

"The shock of the wound may have done so; it was a warm night, the man had been drinking hard, and he had had days of excitement and suspense. He was middle-aged and dissipated, and his heart was diseased. But one of these two shot with intent to kill; they will have to be held until the matter is cleared up!"

"Of course she is shielding this boy," put in Foster. No one seemed to notice him. The other men left him to give their orders.

At last Miss Morena came downstairs, unnaturally pale and quiet. The doctor took her arm gently. "Don't worry, everything will be all right," he said.

She nodded without speaking. Then she turned to Foster, who heartily wished Everton out of the way. "How can I thank you—" she began. Her voice broke and she sobbed bitterly.

Foster put out his arm and steadied her. "Don't you know," he burst out suddenly, "that I will stand by you through thick and thin? I will come to you whenever you want me, and you shall send me away when you are tired of me."

"Oh, is it true?" she murmured. "You do not think me—what they call—an adventuress, as the Doctor does?"

"I loved you the first moment I saw you," said Foster, completely oblivious now of Everton, who stood aghast.

"Oh, love me! for I need your love!" she faltered; "this poor boy, I must stand by him, he is my own flesh and blood, but—"

"You do not love him?" whispered Foster, and at her long-drawn tremulous, "Oh, no!" he clasped her to him, and for the first time raised his head to dart a fierce look of triumph at Everton.

"I love *you!*" she added, with a faint sob. And then, at last, Everton saw fit to retire.

* * *

In Foster's visits to the Tombs he walked through the corridors as one in a dream. Surely, he thought, a strange setting for a love affair. The girl's courage and loyalty to her cousin did not waver, although her health and nerves suffered under the strain. But the time soon passed. There could be no charge of crime. Francesco, who showed his grief in his eyes like a wounded animal, bore no malice against his beloved Pepita or against the man who had helped her in her extremity.

"I was mad, insane, that night," he said to her and Foster as they sat, at last, together in the Fosters' library. "I had watched that brute twice in the evening—how he looked at Pepita—I could not bear it. But what a coward he was—to leap down and leave her to face everything alone!" In abject humility he covered his face with his hands. "She is as far above me as the stars."

"We were brought up like brother and sister," the girl repeated soothingly, putting her hand gently on his shoulder. And then she began to play and sing for him, and try to make him forget the horrors through which they had passed.

But poor Francesco, with his sore heart, did not linger near them long. He went out to work in the West, where a friend had found him a position.

"Well, John, I suppose I must congratulate you now," said Everton sheepishly, a few weeks later, when all complications had been smoothed out, and Miss Morena, in the care of friends who had hurried to her from Costa Rica, was making preparations for her wedding. All Everton's inquiries through official and other sources had failed to discover any just impediment to the romantic union of these two people. Even the tyrannical father, it was rumored, had forgiven his daughter her act of rebellion, and he had excellent reasons for not opposing her marriage to the wealthy young American. "You were right and I was wrong," went on Everton, "but—I *didn't* enjoy the red-hot part of it! I have had more than enough for a lifetime."

"Thanks, old man," beamed Foster, "for standing by me all this time. If it hadn't been for you, after all, the thing might never have come out as it has!" To which Everton replied with a somewhat dubious smile.

An Arabian Luncheon *in* an Arab's Garden

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

WE had driven down through the Desert of Sahara, some five miles south from Biskra to the old town of Chetma; a town which prides itself on having no "foreign" citizens—no French, no English; nothing but pure native Arabs.

Besides myself in the little carriage drawn by two good Arabian horses, and driven by an Arab coachman, there were three passengers—Helen-of-Orange, Helen's mother, and Ahmed.

Helen-of-Orange was a stately and striking American girl with such eyes as might have gleamed from under Cleopatra's low brow. She was just out of school, and she and her mother had been roaming over Europe and Africa for a year. Ahmed (probably better known in his family as Mohammed), was a "New Man" of the Orient, an Arabian aristocrat perhaps one might say, employing his leisure time in study, and forming new ideals of the world and women through his acquaintance with travelers who came to "The Garden of Allah." Particularly through the acquaintance of Helen-of-Orange, with whom he rode (on splendid steeds of his own breeding) every morning for an hour before the sun grew too warm, followed only by a groom, and with the privilege of gazing unrebuked on virtuous and beautiful young womanhood, which needed no veil to protect it from insult. Ahmed was betrothed to his cousin Zorah; she was seventeen and he was twenty-two. He had not seen her face since she was twelve, because at that age the Arabian girl veils herself from the eyes of men.

But he knew that she was beautiful.

"And when I marry her," he said, "I shall uncover her face, and she shall go about the world with me, as American ladies go about, free and unfettered by our foolish customs."

It is one thing to make such resolutions in the presence of American women, and with their sustaining example near, but it is quite another thing to undertake the defiance of an old tradition among one's own, where such defiance is regarded as immoral, irreligious and vulgar.

Zorah in all her beauty will probably go veiled to the valley of old age, where the Arabian women are allowed to uncover their faded faces, and walk safely as duennas beside their shrouded charges. Ahmed was the son of one of Chetma's wealthiest citizens, and his uncle was the "Rockefeller" of the little Arabian town, famed for its marvellous dates. The garden of this uncle was our goal, and there we were to be treated to an Arabian luncheon, cooked in the uncle's house, and served to us, his honored guests, by Ahmed himself, in the garden.

That garden seemed an oasis, indeed, when we reached it after driving through picturesque and vile-smelling streets, walled on either side by low white houses, and thronged by men in white and brown burnouses and turbans. Not a woman did we see, save one old Bedouin who had come from her tent on the desert to beg a few dates or dried locusts from the market.

The women of Chetma are highly conservative, and they never go outside the harem walls—no respectable woman, at least.

Satisfied to leave the evil-odored picturesqueness of the city at one side, we entered the green and fragrant garden with relief, and here Ahmed brought his stately uncle who looked like a man dropped out of the old Testament, and his handsome young cousin, the leading attorney of Chetma, to meet us.

"AHMED"

Ahmed spoke an excellent French; being a youth of leisure he had applied himself to the study, but his uncle and cousin spoke only their native tongue, so our conversation with them was limited to signs.

But Ahmed told us his cousin was married, to one wife only, a girl of seventeen, and we should be permitted to visit her after luncheon. She lived in the same house with the wives of two other brothers, both, he confessed with reluctance, having two wives; for Ahmed had become greatly imbued with modern ideas, and believed it was almost a disgrace to have more than one wife.

Ahmed wore a wonderful blue burnous and a white turban and he was beautiful to look upon. His face was as clear cut as a cameo, his eyes lustrous and full of yearning, especially when they rested on Helen-of-Orange. His teeth were perfect; and his color was a pale tan. Against the sapphire blue of the African sky, and the deep green of the palm and date trees, he made a striking picture.

He left us alone in the garden and went to see about the repast. And presently he came back, his stately uncle with him, each carrying a steaming dish which they set before us.

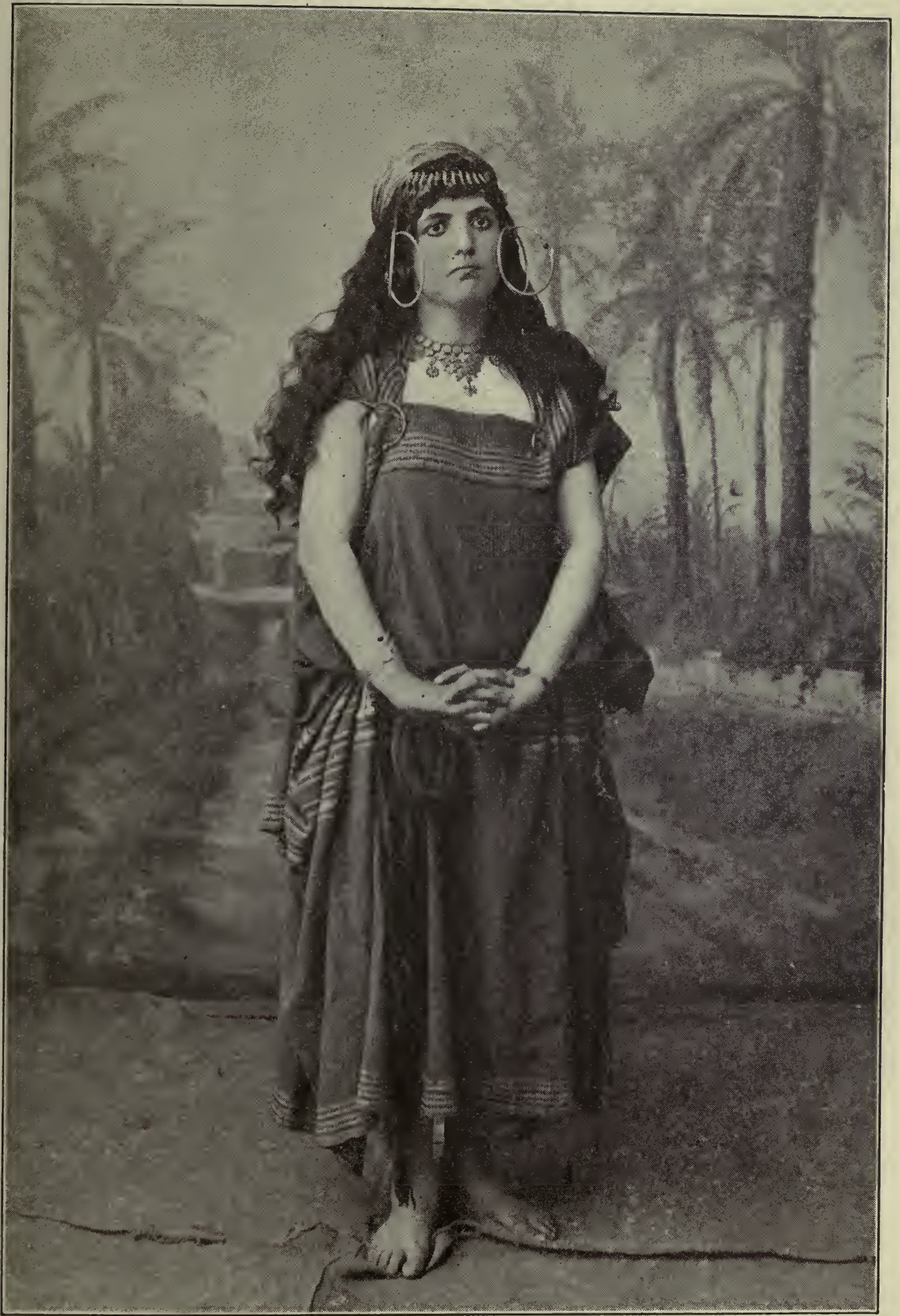
Again they disappeared; again to return with new dishes, and in their disappearance for more or less prolonged periods of time lay our salvation. For we were hungry, very hungry.

But somehow those Arabian concoctions, of kouss-kouss, meats, fruits, vegetables, fish (and we feared insects), and with heavy sweets intermingled, appalled us.

In Ahmed's presence, we were forced to taste them, and to express gratitude for his kindness in giving us such a treat. But when Ahmed vanished, we gazed at one another with despairing eyes. "I can never touch another mouthful if I die in the refusal," quoth Helen's mother sternly and decisively.

"But it will break Ahmed's heart if we seem to dislike his luncheon," cried Helen. Then a bright idea struck her.

"Let us dig a little hole in the sand," she said, "and bury part of each dish; then he will be made happy, thinking we have eaten it. Why, he has planned this



A TYPICAL ARABIAN BEAUTY

pleasure for days, and has told me how glad he was that we were to know what real first-class Arabian menus were like."

Then we three conspirators set to work in a hurry to bury our dead; hiding the evidences of our crime, by scattering leaves over the grave. When Ahmed returned he was delighted.

"Ah, at last you are really eating something," he said. "I am so glad. My uncle just remarked that he feared you did not care for our Arabian food, and he himself prepared some of the dishes for you. I shall bring him again to see."

YOUNG ARABIAN JEWESS DANCER

The last course was one with so romantic a name that had it not been delicious (as it was), we could not have refrained from partaking. It was poppy seeds dipped in honey!

And it tasted as it sounds. And great was Ahmed's joy on seeing us help ourselves to a third portion.

The cousin appeared again after luncheon, and we were told by Ahmed that we could go with him to see his family.

We entered an adobe house of more than usual dimensions. The lower story was given over to the drying of dates, and the walls were lined fully two feet thick with this fruit, which was of amazing size and unbelievably delicious. We climbed two flights of stairs cut in the solid earth, and then we were admitted to a room just below the roof, where a never-to-be-forgotten picture met our eyes. There were eight women in the room, and one exquisite creature came forward to welcome us, the young wife of our escort, Ahmed's cousin. She was as beautiful as any of the pictures which artists paint of imaginary Harem favorites. Her face was shaped like a pullet's egg; it was creamy tan in color; her eyes were great pools of water, about which her long lashes hung like borders of willows. Her mouth was a scarlet blotch, its color no doubt accented by rouge, which all Oriental women lavishly use, just as her great eyes were made greater by the deep henna shadows. She was wonderfully adorned with many necklaces, brow ornaments and bracelets.

Her loose braided jacket and bright full skirt and long scarf tied about her waist made it impossible to conjecture what her form might be; but Arabs love flesh, and begin early to fatten their young girls. The houri certainly was not "slender."

Back of this houri stood seven other women; three others almost as young and almost as beautiful as she, and four others older, and less striking in dress and feature. The Arab woman soon fades. One woman of perhaps thirty sat upon the floor holding a child, and with an inexpressibly sorrowful face. She showed little interest in our presence, an event which surely must have been quite out of the ordinary in their lives.

As our host could speak no French or English, and we no Arabian, we were unable to learn just who all the women were. Probably the wives of the other brothers, sisters and cousins; for the Arabian people are very clannish, and large families of kin live almost always about one central court. The houri was fascinated with a burnt orange veil of shaded tones which I wore tied over my hat; so thereupon I gave it to her. And when we came away she was twisting it about her hips and laughing with childish pleasure.

Helen-of-Orange bestowed many little gifts on the household—a bangle from her bracelet, a charm from her chain, and a ribbon from her hair. All the women (save the one) were as full of curiosity as little kittens, and they examined our clothing and exclaimed over our shoes, and could not seem to understand why a colored petticoat was worn under, instead of over a dark dress skirt.

Unlettered, ignorant, mentally dwarfed creatures, yet they seemed happy and carefree, and quite content with their lot. Like unto these doubtless, was Zorah Ahmed's bride to be.

Having known and talked, and rode, and lunched, with Helen-of-Orange for a wonderful month, how would Zorah seem to him afterward? One could not help but wonder.

Ahmed stood on the platform of the little station waving farewell, as Helen-of-Orange steamed away from Biskra a few weeks later. His blue burnous was blowing in the wind, his white turban was pulled a little lower over his eyes; but not low enough to hide their tears. "Will he not come to America to see you, some day?" I asked.

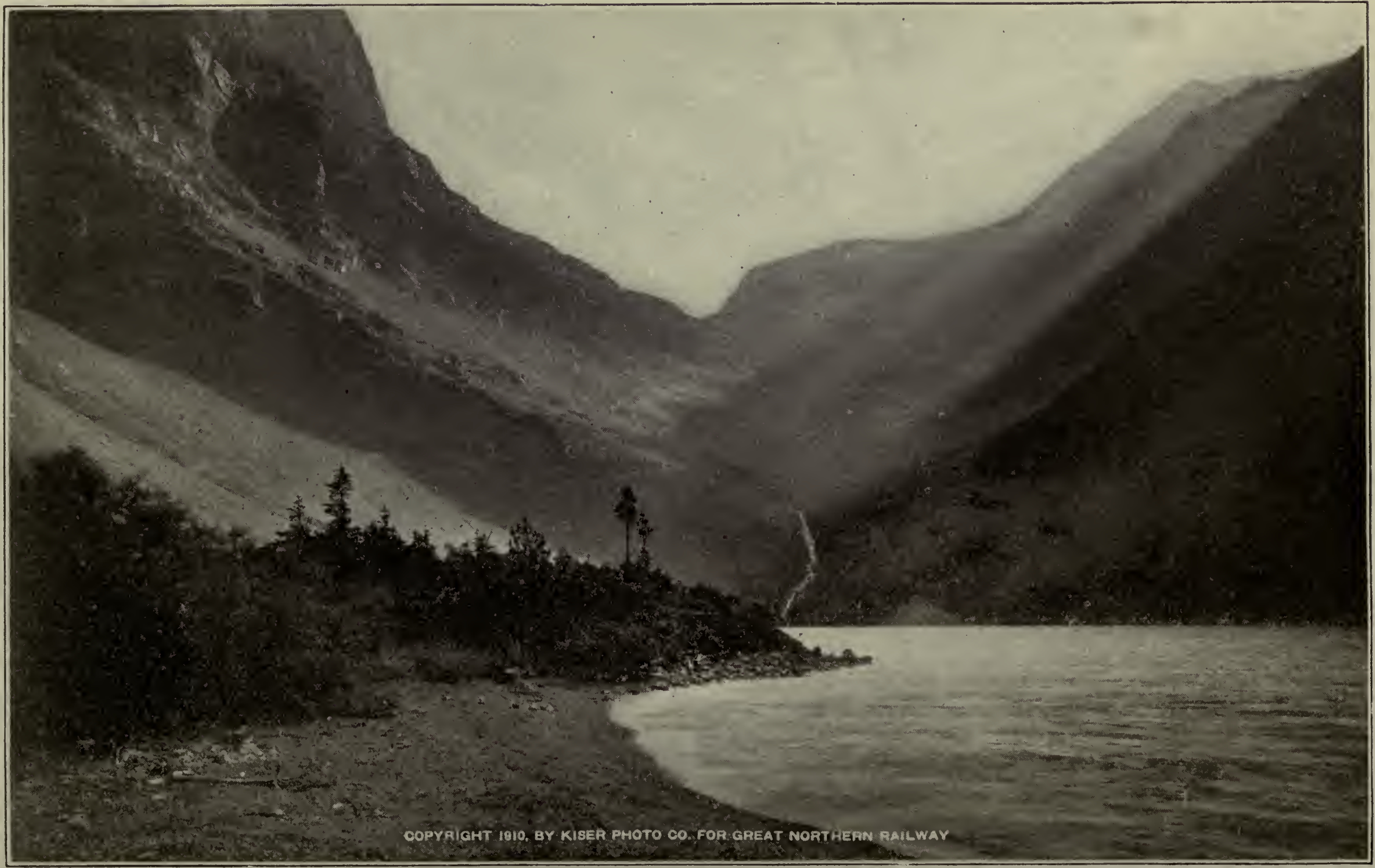
Helen-of-Orange turned her Cleopatra orbs on me with horror in their dark depths.

"Oh, I hope not," she said. "Think how awful it would be, to see Ahmed in a ready-made, or even London tailor-made suit, and a derby hat, sitting in an American drawing room. And if he came among us, that is surely what would happen.

"I would rather remember him as he is, in his own environment."

And how, I wonder, will Ahmed remember her?

HIGH CASTE WOMAN AND SERVANT IN STREET COSTUME



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SUNRISE ON LAKE LOUISE, GUNSIGHT PASS IN DISTANCE, TWO MILES FROM SPERRY GLACIER CAMP

The New Glacier National Park

by Mitchell Mannering

WHEN I first met Mr. Louis W. Hill, of the Great Northern Railway Company, he had just returned from a horseback ride covering Oregon. He was then beginning his "See America First" campaign of publicity, which in the past three years has resulted in a tremendous movement on the part of the American public to familiarize themselves with the beauties of their own home land, before galloping over the ruins of Europe. Now a national "See America First" association is in process of formation; the commercial bodies of many cities throughout the country have organized special "See America First" tours to various national parks, and several such parties have already this year visited the Glacier National Park and enjoyed the rest and refreshing splendor of this magnificent domain.

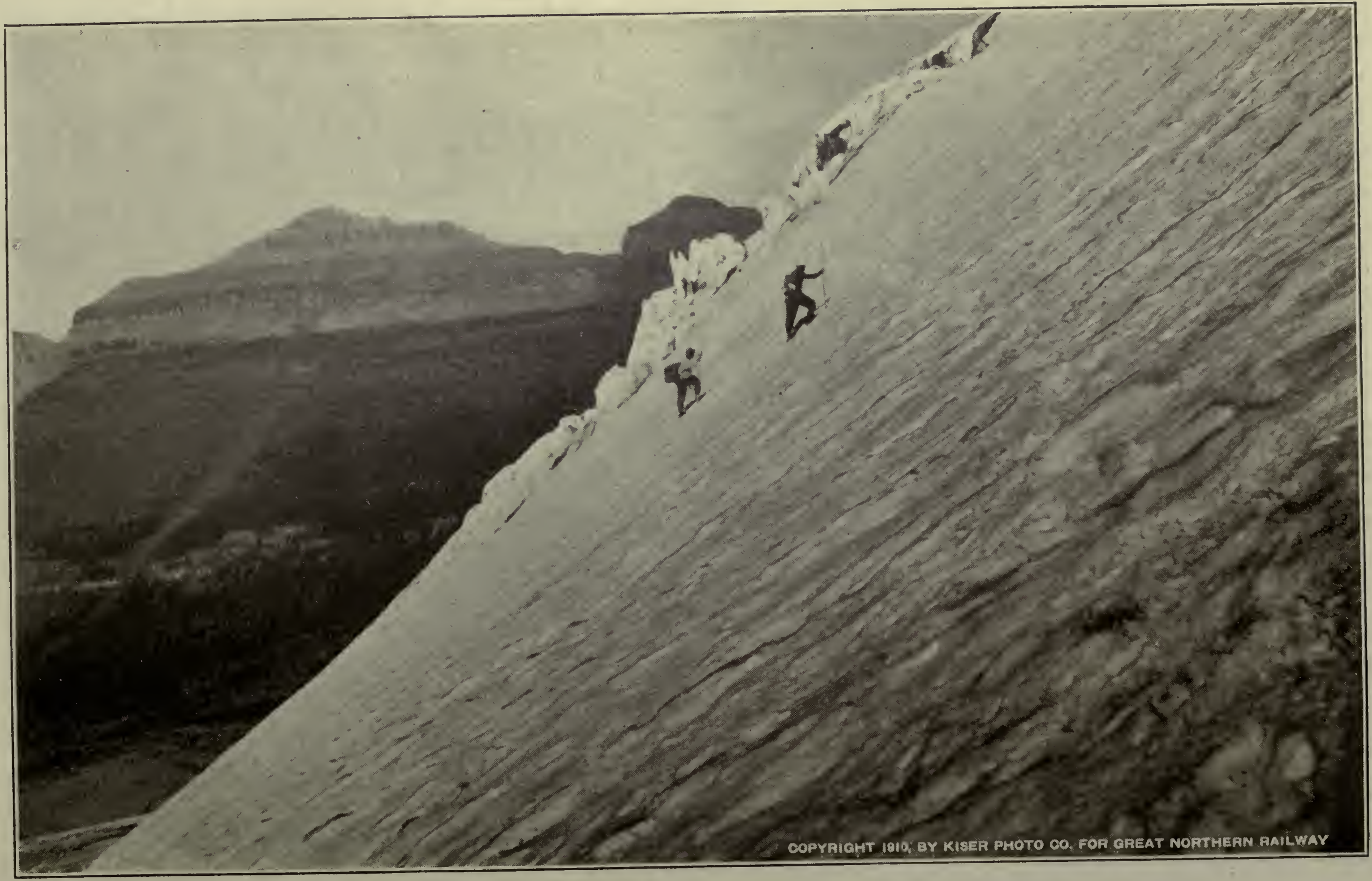
Seven different tent camps were operated in the Glacier National Park last year, and cared for approximately ten thousand tourists. This year the number of visitors will be more than doubled. The tent camps have been superseded by permanent structures, built on the Swiss chalet style of architecture, with accommodation for from twenty-five to fifty people each, while at Glacier Park Station, the eastern gateway to the Park, a new $100,000 hotel is being completed. Special permission was given Mr. Hill by the Department of the Interior, who have jurisdiction over all national parks, to build the permanent hotel colonies within the borders of the park itself and develop a new wonderland in America.

A special bill was put through Congress to enable the Great Northern Railway to secure the site for its main hotel at Glacier Park Station, which is located in the Blackfeet Indian Reservation. This bill provided for the sale and conveyance to Mr. Louis W. Hill for hotel purposes of 160 acres of land near the townsite of Glacier Park Station, and was passed by Congress.

The new hotel will provide accommodations for between one hundred and fifty and two hundred people. The cost of erecting the building and laying out the grounds will approximate $100,000. A handsome new depot is also being constructed by the Great Northern Railway Company at this point. The hotel is located on a knoll about twenty feet above the surrounding country on the banks of Midvale Creek, about a quarter of a mile from the main line of the Railway, over which three daily transcontinental trains pass, stopping at Glacier Park Station.

The hotel has a magnificent outlook to the east, a view overlooking the fertile prairies of north central Montana and the rolling plains of the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, on which the Blackfeet tribe of Indians hold their annual Medicine Lodge and Pow-wow in the summer time. South and west the peaks of the Rockies rise in the distance, while to the northwest, the eye scans the foothills and some of the prominent peaks in Glacier National Park.

Huge logs of fir are being used in the erection of this building, and it has been stated by famous architects, who have seen the location and plans of the building,



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CLIMBING BLACKFOOT GLACIER, THREE MILES FROM GUNSIGHT CAMP

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ON THE TRAIL AT BASE OF GOAT MOUNTAIN ONE MILE FROM GOING-TO-THE-SUN CAMP that it will be one of the most beautiful structures ever erected within the borders of a national park. There will be approximately seventy-five sleeping rooms in the hotel, twelve with every convenience known to the modern hostelry at famous resorts the world over.

The hotel for the main part will be constructed of logs taken from the forests of the great Northwest, combining with modern comforts the spirit of the wild woods. A huge swimming pool will refresh the tourists upon arrival or after the daily journeys to the various scenic points of interest in the park.

* * *

In the lobby of the hotel twenty-four great columns composed of cedar tree trunks four feet in diameter rise forty-two feet to the roof, forming its main support; skylights in the roof giving an airiness to the lobby, lounging room and dining room which is in keeping with the surroundings out of doors. In the center of the lounging room is located an immense open camp fire of special design, while at the side of the room a huge fireplace is constructed. The lounging room on account of this unique feature will be one of the favorite rooms in the hotel. On cool evenings roaring fires of sparkling hemlock will be maintained in both. The fireplace is constructed of rough stones of glacial origin, which are a unique feature of Glacier National Park.

The dining room contains, among other unique features, an old-fashioned grate with large open fire over which various viands will be cooked and tastily served to the guests. Glacier Park Hotel will be open for the tourist at the beginning of the 1913 season, and Mr. L. W. Hill has planned a great house-warming to inaugurate the new hostelry. Tourists are now taken care of in Kenyon tent houses, which are extremely comfortable and convenient.

* * *

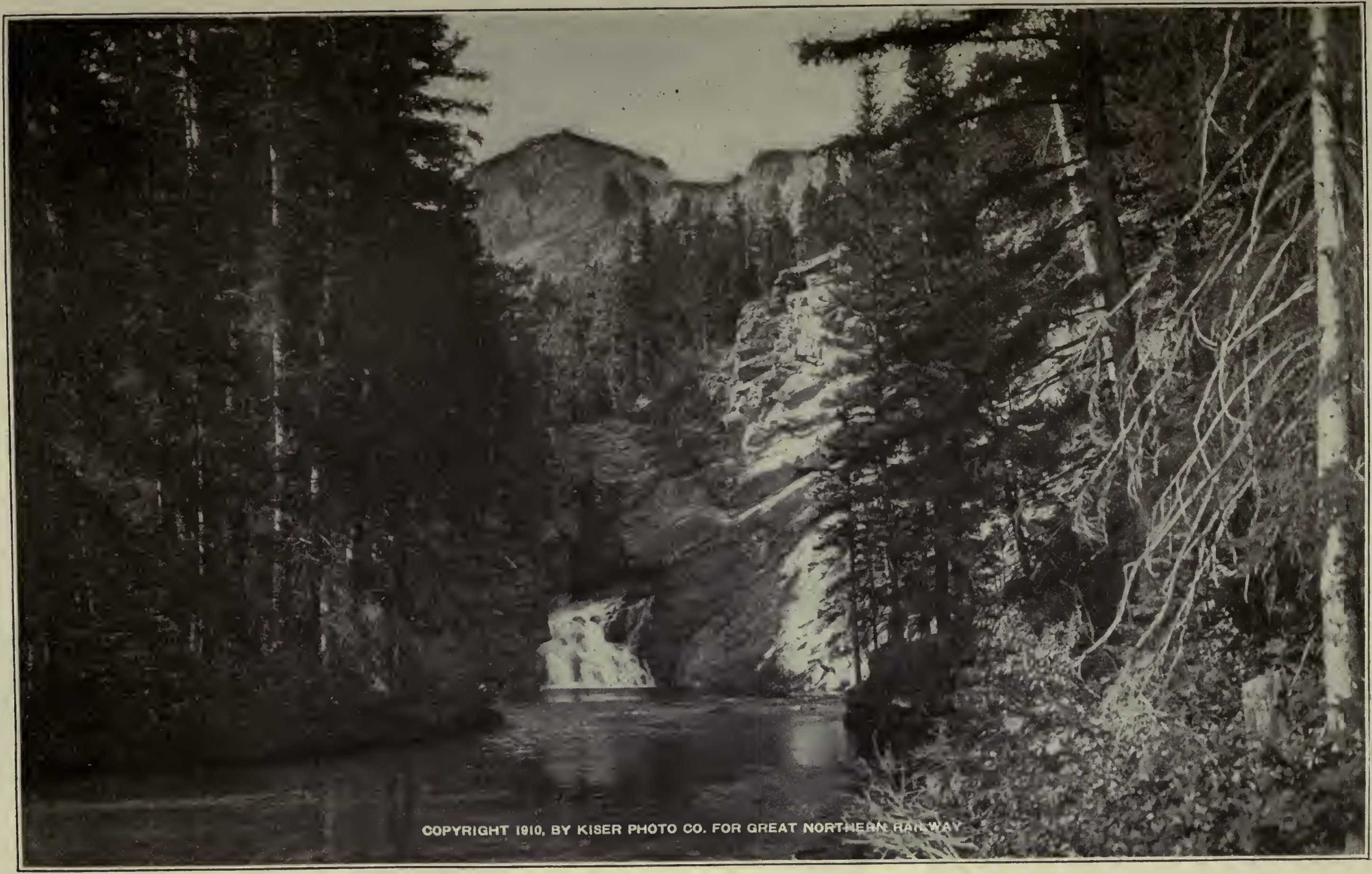
Located in the most beautiful scenic sections of the park, the Great Northern Railway now has open for the accommodation of guests seven different chalet camps, which consist of from four to ten buildings. These groups have a centrally located building, to be used for club-room, dining-room and kitchen, and one or more two-story log chalets, used for sleeping quarters and lounging room, also several smaller chalets for sleeping purposes. These camps are located at the most beautiful and picturesque points in the park.

One of the favorite trips in Glacier National Park is the one-day automobile trip to St. Mary's Lake and return. The railway's "Oregonian" express from the East arrives at Glacier Park Station early in the morning and passengers take breakfast at Glacier Park, then go by automobile over the new road, which the Great Northern Railway and the Department of the Interior are constructing at a cost of upwards of $75,000 from Glacier Park Station to Chalet Camp on Lake St. Mary's. From there the tourists are taken by launch to Going-to-the-Sun Camp, where luncheon is served, the return trip being made in time to connect with the "Oriental Limited," a through transcontinental train from Chicago, which leaves Glacier Park station for the West at seven o'clock on the same day, making a most delightful and restful break in a long transcontinental journey.

This tour has proven immensely popular, as it furnishes a comprehensive idea of the attractions of Glacier National Park. The automobile road winds along the foothills of the mountains, revealing a vista of high peaks rising to a height of nine to ten thousand feet, and the boat trip from St. Mary's Chalet camp to Going-to-the-Sun Camp, ten miles up the Upper St. Mary's Lake, brings to view a constantly changing panorama of some of the most beautiful mountains in the park. The first personally conducted tour through Glacier National Park left St. Paul, Minnesota, on the Great Northern's "Oregonian" transcontinental train in July of this year.

This specially conducted tour takes passengers on a fifteen-day round trip, including twelve days in Glacier National Park, stopping at the various chalet camps and visiting the principal points of interest in the park.

The new national playground has opened under most auspicious circumstances. The number of people who have already



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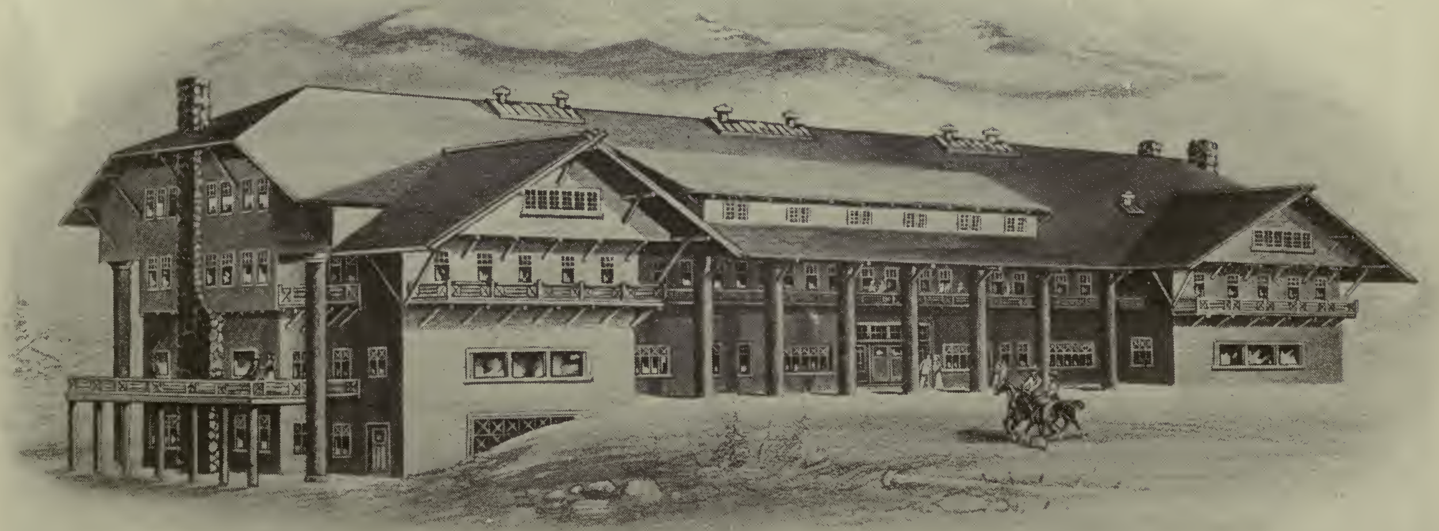
TRICK FALLS, ONE MILE FROM TWO-MEDICINE CAMP



NEW HOTEL UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT GLACIER PARK STATION IN THE BLACKFEET INDIAN RESERVATION

A special bill was put through Congress to enable the Great Northern Railway to secure the site

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AT THE GOLDEN STAIRS, FIVE MILES FROM ST. MARY'S LAKE CAMP visited the park indicates that it has already become one of the most popular in the country. As soon as travelers become aware of the unrivalled mountain scenery and the splendid opportunities it offers for vacationists, the Alps of Switzerland will have found a formidable rival in the Glacier National Park, which has much to offer the practical convert to the "See America First" idea which will make European scenes visited later appear tame in comparison.

THE PATHFINDER

By HAROLD SKINNER

UPON the Sea of Silence, cold, immane—
Its undulating waves with Time begun
And rolling on, a calm, a hurricane—
Descends the morning mantle of the sun.

Outlooking from my window to embrace
The nectar of the spicy autumn dawn,
I glimpsed a noble youth of comely face
And lithe of limb exceeding; ne'er was fawn
More certain, swift of motion and alert,
Than was this youthful mariner. His hood
Laced tightly at his throat; in leathern shirt
His ample shoulders were encased. How good
To look upon, this fair Aeolus bold!
Nor could my eyes forbear. I watched, and lo!
Appeared a fragile craft of curious mould,
Its slender keel up-poised on wheels a-low.
Heard I a mercy shout—the engine's groan—
The whirring of the on-propelling screw,
Then, gently, lightly as a bubble blown
The Vulture-fashioned vessel, rising true,
And spreading to the wind its twofold sail,
Uproared to frolic in the morning light.
To gambol in the blue and termless vale.
I stood entranced: worth more than deeds of might
Of all the heroes of the wars of Greece
Appeared to me the pilot of that rare,
Frail, winged ship—my countrymen, with lease
On life but measured by a single hair
In balances of laws of nature weighed.
And so, I watched the barque in tensity,
Till, like a snowflake melting in the glade,
It vanished in the blue immensity.

Charles F. Lummis

A Unique Literary Personage of Modern America

by George Wharton James

CERTAINLY the most picturesque figure in American letters today is that of Charles F. Lummis of Los Angeles, California, author, editor, librarian, critic, linguist, scientist, ethnologist, archaeologist, anthropologist, athlete, philanthropist, and many other things too numerous to mention.

Sweeping assertions of this nature are easy to make, but generally impossible to prove, but the proof in this case is as easy as the assertion. The proof, indeed, is so easy that I do not propose to attempt it. I shall merely write about Dr. Lummis a few of the many things I should like to tell and leave my readers to determine whether I have made out my case or not.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS
At work at his desk in the house built by himself

If a citizen's usefulness to his community is to be judged by the devotion of his genius and ability to the public good, his firm adherence to unpopular causes when he feels them to be right, his fearless exposure of what he conceives to be wrong, his unselfish bearing of the burdens of the oppressed, his tireless working for great educational ends, Charles F. Lummis is entitled to rank high not only in the esteem of the people of Los Angeles and southern California (where he lives), but also in the esteem of his thoughtful fellowmen throughout the world.

Here is a brief enumeration of some of the more striking of his philanthropies. Nearly all the old Franciscan Missions were in a most lamentable, ruinous condition and nothing whatever was being done to preserve them for future generations. Grasping the tremendous significance and historic importance of these structures, Dr. Lummis in 1895 organized "The Landmarks Club" to raise funds for their actual preservation. With an insight that is more than genius he realized the errors of the so-called "restorationists" of England and Europe who, under the mistaken notion of restoring ancient buildings to their former usefulness, have totally destroyed their architectural individuality and character. A critical student of this architecture, he outlined and supervised what should be done and how it should be done. There should be no attempt to "restore" these buildings. They should simply have so much done to them as to preserve them for future generations, and in nothing should their original architectural character be changed. Hence, in this matter alone he, a Protestant with Methodist heredity and training, has taught to Catholics and Protestants alike not only the wide comprehension of historic events and buildings connected therewith, but has given a much-needed lesson to well-intentioned, though almost criminally culpable archaeological architects who, by their so-called restorations, have almost completely destroyed the character of buildings that should be the inheritance of the ages.

For many years he has been a close student of the life of the Indians. In 1884 he came in close contact with them for a short time and two years later, when he broke down through overwork, he immediately went to the Pueblo of Isleta, near Albuquerque, New Mexico. For nearly five years he lived here, traveling constantly throughout Arizona, Mexico, New Mexico, and other border lands. In this way he gained a most intimate knowledge of Indian life and character, and from that day he has been as constant a defender and friend as the Indian has ever had. But more than this. He soon found there was a vast amount of sentiment in favor of doing justice to the Indian but, save for the noble work of Helen Hunt Jackson, practically nothing had been done to crystalize this sentiment into helpful action. Accordingly he organized the "Sequoya League" with the avowed object of "making better Indians by treating them better."

Soon after this he decided that the time was ripe for the organization of a Southwest branch of the Archaeological Institute of America. This venerated and somewhat antiquated society was doing nothing to preserve the antiquities of the great Southwest, which Dr. Lummis had personally learned by his wanderings in New Mexico, Arizona and elsewhere were of the highest interest and importance. In less than three years the Southwest Society was the largest affiliation of the Institute, and today it has twice as many members as any society connected with the parent body.

Nor was this all. In connection with this archaeological work he, and a few others, came to the conclusion that a School of American Archaeology should be founded, and with his usual vigor he pushed forward this organization until now this is one of the most important and useful archaeological schools of the world. Its headquarters are in Santa Fe.

When the archaeological Institute began actual operations in the exploration and excavation of ancient ruins in the Southwest, it was found that an immense amount of archaeological material of great value was unearthed. The Institute, as such, had no legal power to collect or hold any such material. At once Dr. Lummis's mind leaped to meet the necessity, and the next child of his brain was the Southwest Museum. Special permits had to be secured from the United States government in several departments, both for exploring and also for the removal of the discovered material. But as President Roosevelt was already a member of the Southwest Society and heartily in sympathy with its work, his influence was added to that of the Society to secure the necessary permits. This Museum was incorporated in 1907 and the Southwest Society turned over to the incorporation a building site of seventeen acres, worth $50,000; $50,000 in cash, and collections worth over $200,000. As a further proof of his disinterested unselfishness and enlightened philanthropy, Dr. Lummis turned over to the Southwest Museum, on his fifty-first birthday (March 1, 1910), his priceless collections of Indian, Mexican and Spanish antiquities, etc., his great library of Spanish America, and also devised his unique home (to which reference will be made later) as a branch museum.

In connection with these various societies and institutions, I do not suppose a dozen people, even in Los Angeles, can appreciate to the full the prodigious labors that they have entailed upon their originator and director. Only those who have engaged in like activities can begin to understand them. Not only has he founded and organized them, but he has practically controlled them and directed them up to the present time.

The Landmarks Club has saved from utter ruin the missions of San Diego, San Juan Capistrano, San Fernando and the chapel at Pala. It has contributed to the restoration of San Luis Rey and has aided in the preservation of the home of the last Mexican Governor of California, Pio Pico. Its activities saved from being swept away by the modern spirit the historic plaza of Los Angeles, and when Los Angeles grew so rapidly that the city fathers were unable to find appropriate names for the streets, Dr. Lummis stood sponsor for several hundred names of local historic value.

While there are those who do not understand his work for the Indians, his earnestness and general unselfishness on behalf of the down-trodden aborigine cannot possibly be questioned. When in 1901, the Supreme Court of the United States affirmed the decisions of the California State Courts evicting the three hundred Palatingua Indians from Warner's Ranch, the Sequoya League, under his direction, agitated the matter so successfully that Congress appropriated $100,000 for the purchase of a new and better home for them. A commission was appointed by President Roosevelt of which Dr. Lummis was chairman, which traveled thousands of miles, examined 107 ranches, measured many flowing streams, all without pay, in order to find for these unfortunate Indians the home to which they were ultimately removed and where they are now in the main happily and contentedly living.

In the winter of 1904–1905 the Campo Indians were found to be starving, and for two years the Sequoya League undertook the work of adequately feeding them.

Other Indians in the northern part of the State, who had no homes, had secured friends in the Mt. Hermon Indian Association of the Northern California Indian Association, and these friends began an agitation for the securing of an appropriation to give relief to these cruelly treated and homeless wanderers.

At the same time Dr. Lummis, with his characteristic vigor, began to attack the United States Government for its hypocrisy and double-dealing in giving to the Indians of California reservations that were in part or wholly valueless, and in many cases casting the Indians out bodily so that they were perforce converted into nomads, and through his campaign of popular education, joined to that of the Associations of the North, so aroused the people that public opinion justified the appropri-

BUILDING A HOUSE BY PRIMITIVE METHODS
Stagings and inclines by which Charles F. Lummis's house was built; no derrick or pulley was ever used

ation by Congress of $100,000 for the purchase of suitable lands for these homeless unfortunates and at the same time secured the appointment of an honest, efficient and thoroughly informed special agent to carry out the needed work of finding the lands and locating the Indians thereon. The happiness that has accrued to the Indians as this laudable work of finding appropriate homes for them has proceeded can only be estimated by those who were familiar with their condition up to this time and who have since visited them under their new conditions.

In this cursory manner I have endeavored to outline the scope and manner of Dr. Lummis's philanthropic activities. In these things alone four ordinary men would find work enough for half a lifetime, yet they present only part of his indefatigable efforts, as will be seen from a further study of his interesting experiences.

In 1905, realizing that the public library of a young city like Los Angeles which was growing with such tremendous leaps and bounds (as for three decades to be the record city of the United States in its rapid increase of population), he yielded to the unanimous request of the Library Committee to throw his splendid organizing energies and genius into the work of shaping the Los Angeles Public Library for the highest and most efficient usefulness. It was a thankless task. The lady whom he succeeded regarded his acceptance as a personal affront. While he had nothing to do with the matter save to accept a position that was unanimously tendered to him, the affair was dragged into local politics and he received much undeserved censure. But with his usual indifference to prejudiced and ignorant public opinion he went ahead, reforming methods and educating his staff to his own ideals. He boldly criticized and changed methods which, practically, had been followed by most of the librarians of the country. He awoke thousands of people to the recognition of the fact that the usefulness of a library is not to be judged by the mere volume of its circulation. He drove it into the hearts of intelligent men and women that it would be immeasurably better for a library if sometimes its circulation were materially *decreased* instead of increased, because of the ease with which literary trash and worse is given out, while the circulation of the books needed by the real students mean labor and a use of a higher order of intelligence on the part of the library staff. He affirmed that it was an immeasurably higher duty for a library to aid one real student and achieve something than to afford the opportunity to a hundred people to pass away their time in literary dissipation. He was the first man to suggest such innovations as an out-of-doors roof-garden reading-room which, in the ineffable climate of Southern California, could be in actual operation almost every day in the year. He started a method of digesting and indexing material from the local newspapers which would be available for the writing of history in the future. He began a system of collecting autographs in uniform style of living authors, artists, statesmen, etc., and he even dared to demand that text books and other works used as guides by readers should be critically examined and when their contents were known to be inaccurate, they should be so labelled.

For six years he kept up this arduous and somewhat thankless task, at the same time directing the work on the other lines described with unabated vigor. Since then he has given himself up more to these philanthropies and to his own work—the completion of his great Dictionary-Encyclopedia of all Spanish America, as well as the more pleasurable story writing for which he has so great an aptitude.

In discussing with Dr. Lummis this phase of his life's experience he gave expression to some characteristic comment. "From a purely selfish point of view, that was six years wasted out of my life. But I have the satisfaction of knowing that the library can never go back to what it was. The staff of young women and girls, as a whole, was excellent, but their work was not properly organized, and promotion therefore came by years or favor rather than competency. That was changed, a normal school for proper and adequate training started, and justice done to each worker upon her proven merits.

"The roof-garden reading-room started by me was given up, but it was an idea that will ultimately win out. Only the other day the *Dial* in commenting upon it used the following strong words:

"'Al Fresco reading-rooms increase apace among our public libraries, even though the pace is slow. Cleveland's new public library building is to have a roof-garden reading-room, thus falling in line with the praiseworthy movement which began in the mild and equable climate of Los Angeles, under the memorable administration of Librarian Lummis, and which has found favor in at least one of the branch libraries in less salubrious New York, and has even been favorably considered in bleak Boston, of east-windy renown. When to open-air schools and dormitories and play-grounds there shall have been added open-air reading-rooms in any number, we shall feel that we have taken a long step toward the simple and natural and the healthful life.'

"So I am satisfied that when Los Angeles eventually gets the great library building she ought to have, there will be a well-equipped roof garden reading-room, established for all time.

"For six years I gave fourteen hours a day to that task, formulating systems and carrying them out. The place absorbed all there was of me. During the whole of that time I never wrote a single article or poem for pay, though I did write a few things gratuitously. So I'm glad to be out of it and back on the trail of my literary and scientific work."

* * *

The heredity of such a man as Dr. Lummis is peculiarly interesting. He was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, March 1, 1859, with a father and mother of exceptional endowments. His mother died when he was but two years old, but he claims that no one has influenced his inner life more than she. And in a poem of memories entitled "Page One," published in the *Ladies' Home Journal* of January, 1911, he wrote the following stanzas of exquisite picturing and tender pathos:

"Memory? What is it?"
How should I know,
Who cannot say if yesterday
Was so or so?
Yet night by night there visit,
Behind mine eyes,
Such Presences that live again,
Lost scenes and faces, but so plain
I wonder which is true, which lies—
Now, or so long ago.

* * * * *

But clearest, dearest of them all,
And oftenest that I know,
The old parlor there across the hall,
And Gran'ma's faltering little call!
"Your Mamma asks for you"—
New England fifty years ago,
And I just turned of two.

White shutters by the whiter bed,
And a whitest face therein;
A strong man pacing still and dread,
And the tall clock ticking, ticking slow,
Where little boys must never go;
But now they led me in.

Thin fingers, like as petals, cling
Cold on a baby's cheeks;
Big eyes so deep I cannot see
Till stars come up in them for me;
The shadows of a breath that speaks;
"God keep my little boy!" And then
Slow lids—and—nothing.
And they led me out again.

Of his father he speaks with equal affectionate reverence. After his mother's death all the devoted love that had hitherto been bestowed upon her, the bereaved husband now poured forth upon his baby son. Himself an itinerant Methodist minister of the rarer sort, devoted to scholarship as well as exhortation, to practical life as well as theology, he took hold of the education of his boy and directed it until the lad betook himself to college. He had rare aptitude as a teacher, and there are many thousands in the middle West and the far East, who still speak with thankful emotion of the help the elder Lummis gave to them in their student life; not alone in the mere book knowledge he was supposed to impart, but in that rarer knowledge of life and character that is so essential to proper living. With such a father and mother as this, the former pouring out all his love and knowledge in a warming, living stream in the heart and mind of an unusually alert and impressionable child, is there any wonder that he was speedily quickened into high intellectuality?

At seven years of age the youngster was studying Latin grammar and scanning Virgil; at eight, he began with Greek and was made familiar with the soul-stirring stanzas of Homer; and at nine, Hebrew was added to the list. For over a dozen years this kind of discipline was kept up in the home with the addition of natural sciences, general literature and English predominating among the other studies required of him. While ever the most affectionate and kind of parents, so that his growing son always felt that he was his chum, his father demanded his lessons with a conscientious faithfulness as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Nor was the lad allowed to guess at what he was doing. He was compelled in these early years to accuracy. In addition to this marvelous discipline, his impressionable and keen brain was duly habituated to the reading and hearing of the Hebrew Scriptures and the Greek New Testament, both in the original and in the King James translation. This was an added training in the finest school of literature yet discovered. And to these influences undoubtedly are owing Dr. Lummis' keen, virile and incisive use of the English tongue. As will be shown later on, in his own particular field he stands pre-eminent in his use of the language, and while time has considerably toned down the personal element of his verbal attacks, he has lost none of his power to handle the language with dignity, force and power.

His father's library consisted of four thousand volumes, carefully selected, and the young boy was early trained in the value and use of books. An itinerant Methodist minister finds his library a joy and blessing when comfortably settled in a home, but it is a heavy dispensation at the time of moving to a new charge. In the Lummis case, however, the athletic lad took entire charge of the packing, unpacking and settling of this large library as many as seven times before he left the paternal home.

When but a lad of sixteen he became a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* and when he went to Harvard, at nineteen, he made his way through college by tutoring in Latin and Greek and by an enterprise all his own which revealed his independence and originality. He composed a number of verses and then decided to print and publish them himself. Going out into the woods, he gathered bundle after bundle of birch bark, carefully cut it into the required size, and then, setting the type himself and doing his own press work, he printed his little twelve-page volume of "Birch Bark Poems." Of this unique volume over fourteen thousand copies were sold, and it is easy to understand that the verses and their original setting called forth kindliest words of appreciation from Longfellow, Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles Dudley Warner, John Boyle O'Reilly, Andrew Lang, H. C. Bunner, Brander Matthews, and other poets and critics of that day.

Andrew Lang wrote of this little volume and its author:

To the Sylvan Poet:
  Beneath the Birch the schoolboy smarts;
    The Poet's birch, in later years,
  Strikes not our—well, it strikes our hearts,
    And moves to (this time) happy tears.

There are now only about ten copies of these volumes left, and collectors eagerly pay a big price for them.

When he went to Harvard his ambition was to be a poet. He cared nothing for a scientific career. Literature in its more romantic forms appealed strongly to him, but, after the kind of discipline he had received at his father's hands, the methods of the college seemed weak and futile. Indeed he frankly confessed that "all the education I got at Harvard was mostly learning things I didn't want."

A spell of brain fever prevented his graduation with the class of 1881, but twenty-five years later, at the request of his classmates, the overseers of the college conferred a degree upon him "in recognition of his distinguished services to science." In 1903 another collegiate honor came to him from Santa Clara College, the oldest educational institution west of the Rockies. For his contributions to American history they gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature.

From Harvard he went to Ohio, where for a while he managed a seven-hundred-acre farm. Then for three years he conducted the *Scioto Gazette*, founded by N. P. Willis' grandfather, the oldest newspaper west of the Alleghanies. From this post, in 1884, he started on his famous "tramp" across the continent, walking from Cincinnati to Los Angeles, 3,507 miles, in 143 days. What a trip of health, pleasure and education that was. Lummis learned more in those 143 days than he would have gained in 143 years at Harvard. His book, with the above title, has given thousands their first clear insight into the real character of the inner heart of the United States. For Lummis, himself, it was the beginning of a new life. He was so attracted to the Indians of the Southwest that, later, he returned to them, lived with them, studied their life, habits, religion, folk lore, history and language and became one of the foremost authorities of the world in all these lines.

Prior to starting on his tramp he had corresponded with General, then Colonel, Harrison Gray Otis, editor and proprietor of the *Los Angeles Times.* Lummis wired Otis as he neared San Gabriel, and the two met under the shadow of the old Franciscan mission, grasped hands, made terms, and after suitable refreshments, started on for Los Angeles, and the two tramped in, shoulder to shoulder, chatting and laughing as they came.

The very next morning saw Lummis at his desk as the city editor of the *Times*, then a struggling young daily with a circulation of 2,700. Otis was a born fighter, so was Lummis, and hip and thigh, head and neck, the two smote the gamblers, corruptionists, and degraded of all classes and sexes and were never so happy as when some war or other was on, their property threatened, and their lives in jeopardy from drunken and sneaking midnight thugs.

In 1886 Lummis was the correspondent of the *Times* in the Apache campaign, successively under Generals Crook and Miles; and later, the lamented Lawton offered him the position of Chief of Scouts in the expedition which finally captured Geronimo, the crafty and warlike Apache chief. He was unable to go, however, and the position went to Leonard Wood, whose phenomenal rise dates from that period, until he now occupies the honored position of Chief of Staff of the United States Army.

Now (December, 1887) came one of the black periods of Lummis' life, from which, however, he has extracted more benefit and helpfulness than most men get out of a lifetime of experiences. It was now that he "taught his sorrows to lick his hand." Overwork gave him an attack of paralysis. Immediately he fled to New Mexico and found asylum among the Indians and Mexicans who had won his heart on his "tramp" through their land. For three years and seven months his left side was paralyzed, and two later shocks rendered him unable to stand or speak. Imagine his condition! Did he give up? Others might have done so, but not Lummis. His early experiences had taught him much. From a consumptive lad he had changed himself by determined hardness and forceful roughing it, to an athlete at twenty. He was a "feather-weight" boxer, wrestler, runner, canoeist, base-ballist, and mountain-climber of recognized superiority. As a baseball player he had the unusual power of ambi-dexterity and tossed, caught and played with equal power with both hands. He was also a rider on the old-fashioned high bicycles, and once made a trip of a thousand miles on one of them.

LUMMIS IN NAVAJO INDIAN COSTUME
Made soon after he had mastered three attacks of paralysis as related in his book, " My Friend Will"

This physical training and the results he had gained in the past stood him in good stead now. With a will as inflexible as a machine, he determined upon a course of action, and one of the most thrilling, stimulating and needful books of the present day, in this age of weak will, pleasure-seeking and luxury loving, is his "My Friend Will," published by McClurg's of Chicago, which tells of his unconquerable fight. His own feeling is well expressed in the following touching poem:

ONE THAT WAS PARALYZED
(1888-1892)

Pent in a prison of myself,
My soul steps thrice and turns about;
Or climbs upon its narrow shelf,
From bloodshot windows to glare out.

It beats upon the sullen clay—
The clay that breathes and still is dead.
It butts against the walls alway,
And stamps around within my head.

The knotted arm that fought so well,
Is dumb and knows to strike no more.
The legs that trudged the width of hell,
No longer lift me from the floor.

My very tongue is touched of death—
A dog is not so dumb as I
Who love, and cannot give it breath;
Who hate, and must unspoken lie.

And Will, the Captain left alone,
Sits dazed within his room today
And sees his adjutants disown
The orders once they sprang to obey.

But no! This mummy be my shell,
But not my fate! Betrayed, bereft
Of followers, in the citadel
The Master lives—then I am left!

Dr. Lummis' book, as its title implies—"My Friend Will"—is written as if by an outsider. It begins as follows: " 'Ugh!' cried Dick, 'isn't it horrible to see a man in that condition? I should think he'd want to die. What is he good for?'

"The gentleman who hobbled past was not a pleasant sight, truly. Paralysis had smitten down one of his arms, and weighed upon a side of his face, and he moved very unsteadily on his crutch. But to me he was not horrible, and I answered the last question only, with: 'Well, that depends on what he *thinks* he is good for!' "

A little later on there is this characterization of himself, which all who know him will realize as very truth: "To begin with, he was the hardest-headed fellow you ever saw; maybe 'mulish' would not be too hard a word. The trait brought him no end of troubles, though it is only fair to add that it generally got him out of them, too. His bull-dog persistence in having his own way used sometimes to make me laugh; but he was so dead in earnest about everything that it was impossible to laugh at him for long."

When strength came to him he gloried and joyed in it to the utmost, hence he was sorely smitten when this stroke fell upon him. But he struggled bravely to recover. Then, a few months later, a second but milder shock threw him back very seriously; and, quite as hard to be borne, a strange turn of fortune left him without a cent in the world.

"I rather expected to see him weaken then; but he only shut his lips and went to work with a certain fierceness, but no longer blindly. He had already learned something, and perhaps these misfortunes were really a good thing; for they gave his inborn pugnacity a worthy foe and a beneficial struggle. The 'floor' was still in his head, but a little more buoyant; and as nothing else seemed feasible, he began literary work, a very little at a stretch."

At the same time he began those persistent and educative rambles over the Southwest, "always with a gun, the huge old-fashioned camera, and a bandanna full of other supplies. He made thousands of photographs, broke twenty odd broncos from wild beasts to chums, cooked for himself by the camp-fire or on the top of a tiny heating stove where the frying-pan had to have one side pounded in to fit against the stove-pipe lest it fall to the floor. . . . There are hundreds in the Territory (now state of New Mexico) who still remember his roping and riding and breaking the fiercest wild horses; and how he crawled into the mountain-lion's cave a hundred feet, his one hand occupied with the single-barrelled shotgun, and a long torch of the choky buckthorn cactus held in his mouth for light."

Then came the third attack, and the Indians thought this had surely finished the *cabezudo* (hard head). Someone asked him at this time, as he sat in his wheel chair, apparently helpless, hopeless, speechless, and "all in," "How are you, old man?"

Writing on his scratch pad Lummis replied: "All right, and bigger than anything that can happen to me. All these things are outside my door, and I've got the key. Thank you."

Slowly he struggled on. One day he asked his friend to put him on the back of Perfecto, a gallant winner of many a horse race. It took a long argument that spoiled several sheets of paper; but at last the six-foot secretary lifted him bodily into the saddle, tucked his left foot into the stirrup and away he went. Perfecto was a whirlwind; but, after all, he was nothing to the cyclone of the broncos, and no casualties occurred. Then he found out he could fish and catch trout.

"At four o'clock the next morning my friend and Perfecto were clattering past the hospital, and something suspiciously like a rod stood up whip-fashion in one of the tall boots.

"When the sun came up they had made ten miles. A horse could go no farther up the canyon, for the cliffs. Will picked out a leafy spot, wriggled about in the saddle until he over-balanced and fell to the ground, alighting on that hard head and sound arm. He tied Perfecto's reata to a tree, and the rest of the day was dragging himself on his belly over the rough ground, fishing.

"At sunset he crawled up a half-fallen tree, pulled Perfecto to him, scrambled into the saddle with infinite difficulty and rode home—with twenty-nine trout in his basket."

Is there any wonder that with such a spirit, such hopefulness, such trust in the Infinite Power for healing, and such indomitable courage, health ultimately came back to him?

Here is how it came. He was in the little adobe where he had brought the young wife who had dared to marry him while he was still in physical bondage, "and as she knelt beside his chair, saying nicer things than he deserved, she suddenly clutched him to keep him from falling, for he was white and staring.

"And what do you imagine had scared him so?

"Merely this—his unthinking eyes had taken note that his hand was stroking his wife's hair. Well? Yes, but it was the left hand—the withered arm that in three years and seven months had never moved a muscle, nor had a sensation!

"The little clot of blood in the brain had wholly moved on at last, and left my friend a well man again."

And though, today, he is stone blind as one result of the jungle fever caught while on a recent scientific expedition to Guatemala, he bade me feel his biceps and other muscles and they were as solid and firm as those of a prizefighter.

In 1893 Dr. Lummis became the editor of *The Land of Sunshine*, a monthly magazine which he soon raised to an enviable position in the literary world by his scholarly editorship and the value and power of his own contributions to its pages. It was very soon enlarged and its name changed to *Out West*, but the change was for the good and afforded larger scope for Dr. Lummis' work.

His editorials were written under the title "In the Lion's Den," and they soon became known by readers and students throughout the world for their keen, incisive, trenchant and often satiric and sarcastic comments on men and things. At times they even went beyond this, and were vitriolic, and I know whereof I speak, for I have been cauterized. But chastenings, though grievous, are oftentimes beneficial, and while I have felt that, at times, Dr. Lummis' criticisms were harsh and severe, I am thoroughly convinced that he felt in his own mind they were well deserved. He has so exalted a love of truth and such a pride in the great Southwest that he has been eager to take up the sword in defense of both. And, with all his keen sense of humor, he is so desperately in earnest and he strikes with such vigor, force and directness that the assaulted ones have regarded the earnestness as fierceness, the force as savagery, the directness as mercilessness. The result was he soon gained the reputation of being a "scrapper," "never happy unless he was giving some one a roast." Yet, again I affirm—not forgetting my own roastings—that I am thoroughly convinced of Dr. Lummis' highest integrity of motive, though I know that, at times, like all other wise men, he has been both prejudiced and misled.

As a specimen of his caustic ability, and because it deals with a subject upon which the people at large should be informed, let me quote from two of his editorials. In a keen reply to Professor Brander Matthews, who had written him a letter defending reformed spelling and giving a list of some eminent men who defended it, Dr. Lummis thus disposed of one of these "eminent men"—Dr. Benjamin E. Smith, Editor of the Century Dictionary.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND CHARLES F. LUMMIS AT OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE, LOS ANGELES

> As for the Century Dictionary, I wish to say that I will engage, even at my normal rates (and dictionary work is much harder than plain writing), to supply a volume large enough to add to a set of the Century Dictionary, and devoted to a compact correction of the blunders—the sore and shameful blunders—of the Century Dictionary touching the English language as she is defined for the United States and the New World in general. As a single example, I will remark that this monumental dictionary, which has the face to charge its patrons something like eighty dollars a set, defines the pepper-tree — which I have seen in its habitat in Peru, and of which there is a specimen in San Juan Capistrano, California, with a spread of over 120 feet—as the "Chili pepper,"—which is a Western annual about a foot high, bearing pepper pods of lovely hotness. So I'm not deeply impressed by the opinion of the editor on anything.

To this Dr. Smith made a somewhat lengthy reply in which he characterized Dr. Lummis' comments as "a sweeping attack upon the Century Dictionary."

Here is part of the playful response, " 'Attack—Sweeping Attack!' Sweep! God bless us! Why, that was merely a slight poke from the other end of the broom."

Dr. Lummis then proceeds most effectively to show how inaccurate and absurd the dictionary definitions are and simply flays Dr. Smith for presuming to defend them without knowing that they are positively accurate. Yet he winds up one nine-page "scorcher" with the following: "But the Lion was not and is not criticizing the Century Dictionary, nor its Smith. He's just having fun with them."

But that was a few years ago. Time has somewhat changed and softened him.

Those who have ever experienced a scourging from his caustic pen naturally wonder whether he is still as bitter as ever toward those who differ from him in opinions. Recently alluding to this, he said:

"As we grow older, we grow wiser. Life is too short to spend in hating people. I found out that while I was lying awake thinking mean things about people, they were sleeping serenely—I was burning myself up instead of scorching them. I have learned to turn on and off my motive power, and while I still hate ignorance, untruth, insincerity, pretence and sham as much as ever, I now hate no person. I know that no man is as good as he imagines himself to be, nor as bad as his enemies think he is."

It can well be imagined from what I have already stated of Dr. Lummis, that his personality and individuality are peculiarly his own. He stands out as one of the most individualistic men of his time. With a total disregard for the minor conventions of life and the opinion of the ordinary and mediocre, he has resolutely determined his own path and walked in it regardless alike of applause or censure. His personal appearance and dress are as strikingly his own as is his mentality. Many years ago he fixed upon a costume that pleased him for all practical purposes. His suit is of corduroy with an Indian drawn-work shirt, a Pueblo Indian belt around his waist and a Navajo bowstring guard on his left wrist. This, with a comfortable slouch hat, completes his costume. He never wears an overcoat, contending that "a man's overcoat should be in his blood." This costume he wears at all times, under all circumstances and in all places. Naturally in his home city it arouses little or no comment, but when he travels elsewhere comment like the following is by no means uncommon. In June, 1907, he lunched with President Roosevelt at the White House, and the *Washington Star* contained the following:

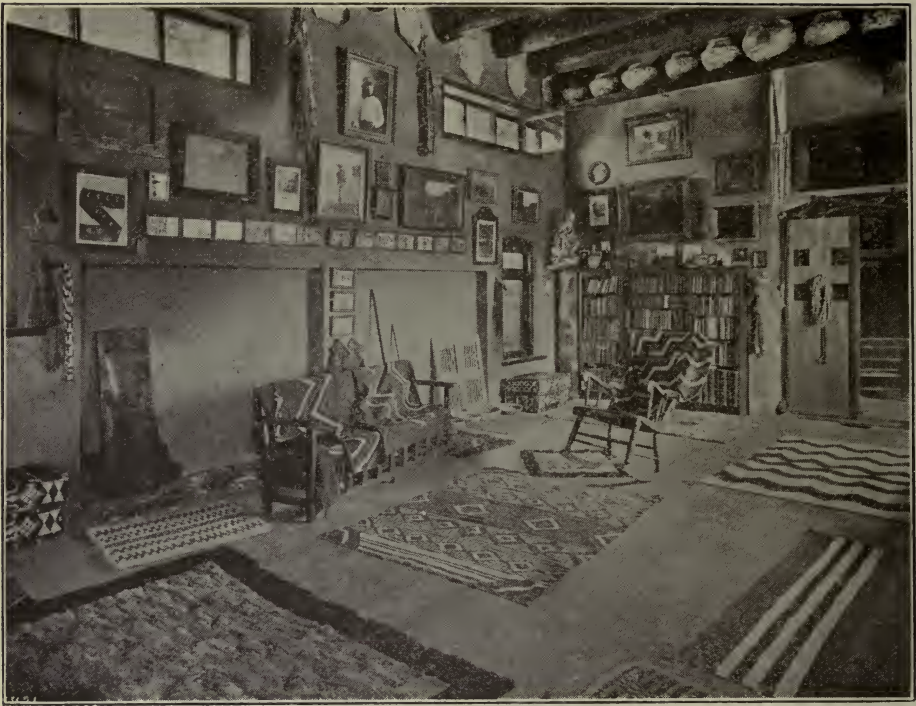
> Charles F. Lummis, the author, of the Southwest in general and Los Angeles in particular, was one of the President's callers today. Mr. Lummis was arrayed in a tasteful costume of green corduroy, with gold pins in the corners of his collar and a red and green sash around his waist. He had a heavy silver bracelet of Navajo workmanship on his wrist, and wore a big sombrero with a leather band. Questioned in confidence as to why he had sprung this rather obvious costume in Washington, Mr. Lummis declared that he was not indulging in anything new. Washington was not used to his costumes.
>
> He said he had adopted corduroys something over twenty years ago in the West. It was a thing that would not wear out, and that he could slide down a mountain in them without having to crawfish out of town afterward for the sake of propriety and the police regulations. He asserted that he did not particularly enjoy being conspicuous, but that the costume was good enough for his home town, and, as he did not change his complexion when he came to Washington, he did not see any reason for changing his clothes.

In speaking to him recently upon this subject he said: "I am as sensitive as any other man, but I dislike worse to be uncomfortable. Hence I chose a dress that perfectly suits me. I see no reason why I should change it to please other people. To the sensible man, fashion is no reason. I do not believe in a distinctive dress for different occasions according to the dictates of fashion, but I do believe that a man should dress as he really likes. It would be a surrender for me to wear clothes I do not like. This dress goes anywhere; and if it does not go, I do not go! Many of my friends say, 'I wish I could be free and do as you do!' Why can't they? The better one is known the less can he afford to be peculiar. The chief desideratum of dress is that it should be both absolutely clean and absolutely comfortable. If women get anything out of the ballot I hope it will be a broadening of their minds so as to give them a larger freedom in this matter of dress."

It can well be understood that holding himself and others to so high a standard, and being so fearless in his criticism of those who fail to measure up, and especially remembering his caustic, fierce denunciations of those whom he regarded as insincere, untruthful and unworthy, he should provoke bitter opposition and at times intense dislike. This is the lot of all positive men, and Dr. Lummis is wise enough never to have expected any other. To some his positiveness has been regarded as unwarrantable egotism, but those who know him best realize that there is a vast difference between egotism and a mere recognition of his own knowledge. Some of the attacks made upon him have been amusing, as, for instance, the following which appeared in the San Francisco *News Letter* of October 11, 1902:

DOWN EAST OUT WEST

My name is Lummis, I'm the West,
  For culture I don't give a hang.
I hate the puny East, although
  I can't conceal my Yankee twang.



RECEPTION ROOM IN CHARLES F. LUMMIS'S RESIDENCE, LOS ANGELES

My trousers they are corduroy,
  Ditto my jacket and my vest
For I'm the wild and woolly boy—
  My name is Lummis, I'm the West.

I am the mountains and the sea,
  I am the salty plains between;
You've seen the orange crop? that's ME.
  I did it with my magazine,
My monthly Indian Reports,
  Dryer than old Mohave's breast
Where the uncultured jackass sports—
  My name is Lummis, I'm the West.

Who first beheld the Indian race?
  Columbus, say you?—Tisn't true!
I was the first to see his face—
  I've had him copyrighted, too.
I'm Local Color, Sitting Bull,
  Tracy the Bandit, Teddy's guest,
The very atmosphere is full of ME,
  Charles Lummis, who's the West.

When I called Dr. Lummis' attention to this, he laughed heartily and said it had escaped his notice, but he has so keen a sense of humor, grim occasionally though it be, that he could appreciate it to the full.

His home is one of the most picturesque in America, and is as individualistic as its builder, for Dr. Lummis did the major part of the work upon it with his own hands. Situated by the side of the Arroyo Seco in what a few years ago was the outskirts of the city, but is now several miles within the city limits, he secured abundant ground. This he surrounded with eucalyptus trees so as to have a large degree of seclusion. Entering at the corner of the lot, a gravel walk leads to a rectangular court on three sides of which is the main building, with a low-roofed veranda projecting into it from each inner wall. Near the open end of the court and a little to the left as one enters stands a smaller house, circular in outline, while nearer the center is a fountain in which goldfish dart to and fro among lily pads. Perched on the roof of the veranda, among the branches of a great sycamore which sprawls over the ground before sending up four separate trunks in as many different directions, is a cage of chattering parokets. The house, or "castle" as it is called, is built of granite boulders, cement and concrete with massive hand hewn wood work. For eighteen years Dr. Lummis has been at work on this structure and has handled over 2,200 tons of masonry in its erection. This has been his gymnasium and explains his wonderful physical condition. His muscles are as tense and flexible as steel, so that he is an athlete among athletes.

A recent visitor thus speaks of the interior:

"Seeking admittance at the door facing the entrance to the Court, we were ushered through a reception hall into a parlor. The outside of the building, unique as it is, had not prepared the mind of one who knew not what to expect for the peculiar charm of the interior. One with an aptitude for cataloguing might, perhaps, give the number of Indian blankets which were the first things to catch the eye (they served as rugs and coverings for couch or chair), the number of Indian pictures, autographed photographs, and paintings that adorned the walls, together with the cases of Indian arrow points, might even be able to tell how many pieces of Indian pottery were in this room and the exact location of each; describe the Indian drum and buckskin garments that hung in different places; also give the tapestries and bead work their due attention; tell in which corner of the room stood the piano; where the bookcase was with its bound volumes of "Life,' 'Judge,' 'Puck,' 'Harper's,' etc., etc.; and say that the uprights of the mantel, as well as the beams which showed in the ceiling, were made of unhewn logs with the bark removed; and give detailed account of the doors, showing the marks of the tools upon their surface, also their great locks and keys, and the paneled windows with their borders of various scenes. Yet all this would give no conception of the subtle attraction it wields over the stranger. There is a harmony about the place that is indescribable—a sense of unity and fitness of purpose that bespeaks the artist. So perfectly are the pieces of pottery that adorn the mantel adjusted that each seems especially designed to meet the requirements of the rest.

"Among the paintings are many of William Keith, California's master artist, one of which, a small canvas just above the piano, particularly attracts attention. It is of a group of glorious trees in a dark foreground through and underneath the branches of which can be seen a flood of sunlight and color, the effect of the whole heightened by a few figures in the distance."

Here the author meets his friends, and here come from all parts of the world authors, artists, poets, musicians, scientists and statesmen. Here also is held the famous "Shanghai Court" of El Alcalde Mayor. Men and women who have "done something worth while" visit Los Angeles at their peril. They are liable to arrest under a formidable subpoena, and tried before this jury of sixteen of the foremost professional men of the city on the charge of "not knowing a good old California time when they see it." The setting is an old-time California dinner, with old California songs. A prosecuting attorney grills the prisoners; an attorney appointed by the Court does his best to defend them—and the case goes to the jury. The Alcalde Mayor, or Chief Justice, is the vast four-fold sycamore in the patio; and its court has acquitted many distinguished defendants.

Lummis' own workshop is upstairs in the tower. Here is a revolving chair with a desk back and front, a window seat, couch, and the rest of the room piled up with the cases of card catalogues, indexes, and rare books.

He brands his books in practically the same style that Western stockmen brand their cattle. His signature lends itself readily to this purpose, and he has had a branding iron made of it. Heating this in the fire until it is red hot he then burns the brand into the top edges of the book. Thus he has a perfect preventive against theft, for the brand can be removed only by taking off the covers of the book, and cutting off a full quarter of an inch from the top pages.

His book plate is individualistic in design and contains the following verse:

> By books may learning perhaps befall,
> But wisdom never by books at all,
> Yet thought may shiver at least the less
> With them to cover her nakedness.
> Chas. F. Lummis. His Book.

Of the strenuousness of his work habits I know of but one man who is his equal, and that is Dr. J. H. Kellogg of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Both work continuously about the same number of hours, Lummis having taken for the past twenty-five years no more sleep than four hours out of the twenty-four. Now he sleeps but three hours, throwing himself on his window couch, after an all night's session in writing, at 6 o'clock in the morning, and awakening at 9. Then he takes an hour for his bath and breakfast and after that begins his routine work of the day. This is generally preparation for writing. He never writes until he is thoroughly prepared. Says he: "I believe there is no genius like hard work. I like to do the hard work, the *real* work in advance, then the writing does itself. I fill up my reservoir and then open the gates and let it pour." His regular "stunt" is about four thousand words a day, mostly written with a pencil.

DR. LUMMIS SINGING MEXICAN SONGS TO HIS SON QUIMU

When I asked him if he did not suffer for want of sleep he declared that his experience had taught him that sleep was largely a matter of habit. "It is tension, not work, that tires," said he. "I learned in the hard school of paralysis to go slow; not to hurry and not to worry. Indeed, I have made it my gospel, so much so that even though I kept presses waiting, and the wolves of the office were howling, I would never allow myself to be rushed or to feel that I was being pursued.

"Though I have always kept years of work ahead of me that I wanted to do I never let it get in the saddle. I switch from one thing to another with perfect ease, there is no hurry about anything, and directly I am tired of one job I turn to another. Before I lost my eyesight I always used to go out of doors and do some kind of energetic exercise, for I could then always come inside and do better work, but I've not been able to exercise much in the old way since I became blind."

He is a fair eater, generally has a good appetite, and equal powers of digestion. His dietary preferences are for meat, of which he eats three meals a day, seldom partaking of any kind of vegetables.

In the bringing up of his son, Quimu (the little white lion), he largely follows the method of his own father. He does not care to have the lad attend the public school. He believes that real education comes from within, aided by association with the best class of people. Accordingly, he keeps the lad with himself, makes a companion of him, lets him meet all the distinguished guests and others who come to the house, guides his reading, answers his questionings, puts him in the way of actually doing things, physical and mental, and thus makes every hour of the day a part of his real schooling and education.

In such a home, surrounded by such a wealth of interesting objects, meeting such a galaxy of people who have done things, and the companion of such a father, no wonder the lad is bright beyond his years and soon will be able to take a man's part in the affairs of life.

Recalling the fact that Dr. Lummis built this home himself I am reminded of a characteristic story told me by one of his friends who called upon him while he was hard at work upon it. He was personally hauling up heavy buckets of concrete by means of a rope—the buckets being filled below by an Indian. His friend said: "Why don't you use a block and tackle, and get a horse to haul up that heavy stuff?" The reply was to the effect that he couldn't waste time in making an explanation to a fool.

What did he mean?

Simply this! The building of his house was a means of giving himself the physical exercise that he knew was necessary to keep him in robust health. Why, therefore, should he turn over the very thing he desired for himself to his horse? The best gymnasium in the world is such out-of-door labor as he chose for himself, and instead of wasting his time and energy, indoors, in a stuffy room, swinging clubs and dumb-bells and doing hinky-dinky little exercises, he preferred the manly task of building a house, choosing the hardest, the most strenuous, but at the same time the most physically strengthening method he could think of.

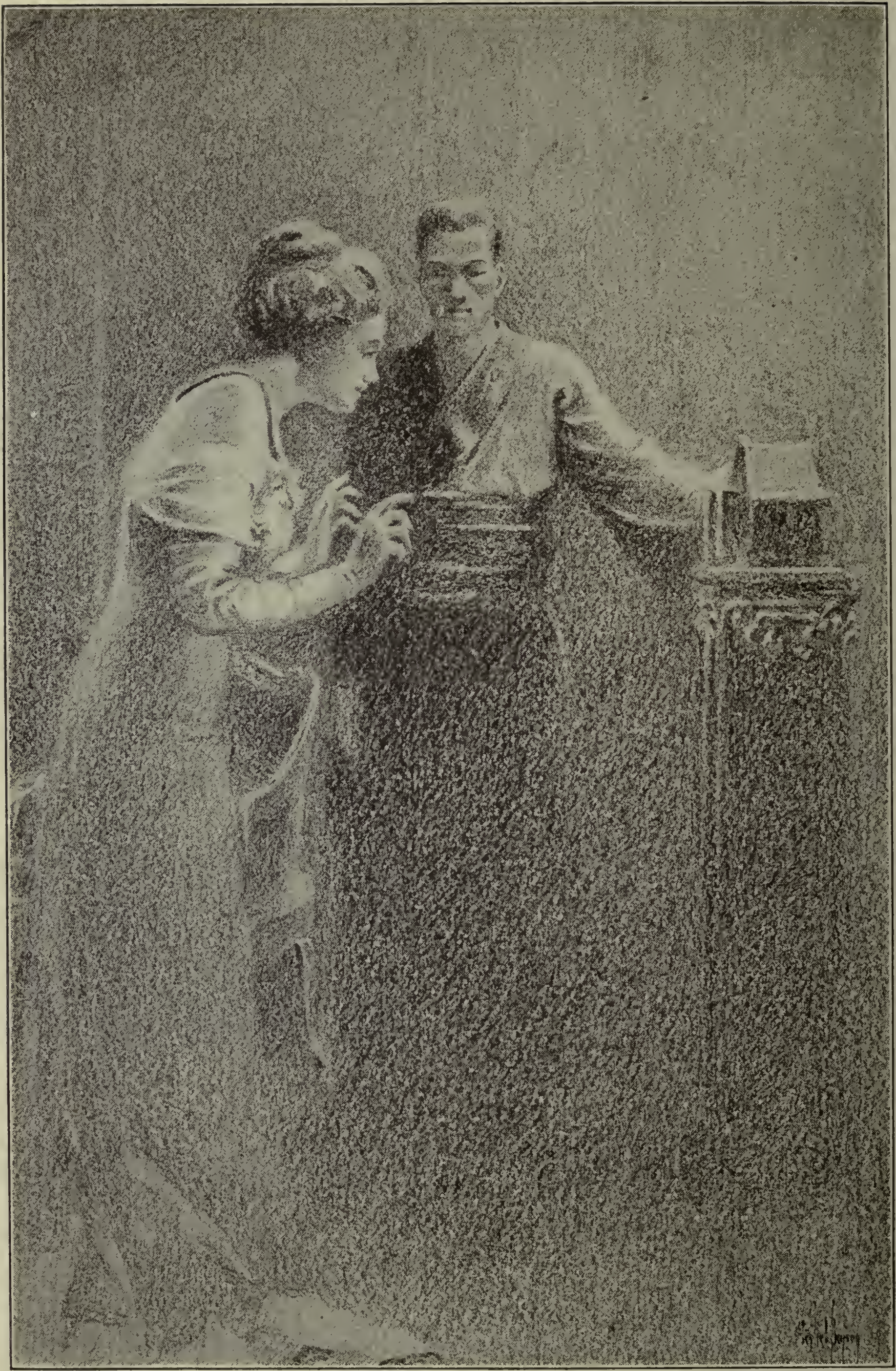
It was here that his best-beloved little son was "called away." This brought forth from his pen one of the sweetest and tenderest personal editorials ever written. The following is a brief extract therefrom:

> "They who have lived and suffered should be able to understand the springs of human action. I can comprehend how men lie, steal, murder. Even how men, for a child's death, curse God—and accurse all in His image that are bounded to them. They see it that way—and man always justified himself somehow for whatever he does. But, from another point of view, that all seems impudent and cowardly. If a man cared really more for his child than for himself, should it not occur to him that the only thing he can do now for that promoted soul is to be worthier to have begotten it? To be a wiser man, a juster man, a tenderer man; a little gentler to the weak, a little less timorous of 'advantage,' a little more unswerving in duty as I see it, a little more self-searching to be sure I see it straight—what else can I do now for my little boy? It is good to remember; but the vitality of remembering is to do for its sake."

Today Mr. Lummis is in the shadow of another great affliction. Last year, while on a scientific expedition in Guatemala, he contracted jungle fever. In spite of his tremendous vitality and rugged strength, he was unable to throw it off, and some of its ill effects still remain in his system. One of these evil results has affected the optic nerves, so that he is completely blind. Yet, just as he faced his paralysis of twenty or more years ago with dauntless courage, so he bravely faces this—what to most men would be an overwhelming calamity. Loving hands guide him through the streets, and his voice is as cheery and ringing as ever when he greets you. He firmly believes that before long he will master the jungle fever and that as soon as this is accomplished his eyesight will be restored. Even his enemies can but join with his friends in the hope that this desirable release will speedily come to him.

In the meantime he is resolutely pushing ahead the literary work that his engagement in the Los Angeles Library has so long delayed. He is completing his index of all the literature known dealing with Spanish America. This in itself will be a monument of scholarship enough to immortalize any ordinary man. He has also a most comprehensive work on California entitled "The Right Hand of the Continent," part of which was published some years ago in *Harper's Magazine* and *Out West* and which he is now completing and bringing up to date. In addition he has other volumes of historical matter, as well as of short stories and poems that are asked for and which will, ere long, be in the publisher's hands. Those who have read his "Tramp Across the Continent," "A New Mexico David," "The Land of Poco Tiempo," "The Awakening of a Nation," "The Gold Fish of Gran Chimu," "The Enchanted Burro," "The King of Broncos," "My Friend Will," and "The Spanish Pioneers," will eagerly await these later products of his pen.

Though not yet fifty-four years of age, Mr. Lummis has lived so intensely, so seriously, so earnestly and so strenuously that he has already accomplished, as my all-too-imperfect sketch shows, an almost unbelievable total of work. Softened and refined by time, mellowed and sweetened by sorrow, mentally enriched by wide reading and intimate association with a multitude of diverse minds, long may he live to charm, delight and instruct an ever-increasing circle of cultured readers.



He watched her face, seeing the wonder and admiration in it

The IVORY BUDDHA

By HELEN P. KANE

IT is a state secret. Never mind how it came to my knowledge, but now that the noble abdication of the Damios in 1869 has been ratified by the voluntary change of the form of government in Japan, it can do no harm to tell it.

The heir apparent to the late dynasty, fired by the tales of this and other countries brought back by the young nobles, longed to see for himself, and one day he set the wheels in motion by seeking audience with his royal father.

On the dais the Emperor sat alone, above him the great dragon guarded the royal chrysanthemum, and below him in a semicircle sat the Council. The Prince prostrated himself and presented his petition.

"Most-Highly-to-be-Reverenced, it is in my insignificantly unworthy thought to travel to foreign lands."

There ensued a pause, significant and not encouraging, before the Mikado responded quietly·

"I entertain your never-sufficiently-to-be-reprehended thought, my son, but long enough to disallow it."

The young man smiled submissively and retired from the Presence, but the submission went no deeper than the official smile, and he so worked matters that the "disallowed" thought met the Emperor, in arguments, overheard apparently by chance, and pointed by allusions to his own fostering policy in the foreign education of the young men about the Court, at every turn, until he began to think that it might be well that the future ruler should be able to discriminate between travelers' tales and verities.

He called a Special Council of nobles, priests and scholars to consider the matter, the result being that the Prince received formal permission to travel. This, however, to be kept a state secret. The heir to the throne might study the foreigner at close quarters, but he must do it incognito, and Omera, sword-arm of the Emperor, Iasu, the Samuri, and Toku, priest of Ise, were deputed to see that he did it with discretion. With the same submissive smile, but with a most un-Japanese sense of exultation, the Prince received the edict and made his preparations.

At dawn, on the day set for his departure, he was summoned to the apartments of the Empress, who turned from the Kami-dana* to greet him, bearing in her hands a small lacquer shrine, rich with gold inlaying. She placed it in his hands reverently.

"This," she said, "is my most precious possession, therefore it goes with my honorably beloved son in his wanderings."

Slowly she parted the lacquer doors. On an exquisitely cut lotus of clear green jade sat an ivory Buddha, so wonderfully fashioned that one forgot that a man's hand might cover it. The august beneficence of the God was so wrought into this bit of ivory that it impressed one as does the calm majesty of the Dai Butsu.†

"When the Sun-Goddess begins her daily flight," the Empress spoke softly, "you will open the doors, and together we will salute the August Ones."

The Prince drew her closely to him. "Most dear Augustness," he said, "I will guard it with my so unworthy life."

***Kami-dana—The family shrine. †Dai Butsu—The great Buddha of Japan.**

She tried to answer him, but her lips trembled. For a moment the mother prevailed over relentlessly ingrained etiquette, and she clung to her son and wept, but only for a moment, then, serenely and graciously, she dismissed him.

"Sayonara,* my son," she said, "sayonara, until you shall augustly return."

Later he took formal leave of his royal father.

"Do not forget, my son," the Mikado said gravely, "that your life belongs to Nippon. Go in peace and return in power. Sayonara."

Unobtrusively, as a private citizen, the Prince left the palace, and with his three companions passed through the streets to the wharves. With no show of deference, they boarded the steamer and stood with other travelers in the stern as the last whistle blew, and they moved slowly from the wharf. It seemed very strange to the Prince, but more strange to watch the receding shores, and he was possessed by contending exultation and doubt. The great ship gathered headway and they steamed out beyond Sagami and the old Province of Kai, beyond Amaka San towering above the fields of Idzu, always with the white crown of Fuji Yama dominating all. They rounded O-Shima, and Fiji Yama's lustrous cone was growing fainter. The eyes of the Prince fastened hungrily on the fast-vanishing peak.

"Dai Nippon!" he ejaculated softly, "Dai Nippon!"

"Dai Nippon," echoed the voice of the venerable Toku, "I, also, Augustness, am insignificantly torn when I remember the great gong of Ise, which I may not hear again."

The Prince turned penitently. "Think you I was unwise?" he asked.

"In my unworthy opinion, no," answered the priest. "The illustrious foreigners who come to Tokio should find a ruler who knows that whereof they speak."

The Prince faced him eagerly. "Of that I have been honorably sure!" he cried. "There is much to learn."

"There is doubtless much to be *seen*." There was a touch of cynicism in the old priest's tone, "but I have yet to find among the learned books of the foreigners one which can teach the wise men of Nippon."

* * *

They had fair weather and the ship made good time, the eastern shore lay like a cloud on the horizon, and the next day promised to end the voyage. But at sunset came a sudden drop in the barometer, and about midnight a low, creeping, murmuring sound filled the air, as if one were within the hollow of a vast bell, pulsating with past reverberations. Those who awoke saw a sky hung with torn rags of cloud, swaying like great cobwebs stirred by a wind, though no breath ruffled the smooth surface of the sea. You remember that storm. The ship was wrecked on Duxbury reef, and it came near being a case of "all lost." The life-saving service was only just in time, but they took every soul, and in the early morning light passengers and crew waited on the beach for arrangements to take them down to San Francisco, watching the breaking up of the wreck and looking for possible salvage. The men of the station were busy among them, trying to make the women and children more comfortable, when a slight young man, unmistakably Japanese, accosted the one who seemed to direct the crew.

"You are honorably the Chief of this place?" he asked.

"I'm Captain of the crew, if that's what you want to know," he answered. "An'thing I can do for you, Mister?"

"I wish," said the young man quietly, "I and my friends, to thank the Chief for our so brave rescue."

"Oh, the Chief!—If that's who you want, *he's* in Washington," the Captain replied.

"But Washington—it is very far away—and you were honorably here—and we were there—" indicating the wreck.

The Captain chuckled. "Well," he said, "*course* we didn't wait to wire to headquarters 'fore we fired that rocket, but all the same he's boss, an' runs the whole shebang, an' if you've got an'thing special to say, I reckon you better turn it over to him. He knows all about it by this time," he added.

The young man took an ivory tablet from his girdle. "You will tell me how I shall honorably find him?" he asked.

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* Sayonara—Farewell.

"Lord, yes," and the Captain chuckled again. "You'll find him all right. Anybody 'll tell you."

"If you would have the great goodness to write?" and he gave him the tablet.

The Captain looked at it dubiously. The space was limited for his usual sprawling hand, but he managed it and returned the "fool thing," as he later described it, with the assurance, "You'll find him all right. You jest ask anybody when you get to Washington."

The young man bowed with great courtesy. "And meanwhile," he said, "would you honorably assure these brave men that we give them thanks for our so insignificant lives, and will see that they are suitably rewarded."

"Now never you mind about that!" and the Captain's brawny hand came down on the slender shoulder. "It does you credit, an' I'll tell the boys, but Lord bless you, we don't want nothin'! That's what we're here for. Savey?"

A few days later a gift arrived from San Francisco, which brought amazement to the station and to the Captain a somewhat bewildering remembrance of his familiar clap on the shoulder. However it seemed to have done no harm.

"And I reckon he's a good sort if he *is* a heathen!" he concluded.

The Prince had written for instructions as to a gift to the Chief, this being a much more important matter, and a letter which had followed them across the continent was delivered at the legation on the day of their arrival at the Capitol.

It was in the small, exquisite hand of the Empress, and after fervent thanksgiving to the gods that her augustly beloved son, the sword in the hand of his father, had not gone before them to join the Higher Ones, she adverted to the matter of the gift:

> "This Chief should be honorably great," she wrote, "since his servants obey him at the distance of three thousand of miles, and he must be augustly good, since it is the business of his servants to watch for those in danger, and gratuitously to succor them.
>
> "Nippon owes him the life of its future Ruler. I command you, therefore, to leave with him the precious Buddha of Mikoto, as the honorably insignificant thanks of your august father and Emperor."

The Chief sat in his office—very busy—when his messenger informed him that an old Jap insisted on seeing him personally.

"Can't you take his message?" the Chief was a trifle impatient. "There's a big mail today."

"Told him you're busy," said the messenger. "Tell him again, sir, if you say so. He's a high-toned old chap," he ventured.

"Well, let him in." And the Chief turned again to his desk. He looked up in a moment to see standing before him no less a personage than the Japanese minister himself. "Most certainly a 'high-toned old chap,'" he commented with inward amusement, but he said,

"How can I serve your Excellency?"

With a deep reverence the Minister presented a letter, sealed with the royal chrysanthemum, and with inward wonder the Chief unfolded it and read a request that he receive at his "august residence" a young man of the Court of Nippon, whom his servants had saved from shipwreck, and who had been commanded to offer him an unworthy gift as a memento of the great service he had rendered to Nippon.

"Who is the young man?" the Chief asked. "If the gift comes from your government I may not be permitted to receive it."

"The gift is entirely of a private nature," the Minister answered. "The other question I am not permitted to answer. I have only to arrange for the interview."

"Any time after office hours," the Chief said, "I shall be at liberty to see the young man. Will you accompany him, your Excellency?"

"I shall have the honor to wait upon you at nine o'clock of the evening today," the Minister replied, and with a deep reverence took his leave, while the Chief turned again to his mail.

The "august residence" of the Chief being ruled over by a young and very pretty daughter, was thrown into commotion when the head of the house (but not the Ruler, you will observe) produced the letter and told the occurrence of the morning, touching on the royal seal and the reticence of the Japanese Minister as curious, if not consequent facts.

"Dad, dear, *think* if he should be the

Prince Royal—think of it! In our 'august residence'!" and she laughed gleefully. "Are you going to let me in? Or shall you try to vie with the Japanese and keep your ladies out of sight?" Dinner being over, she came round and perched on the arm of his chair. "*Do* let me in!" she coaxed.

He put his arm about her laughing. "What should I do if a Japanese Prince fell in love with you?"

"You'd get a 'settled woman' for a housekeeper," she laughed back. "My, but you'd have a good time without me to unsettle things! Yes or no, Dad?"

The Chief considered. "You have met the Minister at the White House. I really cannot see why it should be more shocking here."

"Nor I! And if they look pained I will vanish. Is it 'yes,' Daddy dear?"

He laughed. "Run and dress, but I'd have it quiet if I were you."

She gave him an ecstatic hug and was off, and he settled to the comfort of his post-prandial cigar, and had traveled far from such small matters as Japanese gifts before she was out of sight.

At nine promptly two carriages rolled to the door, and the Minister entering, introduced first the elder members of the party, and after them the young man. The Chief repeated the introductions to his daughter, who bowed graciously, and then effaced herself, first for uninterrupted contemplation of the gorgeous robes, and later of a group of remarkably interesting faces, and she caught herself wondering why oriental faces seem to have more to say to one than Saxon or Latin.

The presentation was formal. The Chief expressed his happiness that work of his had resulted in saving a life of value to Japan, the shrine with doors still closed was placed on a high teak-wood pedestal, quickly prepared by the Ruler, and the servants came in with trays of delicate refreshments.

At this juncture the Ruler was naturally more in evidence, and a little later she found herself before the shrine, and asking the young Japanese questions in regard to it.

"I am longing to see what is inside." she said. "May I open it, or must my father?"

"Permit my honorably insignificant hand to open it for you," he said.

"If you will be so good." The Ruler was not at all clear as to the proper formula.

"It is you who will be augustly good," he said, and slowly, reverently, he opened the doors.

"Oh!" She hardly breathed it.

He watched her face, seeing the wonder and admiration in it. "I rejoice that I bring him to you," he said, "you will not leave him augustly alone."

"It is *wonderful!*" she cried. "Tell me about it."

Command was new to the Prince, but he accommodated himself to foreign customs. "Shall I tell you from the beginning?" he asked.

"Oh, please," she answered, with her eyes on the strange, benignant ivory face.

"Before any other lands," he began, "was the land of Yomi,* and here dwelt Izanagi and Izanami. These were father and mother of all things. One daughter ascended the sky by day and became the sun. Another ruled the night sky and became the moon. The grandson of the great sun goddess was Mikoto, first ruler of Nippon, and he brought from the Land of Yomi this Buddha. Until now it has never left the hands of his descendants."

"And you leave it in a strange land?"

"For a thank-offering one gives the best."

"You pray to this?" she questioned softly.

He looked at her smiling. "It has been in my thought that the daughter of the Chief would augustly know," he said. "I have seen in your churches many pictures of the great Christ. There is one Christ and many pictures. There are many statues of the Divine One, but when we say 'Namu Amida Butsu'—" he rubbed his palms softly together as he said it—"it is to the August One himself that we call."

" 'Namu Amida Butsu,' " she repeated, "the words are musical, tell me what they mean."

"In your English it would be 'Save us, Eternal Buddha,' " he answered.

"Namu Amida Butsu," she repeated

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* Land of Yomi—Land of the dead.

reverently. "I shall remember it." Across the room her father was talking matters of state with his distinguished guests. It was another world, this. What was this—this swaying, nebulous atmosphere, instinct with strange potentialities?

A strange look leapt into the eyes of the Prince. "It is in my unworthy mind," he said, "that many births ago you stood with me, before the shrine of the August One, and repeated that prayer."

She leaned slightly toward him, then a curious thing happened. The modern American room slowly receded, and in its stead rose the walls of a lofty temple, on which red-gold dragons coiled and flew, and strange exotic plants writhed in storm-winds or swayed in sunshine. A giant lotus of clear, pale green grew from a bed of golden leaves; above them towered the Buddha, majestic, beneficent, and before it she stood—and this other—with lifted palms and reverent faces, and repeated "Namu Amida Butsu."

His eyes looked directly into hers now, and hers, fascinated, compelled, answered with strange dreamy intentness.

"Also, I am insignificantly sure," he went on, "that you shall again honorably fill your own place, and that I shall again find you among the Children of the Sun."

He bowed profoundly and left her, joining the group of elder men. They had drifted from statesmanship to scholarship.

"All Nature is sentient," Toku was saying, "and makes for pain or pleasure, good or evil."*

The Ruler heard as one waking from a dream. The temple faded, things resumed their normal aspect. She closed the doors of the little shrine, and as she did so the distinguished guests rose for the protracted ceremony of leave-taking.

His face alight with interest, the Chief turned toward his new possession. "Jove," he said, "he's a sterling old man, that priest!" and he opened the doors. Then he whistled softly. "It *is* a royal gift! See here, Chick, would you mind having this in your rooms? It would be positively unsafe if a collector saw it!"

She laughed an odd little laugh. "If you're not afraid, I'm not."

He turned and looked at her curiously. "What is it?" he asked, "anything gone wrong?"

"No," she laughed slightly again, "only I'm not sure whether I was born two thousand years ago or yesterday—or shall not be born for a thousand years to come."

* * *

The next mail brought four letters to Tokio. The first opened was from Toku. After a report of the various chances and mischances of the journey thus far, came a sentence of singular import:

> "The great gong of Ise grows faint with distance," he wrote. "See that it is struck with power, that the Prince may hear."

The second, from Iasu, repeated his vow of allegiance to the Mikado, and below it wrote:

> "I would that the Prince were also bound by the vows of the Samurai."

Omera wrote briefly:

> "The Mikado has but to command, it is the duty of the Sword-Arm to smite."

The Mikado frowned thoughtfully, and opened the letter from the Prince, who acknowledged the command concerning the precious Buddha of Mikoto and reported its fulfillment. This was followed by filial messages of love and thanks to the Empress, whom he prayed to intercede with his august father and sovereign for the bestowal of a gift to which the ancestral Buddha had led him.

The letter closed with the astounding petition that the Mikado demand for him in marriage the daughter of the Great Chief who ruled the entire sea coast of that great nation.

Consternation is too mild a term. It was earthquake — tornado—cataclysm — overwhelming and subverting all established usage. (One might note that the Mikado's own progressive spirit, which had led up to this most untoward development in his son, did not count in this supreme issue.)

A special Council was called in haste. That the Prince must be recalled at once was a foregone conclusion, but the astute mind of the Ruler looked beyond. The Prince had shown himself unmindful of propriety. He had chosen for himself and outraged the law. To draw him back to the safe paths, it was well to furnish an incentive to well-doing; and carefully and critically the Council reviewed the high-born Daughters of the Sun, selected the most beautiful (who chanced to be also the most obedient) and the message was cabled.

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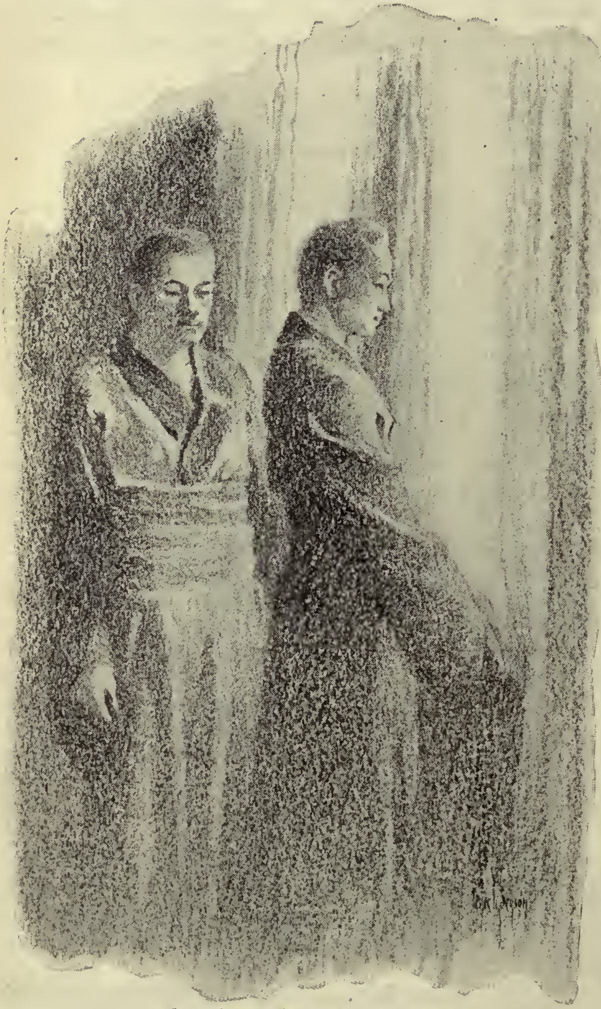
*Lafcadio Hearn in "Japan, an interpretation."

Meantime there had been many interviews between the Prince and the Ruler. In the White House, at Cabinet receptions, at the theater, they met constantly, and it had become matter for comment that wherever the beautiful daughter of the Chief was to be seen, there also was the young Japanese, with his three friends making a picturesque group in the background. This evening he had been invited by the Chief to an informal affair, which resolved itself presently into a whist party, leaving the few outsiders to their own devices. There was a curious air of repressed excitement about him, though he talked quietly enough and watched, with a sort of detached interest the card players. As he said good-night to the Ruler, in place of his usual profound bow, he extended his hand. She gave hers with a little amused smile.

"You are becoming an Occidental," she laughed. Then she stopped abruptly. His slender fingers had closed firmly over hers and a sudden bewilderment came upon her.



The voice of the priest was grave

"I look for a letter from Nippon" (there was a curious quality in his well-modulated tone which seemed to her like the close clasping of his hand). "The Minister, when it arrives, will present it to your honorable father," he said. He released her hand, bowed low and left her.

Why, she could not have told, but the blood receded, leaving her white to the lips, then poured back in a stinging flush. The Chief, turning from a last word with the old priest of Ise, in whose talk he delighted, noted the flush.

"Tired?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered slowly.

He looked at her questioning, "Anything gone wrong tonight?"

"No." She still spoke slowly, which was not her wont. "Perhaps it is the ivory Buddha. I believe it is uncanny, Dad. Don't you think the Corcoran would be glad to have it?" Then she laughed, "Would you mind if I developed into a Buddhist? I seem to be tending that way."

His look had grown keen. "Is this young Japanese annoying you?" he asked. "I hear he is often where you are."

She shook her head. "He is

too well-bred to annoy anyone, but I'm not sure whether he's not the Ivory Buddha himself." She laughed again, this time gaily, and ran upstairs—to stand long before the shrine. "Namu Amida Butsu," she said under her breath. "I wonder if I really was—or am—or will be?"

At the Legation, a servant brought to Toku, who was recognized officially as the chief of the travelers, a cablegram. The eyes of the Prince gleamed and he caught it from the tray.

"It is mine!" he cried eagerly. "A thousand pardons, but I know it is mine!"

The priest bowed gravely and preceded him into the room where the Prince tore open the yellow envelope and read:

"The young man of the Court of Nippon is recalled without delay. Toku, Iasu, and Omera, guardians of the throne, will see that he is prepared to marry the Princess Saru, daughter of Prince Koshi, on the day of his arrival.

"By order of the Emperor."

The light faded from the clear olive face, leaving it a pale mask. Without a word he gave the message to the priest and crossed to the window, where he stood looking out into the night.

"May I offer felicitations, Augustness?" The voice of the priest was grave.

"Why?" The Prince did not turn, and his tone was abrupt and harsh.

"She is very beautiful. I have seen her in the Temple."

"I have no desire to see her!" as he turned to confront his mentor. "I had," and he paused slightly, "other plans."

"We had planned to study the French, your Highness will remember," Toku said quietly, "that but for some unforeseen obstacle, we should have sailed two weeks ago." The Prince frowned. "But in my unworthy judgment your Highness' studies have gone far enough—for diplomatic use." He turned toward the door. "I will advise the Minister of our immediate departure."

The face of the Prince was tense. "Stop! —I have to think—to arrange—I may not go at once."

Toku scrutinized the cablegram. " 'By order of the Emperor,' " he read, "It is evidently a matter of state importance, this immediate marriage."

"Whether I will or no! Supposing I refuse—to consider it?"

"The sons of Nippon do not know the word 'disobedience.' "

"There is—an obstacle." The Prince was obstinate.

"Obstacles to the good of Nippon exist only for removal." The Prince started violently, but Toku was calmness itself. "Omera is here."

"He would not dare!" the Prince cried hotly. "The courts here—"

"Your Highness forgets that the sword of Omera serves also for himself when needed." There ensued a pause. The younger man turned again to the window and the elder waited. After a time he said, "Do I cable, Augustness, that we take the early train?"

The Prince wheeled violently, his eyes ablaze with passion, and met the serene gaze of the priest. It held—dominated him in spite of himself. The light died out of his eyes, the tension relaxed.

He extended his hands in supplication. The priest raised his in blessing.

"Do not forget, my son," he said solemnly, "that your life belongs to Nippon."

On the following day a messenger brought to the house of the Chief another letter sealed with the royal chrysanthemum. He read it aloud to the Ruler, who, on a low seat beside him, looked dreamily into the fire.

To his Excellency, the Chief:

In returning my unworthy thanks for your so abundant hospitality, there is a matter which I beg your Excellency to convey to the beautiful flower of your honorable house.

I had besought my august father to demand her of your Excellency in marriage, for his unworthy son, and but for one small circumstance, I might have prevailed. This circumstance, I grieve to relate, is that she is not Nipponese.

With most exceeding regret that this disadvantage is honorably insurmountable,

I am, your Excellency,

MIKOTO.

A small script slipped from the inner fold of the letter, and the Ruler caught it as it fell. As she did so, the bit of rice-paper curled about her fingers as if sentient.

Traced in delicately fine characters she read:

To the Daughter of the Sun:

From the births of ages past—Memory.
For the births of ages to come—Hope.

NAMU AMIDA BUTSU.

Two and a Pocket Handkerchief

(*A Serial*)

by Josephine Page Wright

Synopsis: Wayne Harding, a wealthy young New Yorker, who loses his fortune and the hand of the society woman who was to be his wife, seeks refuge on a California ranch, the legacy of his mother. He finds there the caretaker and his pretty, self-possessed daughter Marian. Shortly after Wayne's arrival the caretaker dies, and rather than see Marian homeless, Wayne makes a quixotic offer of marriage. In return for his name and her home, Marian is determined to keep the ranch on a paying basis.

CHAPTER III

WHEN Wayne entered the dining-room in response to Marian's summons, he found it empty. He stepped to the door of the kitchen and saw his young wife on her knees before the kitchen range, pulling from the oven fat loaves of bread and pans of light biscuit. On a hanging shelf was a row of pies and cakes, baked earlier that morning.

"At what unearthly hour of night," he demanded, "were you awake to do all this?"

"Good-morning," she greeted him, ignoring the question. "Every morning is good out here."

She carried his breakfast to the table and took her place opposite. As she did so, her eyes filled with tears, and Wayne knew that the return to the old routine without her father would be hard for her.

To divert her, he began to recount his difficulties in getting into his working clothes, the first of the kind he had ever worn. She smiled in spite of the shadowing grief.

"I must confess that I feel more at home in a frock or in a dress coat," he concluded.

"I am sorry to hear you say so," she deplored. "It takes a bigger man to wear a rancher's khaki."

"Perhaps I shall grow," he hoped.

"I am sure of it," she conceded. "We are a little late this morning. You must help me with the dishes."

He opened his mouth to protest and she hurriedly interposed.

"I know it's a woman's work, and I shall not often ask it of you. But I must do a man's work sometimes until things adjust themselves. We shall come in hungry at noon," she said as they finished the dishes, "and I have a hot dinner all ready for us. There are fresh bread and cake and a Spanish stew in my hay box."

"Your hay box?" he laughed. "Another custom borrowed from European peasantry. I feel as though I should wear wooden shoes and yodel."

"Ranch life is not opera bouffe," she rebuked.

"I realize that," he acknowledged soberly. "And yet you would laugh if you knew what dread is uppermost in my mind when I contemplate a life of manual labor. It is so puerile that I hate to confess it. I am afraid my hands may become rough and misshapen."

"Why, that is not a boyish thought. What does a boy care for his hands? But it is a foolish one. Look at my hands."

She stretched them out as she spoke and he took them into his own. They were brown and capable looking, well developed, certainly. Nevertheless, the skin was firm and smooth, and the nails perfect and well cared for.

"They have done farm work and housework. To keep them this way meant time and attention when I was tired enough to relax. But—".

She withdrew her hands suddenly from his clasp, and turning a flushed face from him, urged him out of doors to begin the work of the day.

The feeding and care of the poultry did not attract Wayne. He was inclined to be skeptical when she announced the profit which was averaged from each laying hen. A halo of pathos and poesy may linger about the head of the man with the hoe, but a man who is content to spend his life feeding and cleaning the coops of a lot of noisy chickens is hopelessly prosaic.

As they were passing from the poultry yards to the garden they saw a young chicken on the outside of one of the pens, trying in vain to find a way in.

"One of my pullets out," she explained. "Help me catch it."

Then began one of those contests so old and so often repeated that they have become classic. Marian tiptoed to the gate and opened it. Wayne drove the chicken quietly through the opening. The bird went to within a foot of the gate, slipped around it and began to dive into the laths of the fence on the other side. Harding closed the gate and they decided to catch it in their hands. The hen stopped butting her head against the fence long enough to notice the approach of the enemy. She turned toward Marian, but a broad stretch of skirt barred the way. Another turn revealed a way of escape, and she slipped quickly between Wayne's legs.

"Father never swore out loud, either," said Marian gratefully.

"How did you know," demanded Wayne, "that I was swearing?"

"How could you help it? Let me try to get her alone. She knows me."

The pullet let Marian come very close to it and then, spreading its wings, it flew directly into the face of the interested bystander.

Wayne wiped a trickle of blood from his face, and when Marian rejoined him, after capturing her pet, he was unconcealedly cross. He contrasted this primitive, prosaic life with that which he had lived in the Eastern metropolis. This Western country was big and real, he knew, but to him at the moment everything seemed petty and unreal. He longed for his old office rooms; he wanted his club life. A furtive glance at the strong, girlish figure at his side made him fear that this young wife of his could never bring to realization the day dreams inspired by the brilliant woman whom he had first chosen for his own.

The vision of the latter as he had last seen her rose to mock him. She had stood in the bright light of her father's drawing-room, calm and beautiful as a fairy queen, and almost as gorgeously arrayed.

"Believe me or not, Wayne," she had said finally, "I cannot picture any sort of life with you as a poor man that would be satisfactory to us both. We should miss the service of our maid and valet. Things that seem not only commonplace now, but which have grown to be necessities, would be quite beyond our reach. Every time you saw me in a dowdy gown, every time you saw women resplendent in the wealth of men who are now my suitors, you would reproach yourself. I would promise to wait for you, but you know and I know that you cannot, that no man could, earn in a lifetime the money you have just lost. It was the savings of four generations. Go West and begin another dynasty."

Partly because he was angered, partly because she had always dominated him, he had come West.

Marian, quick to read his thoughts, led him back very gently, as they walked along, from the past into the present. When she left him his hand was upon the plough and he did not look back.

Chapter IV

As the weeks passed Wayne's restlessness and dissatisfaction began to disappear. He recognized the fact and tried to analyze the condition of his mind and spirit. Was it, indeed, content or merely a martyr-like resignation to his fate? He slept well, he ate well, he grew less stout, but very much stronger than he had ever been. Hard work, instead of aging him, as he had feared, was making a young man of him again.

One day Marian returned from the little post-office in the settlement below and handed him a letter, a letter which seemed to change him in a twinkling. It was as though the river of his content had been dammed and the waters sent back, back until they overflowed the banks, uprooting the tiny, tender plants which had begun to sprout there.

The letter was from the father of the woman who had dismissed him, but between the lines he read a message direct from her. The father urged him to return to New York, offering him a good position and hinting at the probability of future partnership. The lure of the old life returned. From his vision the little ranch and all it meant and held, vanished. Wayne was back in the city. He was clad in the soft, exquisite garments he liked to wear; he was greeting his old friends. Great things were demanding of him great service, and his nervous energies were aroused. Before the door of the palace home he was waiting again, this time confident that the queen within would extend to him the scepter of her approval.

As one is startled from a dream, Wayne was torn from the contemplation of his air castles by a cry of distress from a woman. For a moment he was dazed by surroundings which, familiar as they should have been, seemed strangely unreal. Then he remembered and knew with genuine alarm that Marian, his wife, was in danger.

As he sprang from the back door of the little bungalow he saw Marian confronted by the most evil-looking creature he had ever seen. The fellow was evidently a Mexican of the lowest type, although about the swarthy face there was a remarkable pallor. There was nothing menacing in the stranger's attitude, but he was speaking rapidly in Spanish, and his words, meaningless to Wayne, evidently terrified the girl, for she stood with hands clutched to her breast and eyes wide opened with fear.

Harding did not wait, however, to learn the nature of the danger which threatened Marian, but ran forward to seize and castigate the author of her annoyance. As he approached, he saw the man draw a pistol from a coat pocket, aim the weapon at the girl's heart and fire. The assailant turned like a flash, dashed the gun into Wayne's face and disappeared into the cypress hedge.

Marian, wounded in the shoulder, stood swaying, clutching feebly at support among the branches of an olive tree. Her husband, stunned more perhaps at the melodrama of the episode than by the blow upon his head, stood helpless at her side.

Danny Moore, a neighbor, whom the shot had called from work in his garden, was the first to reach her. Recognizing an old friend, she murmured a name and then quietly gave up the fight for consciousness. The rough rancher bent over her with a muttered oath.

"Miguel. Miguel said he would get her and he has," he concluded, cutting away the blood-soaked garments from her neck and arm.

Harding knelt at the other side of her, watching the clumsy skill of the man opposite.

"I'm uster to this, I guess, than you are," Danny apologized, "not that there's much of this kind of thing out here. I come from Arizona."

Wayne at first suggested the necessity of a physician.

"I'm going for one just as soon as I can. But I ain't going to run the chance of finding her bled to death before I get back from the city with one."

Whereupon Wayne fetched and carried and watched the dressing of the wound with docility, waiting with patience the revelation of the cause of the shooting, which he felt sure his kindly neighbor could and would make in due season. Nevertheless, Marian was very comfortable upon her own little bed, her shoulder cleansed and bound about with soft white linen before the communication came.

Moore called Harding from the room and briefly gave his orders for the care of the young invalid until his return with a doctor.

"I'm going for a doctor," he explained. "And for the sheriff. This Miguel is a dangerous man. Two or three years ago

Marian found him in the canyon at dusk doing injury to a mite of a Portuguese girl. The man was unarmed, and she was able to fight him off and rescue the child. The child's father organized a posse, but Marian would not join them to identify the criminal, knowing that a lynching would be the result. A few days later, however, she located him, sent for a deputy and had him smuggled into the city. She saved his life, I suppose, but the ungrateful brute swore at the trial that he would get even with her."

When Wayne returned to the bedside, his wife turned to him with a look of eager inquiry. "This trouble of mine," she said faintly, "must not interfere with any of your plans. I shall be up and about soon. Danny says it isn't very bad."

"What would Danny say," he asked lightly, "if he knew I were letting you worry about my plans, as you call them?"

"But the letter—the letter from New York, what of that? Your friends want you to come back."

He raised one of the small hands from the coverlet and held it tightly in his own. "Marian," he evaded, "you seem to know a great many things by intuition."

"I think I do," she acknowledged. "But this thing is natural. It is quite natural that you should return."

"I do not expect to return to New York," decidedly.

The grasp of her hand in his tightened. "Tell me," she said, "if it hadn't been for this, would you have gone?"

Wayne hesitated. "I do not know, Marian," he answered honestly. "Perhaps I should."

She gave a little sigh of relief, and, gently withdrawing her hand, turned her head upon the pillow and closed her eyes.

"Thank you for being honest with me. I must rest now until Danny gets back."

Her husband went to the living-room and picked up the letter from the table. This time, however, the spell was missing. The square bit of white parchment was no longer a charm with which to conjure. He tried squarely to face the problem of his future, putting behind the element of sacrifice. Marian was not a woman to accept a loveless sacrifice, the other woman could not profit by one. To protect his own material interests seemed the wisest and safest course.

From time to time he returned to Marian's room and found her breathing quietly, apparently asleep.

Hours before Danny returned he began to worry about the consequences of the delay. He recognized his own helplessness in emergency. This woman whom he had married was one of the brave, big women of the world, one of the women who are always doing vital and definite things for others and for themselves. But was she one of the tender creatures whom men learn to love with a sudden and absorbing passion? The question was repeating itself to Wayne when Danny rode up with the doctor from the city.

The latter was a young man, tall, handsome, and typically Western. Something in the suggestive strength of mind and body stabbed Wayne with sudden covetousness. This hour was changing the standards of life for the Eastern man. Dr. Ord entered quietly, but he seemed to fill the house. He was the master here, and to him Harding looked as to a superior officer. There was a brief exchange of courtesies, and the three men walked to Marian's room.

On the threshold they paused, the doctor, the husband, the neighbor. Marian's eyes opened slowly. Her first glance was for the doctor, and it was full of delight. "You?" she said. "Danny was good to think of you."

Ord did not answer. He went about his professional duties with quiet gravity. Danny acted as trained nurse and, wise in experience, anticipated the demands of the young physician. Harding, with folded arms, stood at the bedside of his wife, but his eyes seldom left the face of the doctor.

"Much will depend upon the care you give her," said Ord as he left the house. "See that you do it well," he added, and in his eye there was a threat.

Wayne bowed his acceptance of the charge. Danny was in the kitchen sterilizing bandages. On the library table the letter from New York was waiting to renew its dominion. But when Harding returned he took the letter, tore it into fragments, and tossed it into the stone fire-box.

Then he went back to Marian.

(*To be continued*)

The Adventure *of* Arthur Argyle

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE tropical sun was beating down on Punta Arenos, Honduras, and the intensity of the tropical sun at noon defies endurance of man and beast. Under the galvanized iron roofs of the warehouses, the workmen were asleep, and in the long verandas and patios of the houses nearby the officials and magnates of the port were enjoying the customary siesta, likewise "their sisters and cousins and aunts." The burros were blinking in the shade, and there was only a suggestion of a rustle among the banana leaves in the neighboring plantation. It was an early tropical afternoon.

The steamer had just arrived, and from the boat sprang an active gentleman of perhaps fifty years of age. He had keen black eyes, heavy eyebrows, a large nose and altogether a most suave and fascinating manner. His registered name was Argyle, and to make it alliterative we will call him Arthur Argyle. It makes little difference, as the name was an alias—to continue the alliteration.

As he stepped ashore he pointed with his cane to his luggage and in a lordly way commanded that it be brought to the carriage. His bearing impressed the natives with the belief that here indeed was a real American millionaire in the flesh, with bank bills sticking out of his pockets.

He was frank and genial, and announced that he had come to secure a concession for a great Consolidated Banana Plantation Company, recently organized in New York City. He had reams of certificates on hand and a generous supply of gold, as well as crinkling, crisp American bank notes.

Certain Americans who passed him as they left in the boat on which he came, opined that he must certainly be from Pittsburgh. Arthur Argyle's eyes twinkled when he saw the boat leave with his American cousins. He preferred to be alone. He hastened to visit the seat of government, where Tegucigalpa, the largest and richest city of the state, lies embosomed in the foliage and flowers of eternal summer, in a beautiful valley amid the mountains, three thousand feet above sea level, in the very heart of a mountainous mining district, rich in gold, silver, opals, amethysts and coal.

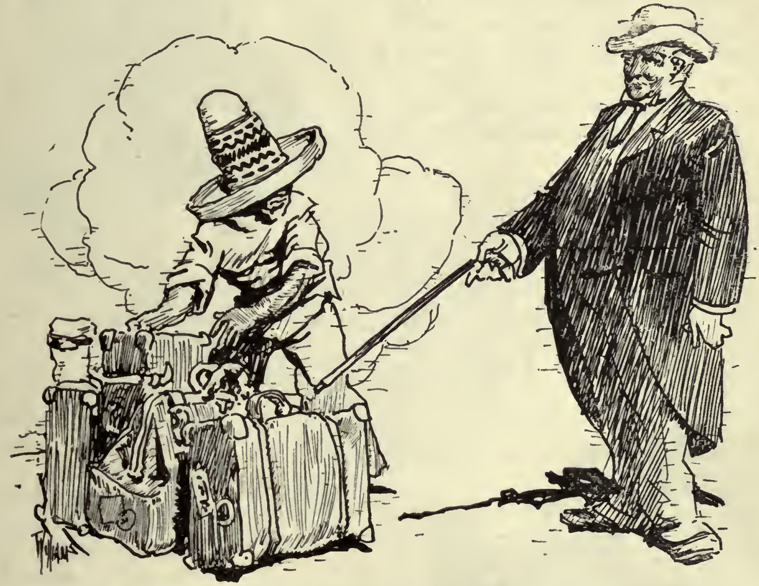
Argyle made the acquaintance of the President, to whom he presented flattering and embossed business-like letters of introduction. He dined and wined everybody, and the whisper of "banana king" went from one to another. His suite of rooms at the chief hotel was fitted up without regard for expense. During the morning he frequently employed the band to play for his own enjoyment. There were champagne suppers every evening, and every bland, courteous, suave veteran of municipal and state intrigues congratulated himself upon knowing this rare specimen of American millionaire, who ought to be plucked with profit.

Enterprising mothers looked upon him with longing eyes as they brought forward their beautiful olive-cheeked Honduran belles, who made witching smiles at the great American from behind their fans, and shot coy, alluring glances at him as the band played in the Plaza, and he sat on the balcony and smoked cigarettes in an easy, elegant attitude, or rode like a centaur along the public drives.

Came the time when Argyle was about to close with the administration. He secured the concession on liberal terms, and all the native leaders agreed that the great banana corporation of Argyle's would mean millions to the Hondurans and to all concerned. Argyle had almost exhausted his original supply of $25,000 in gold. The whole community had participated in his prosperity, some more than others, but all were eager for more. The President and several wealthy mine owners had been fairly taken off their feet by the liberality, the charming manners and the fluent Spanish conversation, not to speak of the gallantry of the wealthy newcomer.

One evening, while entertaining an unusually select and appreciative company, Argyle received a cablegram, that for a moment made him forget his genial manner. It was a code message from his associates in New York. His company had been charged with fraud, raided by the Post Office authorities, and their books and papers had been impounded. There was no hope of carrying out the great banana consolidation. He might deem himself lucky if he escaped the officers sent to arrest him, and with the small amount of money remaining, find a refuge until the rigor of the search was over.

One circumstance only gave him a chance to escape and perhaps to recoup his losses. The next steamer due in port was held over for repairs, no mail and no passengers could arrive for at least ten days, as the regular boat was disabled. Argyle had about $2,000 left of the $25,000 which he had brought with him from New York—an insignificant sum in lieu of the millions he had stood to win. Something must be done to get back the money he had lavished on the Hondurans.



As he stepped ashore he pointed with his cane to his luggage

* * *

Arthur Argyle always thought quickly, and he decided to give a splendid banquet in the largest hall in the city. He believed that two thousand dollars would do this. The Spanish ladies in their gorgeous costumes and rich jewels came in numbers to this great entertainment, which was to be the most elaborate in the history of the Hondurans.

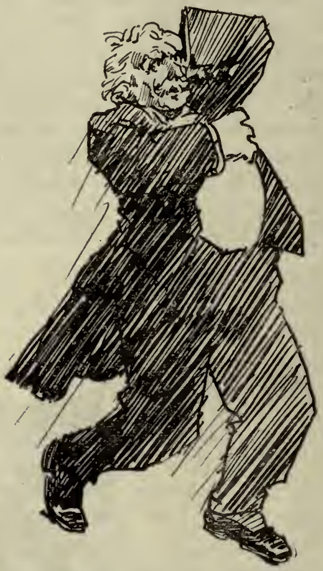
Just at the height of the festivities, when the string band was rendering the plaintive strains of "La Paloma," and the host, in perfect evening costume, resplendent with diamonds of immense value, was receiving each guest with a gracious and hearty welcome, he suddenly grew pale, clutched at his heart and fell to the floor

The ladies shrieked. The band stopped playing. Pandemonium prevailed. A priest was summoned, and a notary and the German vice consul hurried to the hall. It was rumored that the stricken man could not long survive, and he desired to make his last will and testament.

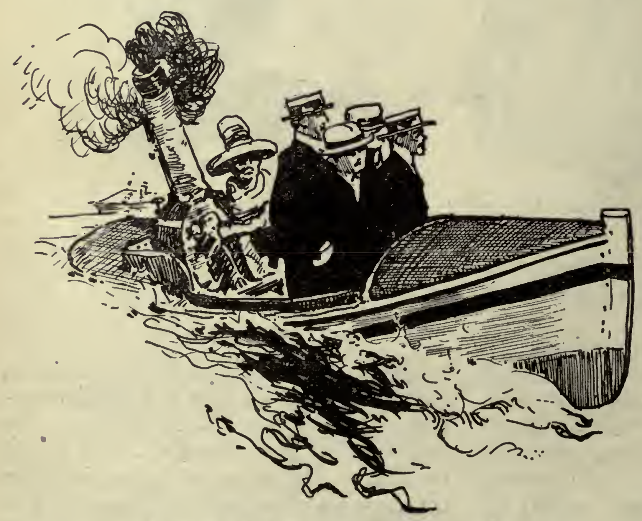
As the throngs left the banquet hall—the men talking in strained whispers, the ladies weeping—there remained beside the prostrate form of Arthur Argyle a "chosen few" friends, including the President, his staff and council, and their friends, the richest concessionnaires of Tegucigalpa.

At length the suffering American opened his eyes, and turning to the notary, began feebly to give his directions. He gasped in English, which was sympathetically translated. He was making his will.

"I had decided to expatriate myself from my native and beloved land," he murmured in a weak voice, "I fear my life in beautiful Honduras must be short at best, but now I am going to give my fortune to my beloved friends here in my chosen, beautiful southern home." To the Governor-General he bequeathed 30,000 shares of Standard Oil stock, representing $3,000,000. To another he gave 700,000 shares of Western Union and to still another 50,000 shares of United States Steel stock, then he fell back, fainting.



He suddenly grew pale, clutched at his heart, and fell to the floor



On the launch were a group of plain clothes men

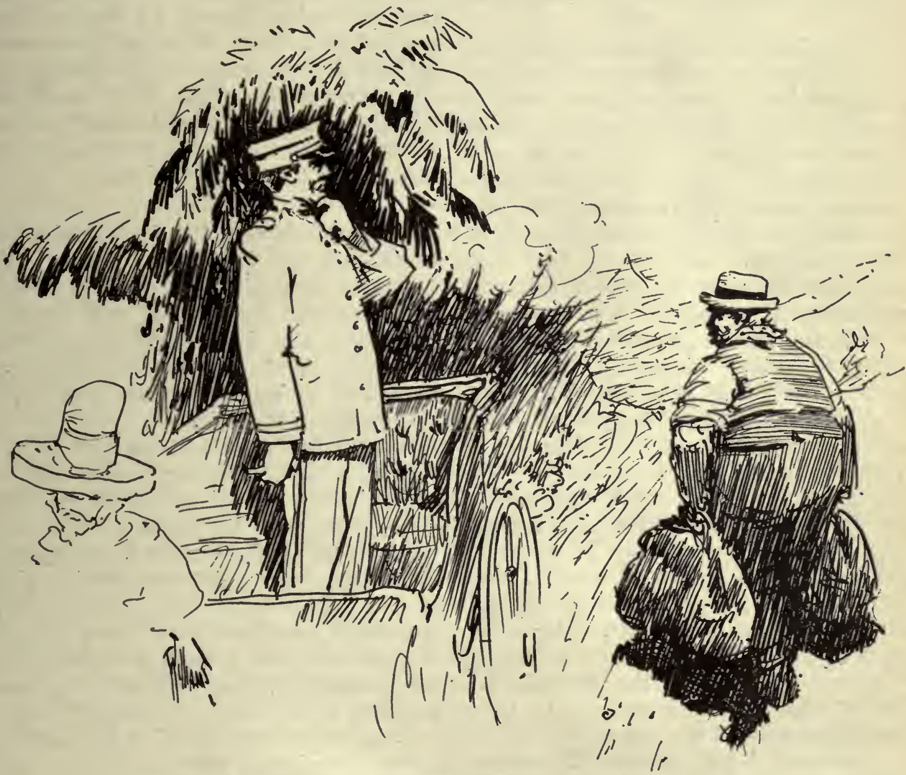
Thus did Arthur Argyle divide a fortune aggregating ten or twelve millions, to the amazement of the sympathetic spectators and beneficiaries, who later departed in groups, talking excitedly about this untimely end of the generous young American millionaire. Filled with alluring visions of the wealth that was to come to their island, the interest in the handsome and ill-fated Argyle continued the one topic of uppermost interest. Even affairs of state were laid aside.

On the third day the doomed American slowly rallied to consciousness, and his doctor advised him to go up into the mountainous hinterland, there to breathe his last in peace. Before departing, the sick man sent for the President, and in a weak voice asked when the next boat would be due. Regretfully the President explained that there was still a week to wait. "But, my dear friend," said the President, "you do not take the boat to get to the mountains." He feared for the mind of Argyle. "I know," acknowledged the sick man, "but the boat carries with it my remittance of $25,000. Is there no way we can communicate with the delayed boat?" The President shook his head. "No way," he said, "to get the boat, but many ways to get the amount of your remittance." Argyle raised a protesting hand. "Tut, tut," cried the President, "what is a little matter like that between friends? I shall get you the $25,000 at once."

"But the humiliation!" groaned the distressed Argyle.

"No one shall ever know," promised the executive gallantly, and hurried away lest Argyle should continue to refuse his assistance.

In like manner Arthur Argyle sent for the executive staff and council, and for the rich Hondurans who were to benefit by his will. In like manner they opened their purses to him, and in like manner they bound themselves to secrecy. And a Honduran never breaks his word.



"I got mine"

Thus did Arthur Argyle gather in about two hundred thousand dollars in gold, English and American money.

All Tegucigalpa turned out to sympathize on that memorable day when the feeble form of Arthur Argyle was tenderly carried, by sure-footed mules, into the mountains. All Tegucigalpa was saddened by the tragic knowledge that the gallant American was looking for the last time upon the glory of his adopted city. A faithful German friend remained with him. Reports were sent daily to the city that the great American was nearing his end. The people grieved over his condition, but as the days passed more interest was shown as the whole facts of his last will and testament were revealed. Plans were made for the uses to which it could be put, and the people congratulated themselves upon the transfer of this great American fortune to Honduras. Peace, plenty and prosperity would come to the struggling republic.

* * *

The belated mail steamer arrived on a hot afternoon, much as on the day Argyle arrived. On the launch were a group of plain clothes men who talked among themselves of "the adventurer." They went to the hotel as simple Americans, and were evidently poor Americans, for they did not lavish money as did Arthur Argyle. Before evening they had heard the whole story of their noble countryman. Upon being told of his sad condition, they expressed their sympathy in broken Spanish, but to one another they said in plain English, "There is no time to lose." They asked to be taken directly to the mountains that they might see the invalid and offer condolence. The trip up the mountains was long and tedious. On their arrival they found the doctor alone in the tent, and only able to announce that the interesting invalid had disappeared—no one knew when, how or whither. "He must have become delirious," said the doctor. "He will never have the strength to wander far." And he set out to look around the tent for the corpse.

One hundred miles across the mountains the "invalid" had been hurrying to Fonseca Bay. An American warship was in the harbor, and her flag looked welcome and inviting to the fugitive who, for "a dying man" who has left his will behind, made decidedly good time as he hurried along with his heavy saddle bags.

He was met on the way by a United States naval officer going to the capital. "You seem to be in a hurry," he remarked at seeing a countryman. Argyle exchanged civilities and hurried on. One expression uttered as they parted puzzled the officer. It seemed incoherent, and yet he was sure that he had heard the three words which later convulsed all Tegucigalpa. "*I got mine*"—those were the words, a significant parting message to his Honduran victims.

* * *

No longer is the American millionaire worshipped in Honduras. Today the American expression best known to the people is the message of their former entertainer and idol, flung back at the American officer, as Arthur Argyle, the banana king, kept on to the West with the words, "*I got mine.*"

Nothing has since been heard of Arthur Argyle. Now, this may seem like a romance, like one of the stories of "Soldiers Three" or "The Gringo Men," but it is related as the true story of Arthur Argyle, alias—no one knows what, which or who. But Arthur Argyle left in the records of the State Department an expression that is somewhat unusual in international diplomatic speech, an expression, nevertheless, that should never be breathed in Honduras. "*I got mine*"—it recalls poignant memories of the adventure of Arthur Argyle.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON

AN echo and a wraith, his voice and art.
Though frail the actor's sway, on memory
Depending for its hold upon the heart,
He left us, slaves unbound, loth to be free.

—*Henry Dumont.*

LEST WE FORGET

By

Marie G. Young

A Survivor of the Titanic

SIX months have elapsed since the Titanic—the most splendid of all passenger ships—sank in the North Atlantic Ocean, in sight of fifteen boat loads of survivors, numbering less than a third of the passengers and crew who had embarked at her three ports of call.

Perhaps no two survivors would answer alike the question, "What is your most poignant memory of the fatal voyage, and of its fifth and final night?"

A panorama of incidents passes before the mind—trivial events ordinarily, but rendered tragic because of the death of many who sailed on the Titanic, but who never heard the eager roll-call of the Carpathia. What became of the merry group of boys who were beside me, in the telegraph office at the dock at Cherbourg, hurrying off last messages to friends on shore?

Who can forget the cruel change in the faces of those who had waved gay farewells as the tender left the French harbor, and ere they again sighted land, had yielded up all that made life beautiful to them?

Figures, faces and even varying facial expressions are remembered of those who, though strangers, were fellow-passengers, beloved of many ashore to whom even our fading impressions and slight knowledge would be a consolation, should the paths of our lives ever cross.

In my thoughts I often lie again in my steamer chair, and watch the passing throng on the Titanic's promenade deck. After the usual excitement of buying lace from the Irish girls who came aboard at Queenstown, was over, the routine of life on deck was established.

Two famous men passed many times every day in a vigorous constitutional, one talking always—as rapidly as he walked—the other a good and smiling listener.

Babies and nurses, dear old couples, solitary men, passed sunlit hours of those spring days on deck, while the Titanic swept on to the scene of the disaster; approaching what might not have been so much a sinister fate awaiting her, as it was an opportunity for her commander and the President of the White Star Line, to prove true seamanship and their great discretion in the presence of reported and recognized peril.

It so happened that I took an unusual interest in some of the men below decks, for I had talked often with the carpenter and the printer, in having extra crates and labels made for the fancy French poultry we were bringing home, and I saw a little of the ship's life, in my daily visits to the gaily crowing roosters, and to the hens, who laid eggs busily, undismayed by the novelty and commotion of their surroundings.

I had seen the cooks before their great cauldrons of porcelain, and the bakers turning out the huge loaves of bread, a hamper of which was later brought on deck, to supply the life boats.

In accepting some gold coins, the ship's carpenter said, "It is such good luck to receive gold on a first voyage!" Yet he was the first of the Titanic's martyrs, who, in sounding the ship just after the iceberg was struck, sank and was lost in the inward rushing sea that engulfed him.

Who can imagine the earthly purgatory of anguish endured by Captain Smith, during the pitifully short time vouchsafed him to prepare for death—whose claim upon him, he, more than all others, must acknowledge?

Who exchanged a last word with any of the joyous bridal couples, to whom each day at sea had brought a deeper glow of happiness? Expectant, they stood at the threshold of earthly life, yet they passed together that night through the gates of Eternity, to a fairer day than that which dawned for those left to face an unknown fate.

What scenes were enacted to immortalize forever the engineers who kept the ship lighted, and afloat, giving a last chance of escape to passengers and even officers. How can we ever realize what it meant to find courage to reject the thought of beloved dependents on shore, and to face death in stoke-hold and engine room?

The "greater love" that lays down life that another may live burned in many a heart in the Titanic's list of dead, and those who survive owe them a debt, only to be acknowledged and wiped out by a flawless record of lives nobly lived, because so cruelly bought.

Vivid and endless are the impressions of that great night. They remain as closely folded in the brain as the shock of the discharge of guns, the cries of the drowning and the sobs of the broken-hearted.

Clearest of all is the remembrance of the eighteen self-controlled women in our boat (number 8), four of whom had parted, bitterly protesting, from their husbands.

In those hours spent face to face with the solemn thoughts of trials still to undergo, before possible rescue, it was inspiring to see that these Twentieth Century women were, in mentality and physique, worthy descendants of their ancestors, who had faced other dire peril in Colonial and Revolutionary periods.

Women rowed all night, others in the bow waved the lantern high in air as a signal to the ship, toward whose light our boat crept slowly till dawn, with only a young girl at the tiller to keep the boat headed straight in spite of the jerky, uneven rowing.

Treasured above all else was the electric light in the handle of a cane belonging to Mrs. J. Stuart White, who waved it regularly while counting strokes for the haphazard crew.

The assurance that its light would burn continuously for thirty hours helped comfort many minds, aghast at the possibility of another night to be endured before rescue. We had no knowledge of wireless response to the Titanic's frantic calls for help, nor of the glorious rush through the sea of ice which was bringing near the fearless little Carpathia.

If we, the survivors, spent a night of exhausting struggle, of emotion, and of prayer, what of the Captain, the crew, and the awakening passengers of the rescue ship?

Nevertheless, we turn to a brighter side of the picture, for hope must have filled all the hearts of those who turned back so promptly at the first distress signal.

* * *

The United States Senate investigation brought to the world's notice a document containing Captain Rostron's written orders to his officers and crew, a copy of which should be framed on every ship, as a model of perfect organization in time of stress. No detail of careful preparation was omitted.

All the reading world knows now, that, after answering the Titanic's wireless appeal, Captain Rostron put an additional officer on the Carpathia's bridge, doubled his lookouts in the crow's nest, and called out an extra fire room force.

But of his final and complete preparations, enough cannot be said. His three physicians—English, Italian and Hungarian—were detailed to look after the different classes of rescued passengers; his life boats were supplied with food, medicine and blankets, and they were ready to lower as soon as he should approach the wreck, which alas! he was indeed never to see.

He ordered his own crew to be fed and fortified for the coming hours of strain, and they promised their brave commander to show the world of what stuff the British seaman is made.

His own steerage passengers were placed in closer quarters, and their natural excitement quieted by a few judicious words. And these given instances of careful forethought are but a few, remembered at random, and only a suggestion of the great work accomplished by Captain Rostron in the cause of humanity.

When the Carpathia reached the scene of the disaster, finding fifteen boats, some only half filled, the survivors of the tragedy that had been enacted between the setting and the rising sun were lifted on board, with pity and tenderness almost divine in their gentleness.

The details of the shipwreck, its perils, horrors and racking uncertainties, have filled the magazines and newspapers. But of the wonderful, unique days that followed, little has been said.

Many of the survivors were dazed by the paralyzing events of the night—the shock of collision, and the terror of the realization that their only chance for life was in escaping in the life boats. The perilous descent into these boats, their ignorant handling, the immediate sinking of the Titanic, the heartrending cries of the dying, the night spent adrift on the bitterly cold sea, and finally the hazardous ascent in the boatswain's seat from life boat to the Carpathia's gangway, were all experiences to haunt and tax the most stoical.

For those who had lost members of their families, friends or servants, it was a bitter moment when, at ten o'clock on Monday morning, April 15, Captain Rostron steamed away from the scene of the wreck, leaving two tardy and cruelly negligent steamers to watch the scene of the greatest maritime tragedy.

The day was cold, but brilliant. All morning the Carpathia passed a field of ice, forty miles in length, and extending northward as far as eye could see.

After food and blankets had been distributed amongst the survivors, their names were carefully noted; then the weary task began, lasting for days, of sending them by wireless to an awe-stricken, listening, longing world. The Carpathia's own exhausted operator was relieved by the equally worn-out second operator (Harold Bride) from the Titanic, who had been lifted more dead than alive from the ocean.

Meanwhile, the Carpathia's sympathetic passengers were sharing rooms and clothing with those rescued; every possible berth was assigned, and all available space in the library and dining saloon used for sleeping quarters. Mattresses were laid on the dining tables, and at night, old and young "made up" beds on the library floors, a most informal proceeding consisting of spreading a folded steamer rug on the floor, with a second rug to sleep under, and, perhaps, if one had luck, a sofa cushion for pillow.

Such beds were smilingly and uncomplainingly occupied. One bright old lady, who slept thus beside her sister's bed on a bench, called it the "lower berth in the Carpathia Pullman!"

No such makeshift, however, for the President of the White Star Line—hidden in the English physician's comfortable room, he voyaged to New York, as heedlessly indifferent to the discomfort of his Company's passengers as he had been to the deadly peril that had menaced them. Richer, far, in experience, were those who mingled freely in that ship's company.

* * *

There were lessons to be learned in every hour of that voyage. Who could ever forget the splendid work of one young girl, whose father was a missionary? After giving garments of her own to many survivors, she collected more clothing to supply further needs—she cut out dresses for the many forlorn babies, and spent days ministering to the terrified emigrants in the steerage.

Cruel, indeed was the plight of these foreigners; many of them were young mothers, with wailing babies who refused food—widowed, penniless, ignorant of the language of an unknown country, they faced the New World. But, indeed, the wind was truly tempered to these shorn lambs, for North and South, East and West were gathering together a golden store for their needs on landing and for their future assistance.

The last three days of the voyage were taxing because rain kept the passengers crowded in the library, the wail of the fog-horn sounding continually, strained over-wrought nerves, as the Carpathia steered cautiously and slowly toward New York, with her doubly precious freight of human souls.

Many were the experiences and tales of adventures on sea and land exchanged in those penned-in, irksome hours; hot and bitter were the denunciations of the criminal neglect of those whose authority could and should have averted the disaster.

Inevitable were the collections and disagreements over loving cups and votes of thanks, to be presented to the embarrassed, bashful, but truly heroic Captain.

Fire Island! Ambroise Channel! Welcoming sirens of hundreds of tugs, newspaper boats, steamers and yachts! And the lights of New York!

Hardly were the many telegrams from our friends handed us, before we neared the Cunard docks; never was homecoming so sweet, as on that immortal night of nights, when again the world waited, hushed, for the coming epic of abysmal horror, of consuming, unending grief, and of sublime heroism.

Even now, one must doubt whether the terrible lesson to be learned from such an appalling tragedy has been given due consideration by those who govern the courses of the ocean liners. One reads of steamers again venturing over the northerly course, and reporting ice in sight. The captains of the best patronized lines state they would have followed Captain Smith's route, under similar conditions, apparently preferring insane speeding among icebergs, to taking a more southerly course.

Almost from the time of the world's creation, men have "gone down to the sea in ships." Human intelligence has labored long to conquer the elements, and today inventive genius seems to triumph over all that vexed the soul and brain of the sturdy adventurers who discovered our land. But man can never be Omnipotent. An unsinkable ship will never cross the sea. Granting that the Titanic was a triumph of construction and appointments, even she could not trespass upon a law of nature, and survive.

Helplessly that beautiful and gallant ship struggled to escape from the hand of God, but was only an atom in the Hold of inexorable justice.

Majestically she sailed; but bowed, broken and crouching, she sank slowly beneath the conquering ocean; a hidden memorial shaft to the unburied dead she carried with her, and to the incredible wickedness of man, until the coming of the day when "there shall be no more sea."

THE SEA

WHO understands the sea? Within its breast
  Seem hidden all the deep, mysterious things
  In human hearts: the tenderness that clings;
The latent bitterness of life oppressed;
The joy of youth with love and labor blest;
  The laughter and the tears,—all that Time brings
  Seems known unto the sea. The song it sings
Seems now to speak of torment, now of rest.
Sometimes it seems a creature full of mirth;
  Sometimes a fearful thing without a friend;
But whether viewed in passion or repose,
  The sea, from its beginning to its end,
Is but a babe whose cradle is the earth,
Rocked by the Hand that made it and that knows!

Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

The Desire *of* El Capitan

by

Mrs. E. R. Cogswell, Jr.

"ROMANTIC? Well, perhaps." Dr. Calvert's smile was indulgent. "But take your scrap of 'romance' out to some regions where I've knocked about—the American tropics, for instance—and you'll see it dwindle into the mistiest commonplace. Why, if you call an incident like that romantic, what would you say of a Honduras night, or an hour on the quay at Belize, where the lost human dogs of half the world turn up with the babble of three continents at their tongues' ends? What would you make of a Nicaraguan revolution—or a man like Captain Engelmann? Ah, you're interested when I get down to a personality."

He fingered the worn strap of his instrument-case slowly a moment—then flashed at me an odd, direct look with that something in it of the far spaces that I had now and then glimpsed in the eyes of sailors.

"The matter with you—and with your nerves, young lady—is that you're eating your heart out with eternally trying to get at and write about these people here who are so busy following the rules of life that they're hardly alive. Good Heavens, give me one such man as Engelmann for ten of your neat, suburbia heroes!

"Carl Engelmann, to give him the name he went by—was of the Austrian nobility. Oh, I know you expect that of all stray foreigners. This time it was so. I knew it from others, as well as from its sticking out all over him. He was close to thirty when I was thrown with him—a black-haired, thin-faced fellow, with something of the devil in his eyes. An outward bound attache on his way through San Francisco introduced us one night at the Palace Hotel, and I found Engelmann had had business with my uncle, who was in the ship-refitting line—and after that I saw a lot of him. Now, remember, I'm telling you this *as it happened*—a straight bit out of the story of a *man*."

The doctor challenged my look squarely, with those odd, far-seeing eyes of his, unexpectedly light in their setting of dark skin and dark lashes—and I knew that the story to come had meant much to him in some chapter of his life. He settled himself deeper in his chair, relaxed, save where his right hand supported his head with tense, slender, surgeon's fingers.

"Engelmann was a captain in the Austrian navy. He was engaged to marry a girl of his own rank. She died suddenly half-an-hour before the time for the wedding. When Engelmann's friends found him in his room they were just in time to knock up his revolver. Then during the reaction one of those friends by sheer persistence and nagging wrung out of him the promise never to do it again—never again to attempt suicide by any method. I think myself, though, it was as much the calmer realization that, by every teaching of his religion, as a suicide, he could never win to that girl in the other world. At any rate, from that moment he seemed to submit to existence as a tedious, necessary interlude between their past happiness and their future joy together. I can't say, however, that he didn't do his best to shorten their separation by chasing up Death from every source outside himself. He threw up his commission in the Austrian navy and went over to Central America where things happen fast and a fellow's life is in his hands most hours of the day—unless it's a charmed one like Engelmann's. They say he took every wildest risk, and never a scratch. At last he brought up in Guatemala—'El Capitan of the Navy.' It sounds big; but remember, their navy then was one small gunboat, much like any good-sized tug out there in Boston harbor. But 'El Capitan' of it he was—and stuck on the job. Guatemala was no peaceful paradise those days, and there were always possibilities of excitement for the navy.

"Shortly before I met Engelmann his gunboat had strained her propeller; so he and his crew had brought her up to Frisco for the old man to repair. I told you we saw a lot of each other. Engelmann, for all his unrest and 'black dog' underneath, and his unrelenting search for an honorable discharge from life, was the jolliest sort of comrade. We talked easily together—German, English, Spanish, according to the mood of the moment. He was equally at home in all.

"When the navy was in shape for returning to Guatemala, Engelmann took the notion that I must go back with him. The gunboat was needed in the Caribbean, he said, and he'd no mind for the long voyage round the Horn; so he'd send her along under his first officer, Saldana, to wait for her 'Capitan' at Puerto Barrios, while he and I skipped across the continent and did New York together and worked slowly down to Guatemala by way of Cuba. Well, I was young—like my practice—and a new slice of the world with Engelmann to introduce it seemed pretty well worth while; so off we cut like two kids on a lark.

"The glamor was still holding good when we took a tramp freighter at Havana, bound for Belize and Puerto Barrios. As usual Engelmann promptly won a firm footing with the captain, McDonald. He was a dour old Scotchman, part owner of the 'Serrana'—but in his undemonstrative way he simply wrapped himself up in Engelmann, and mooned away hours with him over cigars in the cabin.

"We loafed across the Caribbean. The 'Serrana' was no record-breaker, and McDonald didn't push her any. As we drew into the Gulf of Honduras, Engelmann, restless as ever, proposed that we leave the 'Serrana' unloading at Belize, if we could contrive any quicker way across to Puerto Barrios. That, as I saw by the set of his long chin, made McDonald wild.

" 'Aye, at Belize,' was all we could get out of him. 'I'll put ye ashore at Belize—if ye wish it.'

"But when we came up on deck one morning it was not Belize we saw, but a great, circular harbor with a break at one end where we'd come through—and before us, against a distant background of mountains and nearer, stunted palms, a tiny, thatch-roofed, native village with a few crude, big, incongruous warehouses and barracks. And half across the harbor lay the Guatemala navy. And Engelmann, looking round, let out a shout.

" 'Puerto Barrios!' he yelled, 'Puerto Barrios! Talk about your secretive old Scotchmen!'

"He flung up his cap into the air and in his wild Austrian fashion landed a kiss full on McDonald's tough, grizzled cheek; and after the first shock the Captain seemed only to like him the better for it.

"Then Engelmann was possessed for McDonald to signal the gunboat to send at once for 'El Capitan'. She looked small and dingy and commonplace enough to me, as she lay there under her blue and white flag, a few bare-footed marines loafing about her deck; but Engelmann was fairly bubbling over with impatience to be aboard her again. So McDonald took his megaphone, and in amazing Spanish told them that 'El Capitan' was here, and they must send over for him. I wish you could have heard Engelmann chuckle as he watched those marines fly round the deck.

" 'They didn't expect me so soon,' he kept telling me. 'They're trying to put things in shape.'

"Meanwhile the officers and men on the Guatemala had got into little, excited groups and were jabbering and gesticulating and jumping around. Finally a big fellow in a torn uniform grabbed a megaphone to hail us—but the wind was blowing strong and carried away from us.

" 'That's Panzos,' Engelmann commented, 'second officer. Saldana must have taken shore-leave and left him in charge. That's why they're so slow. Tell them to yell louder, McDonald!'

"The Captain gave a shout, and in answer Panzos wrestled with the megaphone as if he would hurl himself through it. A faint voice reached us over the water. 'El Capitan Zanetti,' it said, was in the town and would return at nightfall.

"Engelmann could no longer put up with formalities. He snatched the megaphone from McDonald, and in words that tumbled over each other demanded an explanation. Where was Saldana? Who in thunder was Zanetti? Through the freshening wind the replies came so blurred that we could barely catch them; but Engelmann evidently understood. He tossed away the megaphone and stormed up and down the deck.

" 'Some fool's muddled my work,' he raged. 'Some idiot's shipped Saldana, and he's hiding, *hiding*, they say, in the town. And who is Zanetti? Zanetti? There was a filibusterer, Zanetti, under the old party.'

"He paused. I saw a strange light leap into his face.

" 'What, Carl?' I cried.

" 'It's a revolution!' His voice rang out in triumphant solution of the enigma—with the thrill of a man who glimpses his promised heritage.

" 'Hey, McDonald! give me a boat! I'll see what's doing ashore! I'll—'

"But McDonald laid a restraining hand on his arm.

" 'Na, na, lad!' he urged. 'No' that way—an' no' this time!'

"Then I knew that somewhere in their long-spun talks of the last days El Capitan had told the Scotchman his story.

"But Engelmann stuck to his purpose. First of all, he must go ashore to help Saldana. How could he abandon his *friend?* He knew just where to look for him—in a tiny hiding-place they had often joked about together. Once he got Saldana safe aboard, we could carry both of them away anywhere we pleased—only now he must go ashore. It sounded very plausible, and Engelmann sincerely meant every word; but there was still that look in his eyes that made us wary of risking the Engelmann we loved for the doubtful sake of the Saldana we did not know.

"At last McDonald got him below on the pretext of lending him an extra revolver—and locked him into his stateroom.

" 'Doon yonder,' he told me, with the good Scotch tang that leaped into his words in moments of excitement, 'doon yonder the daft loon bides till we clear the harbor. I'll ha'e nane o' his blude upon ma soul. If I'd no' this damned cargo to unload, I'd awa' wi' him this meenit, but I've ma duty to the owners, and I doot if we've it dune afore the night.'

"So all day long the tenders and lighters went and came with their loads of canned foods and fruit—and Engelmann fumed below deck, a prisoner. In the late afternoon McDonald went along on the last trip to have his papers signed. I stayed aboard to watch over Engelmann, who, however, gave me small thanks for my company. At last, discouraged by his black mood, I went on deck to hang over the rail and watch the sailors there catching swine-fish. And when next I went below to rout up Engelmann, his stateroom door stood open, forced clean off its hinges. While I had loafed at the side, my prisoner had made off in a small boat the crew had left astern. We could still see him rowing powerfully into a cove away to the left of the town.

"For the moment I was crazy to follow—but how could I ever hope to overtake or to trace him in that unfriendly, unfamiliar place? A word of interrogation from me would set the whole town to hunting him down. I could only wait for McDonald. When at last the Scotchman came aboard he shook his head hopelessly.

" 'I'll warrant yon poor fellow has his desire by now. As for following him—it'll soon be dark—and lad, you've no notion what hides in a Spanish village after nightfall. Perhaps Carl Engelmann's reached his Saldana; perhaps he'll bring him safe aboard. You and I must just wait for morning and then take note what we hear.'

"It was a strange evening—McDonald and I pacing the deck and talking in snatches of Engelmann and his like, and of the strange things bordering on the other world that every Scotchman knows. The crew were all below in the forecastle swapping yarns. McDonald himself had undertaken to stand the deck-watch. There was a velvet softness to the air. The night was very black and so still that from a barkentine off shore we could hear the steady plunk-plunk of a banjo. On the 'Guatemala' there was just enough movement to make us fear some deviltry afoot—a command hoarsely shouted—the launching of a boat that shot fantastically shoreward through the phosphorescent water—its oars tossing up glistening flecks of light. Something in the sinister, deadly stillness got suddenly on my nerves.

" 'McDonald,' I cried, 'I'm going ashore, too. I must see how things are. I've no enemies there. I'm in no danger.'

"And McDonald after a silence only answered:

" 'Weel, go if ye must!'

"I lowered myself into the Captain's dinghy which still lay alongside, and pulled swiftly toward the cove where I had seen Engelmann land.

"When I was barely a biscuit-toss from shore, a revolver shot burst the quiet. I heard a shouting away to my right along the waterfront. Lanterns flashed, and I caught a sound of running—a rifle-volley. At the first alarm I had turned to row straight toward shore in the direction of the trouble. When my boat grounded on the sloping beach, I leaped out and tore up over the sand and shingle. Against the lanterns and torches of the crowd that followed them, some hundred paces behind, I saw two men running toward me along the beach-road—the first, little and Spanish in every movement. The rear man, who ran shielding the other from range, in each magnificent lift and poise of his body I knew to be Engelmann.

" 'This way, Carl!' I shouted. 'My boat's here! Come!'

" 'You, Doctor? Run along with him, Saldana!' His words came quick but quiet. 'I'll wait and cover your retreat.'

" 'Not on your life!' I yelled. 'You'll come with me!'

"The hunters were almost upon us, shooting as they came.

" 'Here, you!' I called to Saldana. 'Take his other arm and haul him along!'

"But as soon as Engelmann saw that we were bound to have him, he yielded—though with a bad grace.

" 'Come along, you fools,' he groaned, and ran between us down the beach.

"Together we three pushed off the boat and leaped in. Engelmann snatched the oars out of my hands and pulled furiously a few strokes out into deep water. A ramshackle old wharf ran far out into the harbor, between us and the town. Engelmann slipped the boat in through its piles till we lay in the deeper shadow on its farther side, listening tensely. Back there on the beach they were at last launching a boat. We still were all but near enough to hear their words. Engelmann whispered that they were probably looking to trace our course by some gleam of phosphorescence out on the harbor. Everyone along the waterfront had joined the crowd. The stretch of beach toward the town lay deserted. We stole along it silently, foot by foot, Saldana and Engelmann each with an oar, paddling instead of rowing. Finally from close by the main wharf we struck out boldly toward the 'Guatemala' herself, trusting to be taken for some of her crew returning from shore leave.

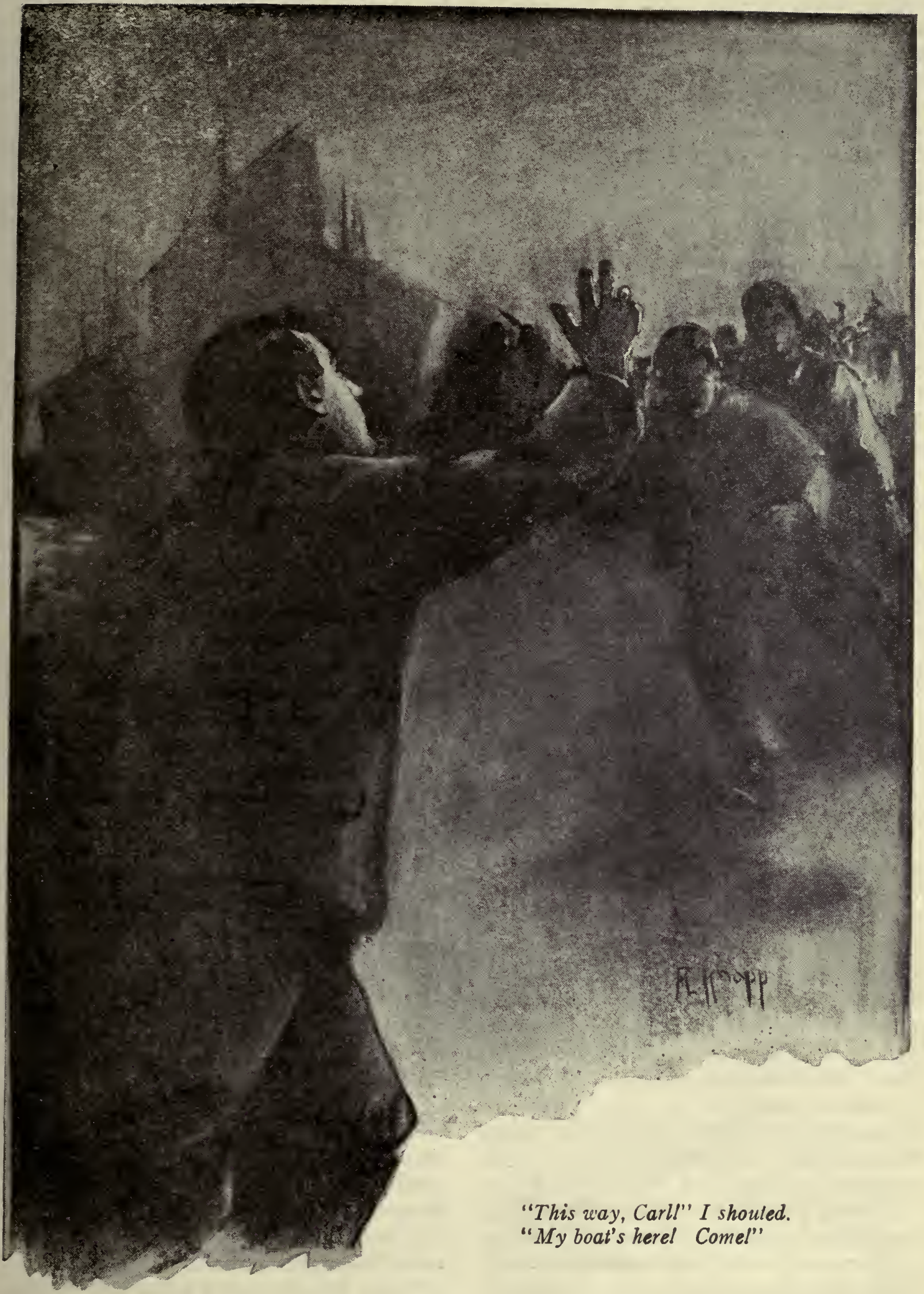
"The boat from the beach had made straight out to our 'Serrana' and lay alongside. Clearly the steamer was being put through a thorough search. I doubted if McDonald were taking the visitation mildly.

" 'Who are they?' I whispered to Engelmann.

" 'Oh, riff-raff,' he answered. 'Rurales—guards, you know—perhaps a soldier or two. The official search comes later.'

"We had shipped our oars and lay drifting not far from the small, lantern-lit 'Guatemala.' From about here, Engelmann said, the current would carry us along to where the 'Serrana' was anchored. So long as we merely drifted we were invisible on the dark water.

" 'Saldana here,' Engelmann whispered, 'was fastened down in the "Guatemala's" hold as soon as she reached port and Zanetti could get aboard. One of our sailors helped him off. They're a faithful lot, our sailors—except Panzos. Saldana



"This way, Carl!" I shouted. "My boat's here! Come!"

hid ashore in our cache three days, waiting for me. We stayed there till dark—made for my boat—and ran plunk into the "Guatemala's" cook. He always was a surly brute — the one grumbler aboard. He whipped out his revolver the minute he saw us and howled for the guard. Look! there they go!'

"He pointed to the 'Serrana.' The long boat was moving reluctantly away toward the town. We had been drifting, drifting soundlessly until we were very near our steamer.

"'Wait a bit,' Engelmann counselled. 'They've pretty surely left a guard or two.'

"We heard a little movement aboard the 'Serrana' and then long quiet. One tall, unmistakable figure was pacing her deck.

"'Doctor,' Engelmann whispered, 'can you happen to whistle a Scotch tune?'

"So in the silence of the Guatemalan night, just loud enough to carry to the man on the nearby deck, I whistled 'The Campbells are Coming!' McDonald stopped in his stride and rushed to the rail. Engelmann feathered his oar across the water, which gleamed out like a signal-flame. McDonald heaved us a line and pulled us silently alongside.

"'Up with you!' he ordered. 'Their magneeficent guard's doon in yon forecastle too foo a'ready to ken gin a troop of eelephants cam' aboard.'

"So up we scrambled, taking good care that Engelmann was the first, lest in his dare-devil obstinacy he might give us the slip if he were left the last man in the boat. And straightway McDonald and I smuggled the two fugitives into an empty coal-bunker.

"We were hardly back on deck when we were hailed from alongside, this time by one of the 'Guatemala's' own boats, manned by her sailors, and bringing us no less a visitor than 'El Capitan Zanetti' with a handful of his soldiers. And McDonald greeted them with the nearest approach to an air of brotherly love that I have ever seen in a Scotchman of his type. As they climbed aboard, however, he drew me aside for an instant, whispering behind his broad palm some words that sent me on a hasty errand to my stateroom.

"When I got back on deck Zanetti was excitedly demanding a search, and his soldiers stood at his back ready for trouble. Rare soldiers they were, too, shown up by the thin flicker of the lanterns—barefooted, with nothing soldierly in the crowd but a torn cap or two, an out-of-date rifle apiece—and the privilege of shooting us down at a word in the name of patriotism. Zanetti, a choice-looking scoundrel, and almost too completely equipped stage-villain, was rapidly working himself into a frenzy when McDonald answered at last in his slow, heavy drawl:

"'Weel—ye may look. Searchin's cheap. Doctor,' he turned to me seriously; but his eyes seemed to shine in the darkness, 'do all ye may to help these gentlemen, if you please.'

"That was my cue. I stepped forward with my heart pounding in my neck—and I thought of Engelmann and Saldana motionless in the coal dust of the bunker.

"'Captain Zanetti,' I know my voice shook, 'searching's dry work. Won't you try a drop of something first?'

"My lips were stiff with the terror that he mightn't accept—but he leaped at the chance, and followed close at my heels to the cabin.

"'Bring your men, too,' I added. 'They look thirsty.'

"Out of McDonald's private locker I hauled three bottles of his choicest champagne and opened them like any steward for 'El Capitan' and his soldiers. Morphine pills are small, and my hands were always quick. I shouldn't dare tell you the dose I slipped into each glass—especially Zanetti's. I took risks then I shouldn't now—and I was bound to get them doped.

"Zanetti drank his down 'to our search,' with an evil grin at me. After their first gulp I had no trouble keeping the whole crowd busy till the morphine could get in its work. Suddenly in the middle of his fourth glass Zanetti staggered, recovered—and went down like a log. His soldiers stared heavily at him, but in a second began one by one to crumple down after him. I tell you, that cabin was no pretty sight with those dirty, sodden brutes sprawled round it on lockers, table, floor, wherever they happened to drop.

"Then McDonald looked at me across them.

"'An' noo what?' he questioned. I had never heard his Scotch broader.

"'Ask Engelmann,' I said. So far I had acted on the impulse of the moment. Now I had made my situation—and could not for the life of me see how to turn it to advantage. But when Engelmann took in the scene in the cabin, his face through its mask of coal dust fairly shone with delight. He clapped Saldana excitedly on the back.

" 'What about another trip on the little old "Guatemala," my boy?'

"He rushed to the deck—and we after him. The drunken soldiers needed no guard. My morphine had done its work well.

"Engelmann hung over the rail in rapid talk with the 'Guatemala's' sailors in the boat below. He turned to us, the wild adventure thrill again in his tone.

" 'They say they left only three soldiers aboard—and that turncoat Panzos. The cook's still ashore. The crew'll all be for me. They work for their officers—not for any party. Come, Saldana! You, too, if you like, Doctor—but there's danger! You're better out of it!'

"But I had no mind to desert the adventure half-finished—or to risk Zanetti's recovery on the 'Serrana.'

"Engelmann was making ready to drop over the rail into the boat below when McDonald spoke:

" 'An' these swine here?' I can hear his tone still. He fair grudged them that champagne.

" 'Oh, they'll last till you're under steam and ready to run. Land 'em ashore somewhere well away from the town to sleep off the dope. Goodbye, old man! Many thanks! See you later at Belize!'

"As I in turn dropped into the boat, by the light of the lantern he held to guide me, I saw McDonald looking down after Engelmann with a dark foreboding in his eyes. Engelmann, glancing up, must have seen it too.

" 'Till next time, McDonald,' he called.

" 'Aye, lad,' the Scotchman answered, but his tone lacked conviction, and I was glad when the sailors had pulled us beyond sight of his gloomy, honest face.

"Engelmann and Saldana laid what plans they could on the way. As we slid alongside the gunboat, a lantern-lit head appeared over the rail exactly as McDonald's had—but this one was dark, treacherous.

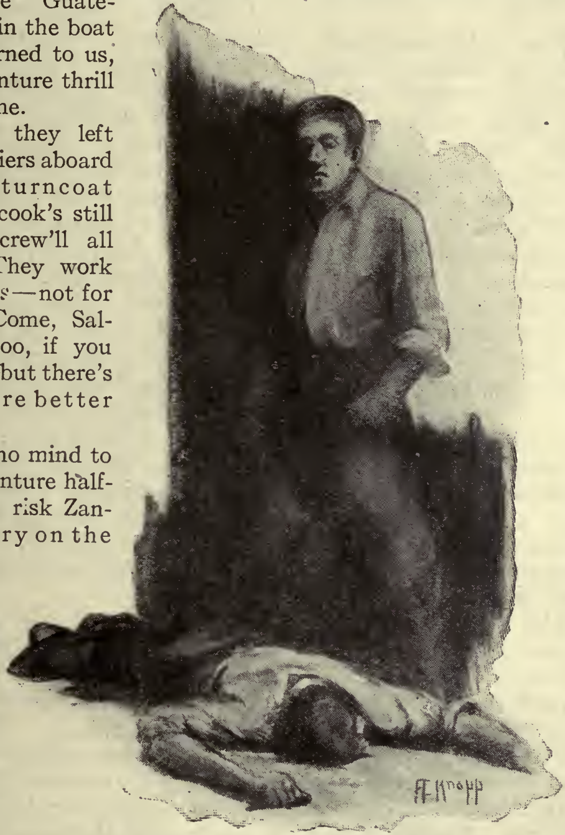
" 'Damned rogue!' Engelmann muttered—and I knew the man for Panzos, the time-serving second officer.

" 'Did you get him?' he snarled.

" 'Si, signor,' one of the sailors called out. 'He'll be aboard in a minute.'

"But Engelmann was already scrambling up the side. He held his head low so that Panzos' lantern cast no glimmer on his face—then:

" 'Out of my way,' he growled, and struck the man full on the jaw. He went crashing down with a terrific fall. Saldana and I had barely time to make the deck before the whole ship's company seemed to come stumbling upon us out of the dark, bewildered, cursing.



The man went crashing down with a terrific fall

"Engelmann, his back against the rail, watched the turmoil with now and then a word of sharp command:

" 'Jose! Miguel! here, Pedro!' Man after man at his call stepped to his side.

"Suddenly Saldana threw himself upon one fellow and by sheer, clever wrestling wrenched away his rifle, threw him, and sat on him. Engelmann at the moment leaped forward to knock up a revolver, whose gleaming barrel had caught his glance. Turning the fellow over to Jose for safe keeping, he called sharply:

" 'Where's that other marine? Quick, men!'

"The crew, alive by now to his identity, hustled forward a third miserable wretch who voluntarily gave up his rifle to Engelmann.

" 'So!' El Capitan said contentedly. 'Rope that Panzos. Is Sanchez still engineer? Are his fires up? Then tell him to be ready for my signal. Saldana, take the wheel. Jose, Pedro—lower those marines into the boat and push them off—no oars. Stow Panzos in—in a coal bunker. Now—full speed ahead!'

"There was an exhilaration in the way the little 'Guatemala' shot out of the harbor that intoxicated me. The crowd ashore, Zanetti, the whole Puerto Barrios incident seemed closed. The world lay before us. Engelmann stood watchful beside me.

" 'What next, Carl?' I ventured. 'Piracy on the high seas?'

"But Engelmann burst into one of his rare laughs.

" 'Good heavens, no! I only wanted to get away. They'd almost certainly have bagged me on that 'Serrana.' Or suppose McDonald had tried to slip off. With the guns here Panzos might have plugged a shot into him in two minutes. Anyway they could have made Puerto Barrios too hot ever to hold the 'Serrana' again. But now McDonald's innocent. His passenger, a crazy doctor, drugged a lot of men. McDonald puts them safely ashore and steams off unchallenged. Nothing in that to hinder his going back tomorrow. That's why we're here now—but piracy! Not for me! I've a right to take my own gunboat to Belize—even if I quite accidentally beach her. I've a right to discharge her crew—and send Panzos back to tell the government where to look for her. And then you'll see me on the hunt for some new deviltry by way of amusement.'

"I had never heard him speak so lightheartedly of his future. The black depression had fallen from him under the swift excitements. He joked like a boy as he showed me to my bunk below.

"Late the next morning I was roused by a slight shock. Hurrying on deck I found the 'Guatemala' ashore, her nose burrowing into the sand. It was full tide, just at the turn. The waves slapped gently along her keel. I could imagine the gunboat might cost the revolutionists no trifle for salvage.

"Engelmann met me, grinning.

" 'Here's a pretty problem for your friend, Zanetti. Come have breakfast before our walk. I can't take the boats. I've no desire for their property. We must foot it to Belize.'

"He pointed to where over a palm-clad bluff the top of a white church-tower shone far away in the sunlight.

"So soon we all set out along the beach—Panzos, grimy, ugly, reluctant, in our midst, his hands tied. He had not been told what was to become of him, and he plainly went in fear. In sight of the outskirts of Belize, Engelmann called a halt, and dismissed his crew, despatching them two by two along different ways, to escape the notice of the guards. The devotion to him that shone in their dark, rough faces was a thing to remember.

"At last he, Saldana and I were left alone with the prisoner. In a few words Engelmann told Panzos of his release and its terms.

" 'And now if I free your hands,' he concluded, 'will you go quietly and carry my message?'

"Panzos growled something that Engelmann took for assent. To me the man looked dangerous enough—and still clearly resentful of the treatment he had received; but Engelmann, stepping forward unsuspiciously, with his own knife cut the cords about the fellow's wrists.

"In an instant Panzos had whipped the knife from his hands and thrust it deep into Engelmann's neck with a swift, downward, cutting stroke.

"Then before we could gather our wits to seize him, he was away into the shelter of the thick growth close by. It was useless to follow him, and Engelmann needed all our care. After a moment's wavering—both hands pressed to the wound—he fell unconscious. I made a hasty bandage of our handkerchiefs, and sent Saldana flying toward Belize for guards and a litter.

Engelmann was still fainting when we carried him to the hospital, where more experienced surgeons than I did their best for him.

"Along in the afternoon he grew delirious and thought we were parting on the quay at Havana. Tears flooded his eyes. He clasped my hands in his own, that were already weak from suffering.

" 'Good-bye, doctor,' he whispered. 'If I live, I'll see you again—if I do not see you, I am dead—and—' a wonderful smile crossed his face, 'and my friend will be so glad!'

"He did not speak again, and by and by I stole reverently away; for I knew—I, his friend, was glad to know—that Carl Engelmann had come at last to his desire."

MY BOY

By OLIVE MARTIN

GONE is the loud din and noise,
Put away are all the toys.
All youthful things are out of sight,
One can't find a ball or kite.

No cap lays on the parlor chair,
No jacket on the front hall stair.
No one slams the kitchen door,
No one spots the hall-way floor.

I strain my ears to catch the sound
Of footsteps down the stairway bound,
But all is quiet overhead;
I cannot hear the slightest tread.

I miss my boy's loud, cheery call,
His whistle, merriment and all.
I miss the boyish face so dear,
The big gray eyes, serene and clear.

You wonder that I am not sad
And that my heart is very glad?
You think I should regretful be,
And in my loss no goodness see?

To you the secret I will tell,
Assuring you with me all's well;
My boy has grown to manhood tall,
So I am happy, after all.

Money-Saving for the Farmer

By John Gordon

THE lack of banking facilities for the farmer and small merchants and manufacturers of the United States has been one of the great burdens and disadvantages under which a patriotic and energetic agricultural people have built up many states and secured good farms and homes.

In Dakota, between 1872 and 1890, the era of real settlement and town and county development, land mortgages made by settlers were based on an average valuation of about $2.50 to $3.00 an acre on 160 acres with a dwelling, from ten to one hundred acres broken for crops, a well, stable, etc. Two mortgages were generally made, one at seven per cent, payable in five years, the second at three per cent, due in three years. The first mortgage was usually sold to Eastern or European investors, the second held by the loan company, which reloaned the money paid for the first mortgage. Besides this the "land lawyer" or "agent" securing the loan was paid ten per cent for examining land and title and securing the money.

There were comparatively rare instances when the local "bankers" loaned cash for brief terms to good customers at twelve per cent, the highest rate of legal interest allowed in Dakota, but about all the "accommodation" vouchsafed the average farmer was a five per cent per month loan secured by ample chattel security, due in three months. If renewed the interest was added and the mortgage made for $115 on each hundred loaned for three months more, at the end of which time a new mortgage was taken for $132.25; at nine months, the renewal was for $152.08, and at the end of the year, if paid, the original $100 was paid up with the amount of $174.89.

Generally foreclosures were made in the late fall or winter, and sales of stock, sacrificed at low prices, placed in the hands of the mortgagees and their friends, desirable cattle, horses and mules, which were sold to advantage in due season. With the increased prices for farm products much of this system of exaction has been done away with, but the average farmer and citizen of most of the states is still severely taxed when it becomes necessary to borrow a small amount of money on short time.

One reason for this disability is that a national bank cannot make loans on real estate, and as the state banks are utterly shut out from issuing their own notes of hand (bank bills); they are often unable to make the farm and city property loans which would ensure them large profits and greatly help in developing the basic business of the country.

* * *

As early as the first half of the nineteenth century similar burdens imposed on the agriculturalists of Germany became unbearable, and Frederick William Raiffeisen, a burgomaster of Weyerbusch, originated the rural co-operative bank, which has spread into most civilized countries.

Raiffeisen founded his banks wholly in restricted farm villages or parishes, the members being almost universally peasant land-holders, numbering from seven to fourteen hundred individuals, each of whom was liable for the whole debt of the association, and according to his ability aided in its gratuitous management. In addition to the basic principles, Raiffeisen added the inculcation of moral and educational rules of action.

In 1876 an imperial law obliged these

companies to issue shares of stock to each member, but Raiffeisen, to avoid capitalistic control of these associations, fixed his shares at a maximum price of ten marks (about $2.39) each. Loans in these Raiffeisen societies are generally based on personal credit, usually for one year with a maximum of four to five years, with interest at from three to five per cent per annum.

In 1909, there were 12,614 rural banks with 1,263,186 members, an average of ninety-two members. The average paid-up capital amounted to nineteen marks ($4.522) for each member, a total of $3,711,817.92. Of course there were deposits and profits which swelled the working capital to a much larger amount, while the average cost of management of a bank was only six hundred and thirty-eight marks ($150.08) per annum.

It is needless to say that the strength and usefulness of these co-operative banks lies in their limited neighborhood scope, and the constant vigilance of the members, who are each individually liable for the debt of the institution, having of course full recourse against his fellow-members. That the principle encourages honesty and a high commercial sense of the value of credit none can doubt, and the principle in a modified way has been extended into the cities and towns by the Schultze-Delitzsch and other organizations.

As a result the German farmers largely control their own financial operations, profit by the interest on their own money and gain in practical financial knowledge and independence. This system would be of vast benefit in the agricultural states were our laws not so largely calculated to prevent the collection of debts and to enable the dishonest man to avail himself of extraordinary exemptions.

These systems have been adopted in Austria, beginning about 1850 as mutual aid societies, and by 1910 by adopting the Raiffeisen system of parish or village societies they had increased to 10,893, and the rural banks between 1886 and 1911 increased to 1911.

Great care is naturally taken in making loans, the applicant is often required to specify the purpose for which the money is borrowed, and any deceit is punished by partial or utter exclusion from further accommodation. The amount of these loans in 1910 was $86,772,233. In the Schulze-Delitzsch or city co-operative banks, the loans granted amounted to $356,010,748, and those unpaid to $345,271,664.

In Italy out of say eighteen hundred rural banks about twelve hundred are sectarian, and the applicant must be a good Catholic, and in most cases observe certain religious duties faithfully. The liability is unlimited, the rate higher than in Germany (5½ to 7 per cent) and the liabilities of all in 1905 totalled $9,004,450.

In 1894 France instituted local, mutual agricultural credit banks, and in 1899 the "regional" banks which group the banks of a given district, to which "regional" banks the bank of France must advance through the state without interest 40,000,000 francs up to 1920 and make annual payments according to the business done, and of late reaching from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 francs yearly. The local bank applies to its "regional" bank for the loan at three per cent and charges four per cent, which pays the expenses of management. From three months to a year covers the usual time, and a surety mortgage or deposit of securities is generally but not always exacted. The loans seldom exceed four hundred dollars. There were 3,338 local banks in 1910 with over one hundred and fifty thousand members, doing a business of $13,600,803. The Regional Banks have a paid-up capital furnished by local banks and individual investors, and the government advances four times the amount of the paid-up stock. Thus a regional bank having one hundred thousand francs will have a credit of four hundred thousand francs out of the fund provided by the Bank of France. These shares cannot draw over five per cent in annual dividends, and all profits are carried to the reserve fund for the ultimate repayment of the state, the primary object being to enable farmers to improve their stock and specialties for business. There were ninety-six regional banks in 1910. Other forms of co-operative banks exist in France with even less formal and more socialistic features.

Belgian farmers until 1884 had practically no credit except with the usurer, generally a Shylock of the keenest type. The Raiffeisen banking system came into use and by 1910 643 banks were established, having central "regional" banks and representing a paid-up one hundred franc share for every one of its thousands of members.

Great Britain has comparatively few co-operative rural banks, as the small local banks have long dealt honorably and liberally with English farmers. In Ireland in 1909 there were 234 societies with a membership of 18,422. The rate of interest is higher than in Europe, generally six per cent. In British India there are now 3,145 rural, 321 urban and thirty-two central societies with nearly one hundred and seventy thousand members. The entire world is slowly but surely changing its banking and monetary laws to conform to the needs and requirements of the small farmer who represents the basic productive power of every agricultural nation.

THANKSGIVING

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

GIVE thanks, O wearied soul,
For struggle and for strain
That brings such golden gain—
The race that has no goal—
And for the blows and stings
That give the gift of wings.

Give thanks, O bleeding heart,
For all the flaming swords
Thrust rude amongst thy chords;
And for the anguished smart
That makes thy bosom yearn
To spare e'en crawling worm.

Give thanks, O troubled mind,
For error and for doubt
That brings belief about—
The clouds with silver lined—
And for the evil dread
That wakes truth from the dead.

Give thanks, O spirit sad,
For all the common good,
For human brotherhood,
The hope that makes us glad—
The signs on land and sea
Of immortality!

TO AROOSTOOK

Adapted by Florence M. Hale

WE'VE heard of a glorious country
That lies in the breezy west;
While others say that across the seas
Are found the lands that are best;
But here's to the men who do things,
To a band that none can scorn!
Last toast—and of obligation,
A health to the Aroostook born!

They change their skies above them
But not their hearts, that roam:
They learned from their alma mater
To call Aroostook "home."
Their hearts are true to her teaching,
Their love's where they spent their toil,
And their faith and their hope and their honor
They pledge to their native soil!

I charge you to cheer your loudest
And pledge a toast with me
To the sons of old Aroostook
Wherever they may be.
To the land of the old Pine Tree State—
A good thing on which to build.
To her sun—and how it blistered!
To her cold—and how it chilled!

To the grim Aroostook winter
Six months long and six feet deep!
To the top of its snow-clad mountains
Who grim their vigil keep!
To the land of the waiting spring time
To the hearts that are strong and brave!
To the flag on each country schoolhouse—
And long in peace may it wave!

To the towering old Mount Haystack!
To our river that flows to the sea!
To the famous shores of Echo Lake!
Quaggy Joe's the place for me!
To the cosy camps on the banks of the stream—
To each log in their rustic walls—
That Mecca for years of all people
When nature and freedom calls!

A health to Aroostook—God bless her!
To her present, her future, her past;
May she ever be true to tradition,
And never fall victim to caste!
A health to her stalwart sons able
Who so many high stations adorn—
Last toast—to the land that is stable
A health to the Aroostook born!

Courtesy Hiram Ricker & Sons

"WHERE ROLLING HILLS AND CLOUDLANDS MEET" IN MAINE

BACK TO MAINE

By

Joe Mitchell Chapple

SETTLED chiefly by English, Scotch and German pioneers from the Massachusetts Colony, Maine has furnished many men who have had a preëminent influence in developing many states and the nation. These sturdy frontiersmen blazed paths in the wilderness, made homes on a rockbound coast, and along the rivers, and fought long, hard winters and hostile Indians. Amid rocky havens they cleared forests and developed muscle, courage and an unflinching spirit before which all difficulty makes way. Canadian Indians were sent down to swoop upon them, but the old flintlock muskets, hung over the fireplace, did valiant service. The period of almost constant warfare and privation from 1765 to 1812 includes the era of settlement in Maine, which prospered and developed as rapidly as any frontier state of its time. Ships were built at every cove and harbor and far up along the majestic rivers in the early part of the last two centuries, and the rough and ready world-wide experience of Maine sailors made up much of the development of American commerce following the war of 1812. Altogether it is one of the most fascinating phases of American history. Farms were opened and factories developed, utilizing the water power along the rivers. It was one of the first sections in the country to develop water power extensively. Large families were the order of the day and every child was of the men of rifle and axe who cut down the forests, and the sea kings who sailed the ships of Maine.

In 1849 came the discovery of gold in California. Young men filled with the spirit of adventure left to seek their fortune by sailing around Cape Horn and across the Isthmus to California the Golden. The State of Maine was drained of thousands and tens of thousands in the flower of young manhood. Every hamlet in Maine furnished its quota of "forty-niners." In some of the small river and coast towns every boy became a sea captain in early manhood. A Maine captain on the high seas was the rule.

The Civil War coming on in 1860 still further drained Maine of the young men, for large families of boys enlisted for the war, as they had left home to seek their fortune in the Golden West. This all meant that the old farms of Maine in their prime were largely neglected from 1849 up to some twenty years ago. When the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad opened up the great prairies and forests of the West, and touched the magic key of the development of the middle west in the pineries and on the prairie, the Pine Tree State still furnished recruits from its sturdy manhood.

The State of Maine men lived and acted the spirit of the motto of their commonwealth "I lead," but they left home to lead in newer states. This steady drain of the farmsteads of Maine continued until 1890, and then the tide turned. The boys began to remain at home, and to come home, realizing that in their travels they found no other state just like it. The wealth of the State has more than doubled since the tide of migration turned. The well-kept farmhouses, neatly painted, with green blinds, have increased in the northward portions of the State, and the indus-

UP TO HIS NECK IN A STATE OF MAINE OATS FIELD trial and agricultural opportunities in the State have multiplied.

* * *

The agricultural development in Maine has gone hand in hand with all other industries, from the trapping of furs and the cutting of masts for the Royal Navy to the building of ships and tugs, whose true work was handed out on the blacksmith's forge by the same men who sheathed and rigged them, found a cargo and sailed them to all parts of the world. Now modern business science has changed the method but not the results. More than four million apple trees in the past furnished apples to all parts of the country, and over a half million barrels were shipped to Europe. Now there are nearly twenty-five million bushels of potatoes, and the average crop during five years is two hundred bushels to an acre, according to the Department of Agriculture.

Half the great corn crop of Maine is devoted to sweet corn for canning purposes. Within ten years there has been a remarkable development in dairy products, and today there are districts rivaling even the famous dairies of Vermont and Wisconsin both in quality and quantity.

The fisheries which are dotted along the two thousand miles of Maine coast produce more than two and a half millions, and it was on this coast that Captain John Smith of Virginia fame in 1613 found a rendezvous for the English fishermen of his day, that has never since failed to yield its harvests of the sea.

The manufacture of cotton goods is the second largest industry in Maine and dates back to 1809, when the Brunswick Manufacturing Company was incorporated. In 1826 the first cotton mills were erected in Saco, where now the York Manufacturing Company operate fifty thousand spindles.

Foremost in the early development of the lumber industry, today one-third of all the spruce lumber cut in the United States comes from Maine. More than 750,000,000 feet is the enormous product of a single year. The towering spires of the spruce trees in Maine will never pass from the landscape if Nature has her way, and Nature has given the Pine Tree State a conservation peculiarly her own. A state of lakelands, more than sixteen hundred and forty lakes dot the forests of the State of Maine. On every shore and in every sylvan retreat, there are cozy cottages, and here every summer come thousands who have found Maine the ideal playground of America. Many of these summer cottagers remain and become citizens. Still others of the growing population of Maine are men who have won fortunes elsewhere, and who are now coming "back to Maine" with their families, giving libraries, schools, parks and churches to the old towns in which they were born, and spending the serene sunset of life amid the growing prosperity and beautiful scenery, and breathing the exhilarating air of the dear old home state.

* * *

The overture of the revelation of the State of Maine was a tour with former Governor Fernald among the fields and farms which have made famous the Maine sweet corn, which has long since commanded a premium in the market. Mr. H. W. Ricker, son of Hiram Ricker, who founded the world-famous Poland Spring, accompanied us on the trip and as the auto swept over the ridge road, through valleys famous from mountain to seacoast, the whole country on either side of the well-kept roads told the story of prosperity in the State of Maine, and especially on the farms. While Maine corn grows low in height, it has a strength, a succulence and a richness that only the climate of Maine can furnish. At every turn of the drives was a pastoral view that would enrapture any lover of rural scenes. Here are more miles of forest-shaded drives than in any other state in the Union. Past the old swinging tavern sign of the historic Mansion House, hundreds of autos speed every day, where formerly heavy ox teams and stage coaches were the chief means of transportation. The ride over Bridgton Ridge between two lakes, with the foothills of the White Mountains in the distance, presented an unequalled view of blended scenic splendor and serene pastoral beauty; such was the sheen of the lakes nestling here and there in the great sea of green trees and purple shadows of the foothills, while back of it all the crimson

STATE OF MAINE APPLES HAVE A FLAVOR ALL THEIR OWN glow of the sunset presented glories that no canvas could portray. The state of Maine people have a just pride in her natural beauty. There is something about the State that has an exhilarating fascination distinctly its own. Apples and indeed all kinds of fruits and vegetables—even the corn and cereals seem to have a distinct flavor. Fruits and small shrubs make a remarkable fight in maturing in the short period of summer, and there is a juicy, fruity flavor that lasts.

* * *

The "Bay of Naples," where two lakes are joined by a portage, suggested a rival to the famed splendor of Italy's famous city. Hotels and farm homes were filled with guests, enjoying the summer-time. The town of Harrison, the terminus of the twenty-one mile, Narrow Gauge Railroad, with its library and famous cooper shops, is a typical Maine town that helped itself by building its own railroad. It recalled the story of the State of Maine man who returned from a successful business career in the great city and began a large building on the hill. There was curiosity among the neighbors, for the State of Maine native is curious, and like his cousin from Missouri, he "wants to know," you know. The great new structure was puzzling. Finally the ubiquitous insurance man called.

"What," he asked, "is it to be?" with a nod toward the frame work.

"What," asked the returned Maine success, "is your greatest risk?"

"A cooper shop," promptly replied the insurance man.

"Well," said the owner, "call it a cooper shop and let it go at that. I expect to live in it, however," he added with a twinkle in his eye, "we planned it for our summer cottage."

There is a vein of quaint humor in the State of Maine people which is reflected in the work of the great authors of the Pine Tree State, who never tire of telling over and over again of the real Yankees "down east." You remember your geography—anything beyond Boston, northward and eastward, is "down east."

On the side of the road as we swept along, the frugal Maine farmers were cultivating beans. The myth of "abandoned farms" became more and more of a joke. The bell-topped elms in front of the farm homes, the adjoining barns, and the woodsheds snuggled close to the houses, bespeak the hard winters of long ago and the thrift of the State of Maine in picture after picture.

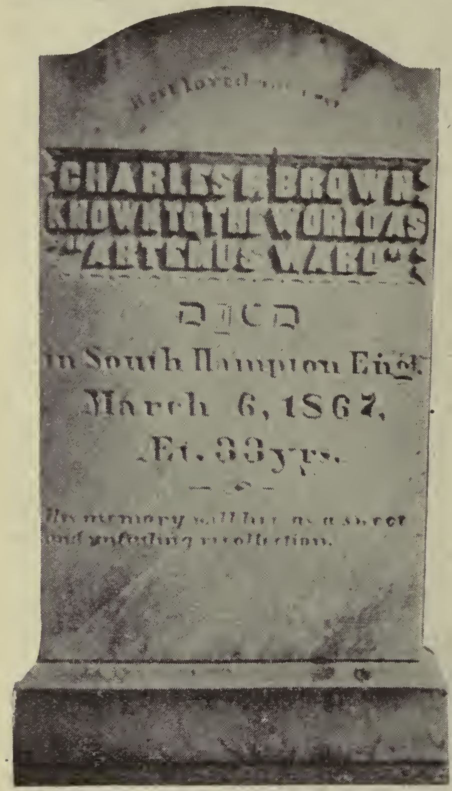
* * *

To sit down and make a list of the Maine men who have achieved national success reveals many interesting facts. You will find not only governors, congressmen and other public men, but the great business leaders who have built flour mills, who have furthered the lumber industry, the men who, in a word, have had a leading part in almost every large undertaking north, south, east or west. The State of Maine man never forgets the motto of his native state.

Nor is Maine lacking in men of letters. Memories of half a century were recalled when we turned in on the old stage road leading to Waterford from Oxford. It recalled the career of "Artemus Ward," or Charles F. Browne, as he was known in private life—perhaps the first great American humorist.

Here was the very road he traveled on foot when going to Lancaster to learn the printer's trade, although he little thought, when he used the name which he hurriedly assumed to cover up the ordinary "Browne" of the cognomen, that he was adding a name to American literature. Some general he had read about in the history of the French and Revolutionary War and probably the general who commanded at Cambridge before Washington, was named Artemas Ward—changing the name to Artemus Ward, he adopted it. Later he followed his vocation as a printer and newspaper man in Skowhegan and other places in Maine, but his first fame came with the publication of the "Carpet Bag." After the fashion of the times, Artemus Ward went West, and located at Cleveland, Ohio. He became a lecturer, and the quaint Maine humor which has always fascinated people found its place in literature. In after years, the now illustrious "Artemus Ward," with his publicity man, came back to Maine for a visit, but he never gave one of his famous lectures at home;

he was always afraid he would fail. He did not come back to Maine to seek honors in his own country; he wanted to visit his mother and the home folks, and become a boy again. He looked upon the site where he was born, situated between locust trees and towering elms, and enjoyed all the scenes of his younger days, including the beautiful Keoka Lake, near Waterford, where Artemus Ward hunted, fished and swam as a boy. The old friends came from far and near to see him again, and he insisted that he could not maintain his serious mien while facing them, even with fresh jokes.



HEADSTONE OF ARTEMUS WARD
In a cemetery at his birthplace—Waterford, Maine

Uncle Daniel Browne, a cousin, is still living in Waterford, and his long, gray hair and bright blue eyes emphasize the family resemblance. He was sleeping on the porch when we drove up, and awoke with a start. When we asked for reminiscences of "Artemus" his eyes twinkled.

"I was ten years older than Charles," he said. "He was a mischievous boy, but always goodhearted and guileless. He spoke in a drawling way, and was apparently surprised if you laughed at one of his jokes. We never took his jokes seriously.

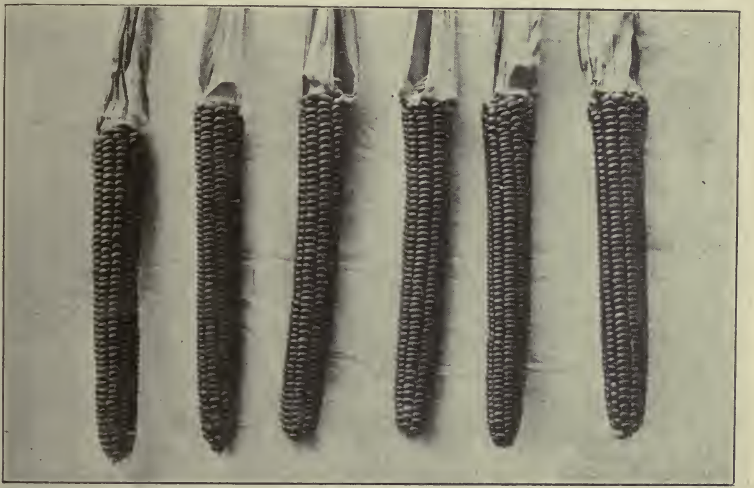
"When Charles was fourteen," continued the old man softly, "his father died of consumption"—the same disease which brought about the death of Artemus Ward in 1867, at the age of thirty-three, during a lecture tour in England. This was the life span alloted Alexander the Great, when he passed away sighing for more worlds to conquer, and "Artemus Ward" certainly conquered the world with his humor when he died and its people were sighing for more.

Uncle Dan brought out the family Bible to prove dates, and on the wall we were permitted to look into the gilt frame which held a painting of "Artemus Ward." In the picture the forelock was thrown forward, and the artist had done well in portraying the droll expression of the eyes and the whimsical twist of the lips. Here he seemed just like the "Charlie Browne" of Waterford, Maine, before he supported the heavy moustache which characterized the later pictures and the lecture lithographs of "Artemus Ward."

As we sat on the old-fashioned porch and talked with "Uncle Daniel" he revealed many quaint glimpses of his own career as village Justice of the Peace. His daughter owns the library of "Artemus Ward." In his will it was awarded to the brightest girl in the old Waterford schoolhouse, which he attended, and the prize was won by an own cousin. Thereon hangs the love romance of his life. The blue-eyed girl died a few years after the remains of Charles F. Browne had been brought to the old Elm Vale Cemetery in Waterford, and thus ended the earthly love of the cousins. Today in the quiet cemetery the gravestones stand in stern military array and carry dates reaching back for more than a century. Under the granite shaft, beside his brother and mother, sleeps "Artemus Ward" under a simple slab on which the inscription reads: "Charles F. Brown, known to the world as Artemus Ward." Reverently we lifted our hats as we stood by the grave, on the shores of the little lake among the cedars.

* * *

Along the village streets in many of the towns of Maine throughout the state, we passed buildings which are associated with people who have made history, although their names do not appear on the roll of fame. Each town has its rugged personality. At Oxford, also associated with Artemus Ward and Don C. Seitz, business manager of the New York *World*, we met a star country editor who proudly showed us his splendid farm and country home. Off in the distance was Bear Mountain, with its tradition of the fox which led the dogs a merry chase to the edge of the embankment and then turned at right angle and watched the hounds go crashing down the precipice. At Bridgeton we heard the story of railroad exploitation in the early days, a tabloid history of the pioneers of rapid transportation in Maine.



PRIZE SPECIMEN OF MAINE CORN

Maine towns are laid out in townships, as in other New England states, with little clusters of houses grouping north, east, south and west. At each of these there is always the Post Office and the corner store, where the local traditions of bygone men and times are told and retold. One of these tales has to do with a Maine farmer back in the early Colonial days, who found that in his absence two Indians had captured and carried off his ten-year-old daughter. Flintlock in hand, he set out to find them, tracing them by their footprints, and overtaking them as they encamped for the night. Through the thicket he could see his little girl huddled near the camp fire, warming her hands. The father's heart stood still as he watched the two Indians, one standing and the other lying flat on his back, evidently debating on how to make way with the child. The father took aim and shot the warrior on guard. The other jumped up and grasped his tomahawk, while the little girl ran toward the hiding place of her father. Shouting to her to lie down, for she was in the range of the murderous Indian, the father fired again, the Indian's unerring war axe fell harmless to the ground, and leaping high in the air he fell dead at the feet of the father.

To this day they tell Indian stories down in Maine that make "Wild West" yarns seem tame in comparison. Many of the legends have been handed down from generation to generation, all emphasizing the sturdy, fearless character of Maine men—ready to meet death at any moment, in defence of their homes and families. Everywhere on the drive, from farm to farm, and town to town as we stopped to chat there was the glow of an honest pride of ancestry in the reminiscent dream stories told of the early days.

* * *

The old and new apple orchards now under improved cultivation predict a brilliant future for the Maine farmer, as well as reflecting his present prosperity.

But could one ever forget that fish dinner at New Meadows Inn? A sweet-scented, salt marsh meadow was nearby, and the place seemed appropriately named. This picturesque little cove, with its squadron of white-winged sail boats, tells an attractive story of summer pleasures in Maine. The inlets, dipping in like mermaids' fingers along the rocky shore, are the delight of all vacationists.

A TYPICAL MAINE HOMESTEAD

At Brunswick on the picturesque old elm-lined road is Bowdoin College. No institution of its size has wielded a larger influence in the affairs of state and nation than Bowdoin. None has through her sons made a greater contribution to American literature. During their life at Bowdoin both Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow conceived the idea, if they did not actually make the resolve, to devote themselves to literature. The college added nothing to the genius that won for each a rank among the world's authors, but it did by its talented and faithful professor of rhetoric have a large share in developing and training their literary powers. It is not a mere coincidence that the names of one in twenty of the six hundred graduates who enjoyed his instruction are mentioned in the standard dictionary of American authors.

In this early period among those who studied political economy at Brunswick in only twenty-one successive classes, the United States drew for her service one president, two secretaries of the national treasury, five senators and twelve members of the House of Representatives. That these men were not mere office holders, the names of Sergeant S. Prentiss of Mississippi, of William Pitt Fessenden of Maine, and of John P. Hale of New Hampshire will abundantly prove. Of the governors of Maine who were college graduates, all save two have been Bowdoin alumni, while to the mother state, Massachusetts, the college has given two chief executives, one of them its famous War governor, John A. Andrew. In the Civil War, one out of every four of the graduates then living gave personal service, and one in fifty attained the rank of general. Until recently, two major-generals who won fame at Gettysburg, have, as trustees, directed the affairs of the institution—Generals Oliver O. Howard and Joshua L. Chamberlain. Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller, of the Class of 1853, presided over the Supreme Court, William P. Frye, of the Class of 1850, over the Senate, and Thomas B. Reed, of the Class of 1860, over the House of Representatives, at the same time.

It is not alone in public life that Bowdoin men have attained success. Her more recent as well as her earlier graduates, hold chairs of instruction at Harvard and Yale, Princeton and Columbia, and in the state universities of the West. The names of Cyrus F. Brackett, Alpheus S. Packard and Charles O. Whitman stand high on the roll of scientists. The college claims as her son that most daring, most persistent, and most successful explorer, Robert E. Peary. It is not until the last two decades that the classes have averaged over fifty and the number of living alumni is less than two thousand, yet the editor of "Who's Who in America" has deemed more than a hundred of these worthy of record among the notable men of the day.

* * *

On the way to Bath, with its picturesque river front, we passed one after another noble-looking ships in process of construction, recalling Longfellow's stirring lines of "The Launching of the Ship," the words of which more than all else inspired Lincoln during some of the darkest days of the Civil War. The opening lines ran through the mind, as recalled from the old school reader:

Thou too, sail on, O Ship of State:
Sail on, O Union, proud and great.
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee—
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

DAIRYING IS A LARGE INDUSTRY IN MAINE

Shipbuilding has been one of Bath's oldest and most important industries. In the glorious old days when ninety per cent of our commerce was carried in American bottoms, many of the square-riggers that sailed the seas in all parts of the world were dispatched on their many voyages from the shipyards of Bath. Shipbuilding is still carried on in Bath, but in common with all other American cities she has suffered a great loss of prestige in this regard, for it must be remembered that at the present time only five per cent of the country's commerce is carried in American constructed ships.

American shipbuilding is, indeed, faring badly, shortsighted governmental policies having wrought it continuous harm, and American shipbuilders are justly indignant

Photo by Stebbins

CAMDEN, THE EASTERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S TRIPLE SCREW TURBINE, BUILT BY THE BATH IRON WORKS

Photo by Stebbins

U. S. BATTLESHIP GEORGIA, SPEED 19.26 KNOTS, BUILT BY BATH IRON WORKS

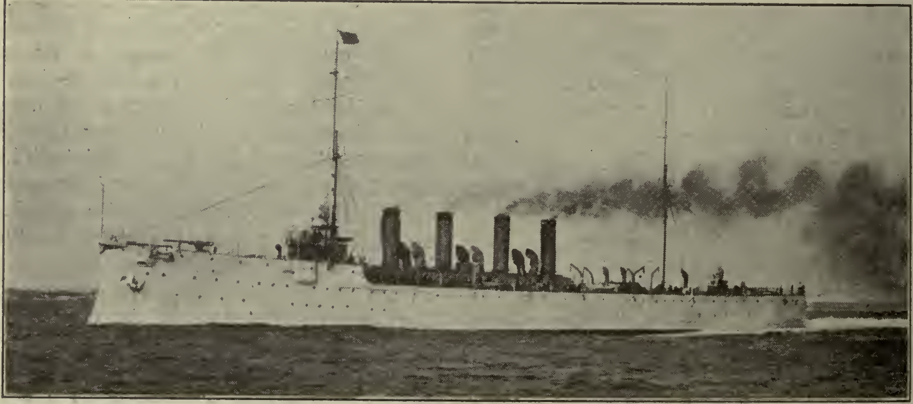


Photo by Stebbins

U. S. SCOUT CRUISER CHESTER, QUADRUPLE SCREW, PARSONS TURBINE, SPEED 26.2 KNOTS, BUILT BY THE BATH IRON WORKS at the seeming lack of interest that has been displayed by all parties in the question of an American merchant marine, feeling that the recent Panama Canal bill, permitting the purchase of foreign built vessels by companies sailing under the American flag, is the last straw in what always has been an unequal fight, for, as they put it, so long as the American shipbuilder has to pay a better wage than the foreign, so long will he be unable to compete on anything like equable terms with his old-world competitors.

The fight for a merchant marine has been long drawn out but there are many patriotic citizens who, realizing the importance of a merchant marine to the welfare of the country, will continue to revive the matter each year until Congress has been won over, no matter what the cost.

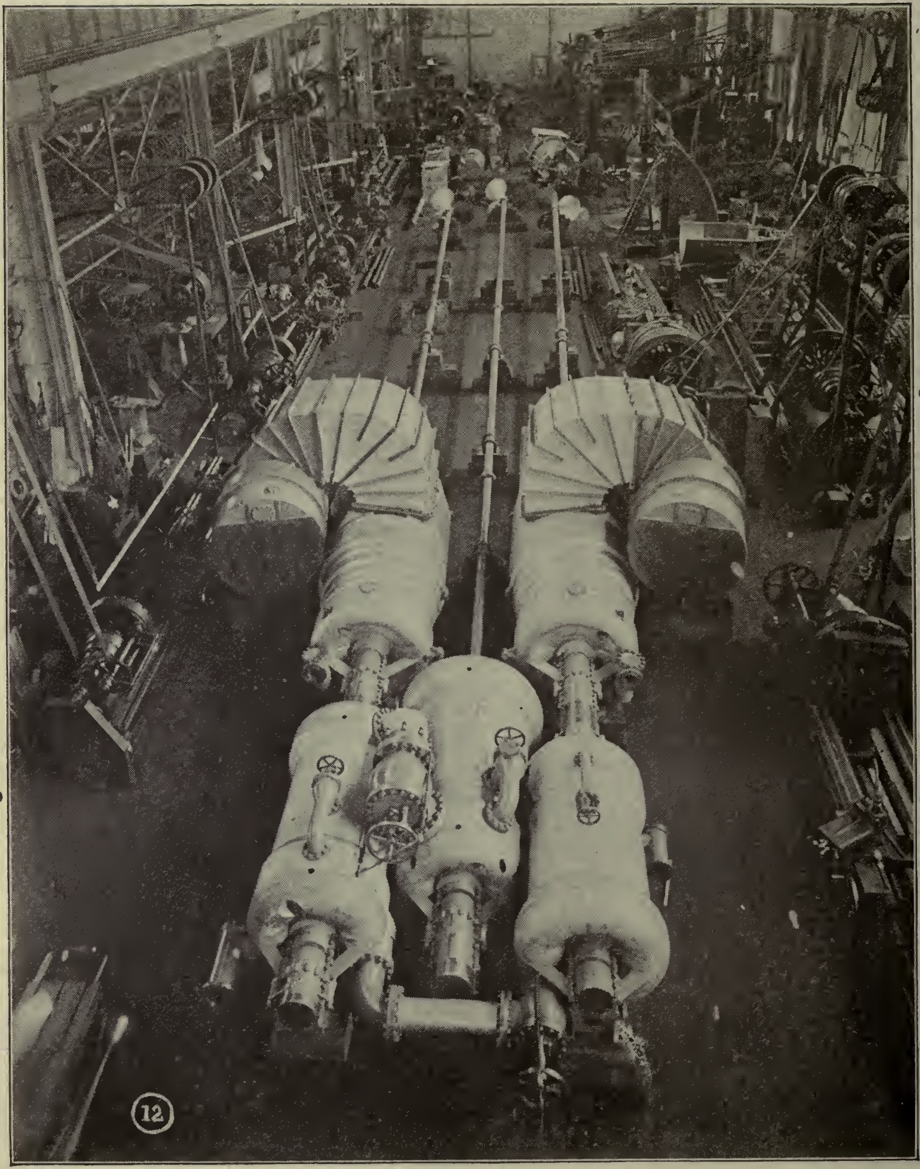
With an adequate ship subsidy, or some other fair and equable measure of protection, the shipbuilding industry of the United States would regain all its pristine greatness, and a city like Bath would become a city of equal importance with Detroit, Cleveland or Buffalo, which, depending for a share of their success on shipbuilding and its allied interests, are protected as interior cities by the navigation laws of the United States.

As it is, Bath is still one of the most important shipbuilding centres of the United States. The Bath Iron Works, of which John S. Hyde is president, is one of the chief shipyards of Maine, employing eight to fourteen hundred men, depending on the season. The great plant has been reconstructed in steel and concrete, and is equipped for all kinds of iron work in addition to the building of ships.

The building of engines and boilers for paper mills, logging locomotives and heavy machinery of all kinds is an important part of the commercial business, aside from that of ship-building. But it is as a builder of ships—the high-class, speed type—that the Bath Iron Works have established a well-merited reputation. Licensed to build the Parsons' Marine Steam Turbine, they have also an exclusive license for the Normand Water-tube boiler, which is especially adapted for high-speed work. Among the large number of private yachts built at the Bath Iron Works are the Eleanor, now the Wacoutah, owned by James J. Hill; the Peregrine, owned by R. H. White of Boston; the Virginia, owned by Isaac Stern of New York; the Aphrodite, by Colonel Oliver H. Payne of the Standard Oil Company, and the Pantooset, formerly owned by A. S. Bigelow of Boston, but now named the Hatuey, and used as flagship and presidential yacht of the Cuban Navy.

In the commercial line, the Bath Iron Works have turned out a large number of ships, including the Long Island Sound

GATHERING POTATOES ON A LOWER MAINE FARM



THE TURBINE MACHINERY FOR THE UNITED STATES DESTROYER "FLUSSER"
And her sister ship, the "Reid." The "Reid" is the fastest vessel in the navy. The "Flusser" is next

steamer, City of Lowell, the high speed turbines Camden and Belfast, and the handsomely equipped Moosehead for the Mt. Desert Ferry at Bar Harbor; the steel ice-crushing, three-track car ferry Fernando Gorges at Bath, which is one of the few reminders in the state of the man who spent his life and fortune trying to settle Maine in the sixteenth century.

Many lightships and lighthouse tenders have been built at the Bath Iron Works, and its greatest work has been in building torpedo boats and destroyers. Among the latter are the Flusser, Reid, Paulding, Drayton, Trippe, Jouett and Jenkins, and the Cassin and Cummings now building. Five torpedo boats have been built—the Craven, Dahlgren, Barney, Biddle and Bagley, as

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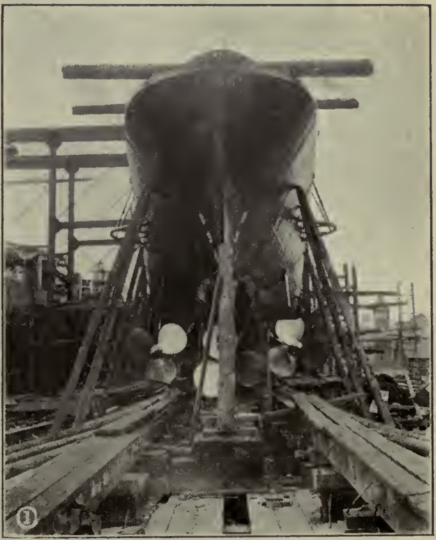
TORPEDO DESTROYER "FLUSSER" ON GOVERNMENT TRIAL SPEED, 34.55 KNOTS

well as the Annapolis training ship Severen.

The scout cruiser Chester, cruiser Cleveland, monitor Tonapah, gunboats Vicksburg, Newport, Castine and Machias, and battleship Georgia, are among the larger ships built at the Bath Iron Works, all under government supervision.

A large ship-building yard is a prime essential at the outbreak of war, not only for the building of ships, but for converting and repair work. During the Spanish-American War, the Bath Iron Works presented a busy scene. Preparation for war does not alone consist of battleship building, but also of preparedness to build and repair battleships, and for this reason, perhaps, more than any other the American merchant marine should be

NORMAND BOILER
Built by the Bath Iron Works for experiments in oil fuel for the United States Navy



THE DESTROYER "FLUSSER,"
Ready to be launched at the yards of the Bath Iron Works

put on a solid basis by ship subsidy or by any other wise and suitable method.

Another important industry in Bath, closely allied to ship-building, is the Hyde Windlass Company, makers of auxiliary machinery for ships, including windlasses, steering gears, capstans and propeller wheels. No matter where the ships are being built, a large majority of them are fitted out by the Hyde Windlass Company of Bath. Their manganese bronze propellers, both solid and built up, are well known the country over. The largest solid screw propeller ever turned out by this company measured seventeen feet six inches in diameter and weighed eighteen thousand pounds. In the manufacture of motor boat propellers the Hyde Windlass Company do a very large business at home as well as abroad.

All of the auxiliary machinery on the new Argentine battleships Moreno and Rividavia, as well as that of the new Chinese training cruiser, now building in this country, are equipped by the Hyde Windlass Company.

* * *

On the road in many places we passed Masonic buildings and brand new Grange halls, indicating another phase in the life of the modern Maine farmer. The Grange halls are the social centers of a community.

In the fields all along the road the farmer and his boys were working in the good old way. Real farmers are they, and among other crops they have planted and harvested a good crop of common sense. At one place we saw an amateur agriculturist—he was not a plain farmer—who had just arrived from the city. He was trying to act as if he knew how to farm, but sundry solecisms betrayed him. Below the barn was his auto—a touring car as long as a locomotive and cushioned like a Pullman. In it sat his chauffeur. One of his neighbors who was a real farmer shook his head in pity, for real Maine citizens have a peculiar way of saying just what they think whether in public, or privately. As we whirled along, many signs were passed that seemed to reveal the rollicking Maine humor. One sign that stood out with great clearness, bore the legend: "Autos look out for my hay team around the corner."

THE HAY CROP IN MAINE IS A MONEY-MAKER

* * *

If there ever was a point that seems properly named it is Rockland, Maine. The view from the incoming vessel of the great harbor stretching out in a crescent is a fascination, and the white line of surf beating on the rocks makes a marine picture that would delight the artist.

Nearly all of the United States naval vessels have visited Rockland. In and about Rockland great lime quarries are located—in fact, the city presents opportunities for manufacturing that are attracting widespread attention, for Rockland is one of the solid and substantial towns in Maine.

To the right is the famous Samoset Hotel, which is one of the popular coast resorts of the world. The great breakwater and the view in and about this place is both majestic and picturesque. In the distance the Camden mountains cluster around Penobscot Bay, and along the river are thousands of handsome summer homes. From Thomason we drove into Rockland over the famous road which commands the admiration of roadbuilders the world over. Great derricks reach out over deep caverns from which is taken great quantities of the lime used in building.

The shipping and harbor facilities of Rockland are unexcelled. This is the one place in the world where salt water and fresh water, lakes and mountain resorts are all encompassed in a few miles, blended into one, as it were. Here Cyrus H. K. Curtis, publisher of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, spends a large portion of the year with his yacht plying the waters of Penobscot Bay, among the scenes of his early boyhood.

* * *

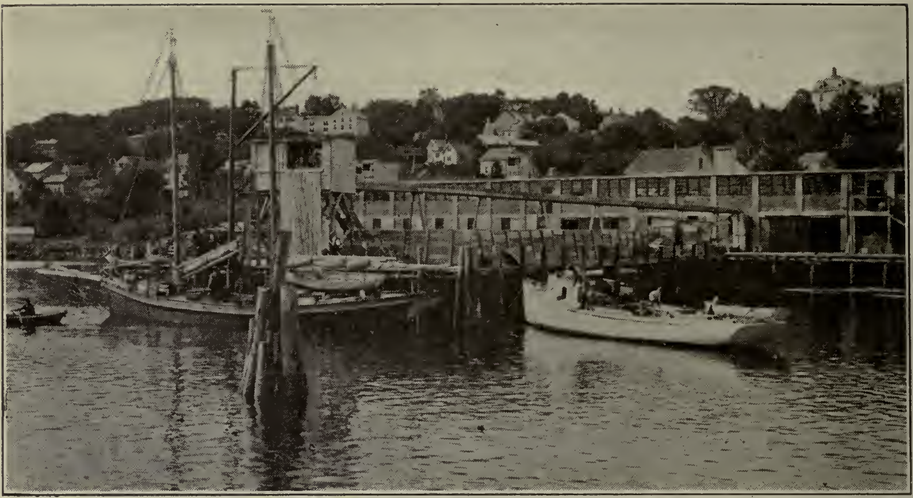
Another important city on Penobscot Bay is Belfast. Who has not heard of Belfast, Maine, across from the old historic settlement of Castine? Settled in the early years by pioneers from the north of Ireland, they bestowed upon it a name that brought back memories of the old home. Here the model Maine farm of Mr. Horace Chenery was visited. Dairy products, stock—everything conceivable on a complete farm was there.

A tobacco farm was another point of interest in Belfast, and more miraculous still, this tobacco grows in the field beside sturdy Maine potatoes, thus showing the Pine Tree soil capable of producing crops of both North and South.

The Belfast spirit was manifested in a meeting of the Board of Trade to welcome the Portland Chamber of Commerce. The brass band was out and electric signs blazed forth a greeting, and the sincerity of the welcome was attested to by the banquet given by the ladies of Belfast. It was a real, old-fashioned home gathering. Something was furnished for that table from nearly every home in Belfast. It was truly one of those occasions that showed the hospitality of Maine. There were live addresses, and the speakers not only told of the wonderful development of Maine, past and present, but also of the present opportunities furnished by this thriving city on the Penobscot.

Belfast is alive to its many opportunities as a good shipping point. With ample

STREET SCENE IN BELFAST



SARDINE CANNING FACTORY AT BELFAST

connections by rail and water it has grown industrially and has one of the largest sash, door and house-furnishing factories in Maine. It is taking its place alongside of other progressive centers in the manufacture of shoes, shirts, overalls and jumpers, as well as numerous lumber mills manufacturing staves and headings for the many cooper shops of the vicinity.

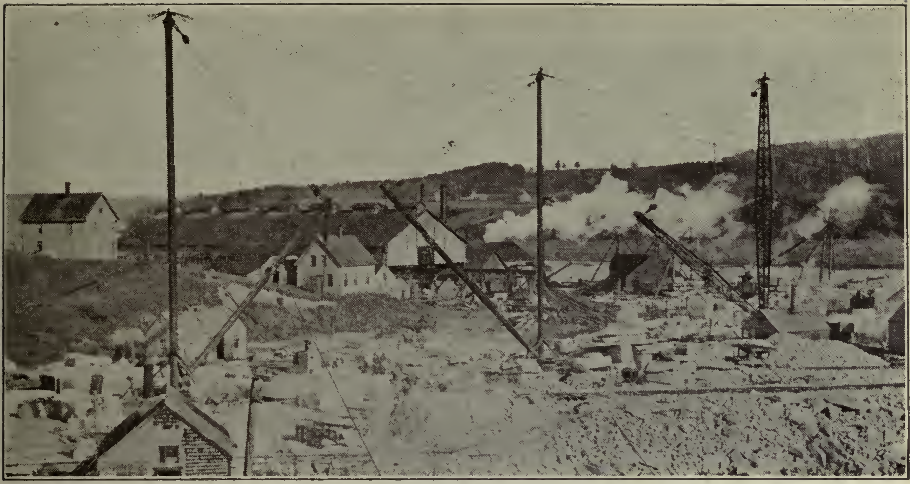
Three leatherboard mills are adding materially to the volume of its business, and the sardine packing represents a profitable branch of the fishing industry in Belfast.

The local Board of Trade, numbering about two hundred members, is very active. Through their efforts many industries have been added to Belfast, and they are searching for more. Every proper inducement is offered, and the industrial growth of Belfast during the past three years indicates that it will enjoy a large measure of renewed prosperity of the State of Maine.

* * *

Across the bay from Belfast is Searsport, which is noted in maritime literature as the

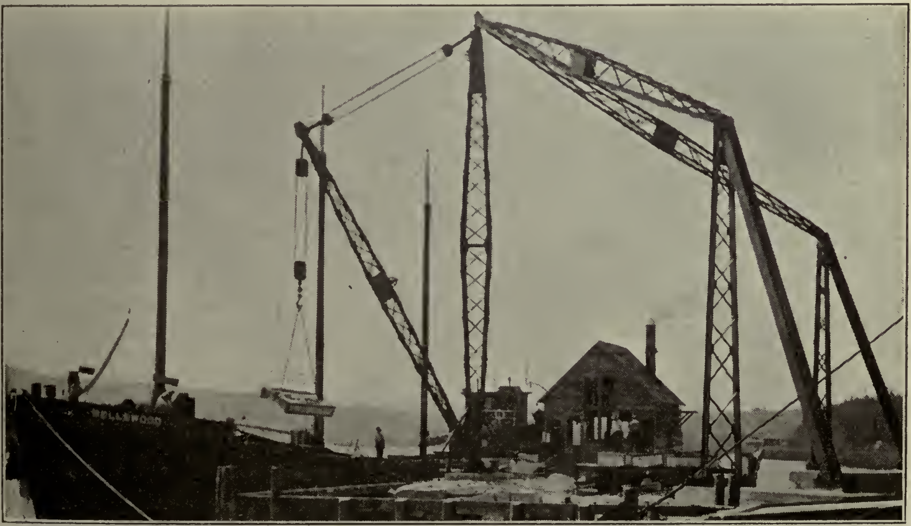
A SHOE FACTORY AT BELFAST. THE MAKING OF SHOES IS ONE OF THE CITY'S LEADING INDUSTRIES



GENERAL VIEW OF THE MOUNT WALDO GRANITE WORKS, FRANKFORT, MAINE

PILED ON THE DOCK READY FOR SHIPPING

THE FINISHED STONES



STEEL BARGES CARRYING GRANITE DIRECT FROM QUARRIES TO THE OCEAN VIA THE PENOBSCOT RIVER one town that has furnished more sea captains than any other place in the world. Every home in Searsport is the home of a retired sea captain, with observatories, "lookatories" and beautiful gardens. Searsport is the terminal of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad with immense wharves and docks to transport the diversified products of northern Maine. Nearby is Stockton, where one of the world's largest potato warehouses has been built.

Further up the river stands historic old Fort Knox guarding the town of Bucksport. The fort was built as a result of the war of 1812, and though garrisoned now by only one sergeant, its granite walls look quite formidable to the stranger, and it gives a decidedly martial air to the town.

Bucksport is the center of the great fishing industry on the Penobscot. Here also are fitted out many of the fishing fleets that go to the Newfoundland banks. In Bucksport was built the Roosevelt, the vessel in which Commodore Peary made his famous expedition to the North Pole.

At Frankfort are located the Mount Waldo Granite Works, which began quarrying in 1851. Granite from these inexhaustible quarries has entered into many of the most prominent buildings in the country. The great forty-two-story municipal building now nearing completion in New York City is the latest to be erected of Mount Waldo granite. It was the largest single-building contract for granite ever given and called for more than 750,000 cubic feet of stone, shipped from the docks at the quarry direct to New York in steel barges.

Mount Waldo granite was also used in building the anchorage of the first Brooklyn bridge. The Post Offices at Chicago, Cleveland and Milwaukee are among the public buildings built of this well-known granite.

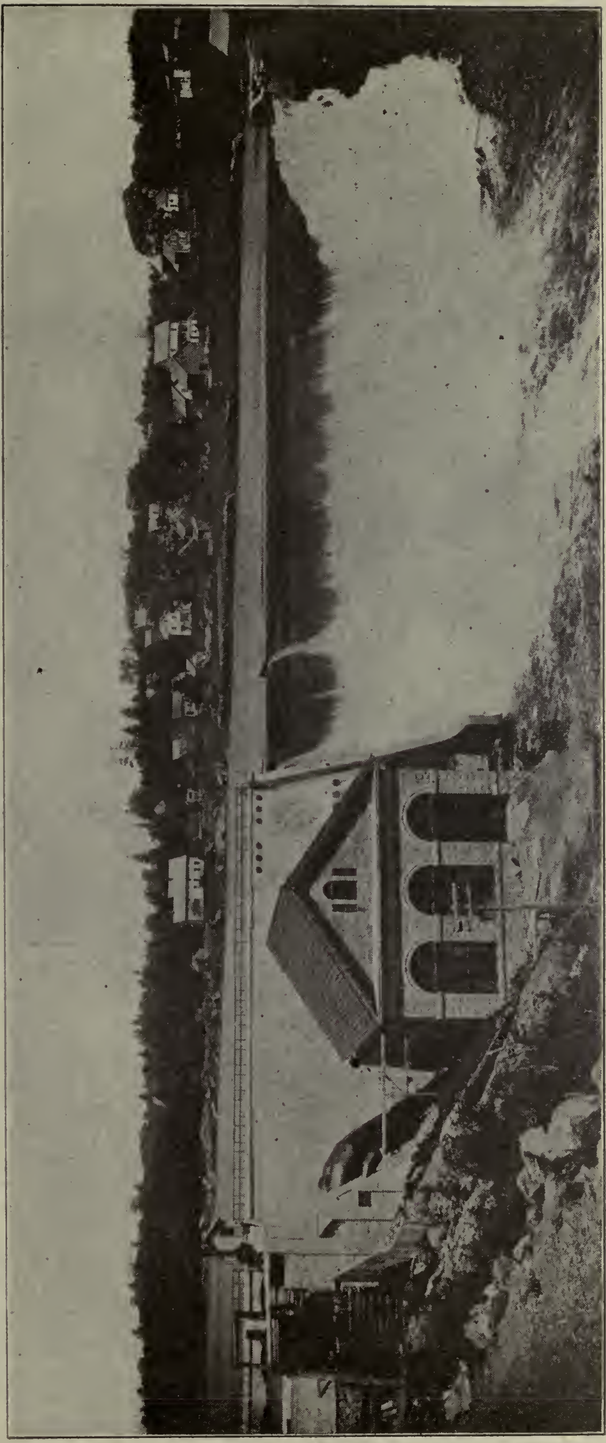
In the rush season over six hundred men are employed, although the average is about half this number. The quarries are located a mile and a half from the cutting sheds and docks and are connected with them by a cable road. Over forty-three hundred cubic feet of compressed air is generated for use in the quarrying and finishing works.

BANGOR POWER COMPANY PLANT AT MILFORD, ME.
With a capacity of 6400 horse power with 3200 horse power to be developed

The State of Maine ships more granite than any other state in New England, and the Penobscot Bay country is full of granite quarries. A large part of the shipments consist of paving stones. New York and some of the other large cities are getting back to the use of carefully finished granite paving blocks, which are now considered the best for city streets, and this is resulting in an increasing demand for the Maine product.

Situated at the head of the navigable waters of the Penobscot River, Bangor has long been the great commercial and jobbing center of northern and eastern Maine. It was only five or six years before the Revolutionary War that the first settler located at the junction of the Penobscot and the Kenduskeague Rivers, which is now the site of Bangor. In 1791 the population of this frontier post numbered only 150 people and at a meeting it was decided to ask for an act of incorporation under the name of Sunbury. Parson Noble, an itinerant preacher of the region, was entrusted with the errand to the General Court of Massachusetts, and for some strange reason, probably due to the fact that he was so fond of music, he substituted the name of his favorite hymn for that of Sunbury, and Bangor was the result. Today there are at least nine different Bangors scattered in different parts of the country, as the result of this whim on the part of the early pioneer preacher.

Bangor is a tidewater seaport lying thirty miles from the bay, and sixty miles from the Atlantic itself. There is a tide of seventeen feet which, with the natural depth of



BAR HARBOR AND UNION RIVER POWER COMPANY'S PLANT AT ELLSWORTH, ME.
Showing 60 feet fall over hollow dam developing 3000 horse power, capable of developing 1500 additional horse power

THE NEW GRAHAM BUILDING
The type of structure going up in the new Bangor

the river, gives sufficient water for coastwise ocean steamships to the wharves at Bangor. This has always insured cheap freight rates between Bangor and the other points along the coast. The convergence of many railway lines at Bangor puts the city into intimate touch with all surrounding territory extending even to the boundary line of the nation itself.

In the beginning Bangor was a sawmill town, and the fresh breezy spirit still remains. Bangor in this respect is very much unlike most New England cities. It seems to linger in the atmosphere of early days, and suggests the Western hustle and bustle. Despite the recent disastrous fire it has been rebuilt and is more beautiful than ever. It is a city wherein many fortunes have been made, and where everybody takes an interest in Bangor's progress and prosperity. The city owns its own electric light and water supply, the power for which is supplied by the great dams in the vicinity. The sawmills that dotted the banks of the Penobscot and all along its upper waters are now for the most part relics of the past. The first dam on the Penobscot was built in 1840 by General Veazie for the purpose of sawing lumber. With unusual enterprise and foresight its builder, who was one of the early pioneer lumbermen, planned for the future in a broad and comprehensive way. One of the first steam railways in America was built through his efforts, reaching from Bangor to Old Town, and the old original Stevenson locomotive which hauled the trains on this road is one of the treasured historical relics at the University of Maine. Portions of the right of way are still recognizable as evidence of this early enterprise. In this progressive community also was witnessed the establishment of the first electric street railway of New England, known as the Bangor Street Railway Company, but perhaps the most astonishing and interesting fact of all is that here the hydro-electrical transmission of power was first put into operation. The success of this final effort in Bangor saw its tremendous counterpart in the harnessing of great Niagara itself.

With the cheap power which abounds in the vicinity of Bangor, an extensive trolley system covering sixty-three miles, has been built and adds immeasurably to the development of the city. John R. Graham, of Bangor, is today the most active trolley railway builder in New England. He has instilled new life and activity into the trolley lines of Maine, has brought them largely under one management, resulting in great economies, at the same time increasing effective service for the public. In order to provide the necessary power, he has more than any other man in the section devoted his attention to the development and utilization of the marvelous water powers of this section whose mighty forces are deftly transformed into magical electric power. All the water powers of the region are connected and interchangeable, so that if the power is weakened at one point, it can be strengthened from the reserve at the other dams.

A MODERN FACTORY BUILDING IN BANGOR

At Ellsworth on Union River one of the largest dams, a great mass of concrete and steel, rising seventy-two feet—the spillway itself being over seventy-five feet high—is today generating three thousand horse power with an ultimate capacity of ten thousand horse power from Ellsworth Basin. A new concrete dam has been built at Old Town with a power house at Milford across the river, which develops at present 7,500 horse power, with an ultimate capacity of ten thousand. A new concrete dam at Veazie will develop three thousand horse power and ultimately four thousand in reserve. In addition to this generous award of Nature to the industrial growth of the community, there is in reserve a dam at Basin Mills which has no power house at present, built with an ultimate capacity of three thousand horse power. The Bangor Electric Railway Company, under Mr. Graham's management, controls all of these power properties, having bought out the old lumbering concerns which operated them in the early days, and owns lands at Milford and Ellsworth, which the Company holds for those who want power. In fact, a strong invitation is given for the location of factories, and factory sites are offered by the company as an inducement. This broad policy will result in bringing an industrial awakening to Bangor. With power as cheap as can be had anywhere else, and with the advantage of being a seaport city, Bangor has every facility for a rapid industrial growth, which, added to her supremacy as a jobbing and commercial center, will make her a city of much greater importance in the very near future.

To the southeast of Bangor one finds great areas of farms rapidly developing. This is the road to Bar Harbor, and thousands of tourists traverse this section on their way to the famous resort.

THE NEW POWER STATION OF THE BANGOR RAILWAY AND ELECTRIC CO.

Ellsworth, with its great dam and water-power, is one city never to be forgotten. On Patterson Hill, some distance up, is a view of Mt. Desert Island and Bar Harbor. Ellsworth, with its beautiful elms and handsome dwellings, gives an impression that here indeed the home spirit is predominant. The river rushing down from the falls furnishes an abundance of cheap electric power which has occasioned the establishment of new industries for this thriving little city. Ellsworth is the home of Senator Eugene N. Hale. Here in the old granite block the shingle that he hung out years ago as a young lawyer still remains, and he occupies the same office in which he began practice when he came over from Hancock County.

Early in 1812 the Merchants Association of Ellsworth, Maine, became very active in calling attention to the advantages for business, residence and farming operations offered by Ellsworth and vicinity. The Blood Knitting Mills, manufacturing ladies' knit underwear and the only institution of its kind in the state, the Mutual Shoemakers who have started a shoe factory and other industrial companies are considering a removal to or location at this point.

Perfect sanitary conditions and an unexcelled water service, and comparatively cheap prices for family supplies make Ellsworth the central point of summer colonies at Hancock Point, Sorrento, Shady Nook, Surrey and Bluehill, and a good place to live in. Good farm properties around Ellsworth are being eagerly sought for by people who are eager to realize plans for a good farm and summer home combined. The progressive and enterprising young men of Ellsworth have taken hold in good shape and are "boosting" local claims to share in the general revival of Maine industries and progress. Ellsworth is keeping pace with the active spirit of development in agriculture and general industrial and social growth, which of late seems to have revivified the neglected interests of New England.

Situated on both banks of the Union River, in a sightly valley protected by picturesque hills, the city has many attractions in the way of beautiful scenery, with fishing and hunting privileges in the vicinity. The soil of the valley farms is especially suited to the truck and fruit farming which has already proven so profitable in other sections.

Washington County is the great blueberry region of Maine. Here are grown three-fourths of the country's supply of blueberries used for canning purposes. At historic Machias, in Washington County, the saw mills are still active. Machias has many new industries coming in. Through the center of the town flows a stream where salt and fresh water meet. The great Downling River is the site of many old historic incidents of early days, and the old church has the marks of the cannonball of the early wars.

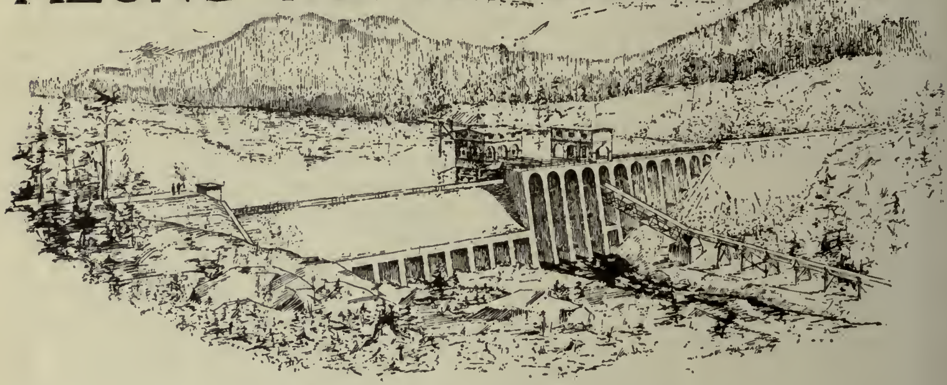
At Eastport, the most eastern city in the United States, are located the great sardine canning factories. Its shores are washed by the Bay of Fundy where the tides ebb and flow at mountain heights.

Another famous fishing center is Calais, which suggests the old French town of Calais on the English Channel. In Maine they call it "Callus," the French pronunciation being eliminated and the anglicized form adopted.

All along the coast one finds a section that is fast being developed. All the seaport towns of Maine from Portland to Eastport are served by the Eastern Steamship Company, which connects not only with the ports of Boston and New York but also with intermediate lines, reaching sections of the country that heretofore have had no means of transportation except by water. The purpose of this company seems concentrated upon giving every seaport town in the State of Maine a service that rivals all railroad connections.

NEW S. S. NORTHLAND, NEW YORK-PORTLAND ROUTE

ALONG THE ANDROSCOGGIN



AZISCOHOS DAM
SAWYER & MOULTON ENG'RS

ALONG the Androscoggin River lies Maine's chief industrial center, with more developed water power than on any other river in the state. With its head-waters in the Rangeley Lake region the Androscoggin winds a crooked path in and out the state to Merry Meeting Bay, where it joins the historic Kennebec in a frolic to the sea.

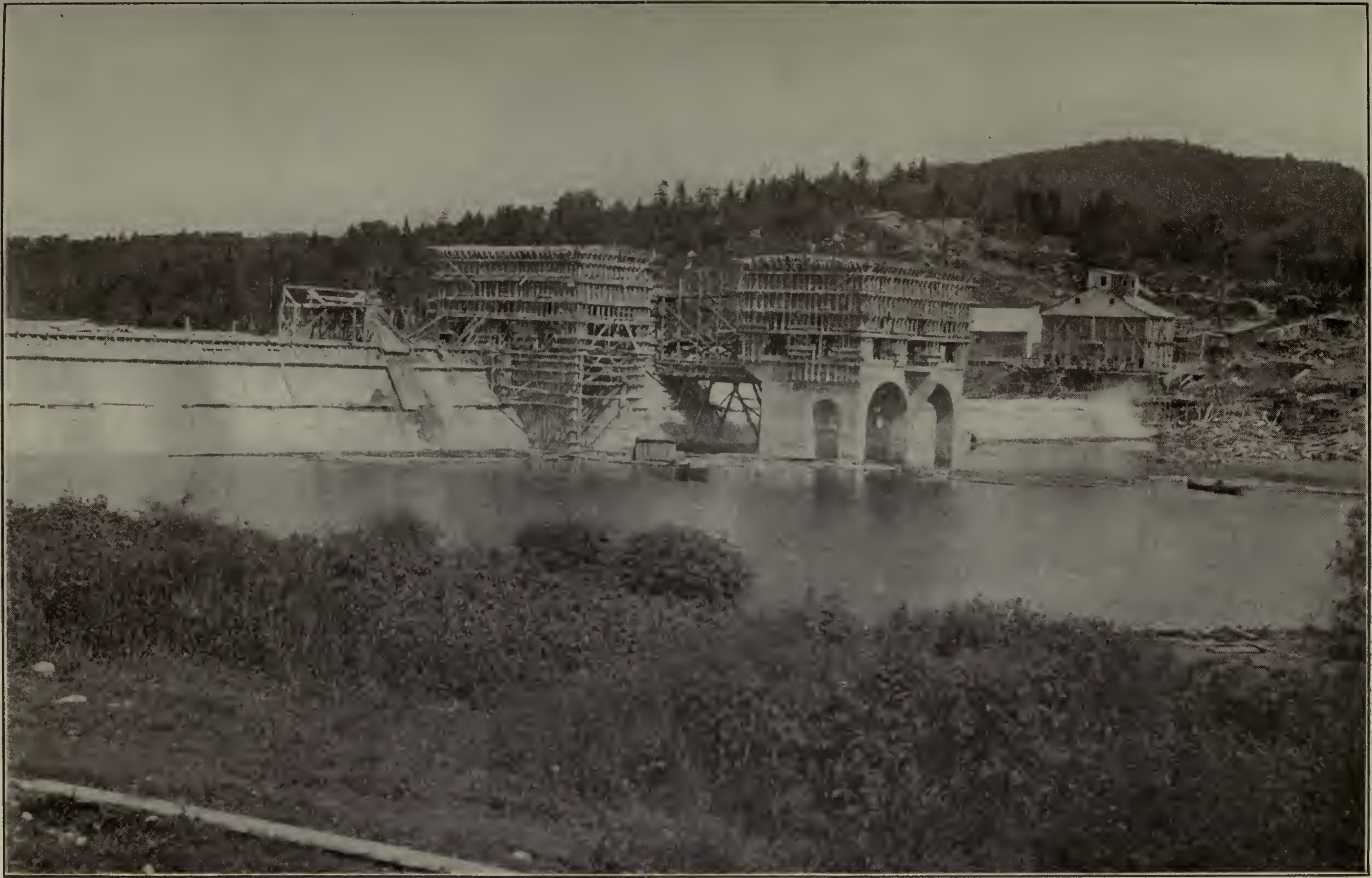
Although but 167 miles in length it has a fall of 1,230 feet, of which 730 feet has already been developed, and the total water power of the Androscoggin River within the boundaries of Maine is given as 112,355 horse power, of which 54,000, located at Rumford Falls, is the largest single development in New England.

The real water-power development of the Androscoggin River began in 1857, but the first development of storage did not begin until 1876, when the outlets of the Rangeley lakes were purchased. The city of Lewiston, in order to help the work of constructing suitable, permanent dams, contributed $200,000 toward the purchase of the Lake System and took in return the right to six hundred horsepower of water for its pumping stations and municipal street lighting systems.

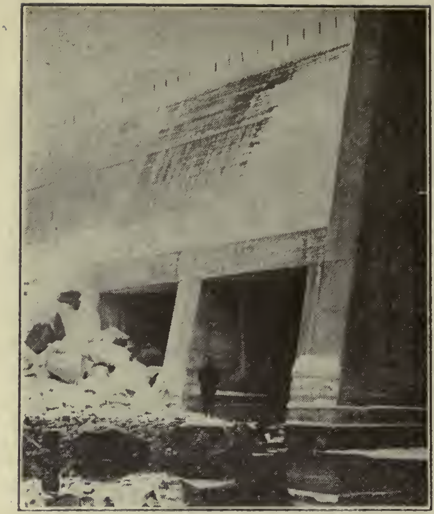
The use of the water-power along the Androscoggin began to grow with the natural industrial development. In the city of Lewiston alone the excess of the water-power used over the amount called for in the various leases increased 3,600 horse power in fifteen years. This excess power could not be delivered through the dry season owing to the water shortage. and the mills often had to shut down, thus affecting not only the wage-earner but the entire business community. It was this condition of uncertainty that held in check the industrial growth of the Androscoggin Valley for years, and its solution—a reliable water supply—was of paramount importance.

The problem was intricate. Mr. Walter H. Sawyer, chief engineer and general manager of the Union Water Power Company of Lewiston, realized more than any one else the necessity of improving the storage facilities on the river, and applied himself to the working out of plans that would bring relief. The least expensive plan seemed to be the lowering of the channels at the outlets of the lakes so that more water could be drawn in the winter season, and application was made to the Legislature for permission to do the work, but after a long drawn-out battle this permission was refused.

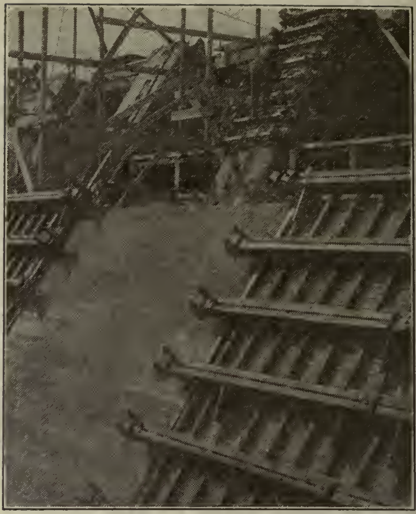
The remaining remedy was to construct dams to form artificial reservoirs. The most feasible site was found to be at Aziscohos Falls on the Magalloway River, where a lake could be created with as large an area as the Upper and Lower Richardson Lakes of the Rangeley System



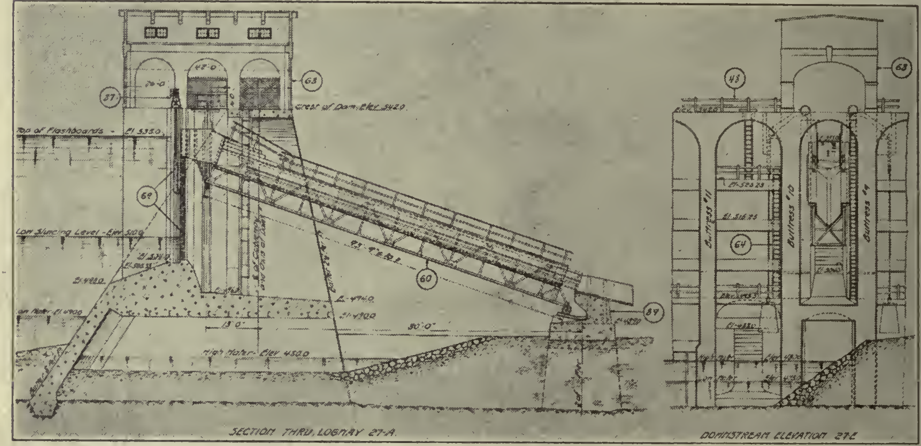
THE AZISCOHOS DAM, NEARING COMPLETION. IT IS THE LARGEST DAM USED FOR WATER STORAGE FOR POWER PURPOSES IN THE WORLD



Below the great concrete spillway

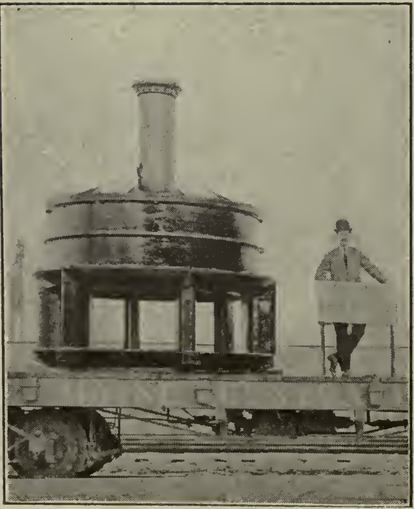


One of the concrete forms of the Aziscohos dam



42-0
24-0
87
63
Crest of Dam Elev 542.0
Top of Flashboards - El 535.0
69
Low Sluicing Level - Elev 510.0
El 498.0
60
El 494.0
El 492.0
89
13'0"
90'0"
High Water Elev 450.0
SECTION THRU. LOGWAY 27-A.
48
63
El. 516.25
Buttress #11
Buttress #10
Buttress #9
64
DOWNSTREAM ELEVATION 27-C

Drawing showing movable log sluice at Aziscohos dam. Sawyer & Moulton, Portland, engineers



One of the twin cylinder sluice gates at the Aziscohos dam

In some respects the Aziscohos dam resembles a great building together and larger than Rangeley itself, and which would hold as much available water as the largest lake of the existing Rangeley System.

Through the efforts of Mr. Wallace H. White, treasurer of the Union Water Power Company, and Mr. Sawyer, its agent, the International Paper Company, the Berlin Mills Company, the Rumford Falls Power Company and the Union Water Power Company were persuaded to form together a new corporation called the Androscoggin Reservoir Company, each contributing $250,000 for the construction of the dam, which was to cost a round million. It was also agreed to turn over to Mr. Sawyer the handling of the entire water system of the Androscoggin River, and the cost and maintenance of the dams used for storage was to fall on each in proportion to the developed power. In other words it was a corporation in which there was no income expected—no dollars and cents return on the investment—except the benefit of ample water, thus making an assessment corporation, with "water" dividends instead of watered stocks.

The building of the Aziscohos Dam presented many unique engineering problems, one being the building of a dam of tremendous size and yet which would allow the maintenance of a sluiceway for the passage of logs that could be raised or lowered according to the level of the water. The reason for this lay in the fact that the capacity of the lake was so large compared with the drainage area that it was feared the lake would not fill to the top each spring. The necessity of driving logs had to be considered, and to meet this condition the engineers boldly planned to cut a twenty-five foot slot in the center of the heavy concrete structure and to fit in this slot a movable sluiceway for carrying the logs out of the reservoir into the river below. The several consulting engineers finally adopted Sawyer & Moulton's plan, and the result has been a very successful scientific solution. Leading from the sluiceway is a trough one mile long to carry the logs beyond the rapids to the river. Everything is planned for the saving and conservation of water, which is the most important consideration in the industrial development of the valley. Instead of the old cumbersome slow-moving water gates, great twin cylinder gates of a kind commonly used for water wheels at the mills were adopted. This innovation is now being adopted in other dams, for sluiceways can be opened or closed with very little effort in a short space of time as compared with the old method.

Another serious problem encountered in the designing of the dam was to build a structure which would withstand the contraction and expansion due to the extreme temperature changes to which it would be subjected. Ordinary dams are protected in the winter season by the water which is held in the ponds above them, the temperature of the dam not falling much below thirty-two degrees. As this was a dam to maintain a reservoir which would be drawn in the winter season, the structure would be subjected to temperatures as low as forty degrees below zero, and if water in the reservoir should fall below high water mark in the summer season the temperature might rise to one hundred degrees, thus subjecting the dam to a wide range of temperatures. To meet these conditions the dam was designed in a series of arches reinforced with steel, having sufficient elasticity to allow for expansion and contraction without danger to the structure.

Another serious problem encountered in designing the dam at this site was to provide for the expansion of the ice sheet on the lake during the winter season. Ice in this region forms to a depth of from two to three feet in thickness, and should the reservoir be filled to the top in the winter season the expansion of such a sheet of ice would exert a thrust at the top of the dam equivalent to about forty thousand pounds to the square foot.

The magnitude of the Aziscohos Dam is best realized when the following facts are considered: The area of the lake is about twelve square miles. Eight months were spent in clearing the site of the heavy timber, cutting cord wood and hauling supplies from Colebrook, the nearest railroad station, thirty-eight miles away, and 136 horses were used daily on this work. More than eight thousand tons

POWER STATI

were hauled in this way over rough roads, and of this amount 550 tons consisted of food for the cook tents. The total length of the dam from end to end of earth banks is 970 feet, while the length of concrete construction is 881 feet. The height of the main dam from ledge foundation is eighty-two feet, and the height from river bed to the top of the tower is 103 feet, with a reservoir draft of forty-seven feet.

Its construction required 25,000 cubic yards of concrete in which 30,000 barrels of cement and 34,000 tons of rock were used. It took six hundred thousand feet of lumber to build the forms, and ten thousand cords of wood were burned to make steam. Seventeen thousand, five hundred cubic yards of earth and nine thousand cubic yards of ledge were excavated to prepare the foundation for the dam.

In addition to building the Aziscohos Dam, it was necessary to build the Abbott Brook Dike, with a core wall of nine hundred feet, thirty-three feet in height, being 165 feet wide at the base and sixteen feet on top, which required over fifty thousand cubic yards of earth in the building.

On this great work is built the foundation of the future greatness of every manufacturing city in the valley.

It has given a reserve of eight billion cubic feet of water, which if piled on an acre of land would make a stack of water thirty-five miles high, in itself enough water to run the Androscoggin River for seventy-two days without any help either from the other lakes or from rainfall.

Nor is this all. A new dam soon to be built at Pond-in-the-River, a place just below the Richardson Lake, to secure a more economical use of water for log driving, will help materially in the further control and storage of water in the lake region.

The conservation of water is only secondary to its storage. At Pontoocook is a dam which is utilized entirely for exactly regulating the flow of the Androscoggin River. This is watched hourly, and the flow of the river is controlled even to a margin of three per cent and regulated by the amount of rainfall and storage in the lakes at the head of the system.

More power, steady power, power the year round—this is the offering to new industries along the Androscoggin.

UMFORD, MAINE

UP in the heart of the Oxford hills, where the Androscoggin River drops one hundred and eighty feet in less than one mile, is the village of Rumford Falls, created and built to carry out the ideals of one man in the development of power and the establishment of an industrial community.

No other monument to the memory of the late Mr. Hugh J. Chisholm, father of Maine's newly-awakened industrial life, will stand as imperishable. Twenty years ago Rumford Falls was but a rugged bit of nature, waiting for the touch of the master hand that should hew a city out of a wilderness. Today it is the home of four great industries, the center of ten thousand people, and privileged by reason of its tremendous power development to take its place among the chief industrial centers of America. It was Mr. Waldo Pettingill, acting as agent for Mr. Chisholm, who first began the purchase of the power rights at Rumford Falls, and through him Mr. Chisholm acquired much of the original purchase. To Mr. Chisholm's imaginative and practical mind it presented an unusual opportunity for the building of an ideal industrial community. Before a single stroke in the actual development was begun, years were spent in planning for the development, and so far as practical these plans were carried forward without deviation.

The primary organization of the community was that of the Rumford Falls Power Company, and the first plant built was a small wooden shed generating only three hundred horse-power. Later six hundred horse-power was added, then eight hundred horse-power more. The three hundred horse-power water wheel was later removed and a fifteen hundred horse-power wheel put in its place. Then a five hundred horse-power was added, and so it continued to grow to meet and keep well in advance of the needs.

The old wooden shed of the early days has given way to a magnificent power house of concrete and brick, built in 1909, developing fifteen thousand of the fifty-four thousand available horse-power of the Falls.

Greater than any other single development in the New England states, and second only to Niagara itself, the bright future of Rumford Falls lies in this abundance of water power. The great dam

INTERNATIONAL PAPER COMPANY'S MILL, RUMFORD, MAINE

at the head of the Falls backs up the water for a distance of twelve miles, which, freezing each winter, makes a blanket of snow, keeping the water warm and doing away with ice trouble common to power plants in cold climates. This is a great advantage to Rumford Falls, and the plant has never been obliged to close because of difficulties with ice.

At the foot of the bluff that overlooks Rumford, the great power house, with massive penstocks leading into it from the dam above, presents a stirring picture of the tentacles of industry. It is as if the mighty fall itself had been grasped in the long-fingered clutch of business and brought into submission to man.

The grounds about are beautifully parked, and over the rocks grow the tiny bluebells of Scotland, suggesting the native land of the sturdy Scotchman who has made it all possible. The great fifteen-foot generators, generating five thousand horse-power each, travel at the rate of two miles per minute, and the whir of the great plant is deafening.

That all of this tremendous development is utilized in Rumford Falls tells its own story of the great industrial development, which as a contributor of income to the Maine Central Railway is second only to Portland, some months even standing first.

In addition to the one hundred foot fall at the power house, there are two additional water power developments at Rumford. The first is that on the middle canal used by the International Paper Company, which also has mills further down the river at Chisholm and Livermore. At Rumford it utilizes a fifty-foot fall and has one of the largest of its paper mills.

The canal is continually choked with logs, which are rapidly converted into pulp and paper for the great metropolitan newspapers.

At the lower canal, with a fall of thirty feet, is situated the plant of the Oxford Mills, which formerly had the contract for making all the post-cards for Uncle Sam, and which today turns out one hundred and fifty tons of super-calendered and book papers each day for magazines and periodicals.

Another large industry in Rumford is

OXFORD PAPER MILLS, RUMFORD, MAINE

the Continental Paper Bag Company, which enjoys the distinction of being one of the largest paper bag concerns in the world, with a capacity of more than fifteen million paper bags each day. The addition of the paper bag company eight years ago was in keeping with Mr. Chisholm's plan to gather in Rumford those allied industries which would finish the product of the mills, and also industries that would give employment to women and girls, so that three or four in each family could become wage-earners.

The Fort Hill Chemical Company is the only electrolytic plant in Rumford. Here the strong electric current is used chiefly in making chloride of potash and kindred chemicals. This branch of industry is very large, as the greater part of the power of Niagara is used in the electrolytic business, now being rapidly developed. Large concerns like the United States Steel Company are installing electric furnaces, as the heat can be regulated much more easily. This represents a great future for Rumford in all industries utilizing the modern electric furnace.

There are numerous smaller industries in Rumford, such as saw mills, planing mills, grist mills, and printing offices, all taking advantage of the cheap electrical power.

Maple, birch, beech and ash may also be had abundantly by hardwood factories locating at Rumford.

So much for industrial Rumford; but civic Rumford is, if possible, still more interesting. Mr. Chisholm's plans for the new community included a residential section for employes, something entirely different from the stereotyped "company house" idea. Contending that he could not make good paper without good men, and that good men could not be had without good homes, he reserved a beautiful tract of land and laid out an artistic spot, which he called Strathglass Park, after his old home county in Scotland. This work, which involved the construction of fifty-one houses at an expense of $350,000, was carried out personally by Mr. Chisholm. He was determined that the employes of the Rumford Mills should have the comforts of well-built brick houses of six, seven and eight rooms, with hardwood floors and hot and cold

CONGRESS STREET, RUMFORD, MAINE

MECHANICS INSTITUTE, RUMFORD, MAINE

water at rentals within their reach—$17 to $18 per month.

The labor situation in Rumford is well balanced. During the panics of 1893 and 1907 every mill in Rumford was kept running. The completion of the Mechanics Institute last year has given to Rumford a unique city club, which anyone may join for five dollars per year. This, in common with other plans for the welfare of Rumford people, was the result of Mr. Chisholm's interest in the community. Through his influence the mills underwrote $50,000 in bonds with which the building was constructed. Another $25,000 was spent in fitting up handsome reception and lounging rooms, class rooms, lecture hall, card and game room, billiards, bowling alleys and gymnasium, with lockers and shower baths, all run on a basis of actual cost.

The membership the first year numbered nearly nine hundred and included a ladies auxiliary and a department for boys and girls over fourteen years of age.

In the center of the lounging room is a handsome marble bust of the late Mr. Chisholm, sculptured by Peter Piai. The walls and ceiling of this room are handsomely decorated with the names of the sixteen most prominent men of mechanical science, each the leader in his field, worked into the frieze. The Institute is run after the manner of a fully-equipped, up-to-date Y. M. C. A., with the religious phase omitted. No one can doubt that the club works a permanent influence for good in the community.

STRATHGLASS PARK, RUMFORD, MAINE

With a well-equipped public library, seven churches, and good schools, the civic life of the community is healthful and inspiring. A Board of Trade and Business Men's Club are interested in the further development of the town in the matter of diversified industries.

Rumford is the largest town and the center of trade for a radius of twenty-five miles or more, and has spent more than $60,000 on macadam roads, some extending seven miles out. Another $15,000 will be spent this year on new roads and repair work.

Rumford Falls is one of the liveliest towns in Maine. Everything seems active and busy. It is essentially a city of young men, for it hasn't been settled long enough for anyone to get very old. With its $100,000, $75,000 and $50,000 buildings, Rumford Falls has a metropolitan aspect, and the spirit of hustle is unflagging. As the greatest water power center in New England, it will share generously in the new era of industrial development in Maine.

* * *

LEWISTON, the second largest city in Maine, is a typical New England metropolis. Just why it was named Lewiston nobody seems to know. The first settler in the region was a Massachusetts pioneer named Paul Hildreth, who settled at the falls in 1770, and in the wilderness the city grew about him. Brick sidewalks, shaded by giant elms, today guide the footsteps of the visitor through thoroughfares where the whir of the spindles lends the hum of industry so distinctive of New England manufacturing towns. Great factories are flanked by deep, swift, eddying waters of the canals, which seem to swirl in hesitation, then plunge down over the water-wheels into the bed of the river below. Although the romantic falls of Lewiston have been somewhat denuded of their beauty by this demand for water to serve the great industries, yet Profile Rock still stands in its center, a wonderful stone visage of Nature's handiwork, imperishable as time itself, connecting the old with the new.

Originally the fifty-foot fall in the river at Lewiston was divided into two heads of twenty-two and twenty-eight feet respectively, because at the time it was thought that a fifty-foot fall would be too much for a single development of power. Since that time, however, the entire fall of fifty feet has been successfully utilized, and but for the expense involved in making the change, the whole system would probably be reconstructed, so as to give the full fifty-foot head to all the power developed in the city, as the most economical development of water power.

THE PONTOOCOOK DAM, WHERE THE FLOW OF THE ANDROSCOGGIN IS REGULATED

Lewiston is the great cotton manufacturing center of Maine. The approximate value of her cotton goods, the principal product of Lewiston mills, is about seven million dollars per year, and there are more than four hundred thousand spindles in daily operation.

The low tax rate is a strong inducement to those contemplating the establishment of new industries. Machine shops at one time constituted a very successful business in Lewiston, and with the growth of manufacturing in cotton, shoes, and woolen mills in the vicinity would seem to offer a special opportunity for the re-establishment of a machine shop at the present time.

The physical growth of Lewiston is in evidence on every hand. More than a hundred new homes have been erected during the past year. A new factory occupying

LEWISTON FALLS, LEWISTON, MAINE

four acres is being added to the Bates Mill, and on Bates Street a new shirt factory employing five hundred hands is being erected. The railroad facilities are extremely satisfactory, and then, of course, there is the hope, the possibility, that some day Lewiston will become a seaport. The Androscoggin River is navigable to Brunswick, twenty miles below Lewiston, and the building of four locks would bring barges into the city. This praiseworthy conception of Mr. N. W. Farrell, a prominent citizen of Lewiston thirty years ago, is a dream that may some day be consummated.

The mill-hand population of the vicinity is divided among all nationalities with perhaps a majority of French-Canadians. Good wages are paid, and there is an absence of labor troubles and strikes.

LISBON STREET, LOOKING FROM MAIN STREET, LEWISTON, MAINE

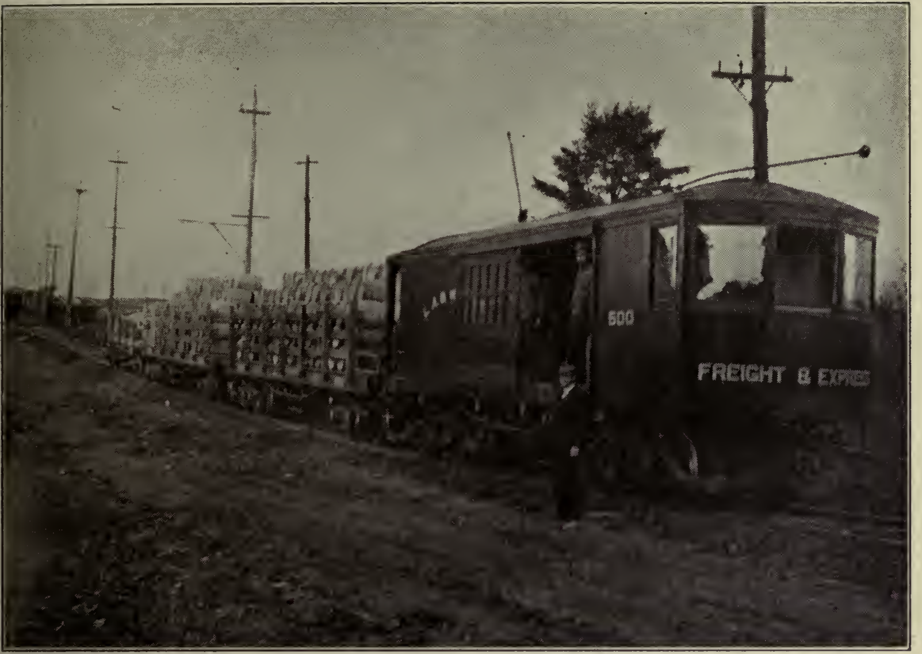
The public schools of Lewiston are among the best in the state. The number of pupils include 2,600 in the public schools and 2,400 in the parochial schools. A certificate from the Lewiston high school will admit to any New England college. In the Lewiston schools there are six special supervisors, one each for manual training, cooking, sewing, music and penmanship. The night school, enrolling 517 pupils and requiring twenty teachers, was the first night school established in the state, and was founded in 1884.

Lewiston is also the home of Bates College, which was founded in 1856 under the name of the Maine State Seminary, but which was later changed to Bates College in consideration of a $200,000 contribution. Bates College has a beautiful campus of fifty acres and many fine buildings. . The Maine State Agricultural Society owns thirty-five acres, for its fair grounds at Lewiston has one of the best half-mile race tracks in the country. This year marks the fifty-first annual Maine State fair, which attracts many people from all parts of the state, as well as New England.

The municipal electric lights and waterworks in the city of Lewiston are owned and operated by the city. The Libbey and Dingley Dam at Deer Rips, two miles above the city, is a fine example of concrete work, 1,018 feet long and capable of developing twelve thousand hydro-electric horse power.

Mr. W. S. Libbey, head of the Libbey-Dingley Company, has played an important part in the development of Lewiston. A telegraph operator for the first seventeen years of his residence in the city, his career has exemplified the success that comes as a reward to industry and merit. The first telephone line in Lewiston was installed by him, in its early days, when everybody considered it an honor to have the wire attached to their chimney. Subsequently, with Mr. H. M. Dingley, Mr. Libbey bought out a small woolen mill, and later the Lincoln cotton mills were purchased, which turned his attention to the question of water power. At the time when Libbey & Dingley Co. bought the privilege to put in the dam at Deer Rips there were less than twenty motors in the two cities of Auburn and Lewiston, and there was no opportunity for industrial growth so far as electric power was concerned. Today, in addition to railway motors (for Lewiston is the center of a great

VIEW OF THE MAINE STATE FAIR, LEWISTON, MAINE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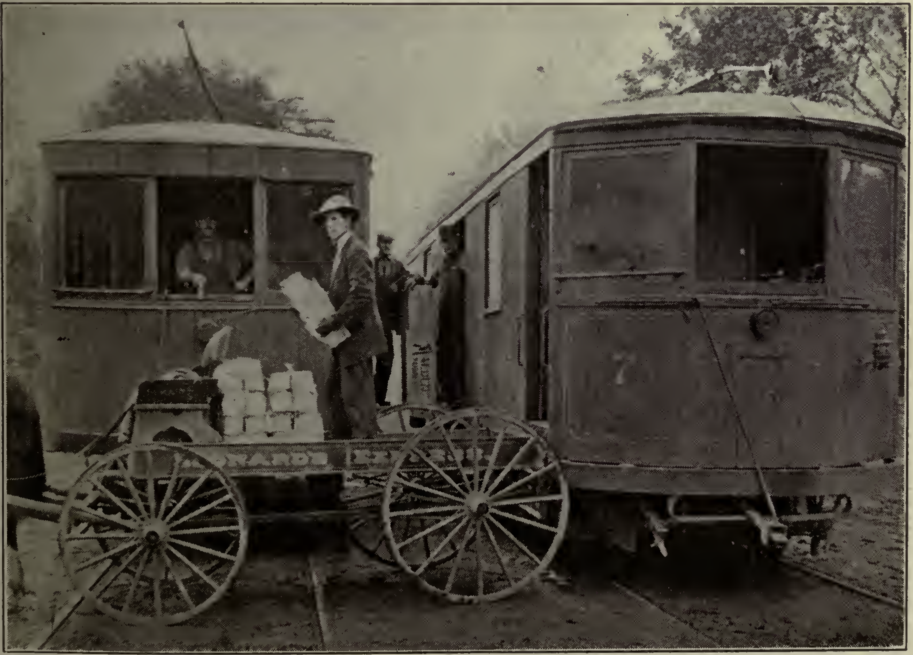
ELECTRIC FREIGHT ENGINE HAULING CARS LOADED WITH LUSCIOUS MAINE APPLES



AT A BUSY TRANSFER STATION OF THE L. A. & W. RAILWAY, LEWISTON trolley system) there are five hundred motors, furnishing power for the various shoe factories and mills. Not only did Mr. Libbey assist in the industrial growth by furnishing adequate, cheap power, but he purchased and consolidated two rival lighting companies and readjusting the rates on a fair basis reduced the kilowatt charge nearly half, from fifteen cents to eight cents, thereby giving a practical demonstration of what a so-called monopoly can do in serving the people, as each reduction has been made voluntarily, because "it was the square thing to do."

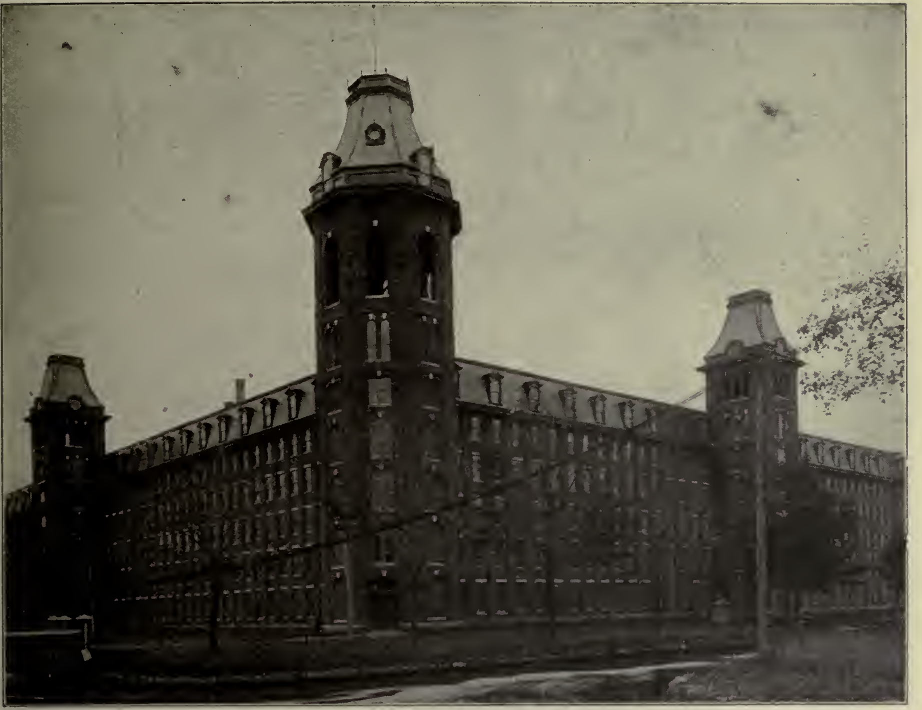
The present demand for power from the Libbey and Dingley dam does not exceed five thousand horse power, and in order to use some of the surplus power Libbey & Dingley Co. are now building, as an independent undertaking, one of the finest electric interurban railways in the country. It is known as the Portland-Lewiston Interurban, and connects the cities of Lewiston and Auburn with Portland, thirty-five miles away. The construction work has been carried out with the idea of securing high speed and with the exception of one half mile is over a private right of way. Deep cuts and fills some thirty-five feet high, together with concrete and iron bridges, give a level track, on which the running time between the two cities will be only five miles per hour less than the Merchants Limited from Boston to New York.

ONE OF THE ELECTRIC ENGINES

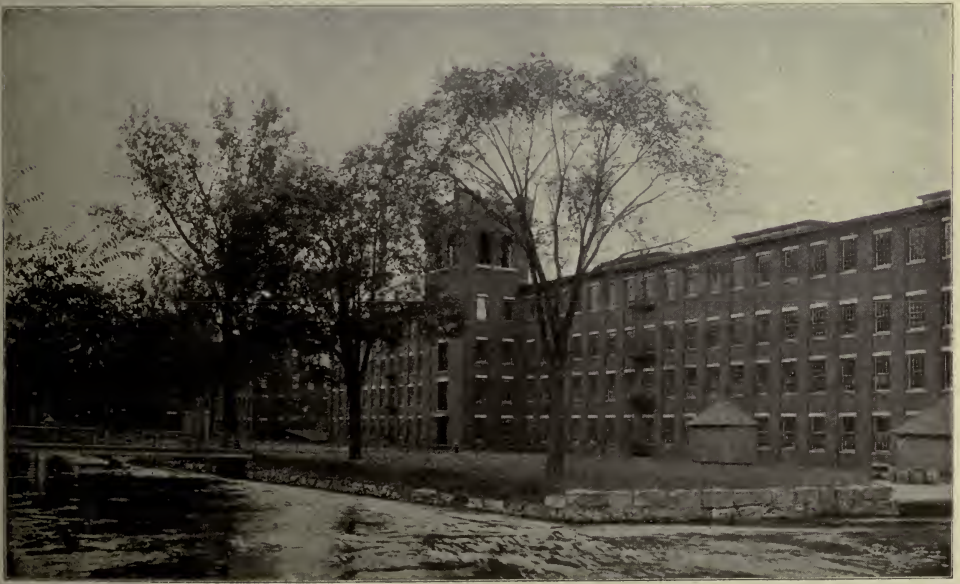
Used on construction work on the new Portland-Lewiston railway

The cars, which will start running in the late fall or early spring, will be of the latest equipment, furnished in mahogany

ONE OF THE BIG FILLS ON THE PORTLAND-LEWISTON RAILWAY



CONTINENTAL MILLS, LEWISTON, MAINE



BATES MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LEWISTON, MAINE with holly and ebony trimming. The upholstering will be heavy plush, the smoking compartment leather, with plate glass windows and leaded glass decorations. Each car seats fifty-two persons, is equipped with a four hundred horse power motor capable of developing sixty-five miles per hour. When this road is completed it will link closer than ever the city of Portland with the great industrial center of Maine.

THE LIBBEY-DINGLEY DAM AT DEER RIPS, TWO MILES ABOVE LEWISTON

A fine example of concrete work in modern dam construction. It is ten hundred and eighteen feet long and capable of developing twelve thousand horse power

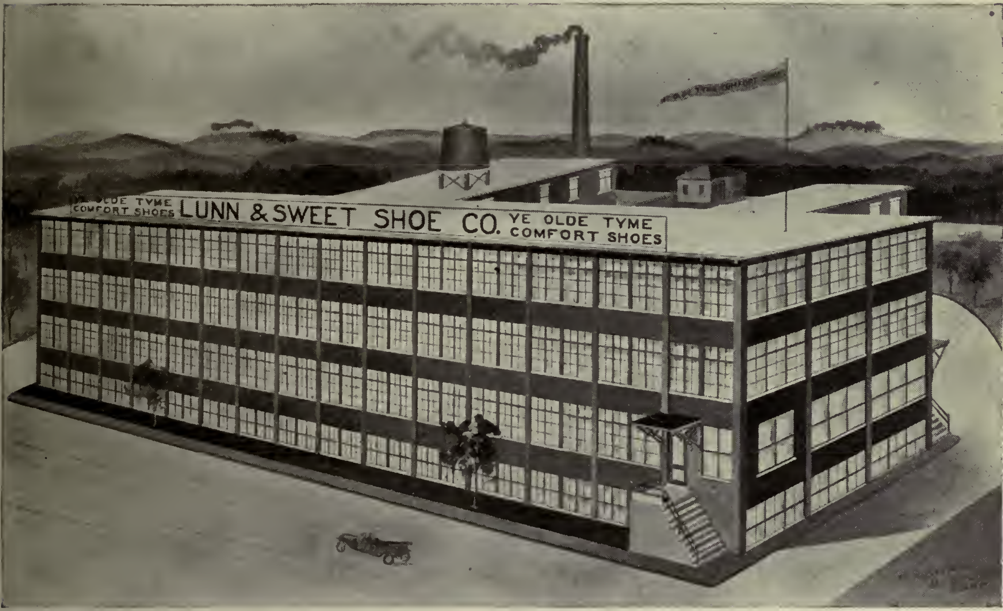
NEXT to cotton, the greatest industry of the lower Androscoggin Valley is the manufacture of shoes. The city of Auburn, just across the river from Lewiston and a very important point in this great industrial center, is the great shoe manufactory of Maine, and dates its prominence in this industry to the days before the Civil War.

Altogether, the cities of Auburn and Lewiston promise to make one of the most thickly populated centers in Maine, as their combined population is already nearing the fifty thousand mark. Each city extends along its respective bank of the Androscoggin River for a distance of eleven or twelve miles and being separated only by the width of the river, both have a mutual interest in the development and prosperity of the community.

The first store in Auburn, county seat of Androscoggin County, was a small wooden building which had been moved across the ice from Lewiston in 1822. Dating from this early time the business life of the city has been separate from that of Lewiston, although many Lewiston business men have their homes in Auburn. During the Civil War the town sent four hundred and thirty-four volunteers to the front, and a handsome soldiers' monument stands in the public square in commemoration of their heroism and valor.

But it is the shoe history of Auburn around which the romance of the city clings. In the early pioneer days when big boots were found able assistants in the work of clearing the forests, the Auburn factor system was in its prime.

Before the introduction of machinery the shoe manufacturers of the vicinity gave out a great deal of their work to families in the villages and on the farms, especially in the colder months of the year. Most of the uppers of prunella or cloth shoes and carpet slippers were done by the women, but the leather work and bottoming was done by the men, who worked in small outbuildings warmed by stoves and furnished with the old-fashioned cobbler's bench, with its array of shoe-pegs, sparables, shoemakers' wax, heel-ball, blacking pot and bristles, shoe thread, awls, knives, lapstone, hammer, strap and lasts.


YE OLDE TYME COMFORT SHOES
LUNN & SWEET SHOE CO.
YE OLDE TYME COMFORT SHOES

ONE OF AUBURN'S LARGE SHOE FACTORIES, WHOSE PRODUCT IS SOLD DIRECT TO THE TRADE THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

Generally these buildings were small, holding from four to six benches, and they naturally became a favorite resort for the boys and old men who from time to time came in to tell and hear the gossip of the neighborhood. Many a sharp political or polemical argument was fought out, many a good story told and racy scandal recited "between meals," for everyone started in with a good breakfast and lost no time when the dinner-horn called them home at noon or to a hearty supper at the early sundown.

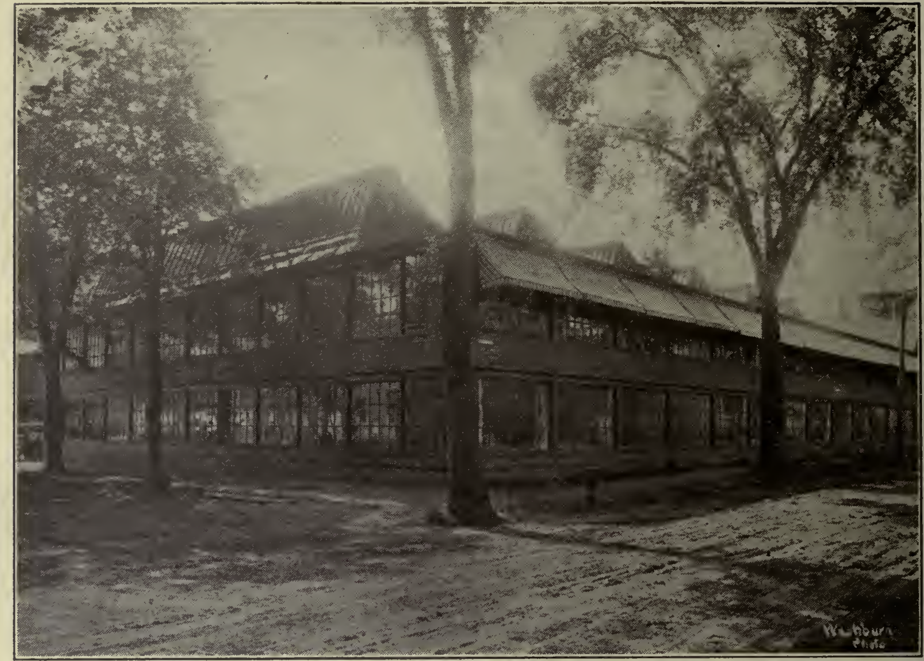
The old Franklin or "airtight" stove kept their little shops warm and dry; they smoked or "chawed" between the intermittent exchange of argument and conversation, and they felt perfectly independent of foreman or manufacturer so long as their work was good, and they were up to time on deliveries.

Their work was good, honest work, too, whether "pegged" or "sewed" and the boys were each set to work splitting out and sharpening shoe-pegs, twisting and waxing threads, and doing such of the "chores" at house and barn as were not beyond their strength.

The women for the most part did their share of the work at home, calling in when necessary their neighbors' daughters, who chatted merrily you may be sure over labors that eked out the family resources or gave them a little money for dress, education or travel.

But that feature of shoe manufacture has gone by, and only here and there may be seen the tiny shops and the rotting cuttings of leather, and bits of wood and iron that tell of a phase of industry as extinct as the dodo.

In 1850, however, the primitive methods of shoe manufacture gave way to the approach of labor-saving machines, the de-



THE MODERN SHOE FACTORY OF CUSHMAN-HOLLIS COMPANY AT AUBURN
Seven giant saw-tooths furnish the coveted north light

velopment of Lewiston Falls, and the use of water power in operating machinery caused a substantial growth, and the population of Auburn doubled in the ten years from 1860 to 1870. The town also began to take its place in the front rank as a shoe manufacturing centre. Factories were built, and many of the innovations in the shoe business were the result of Auburn ingenuity. It was a Turner shoemaker who invented the famous copper-toed boot of thirty years ago. The first canvas shoes, which today are a necessary addition to the summer footwear, were made in Auburn and are being shipped to nearly every country on the globe.

The large and well-known shoe manufacturers of Auburn are the Cushman-Hollis Company, Dingley-Foss Shoe Company, Wise & Cooper, Foss, Packard & Co., Lunn & Sweet, Field Bros. & Gross, Howard Briggs & Pray, and Ashe, Noyes & Small. Together their combined output is more than thirty thousand pairs of shoes per day, and each year sees extensive additions to the factories.

The Auburn Shoe Manufacturers Association is an organization of the several factories to work jointly on propositions beneficial to the shoe workman, and they maintain a special employment station.

As a residential center Auburn has many advantages. The skilled labor in the shoe factories brings nearly fifty per cent higher wages than cotton mills, and with well-paid, contented people in its factories Auburn offers great opportunities as a home city and as a prosperous industrial center.

* * *

Up the Kennebec

THE historic Kennebec River, whose course Benedict Arnold followed in his famous expedition through the wilderness to Quebec, is closely linked to the early history of Maine. It is not generally known, except to the students of history, that Pemaquid, the landing place of the Popham Colony, divides with Jamestown the honor of being the first settlement of America. It was in 1607–8, that ships containing a hundred souls sailed up the Kennebec, and selecting a suitable spot, prayed, dug wells and built huts according to the custom of the times. Although it proved a fruitless undertaking and the survivors returned after a year's struggle, totally discouraged, Sir Ferdinando Gorges made a second effort to establish a great city at the junction of the Kennebec and Androscoggin rivers in 1621. This attempt also failed, and the Maine coast and rivers were left in all their virgin beauty, to be rediscovered by the pioneer settlers of Massachusetts a hundred and fifty years later.

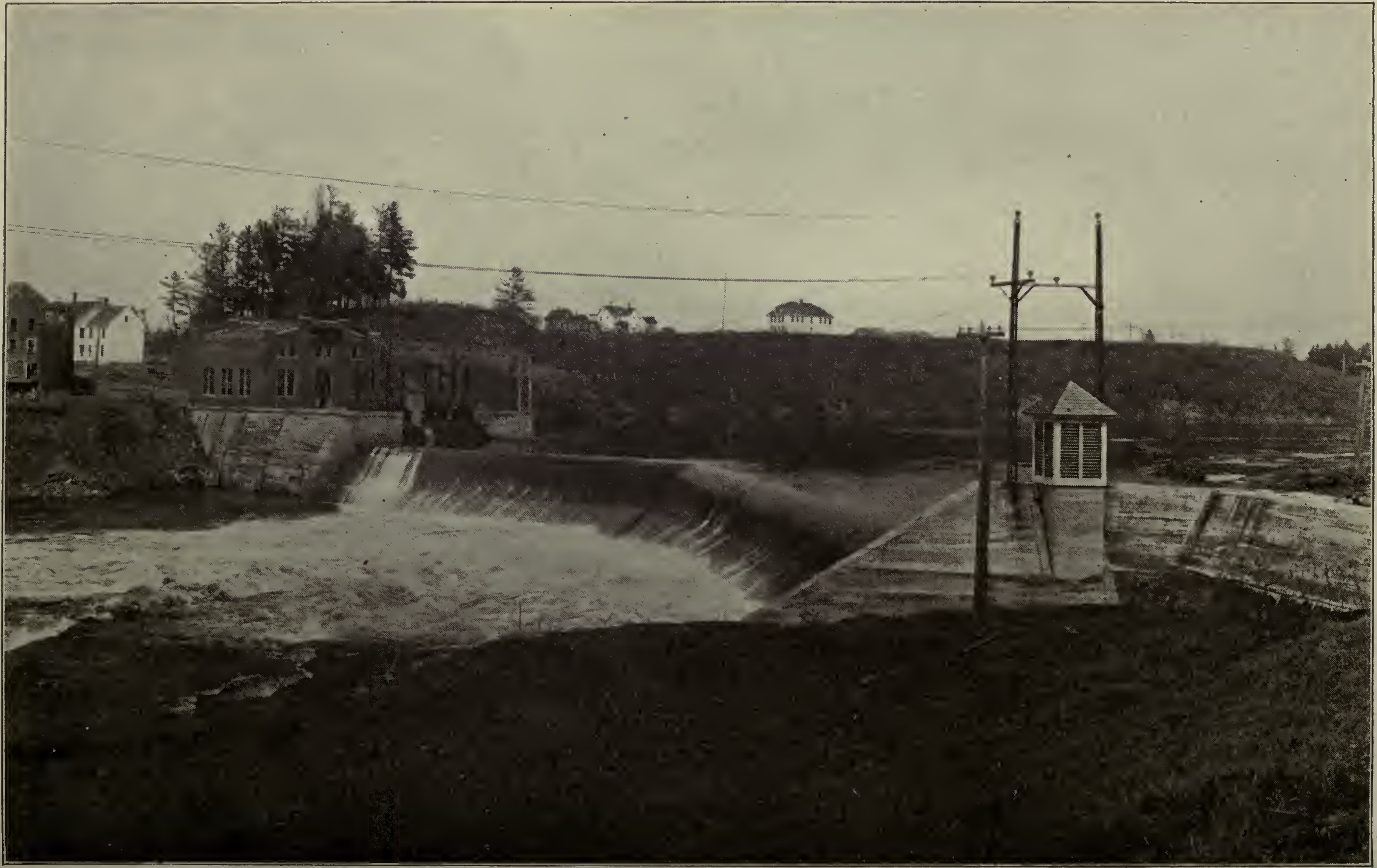
Extending from the famous Moosehead Lake—named from its similarity to the head of the moose, so plentiful in this region—through Central Maine to the sea at Bath, the Kennebec River has long been a chief artery of travel and commerce within the state. Along its broad course, a fertile valley, with background of hill and pine, are to be seen the traditional "white houses with the green blinds" of the prosperous Maine farmer, who followed close on the heels of the lumberman who did the pioneer work in developing this beautiful state.

But although the lumberman is being gradually replaced, his work accomplished, lumbering is still a chief industry on the Kennebec, and the log drive at certain seasons of the year is a familiar sight. At Skowhegan, one of the conspicuous lumbering points of Maine, more than 140,000,000 feet of lumber have been driven during the current season, which is very near the figures achieved in the old days when log driving was the principal business of all the settlements along the river.

The future of the Kennebec River lies, however, in its enormous latent wealth of hydro-electric energy, rather than in its ability to bear on its bosom the forest wealth of the Pine Tree State. Rich in tributaries, numbering more than one thousand rivers and streams in the system, the area drained by the Kennebec reaches the enormous total of 6,330 square miles, lying wholly within the state. The average fall is nine feet to the mile in the regions suitable for water power development, and as early as 1882 the government called attention to the wonderful opportunity for the development of water power along its course.

The total horse-power of the Kennebec system is given as even greater than its sister stream, the Androscoggin, but as yet only about 65,000 horse power has been developed. The future possibilities and power resources of the heart of Maine seem well-nigh unlimited.

About twelve years ago Central Maine, in the region of the Kennebec, was covered with twelve or fifteen little power companies, each doing its own work, some struggling with difficulties of overload, and others with an excess of unutilized power. Pittsfield, for example, had built a power plant larger than needed, and Fairfield, on the other hand, was trying to supply more power than it could make, while Augusta was still depending on steam. It was this unsatisfactory condition of power development up the Kennebec that retarded its industrial growth, and it would have been practically impossible ten years ago for a proposed customer to



POWER STATION OF THE CENTRAL MAINE POWER COMPANY AT WINSLOW, MAINE. CAPACITY 3,500 HORSE POWER.

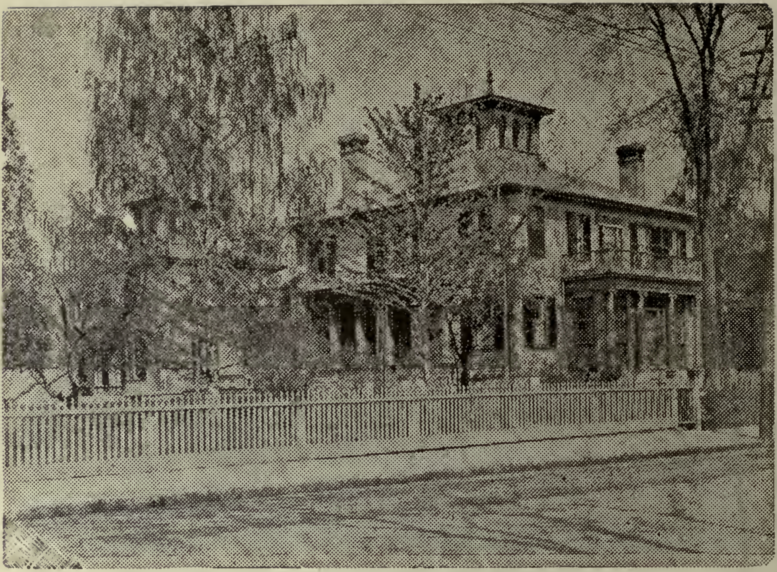
THE AUXILIARY STEAM PLANT OF THE CENTRAL MAINE POWER COMPANY

obtain one hundred additional electrical horse power without great disturbance to power conditions.

The organization of the Central Maine Power Company, by Mr. Harvey D. Eaton and Mr. Walter S. Wyman, of Waterville, has opened up the Kennebec to wonderful possibilities as an industrial center for concerns using the raw products of Maine. Their plans consolidated all the power plants of Central Maine, linking together an abundance of hydroelectric power. Most of the capital necessary for the enterprise was raised in the Kennebec Valley, and the big power company which means so much to the future development of all the cities in the section is largely owned by residents. From Waterville two hundred miles of 33,000 volt wires radiate in every direction, leading southward to Augusta, Gardner, Richmond and Rockland; northeastward to Pittsfield, Dexter and Guilford, where it joins the Greenville development, and northwestward to Skowhegan and Oakland. There is a total of 9,000 electric horse power used in this section at the present time, with an available 50,000 horse power still undeveloped and waiting to be harnessed at the demand of industry. While the tributary lakes to the Kennebec assure a most generous supply of water at all times, yet the building of a large auxiliary steam power plant at Farmingdale, Maine, is for the purpose of helping out any possible shortage of power should it occur, as well as to enable the company to maintain a uniform output of power throughout the year.

Augusta, the capital city of Maine since 1831, and the shire town of Kennebec County, has numbered among its citizens many men prominent in national affairs. The outcome of political affairs and doings in the State of Maine seems to have a tremendous influence on the rest of the nation, and Augusta, as the seat of its government, looms large as a political center. Seven governors of the state have been selected from Augusta or vicinity, and two of them, Joseph Williams and Samuel Cony, lived side by side as neighbors. Here is also the old Blaine mansion, where lived James G. Blaine, the famous Plumed Knight, of Maine.

As a publishing center Augusta has long been conspicuous. The Vickery & Hill and the W. H. Gannet publications



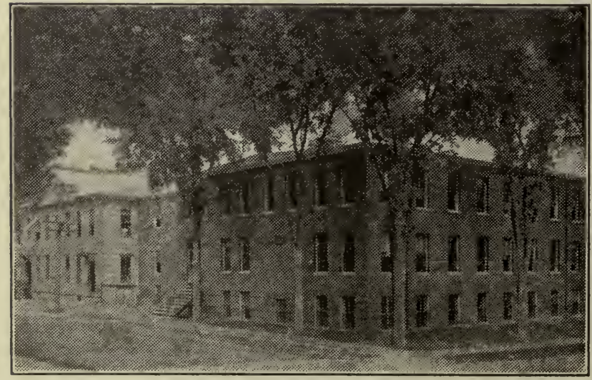
THE OLD BLAINE MANSION AT AUGUSTA

are known in almost every farmer's home in the land. Frank Munsey of periodical fame was a telegraph operator in Augusta when he saw the opportunity which resulted in his launching his bark with great success in the publishing field.

As a publication center the Augusta post-office, which occupies one of the finest Federal buildings in the state, costing $400,000, stood second at one time in amount of second-class mail matter handled. It is the home of the so-called mail order publication.

Industrially the city is growing satisfactorily. Its important industries in addition to the publishing business include the cotton mill of the Edwards Manufacturing Company, the Cushnoc Paper Company, the Eaton Shoe factory, and the Augusta Lumber Company, which are among the largest industries of Augusta, together employing nearly two thousand people.

The magnificent trolley connections with outlying country gives Augusta great advantages as a trading center, and its mercantile life has helped it to become one of the largest banking centers in the state, with total deposits of ten and one half million, or $892 per capita.



VICKERY & HILL PUBLISHING PLANT, AUGUSTA

* * *

At the junction of the two great systems of the Maine Central Railroad is Waterville, which celebrated its centennial in 1902. For years it was the center of a busy lumbering and farming community. Like other industrial centers of Maine, the rise of cheap water power has brought many thriving industries with ample room for more. Among these are

Photo by Judge

HOLLINGSWORTH AND WHITNEY COMPANY PAPER MILLS AT WINSLOW, MAINE

the Lockwood Cotton Mills, which employ twelve hundred operators; the Maine Central Railway shops; the pulp and paper mill, making one hundred and twenty-five tons of manila paper per day; worsted mills; the Keyes Fiber Company, who manufacture one million paper pie plates per day; a shirt factory, and a factory for making canvas canoes.

At Oakland, formerly called West Waterville, is a new toothpick factory to be erected by the Forster Manufacturing Company, and it will be the largest in the world. New machinery and new methods will enable them to use so much of the white birch stock as to leave little or no refuse to generate steam. For this reason the factory will use the hydro-electric power of the section.

West Waterville axes and scythes are known the world over. In the busy, early lumbering days of Maine, every woodsman carried a Dunn Edge Tool Company's axe. It is one of the old concerns in Waterville and is still thriving. The Waterville Iron Works, specializing in the manufacture of a patented "barker" for pulp mills, and also the Lombard log hauler, is a prominent industry of the city.

Waterville is the seat of Colby College, a co-educational institution, and the Coburn Classical Institute, the buildings of which were erected as a memorial by the war governor of Maine, Governor Coburn of Skowhegan. Ben Butler, soldier, lawyer and politician, was one of the graduates of Colby College.

The increase of population of Waterville is greater than any other city in Maine, in the last decade. There is urgent need of apartment houses to take care of newcomers brought by the growth and industrial development.

Among the new projects advocated is a storage warehouse to house the products of the farms close by.

The farm land is now being scientifically cultivated and is as fine as any in the State. With proper facilities for taking care of its fruit, vegetables and grain, it could be made an important factor in the prosperity of Waterville.

* * *

The recent revival of interest in New England farming has been very largely due to the wonderful results secured in various sections of Maine along special lines of production; and although the Aroostook potato farms have rightfully occupied the center of the stage under the limelight of

Photo by Judge

THE LOCKWOOD COMPANY, COTTON, MANUFACTURERS, WATERVILLE, MAINE publicity, it is also true that in every county of the state farmers are demonstrating that young men and investors need not "go West" or emigrate to Canada to make money, secure good homes, and enjoy the benefit of large results and the best markets in the world.

In the valley of the Kennebec there is found a variety of soils, suitable to the successful growth and production of everything that is readily salable in local and New England markets. Maine apples have always been famous for beauty and flavor and are again being cultivated with the care and science that makes a good apple orchard a sure and profitable investment.

The growth of healthy wood and ample rootage in the new orchards, planted within the past five years, and the splendid yields of certain old orchards, which have been renovated and fertilized after years of neglect, ensure a revival and increase of apple culture along the Kennebec which should within the next five years rival in practical returns the best results of fruit culture in any state.

It is almost needless to say that growing hay for sale has long been a material source of revenue with the farmers of the Kennebec counties, or that prices have steadily increased for some years past. While it is not considered the best of policies to exhaust the soil by wholesale removal of the principal soil values, it may be and is made up in certain sections by the use of proper fertilizers, and large returns have been realized.

A record of $13,000, or nearly $600 per acre, realized on twenty-two acres of cabbages, and very large earnings from turnips and other vegetables, especially rhubarb, asparagus and celery, all of which are seldom in over-supply, or cheap in the city markets, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries and gooseberries have all returned handsome profits to Kennebec cultivators; and all the more that they come into the market later and in much better condition than the same fruit from more southern states.

Sweet corn, peas, Lima and red kidney beans have long secured for the Maine canneries a first-class reputation, and a large income has generally rewarded the farmers who cater to this important industry.

The rapid rise in price of milk, cream, cheese and butter in the cities and big towns of New England has multiplied

CORNER STORE CO
DRUG
TOILET ARTICLES

Photo by Judge

STREET SCENE IN WATERVILLE, MAINE

grade Jerseys, Guernseys, Ayrshires and Holsteins in the limited but valuable herds of the Kennebec breeders and dairy farmers, and the juicy pasture grasses and heavy hay-yields of Kennebec have steadily increased the character and yield of butter from well-chosen stock. Three hundred and even three hundred and fifty pounds of butter per annum from each cow of a choice herd has been the limit set by many dairy farmers in this section, and the area needed to supply food for a single cow is being steadily reduced by constant improvement in the care and fertilizing of the land and in the substitution of new foods and methods of feeding. It may be said, in passing, however, that a single creamery association in Maine has never been able to get all the cream that it could use to advantage, although for some years past its payments to the farmers have averaged about $1,000,000 per annum.

The increased attention to growing the splendid and sweet flint corn of New England has largely increased both the area and the yield of this very superior species of maize, which alone gives the sweetness, flavor and nutritive strength which have given certain corn foods their popularity and usefulness. That such corn can be grown in the Kennebec Valley at a cost of from twenty-five to forty cents per bushel and yielding one hundred bushels to the acre, has been again and again demonstrated.

The average yield of green sweet corn per acre was reported by some factories at 3,200 pounds of cut corn, for which the farmer was paid two and one-quarter cents per pound, or $72 per acre, while some of the most successful

A STATE OF MAINE BROODER HOUSE WITH A CAPACITY OF TEN THOUSAND CHICKS

RESIDENCES ALONG MAIN STREET, WATERVILLE

growers produced from five thousand to six thousand pounds, or from $104.50 to $135 per acre, besides cobs, husks, stalks and immature corn, for green feed or ensilage.

The poultry interests of this section are large and increasing, and much of the land is especially adapted to the different kinds of fowl. Turkeys and hens do well on the dryer and rockier parts of a farm, while the returns from the goose pasture or protected marsh raising "green geese" and feathers are doubtless the surest and most profitable. Choice ducks, now largely raised in enclosed pastures with only just water enough for drinking and bathing purposes, are always in demand at good prices, and are seldom or never in over-supply in the city markets.

The revival of sheep-raising and hay-raising in the western method, by which pasturage, plenty of good water and wild herbage with a certain amount of fodder corn or other vegetable food is relied upon to make bone and muscle preparatory to the use of grain, is already giving results.

A FRUIT FARM ON THE BANKS OF THE KENNEBEC

The Portal *of* Maine

THE metropolis of the State of Maine is Portland, lying at the head of Casco Bay. Its deep and well-sheltered harbor has made Portland an important shipping point. At the very gateway of Maine, it is also the terminus of three important railway systems. The Boston & Maine connects directly with Boston and the West; the Maine Central covers the state with a network of tracks extending east to the Canadian provinces; and the Grand Trunk taps the far Canadian west, bringing the grain to the great elevators at Portland.

Portland has not overlooked her natural advantages as a vacation and tourist point. Situated on one of the most attractive bays on the entire two thousand miles of Maine coast, it has extensively advertised its pleasure and health-giving surroundings. Many visitors enter Portland by way of the sea from New York, using the admirable service of the Eastern Steamship Company. Only a few hours' ride from the White Mountains, and the same distance from the famous hunting and fishing grounds of the Maine woods, Portland is a convenient starting point for Maine tourists.

In the older part of the city is still standing the home of the poet Longfellow, now the property of the Maine Historical Society. The homes of General Neal Dow, the famous temperance advocate, and of William Pitt Fessenden, Secretary of the Treasury in Civil War days, and the birthplace of the late Speaker Thomas B. Reed, are spots visited by interested Portland tourists.

Portland is more than a summer resort. Almost to her own surprise she has been growing steadily in industrial importance as befitting the largest city in the State of Maine. As the state increases in population and manufacturing, so Portland develops. In the one branch of pulp mill machinery and marine engines, the Portland Company of that city has become one of the largest in the country.

The Thos. Laughlin Company manufactures all sorts of marine hardware, another of Portland's chief industries. As an illustration of the diversity of the industries in Portland one may begin with the hat factory of the Ayer & Houston Company and end with fish canneries.

Portland is the home of the famous Burnham & Morrill, the largest canners of lobsters in the world, also Scarborough Beach clam chowder, Paris sugar corn and fish flakes. The Portland Packing Company is another important concern engaged in the same business. A familiar advertiser to the readers of magazines is the E. T. Burrowes Company, manufacturers of rustless screens, home billiard tables, folding card tables and cedar chests. This concern does a world-wide business and has done as much to carry the name of Portland into the channels of trade throughout the world. Another large magazine advertiser in Portland is A. S. Hinds, manufacturer of honey and almond cream and other toilet specialties, known far and near. The Curtis gum

CLEEVE AND TUCKER MONUMENT

GRAIN ELEVATORS OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

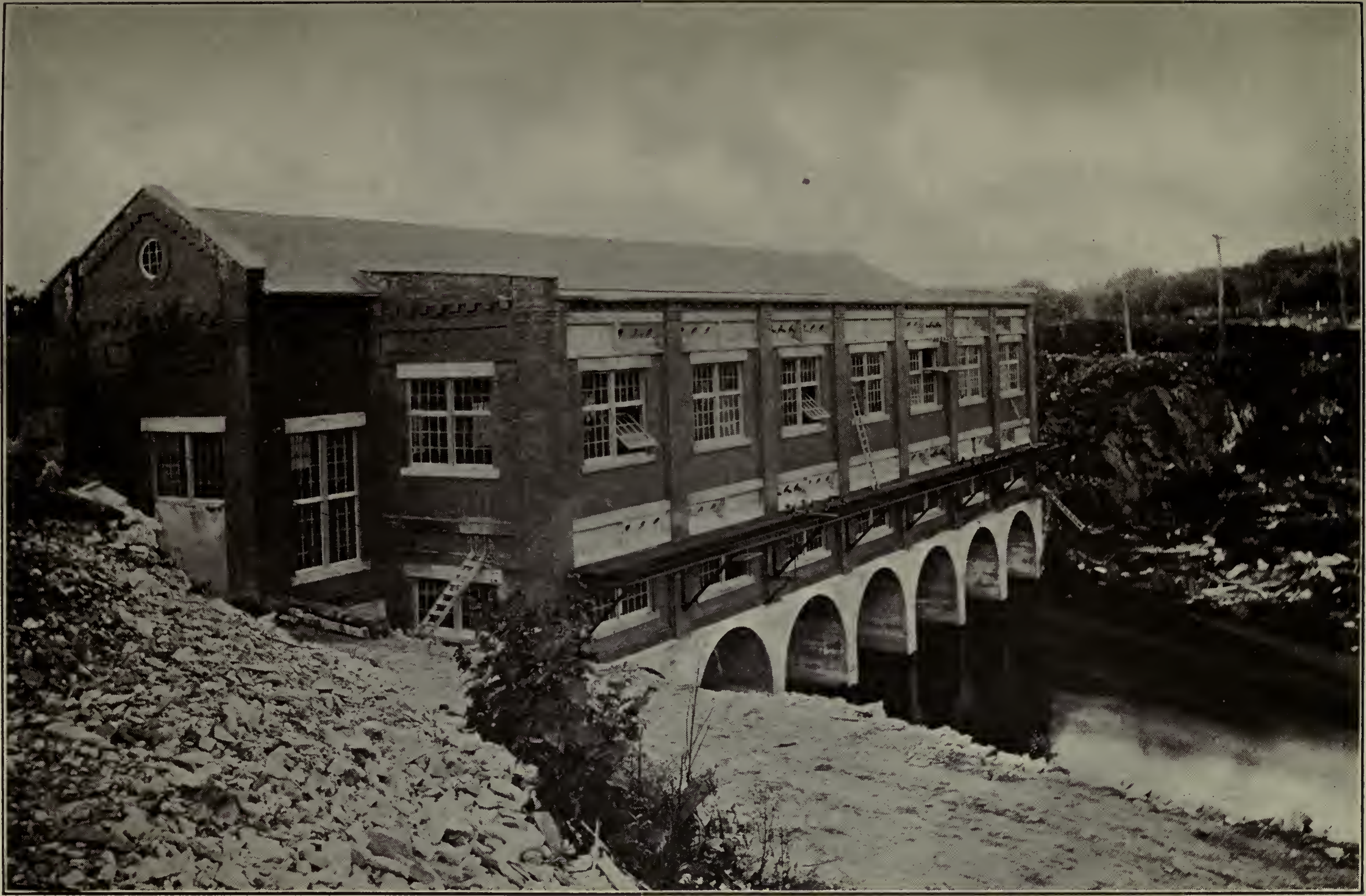
factory of the Sen-Sen Chiclet Company is also a well-known business of Portland, adding greatly to her commerce and trade.

In addition to these, there are numerous smaller concerns, all doing a thriving business. The great advantage of Portland as an industrial center has become more marked since the building of the Bonnie Eagle dam on the Saco River. The Cumberland County Power & Light Company recently merged the interests of the Portland Electric Company, the Portland Lighting & Power Company, and the Consolidated Electric Light & Power Company of Maine, with the result that all these systems have been put under one head, resulting in substantial economies and a more valuable service to the public. The merged company owns two water powers on the Saco, the one at Bonnie Eagle having a capacity of ten thousand horse power and that at West Buxton a capacity of four thousand horse power. These two water powers are further reinforced by the addition of three thousand hydro-electric horse power at North Gorham, all being within twenty miles of the city of Portland. From these several points high tension wires carry the power to a new, modern, up-to-date fireproof transformer house on Soule Street, Portland, where the voltage is reduced and distributed throughout the city. The reserve power applicable for emergencies consists of a steam plant on Plum Street, with a capacity of three thousand horse power and a steam station on Forrest Avenue, which was formerly used by the Portland Railway Company, having a capacity of six thousand horse power. Together these various plants show the Cumberland County Power and Light Company in possession of over twenty-six thousand horse power for use in the city of Portland and vicinity, with enough left to provide for any increase in the immediate future.

NEW COUNTY COURT HOUSE

LONGFELLOW'S HOME, 487 CONGRESS STREET
Maine Historical Building in the rear

The Cumberland County Power and Light Company also leased the Portland Railway for ninety-nine years, and is furnishing power to operate the fine system of trolleys. Besides operating under lease, the Portland Street Railway, the largest street railway in the State of Maine, it controls,



POWER PLANT AT BONNIE EAGLE ON THE SACO RIVER—HAVING A CAPACITY OF TEN THOUSAND HORSE POWER by virtue of ownership of practically all the capital stock, the Lewiston, Augusta and Waterville line, making a total of more than two hundred and seventy miles, covering Portland and neighboring cities. These lines reach south to Saco, Biddeford and Old Orchard Beach, on the west to Gorham and South Wyndham and on the east to Yarmouth, Freeport, Brunswick and Bath, as well as to Lewiston, Auburn, Augusta, Waterville and Winthrop.

In the consolidation of the several properties under one management the aim was more efficiently and economically to serve the public. The cost of labor and material having advanced considerably within the last few years, it was somewhat of a problem for the railways and electric light properties to exist without increasing the rates.

In one instance where a railway, which now forms a part of the system, was built during 1903, costing $125,000 for nine miles of road, the cost of labor was seventy-five per cent less than the same kind of labor being employed today in railway construction between Portland and Lewiston. Material has advanced in cost in some instances thirty per cent, probably due to the increased cost of labor in the production of such material. The railway referred to proved to have an earning capacity of $19,000. Under individual management, maintaining its Board of Directors, treasurer, clerks, necessary car barn and electricians, the expenses averaged $15,000. The net earnings, therefore, were $4,000. The cost of the railway having been $125,000, $6,250 was needed to pay interest on the cost of the property. Many small railway companies have found the results in actual operation to be much different from the engineer's estimates, and many have passed through the same experience. No depreciation was provided for in the case of the nine miles of railway, but it was well known that deterioration was taking place and that some fund would eventually have to be provided to renew the property.

This property was acquired by the present management and made a part of this larger system. There was no need

WATER PIPES LEADING INTO THE BONNIE EAGLE POWER HOUSE

THE MAINE GENERAL HOSPITAL

of a separate organization, nor of a separate car barn. It was such a small railway that it could be operated as a part of the larger system by slight changes in the larger organization, and as such it is now being operated at much less cost.

Had there been no larger organization nearby to take over this property, it may be fair to assume that the rails would have been removed, and such material as made up the property sold to recover as much as possible for the bond-holders. The material in cases of this kind is sometimes removed, depriving the public of railway facilities. In other words, it is said that railways and lighting plants, with a few exceptions, have been built in advance of the times. They stand as reorganized properties today on the basis of their earning capacity. The railways in Maine at this time as a whole are not earning interest on their actual cost or replacement value; but while the original investors may have suffered some loss, the public still have the convenience of the electrical service.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THOMAS B. REED

Owing to the more economical operation of the public utilities under one management, it is possible to extend its lines farther into the suburbs. The lines are already reaching out into the country districts to the great benefit of the farming communities in the transportation of farm produce, as well as people to the business centers. It would not be possible to extend railways if each extension had to maintain a separate power house and organization.

Mr. Harry B. Ivers, general manager of the Consolidated Electric System of Central Maine, has done much in arousing a get-together spirit in the counties served by his lines, and the growth of the state seems to be greatly assisted by the benefits that are derived from the consolidation and extension of street railway properties in bringing the products of the farming community into the city. The street railways are encouraging this substantial growth in every way. A movement is now on foot to establish a produce exchange in Portland for the benefit of the adjacent farming community of Maine. A large $400,000 cold storage warehouse is being built, which will add greatly to the facilities for handling perishable produce of the farmer.

LONGFELLOW SQUARE, STATE AND CONGRESS STREET

BREAKWATER AND LIGHT, PORTLAND HARBOR

The Maine Electrical Association, with headquarters in Portland, comprises all the public service electric properties in Maine, including the telephone companies.

Its object is to further the development of electricity. In carrying on its work on broad lines, it is doing an important work in attracting additional industries to the State of Maine.

The association has quarterly meetings, at which committees are appointed to carry out its undertakings. The Committee on Maine Industries has already shown by its efforts that in the development of its own business, it is greatly assisting the several communities covered by the Maine Electrical Association.

* * *

The historical associations of the State of Maine date back many years, and it is authoritatively stated that Winter Harbor, now known as Biddeford Pool, was the first settlement on Massachusetts Bay, dating four years earlier than the Pilgrims. The village of York nearby was the first city founded by the English in America. The site of the first court held in America near Winter Harbor is still preserved. The cities of Biddeford and Saco, occupying opposite sides of the Saco River at tide water, are famous the world over for the products of their factories. Here are located the famous Pepperell Mills, which were founded years ago, when their cotton sheetings were carried in sailing vessels to far-off China, and this is still an important trade. For years the Pepperell drilling known as "Dragon's Brand" has clothed a large portion of the pajama country.

THE POSTOFFICE, PORTLAND

The Laconia division of the Pepperell Mills is built on the site of an old Indian fort. The York Mills of Saco, the Saco-Pettee machine shops and the Garland Manufacturing Company, makers of loom harness and loom pickers for cotton mills are all of them important and growing industries.

The population of Biddeford and Saco numbers nearly thirty thousand, and is distinctly cosmopolitan. Years ago Americans worked in the mills, and gradually stepped out for those of Irish nationality. These in turn have been followed by French Canadians, Greeks and Poles.

WESTERN PROMENADE, BRAMHALL'S HILL, PORTLAND

NEW ADDITION TO THE SACO-PETTEE MILLS, BIDDEFORD, MAINE

With the labor question solved by plenty of work and no strikes, Biddeford offers an excellent opportunity for the laboring man to get a start in the new land of promise, and many emigrants find their first employment in the mills here.

A new brick factory has just been erected by the Biddeford Improvement Company and leased to a big shoe manufacturer. This is the first step in the work of obtaining diversified industries for Biddeford.

The Webber Hospital Association of Biddeford has recently erected an absolutely fireproof building, with a modern equipped operating room. In raising $100,000 by popular subscription for this work, the residents of Saco across the river joined enthusiastically, and the hospital serves both cities. The Trull Homeopathic Hospital is a very successful private hospital in the city.

In educational lines the Thornton Academy of Saco is one of the best coeducational institutions in the state, with an average enrollment of one hundred and seventy-five students. A new library and gymnasium has just been completed, and an old colonial mansion nearby has been turned into a new dormitory.

* * *

Biddeford and Saco are well connected with outlying districts by street car lines. One line extends from Biddeford through Saco to Old Orchard, with fifteen minute service. Biddeford is also the terminal of the Altantic Shore Railway, a scenic electric road following the shore to Portsmouth, touching Kennebunk, York and various smaller and less noted, though beautiful, beaches on the way.

A steady industrial growth of the twin cities is assured. Plans are now submitted for the largest cotton mill in the world, occupying more than a mile of water front, which is to be erected by the York Manufacturing Company in the near future.

The public service corporations of Biddeford, the Biddeford and Saco Water Company and the York Light and Heat Company, are closely identified with the industrial advancement of the community. The water supply is taken from the Saco River, two and one-half miles above the city, and after being purified by a modern filtration plant, the water is pumped into a stone reservoir having a capacity of seven million gallons. In addition to this reservoir there is a standpipe holding 1,600,000 gallons, and the two afford Biddeford and Saco an ample supply of pure water which comes from the springs along the green valleys of the Saco River, reaching back into the White Mountains.

NOT SO ROMANTIC AS A "FRUIT" BUT MORE USEFUL AS A FOOD

In Aroostook County

THERE is something alluring about the ancient Abenaquis Indian name "Aroostook." It is of itself a reminder of the primeval forest fastnesses through which Madockawando's fearless warriors hunted and trapped on their way to the frontier forts of the French king, and where Baron de Castine retired when the Yankee rangers pressed too close upon him. No other portion of New England has seen a greater agricultural development in the last decade than Aroostook County, famous the world over for its wonderful potato farms. From the wooded wild lands of the Aroostook County are gathered crops valued at nearly twenty million dollars a year.

You must look on the map before you can realize that it is just as far from Bangor to Aroostook County as it is from Bangor to Boston. All this great stretch of country, lying in its primeval richness, has witnessed a wonderful development since the days when potato culture was begun on a scientific basis.

The Aroostook potato may not seem so romantic a "fruit" as a peach, apple or pear, but it provides a more useful food, for few meals are deemed complete without the ever-present tuber. The ravages of the Colorado beetle in the past, and the repulsive task of picking potato bugs have never been known in Aroostook County. The culture of potatoes has been so reduced to a science, that after the land is prepared, a large crop is almost certainly assured. In Aroostook the history of the potato is known from A to Z.

A MIGHTY HUNTER ON THE TRAIL

The present development of Aroostook County followed close upon the construction of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, which has more mileage than any other one system except one in Maine, reaching from Stockton on the coast to the northwest border line, with a road-bed and equipment second to that of no other system in the country.

* * *

On every hand throughout Aroostook County are to be seen potato houses, in which millions of bushels are stored and shipped during the winter months. The potatoes are kept at a uniform and scientifically regulated temperature and shipped in cars, artificially heated, being usually packed in boxes containing about three bushels each.

The moment one strikes the border of Aroostook County, potato talk reigns supreme. A record of three hundred bushels to the acre of potatoes on Aroostook County farms is nothing unusual, and they are wonderful potatoes, too, running uniform in size. And the quality of the Aroostook County potatoes always commands for them a premium in the market.

* * *

To travel over this great area of wild land and see the contrast between the uncleared land and the great stretches of green potato fields is an inspiring sight, and supported by them, the towns of Aroostook County represent the energetic, thrifty and progressive spirit of the up-to-date Maine farmers, whose prosperity has enlarged and supported them.

The eastern part of the county is now veritably gridironed by the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad. In early days it was held by one of the frontier forts, and it certainly meant everything to those early pioneers pushing up from the coast to Houlton to be able to build their homes, feeling sure of protection and knowing that the great area of timber and agricultural lands would some day witness a tremendous development.

GREAT STRETCHES OF GREEN POTATO FIELDS

Houlton, the county seat, was one of the old settlements, but until the advent of the railroad and the development of the farms it was a very quiet though charming little town. It was once a great rendezvous for hunters and anglers, but the hunters have now given way to the farmers. Houlton is located on the very border of Aroostook County, which reaches down from almost the eastern border of Quebec to the western border of New Brunswick.

In Houlton resides E. T. Cleveland, known as the "world potato expert." He has witnessed the development of the potato industry from the beginning in Aroostook, and can give you facts and figures of the production of potatoes in every country in the world. He understands soil and seed and receives many letters from all parts of the country in reference to potato culture. He has well earned the title of "potato king" of that section.

Houlton is the shire town of Aroostook County and is a city of comfortable homes with all modern conveniences. The traveling men who stop here find "away up at Houlton" all the comforts and pleasures of the metropolis. Houlton is the center of the large and productive farming area, and in the store of John Watson Company Mr. Martin, the live wire hustler, showed me how everything on earth was for sale there to meet the demands of Aroostook farmers. The substantial banking institutions show that the deposits of Aroostook County have increased nearly one million dollars in a year. Property has advanced rapidly in value, and the beginning has only been made with possibilities of developing the land in and around Houlton.

HARVESTING THE FAMOUS AROOSTOOK POTATOES

There are splendid schoolhouses, Elks' Hall, the Carey Library, and the Ricker Classical Institute, which has earned an enviable reputation, and is a part of the Houlton high school system.

The town owns its own electric lighting, water and sewerage plant and secured them without overstepping the debt limitation. Houlton has the only Catholic Academy in eastern Maine. On the rolling hills up the Aroostook River and around Houlton one sees large herds of cattle. On Meadowbrook Farm, owned by A. E. Mooers, is a large milk business on a farm of four hundred acres of cleared land, with a fine herd of sixty Jersey cattle. Houlton has a number of manufacturing institutions, including a woolen mill, five lumber mills, four starch factories, a foundry, and machine shops and marble works.

The new fair grounds, of which the Chamber of Commerce made a splendid success, show what this live organization is doing. The demonstration farm supported by the Chamber of Commerce is operated under the direction of experts from the University of Maine, so that the most improved and latest things known in scientific farming are made an object lesson out of doors at the very boundaries of Aroostook farms. When one looks over the Houlton telephone book and finds more telephones per capita in use here than in any town of like population in Massachusetts, he finds strong proof of the thrift and energy of the citizens of Houlton and Aroostook County.

An interesting diagram showing the growth of Aroostook County was recently prepared by President Cram of the Bangor & Aroostook Railway. It shows a development that can scarcely be comprehended in mere figures. Compared with development in the West it is almost without a parallel.

* * *

Many of the French-Canadian farmers have come across the borders and are buying farms, and the Swedish settlers brought to this country by Minister Thomas have done much to initiate the agricultural development of the northern part of the county, where the towns of New Sweden and Stockholm preserve memories of the old Norse fatherland.

Going to the north on the Bangor & Aroostook railway you come to Fort Fairfield, one of the stirring and lively towns on the Aroostook River, which will probably be one of the most important points in the development of the water-power of the northern section of Maine.

The pioneer starch manufacture of Aroostook is located at Presque Isle, so named by the French voyagers. The starch makers from New Hampshire soon discovered this ample source of supply and came over, and now the production of starch alone exceeds 12,000 tons annually. This starch is used in the bleacheries and great cotton mills of New England.

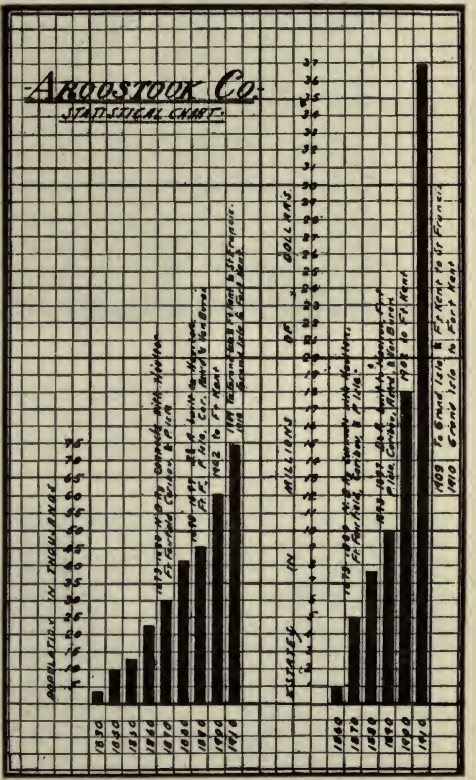


CHART OF AROOSTOOK COUNTY
Showing remarkable growth of population from 1830 to 1910 and increase of wealth between 1860 and 1910

Here I met Hon. T. H. Phair, the "Starch King" of Maine, who has a farm home that would be a credit to any of the older farming communities, for with automobiles this Aroostook farmer gets over the road, and the ladies are not only experienced farmers' wives, but entertaining hostesses as well.

Such potatoes as do not come up to the Aroostook high standard of quality for shipping purposes are used for starch. It was a stirring scene to see the teams gathered about the starch factories, bringing, in wagons with underhung boxes between the wheels, immense loads of small potatoes. Not only potatoes, but great grain fields, and over on the rolling hills large herds of cattle and handsome farm houses indicate the wonderful prosperity and growth of this section, and at midsummer one is strongly reminded of the cotton fields of the south when looking across the oceans of gently swaying white blossoms extending over acres and acres in every direction.

THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS DOTTED WITH LAKES

Photo by Elton E. Clement, Milo, Maine
STREAMS LIKE THIS ARE AWAITING DEVELOPMENT

At Presque Isle is located the new State Normal School, and a handsome new high school tells that the town is doing nobly in the promotion of education. It is in just such a place that everyone thoroughly enjoys life and the distribution of prosperity—no poor, no rich, but everyone owning his own home and getting his profits out of the soil as the land is developed.

The town of Caribou, right at the bend of the river, is one of the most thriving centers in Aroostook County, and is so named because, as tradition has it, a caribou, after a long chase, dropped dead under the bluff where the town is located. Here I met some enthusiastic citizens who, to prove something of Caribou's prosperity, informed me that seventy-two automobiles were sold in the town in one month this year.

* * *

The nation's northern boundary line is the St. John River. Here is the lively little city of Van Buren, and from here the road runs along the river to Fort Kent and St. Francis. The Allegash branch of the Bangor & Aroostook, now proposed, will sweep from St. Francis, completing a circle of the county, developing a large section of new country in the western part of Aroostook County and on down to Piscataquis. The whole country is dotted with lakes, and a beautiful road leads up the old St. John's Valley, while at old Fort Kent still remain the old block houses. Along this border stirring scenes were enacted during the French and Indian wars, for the Penobscot Indians or Tarratines had the reputation of being savage fighters.

BACK FROM FISHING

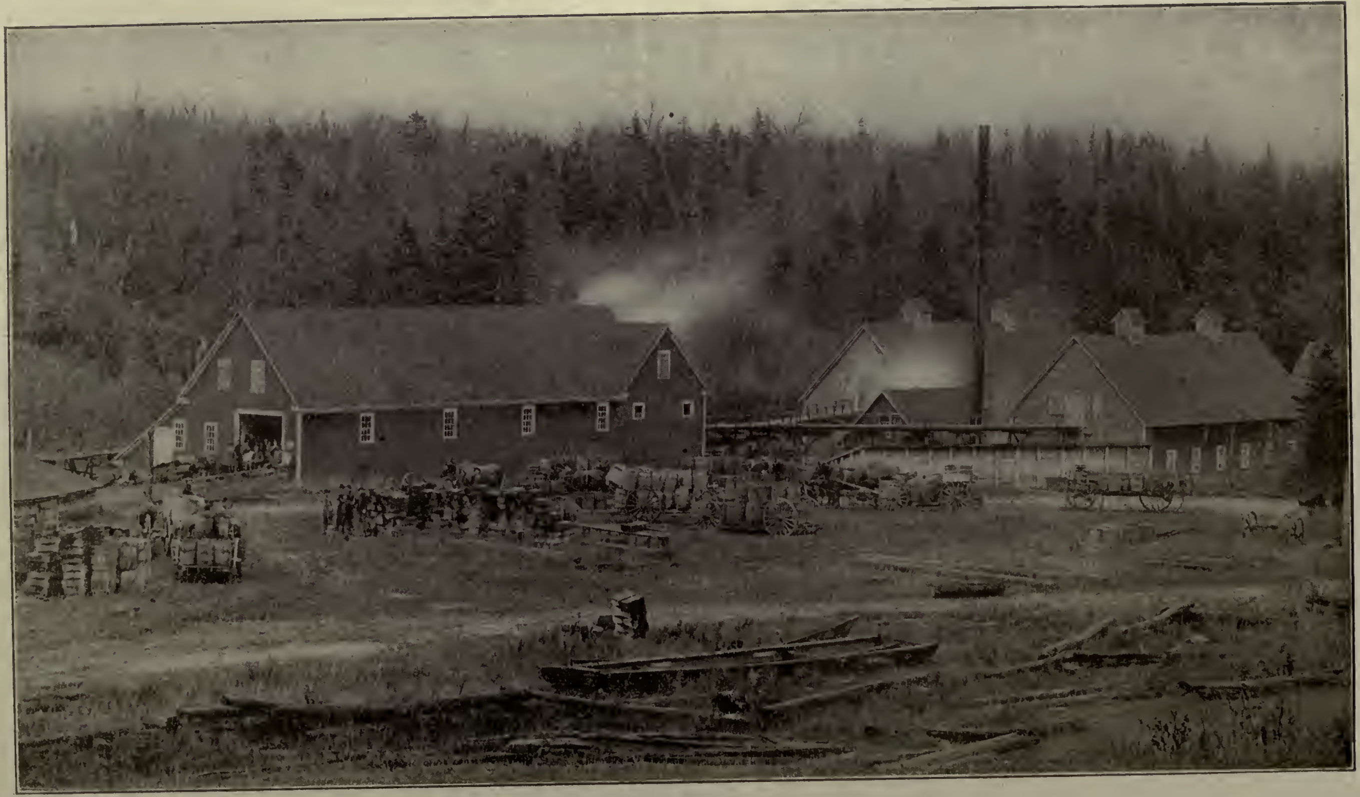
Those who have witnessed the development of the West are simply amazed to find here in the state of Maine such an area of undeveloped country, richer in possibilities than any other similar area in the United States, considering timber, water power and agricultural development.

The Aroostook Mountains, off in the distance, occupy about the center of the State. Here the great forests, with their game and the lakes with their fishing offer such a veritable hunters' paradise that it seems scarcely possible to realize that these attractions lie within twenty-four hours' journey from Boston. Aroostook County enjoys ideal shipping facilities afforded by the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad direct to tidewater.

The terminal docks of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad at Stockton and Searsport on Penobscot Bay cost over $1,800,000, and at least one of the wharves is the largest in the world, being 1600 feet long.

The facilities afforded by this railroad have been the foundation of the wonderful development of Aroostook County, and the industrial growth along the line of the Bangor route has been something phenomenal. When Mr. F. W. Cram, president of the road, started in years ago, with his plans for great enterprises, he foresaw what has come to pass, and in

A FAVORITE WINTER SPORT



ONE OF AROOSTOOK'S BIG STARCH FACTORIES

the prime of his activities has seen his dreams more than realized.

At Millinocket the Great Northern Paper Company has built the largest pulp and paper mill in the world. Twelve years ago this spot was only a hunter's and fisherman's camp in the woods, but because of its natural advantages it has become the chief center for the manufacture of news print.

As in the case of many other developments in the Maine woods, the fitness of the place and the possibilities of the location for the pulp and paper industry came as a result of a hunting and fishing trip.

A large eight-machine mill was erected and Millinocket sprang up "a city in the woods" almost over night. The guiding hand of the Great Northern Paper Company directed the growth of the town during the first three years, and then the reins were turned over to the young city itself.

The opening up of the northern woods to the march of industry has been of great benefit to the region. Each year more than sixty million feet of spruce is ground into pulp and made into paper for the great metropolitan papers. Another plant at East Millinocket, six miles down the river, turns out an additional three hundred and twenty-five tons of white paper every twenty-four hours. Following the establishment of the industry at Millinocket, the water supplies on the river have been greatly improved in the building of dams and storage reservoirs.

ON THE WAY UP KATAHDIN

The Great Northern Hotel at Millinocket is under the management of the company, and is one of the best hotels in northern Maine.

At Milo spools for thread are made of birch wood, which must be absolutely dry before it can be used for this purpose. Millions of spools are made in this city every year. At Milo Junction are located the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad repair shops, and these shops are noted far and near among railroad men for keeping the equipment tuned up and for having everything spick and span.

The slate quarries at Brownsville enable even the farmers to enjoy the luxury of slate roofs for their barns and houses.

Off in the distance is Mount Katahdin, which is visited by many tourists, and which is the highest mountain in New England with the exception of Mount Washington.

* * *

A trip over Aroostook County with President F. W. Cram certainly makes one enthusiastic and convinces him that here is indeed the empire county of the United States. During this last year in particular everybody has shared in a generous taste of Maine's agricultural prosperity. There is always an air of cheerfulness. Whether in the cozy cheer of winter or in the glow of summer everybody seems happy, and with a prospective crop of eighteen million bushels of potatoes at existing prices, what more could one possibly wish for?

The fertility of the soil is proved by the tremendous crops. There is no booming or extravagant boosting in Aroostook. When Mr. Cram projected his railroad to the Northeast he only dreamed of the millions of bushels of potatoes that would come down over this line, going to all parts of the country.

But potatoes are not the only product of importance in Aroostook. The hay and grain crops demonstrate that it is not a country of a single harvest. During the fall and winter the routine of life is varied by the influx of thousands of hunters, and the picturesque towns that lie all along the road show by their rapid growth the general prosperity. Any man who has ever left Maine and now comes back to look upon its innumerable changes for the better realizes that all the growth of the past decade has not been in the West. Everywhere in the far eastern Pine Tree State he will find splendid farmhouses, up-to-date agricultural implements, immense clearings and many manufacturing and business improvements.

Aroostook wheat that produces a flour that is unsurpassed, often yielding thirty-five bushels to an acre, a yield that would make even the Canadian farmer express admiration, and the Aroostook hay with all the sweetness and richness of the northern growth have always been in great demand.

Aroostook's lumber wealth stands even greater than its agricultural industry, and the opening of the Allegash branch of the railroad will make accessible large additional areas of virgin timber lands. A vast amount of water power going to waste in this region will be opened to development. The Allegash extension, 147 miles long, sweeps from St. Francis on a wide arch to West Seboois and will be completed in the near future.

The fifteen hundred lakes of Maine present great possibilities and Aroostook is a net work of water powers all ready for development. With these advantages, Aroostook County affords to young men of today greater opportunities proportionately than have been afforded at any one point in the West. The lands are cheap and fertile, crops are certain, and the market is near at hand. What more could be desired?

Beautiful Bar Harbor

BAR HARBOR has been known the world over as the American seaside summer resort, where leaders in society and the distinguished members of the diplomatic corps have been most largely represented. The island of Mount Desert, famous in the early history of the coast and lately brilliantly eulogized by President-Emeritus Eliot of Harvard University, is almost forgotten in the modern publicity of Bar Harbor, so picturesque by nature and so beautiful by art, that I always mentally applaud those prophets of future splendor who named the township Eden, for it is a veritable paradise during the hot summer months.

Bar Harbor has a permanent population of four thousand active and energetic people, and is one of the cleanest and most attractive small cities in the country. From the rugged rocks of Frenchman's Bay are splendid ocean views, and the Otter Cliffs, Thunder Caves, Great Head and other picturesque crags lend majesty to the more sedate beauty of quiet coves and sail-bleached havens. Many pleasant and finely-graded drives belt the shore line, or lead into the cool shadow of the forests, and a region of romantic cascades, purling brooks and beautiful little lakes. Here James G. Blaine and other distinguished statesmen, and several presidents, including President Taft, have found rest from the cares of state and the charms of a distinguished and accomplished society. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, the eminent physician and novelist, has taken a great interest in the development of the beautiful foot-paths which lead to and through charming vistas unknown to the tourist who confines his journeys to the drives. Among others the late Joseph Pulitzer of the *New York World* occupied a cottage here for many years.

The Bar Harbor Swimming Club, the Athletic Field and Horse Show Clubs all contribute to make Bar Harbor attractive, interesting and unique in its social features.

Bar Harbor, among the hills of Mount Desert, has a valuation of more than six million dollars, the largest town in the state, and its buildings include the new United States Postoffice building, costing more than $60,000; the Jesup Memorial Library; the new high school, costing $100,000, and many costly and charming private residences. Plans have been perfected by the Maine Central for building one of the finest hotels in the country.

President Taft on the Kebo Links

Mount Desert Island is eighteen miles long and sixteen miles wide and connected with the mainland by a bridge at Mount Desert Narrows. It has a coast line of more than sixty miles, and contains twelve lakes, one of them six miles long, and a mountain range which attains a height of more than fifteen hundred feet, which, rising abruptly out of the sea, creates contrasts of sylvan beauty and massive and rugged majesty of surpassing interest. Bar Harbor has been called "The Queen of Summer Resorts," and whether for summer's sojourn or a transient visit, the American tourist will never really have "seen America" until he has visited Maine's queenliest summer islet. There are numerous well-kept hotels at varying prices, and the charm of delightfully cool nights, freedom from mosquitoes, malaria and noise explains why millions of dollars have been invested in summer homes at Bar Harbor.

Kebo Valley Club

The water supply is drawn by pipes from a mountain lake and is pronounced as pure and lively as that drawn from the average mineral spring. More than a quarter of a million dollars have been expended in giving the town a nearly perfect system of drainage.

Mount Desert was named by Champlain "the island of desert mountains." Sixty miles at sea the stately peaks of green mountains come into view. For many years automobiles have been prohibited from landing on the island, but the unconquerable motor car has won a victory this year, and there has been a veritable auto colony.

The Bar Harbor "buckboard" of light wood has been famous the world over, and the Kebo Valley golf links will never be forgotten by the golfer who has had a game there. Here also the Mount Kebo Springs are located. No one knows just where this peculiar Indian name originated, but it is supposed to have been the Indian expression for Bar Harbor, "the string to the bow of the mountains." Mount Kebo water is shipped to all parts of the country, and has been highly recommended by physicians as pure, palatable and potable in the highest degree.

It was the good Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, who wrote two lines after a visit to the Island of Mount Desert:

> They seek for happier shores
> in vain
> Who leave the summer isles
> of Maine

for Bar Harbor presents a combination of mountain, forest and inland lake scenery with the most rugged rock-bound coast and widespread ocean view that could be conceived, all within the one horizon and one vision. One historian, a native of Mount Desert, wrote an interesting article suggesting that the Island might have been discovered by Norsemen in the eleventh century, and gigantic bones of prehistoric men have given some support to his contention.

Thomas Jefferson and Lafayette inter-

On the Shore Path

ested themselves in the claims of the granddaughter of Antoine de la Motte Cadillac, who in 1688 was granted this island by Louis XIV, and the General Court of Massachusetts in 1787 granted to them "all such parts and parcels of the island of Mount Desert and the other islands and tracts of land particularly described in the grant of patent of Louis XIV to said Monsieur de la Motte Cadillac." On this nearly all the titles to real estate on the island are based. Madame Therese de Gregoire and her husband Bartholomew took up their abode at Hull's Cove, a little settlement a few miles to the northward of Bar Harbor, where they lived until their death in 1810, and their resting place is marked by a simple cross.

Great Head

In connection with golf, in Poland it is said that "God provides the talent, but man must discover it." Surely the Poland golfers were hot

At the Famous Poland Spring

GO where you will, up the African Nile, in remote parts of China, the tropical parts of South America, even to the famous spas of Europe, or at home from Florida to California—wherever the American traveler tourist goes, and that is pretty well all over the world—you find the green labelled bottles of Poland water. The traveler carries it with him as a matter of health insurance and sips it as a luxury brought from the good old State of Maine. The green label of the Poland bottle is most as inspiring as the American flag to travelers abroad.

When Hiram Ricker saw as in a vision the scene now realized on Poland Hill by his sons, his faith in the beneficent quality of the water from the now famous hillside spring included a faith in the development of the State of Maine as Nature's grandest summer playground. His foresight was even broader, for he felt that these waters would prove of great benefit to many races and peoples.

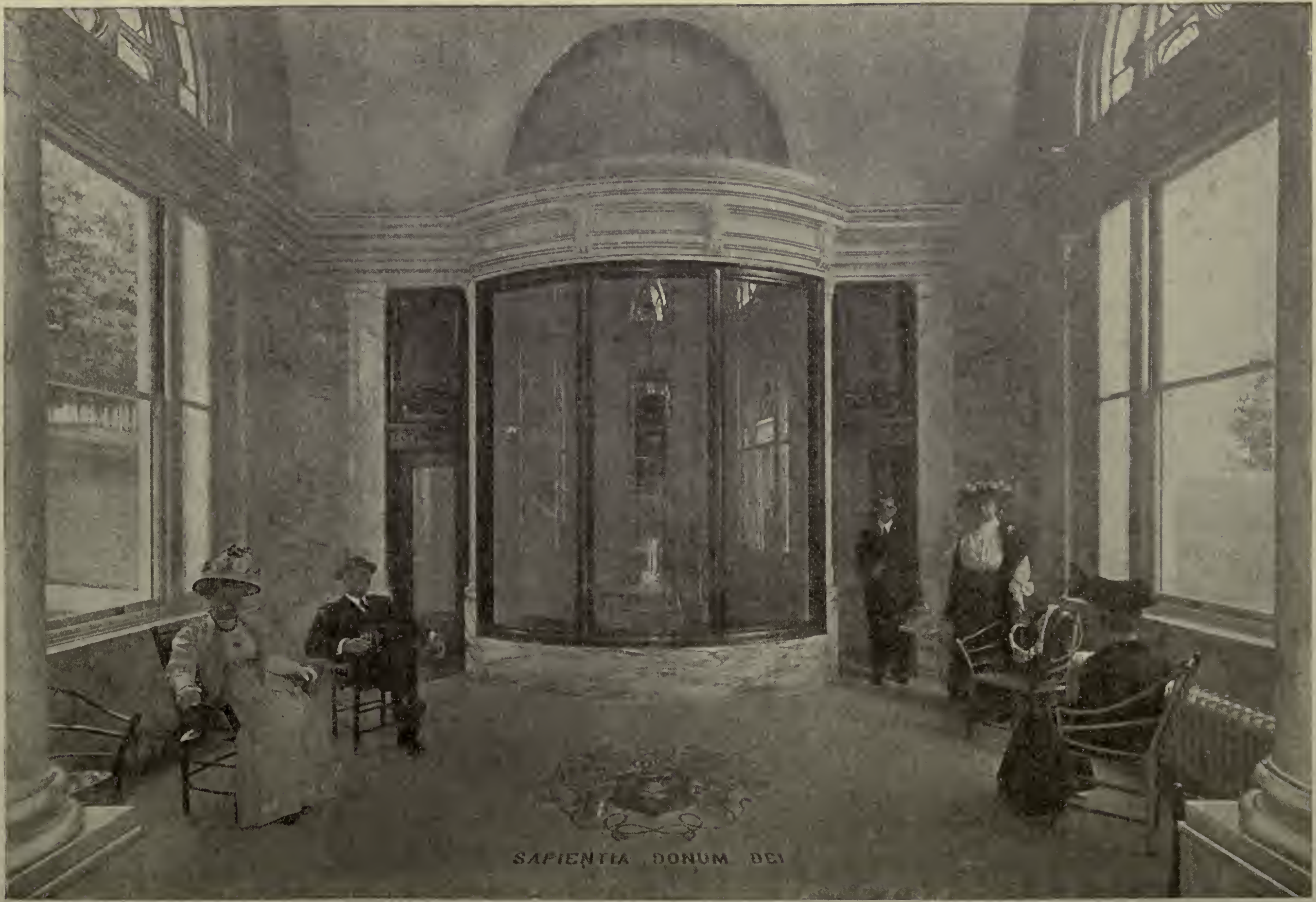
When he hurried over the hill to get a demijohn of Poland water for a passenger on a stage coach then stopping at the Ricker Tavern, he philosophically contemplated the fifteen cents received as only the net proceeds of the first of the myriads of bottles of water yet to be sold. He was not discouraged and continued to tell the neighbors at the store what his boys would live to see in the town of Poland. There was a spiritualist medium at the house soon after, and in a trance she pointed directly to the eldest son, Edward Payson Ricker, saying "this son will yet realize the dreams."

Later the entire business was turned over by the father to the son. Working in the fields early and late, the son had before him one great purpose—the development of Poland Spring. There were many hard battles to fight, battles that required undaunted courage and perseverance. The mettle of a real Maine fighter was soon proven. The alliance of the elder brother with two younger brothers, Mr. Alvan B. and Hiram W. Ricker, renewed his faith and ambition and decided progress was made toward a definite goal—to make the sale of Poland Spring water world-wide. The business developed from a few hundred bottles per year to upwards of a quarter of a million sold in the New York market in a single twelve months.

Appropriately enough, the first hotel was opened on Poland Hill in 1876, the centennial anniversary of the birth of the Republic. It was small and unpretentious compared with its successor, but each year additions to the buildings were made with mathematical and periodical regularity, and in the cold winter evenings plans were made, for one striking characteristic of the Rickers is the original and thorough way in which they get things planned right and then go ahead full speed.

The green label on Poland Spring water was decided upon because it differed radically from others, and seemed to harmonize and blend with Nature's own hues of leafy forests and greenwood. Despite conventional objections, the green label, green bottle and green signs of Poland Spring now scattered over the world were the forerunner of many imitators later. It was a veritable ensign of the initial development of the first pure American table water.

The Ricker Inn, established in 1794, was a favorite stopping place between Portland, Maine, and Montreal. Its owners knew how to serve and to welcome the passerby. Whenever a guest was secured it was a permanent enrolment; father and son, mother and daughter continue year after year to go to Poland because, well—because, there's only one Poland Spring, and for generations and generations back the Rickers have practiced a general, practical, profitable policy of public hospitality.



In the handsome Spring House, with its Italian tower and artistic outlines, and enclosed in glass as if in crystal, one sees that perennial spring from which for ages past the pure water has gushed forth

Year by year the business expanded, and from the Mansion House, the original tavern, was gradually evolved the hostelry now open the year round.

A new station on the Maine Central Railroad named Riccars revives the original family name, one prominent in the early annals of New England. Originally from Germany, then to France, and driven to the Isle of Jersey by religious persecutions, the Riccars sailed from there to New England.

Among the early settlers of Dover were two Riccar brothers, who were massacred by the Indians, and the family history perpetuates the story of some of the perils that confronted the early pioneers when deadly firelocks defended their homes and villages against the Indians. Jabez Ricker, grandson of Maturin Riccar, moved to Maine, and the history of the "Pine Tree State" would not be complete without a reference to the Wentworth-Ricker Inn, established in 1794, and its subsequent history.

The old tavern sign swinging in the breezes of Maine, bearing only the name of Wentworth-Ricker, was the prophetic herald of what one sees today accomplished on Poland Hill, and it also bears the year 1795.

From the granite ledge on the hill flows incessantly that pure water that is so universally recommended by physicians as Nature's own remedy for many ills. In the handsome Spring House, with its Italian tower and artistic outlines, and enclosed in glass as if in crystal, one sees that perennial spring from which, for ages past, the pure water has gushed forth from the rifts of the cloven rock. In its primitive simplicity, except for the protecting shelter, it appears just as when the Indians encamped beside it to quench their thirst. The guests at Florida hotels, even as they dream of the search of Ponce de Leon for the waters of life unending, drink health and strength amid the scenes of the Spanish cavalier's futile guest with the water brought from the rocky Maine ledge. When the cornerstone of the original tower of the Poland Spring House was laid, it contained a five-cent piece which Mr. E. P. Ricker claimed was his lucky pocket piece. Since the cornerstone was laid, there has been scarcely a year passed that the cornerstone of some new structure has not been laid.

A new chapel has just been completed and built to endure through the ages. The massive walls and picturesque Norman tower recall the architecture and strength of the Middle Ages. The tiled floors and illuminated windows and artistic furnishings are in perfect keeping with its impressive architecture, notwithstanding its modern conveniences. Only the roof of massive oak replaces fireproof material and adds a rich luster to the interior. Named "All Souls' Chapel"—a name indicative of its purpose—it knows no sect. Services of all denominations, including Episcopalian, Catholic, and Protestant, are held within its walls. If the ancient Shaker settlement had survived, there would, no doubt, have been Shaker services held within these walls by the surviving members of this community.

* * *

No more delightful environment can be imagined than that of Poland. Giant trees are moved about in order to perfect the ensemble of the picture, and during the present year a remarkable photograph was taken showing the sweep of the hill from Poland Spring House to the historic old Mansion House, with the tower of the Spring House peeping up from behind the hill.

On the Poland Spring grounds is the Maine State Building from the Columbian Exposition, which was brought on from Chicago in 1894, and now stands in Poland just as seen by thousands of visitors to the World's Fair Exposition. The art exhibits in the building are loaned by the best artists of the country, making a charming collection of nearly three hundred rare works of art, such as might be found in some old baronial estate in the Old World. Every year the firm purchases one or two famous paintings, and the Poland art gallery has become a recognized last word on local art.

On the stairway entering the art gallery are portraits of Hannibal Hamlin, Senator William Pitt Fessenden, James G. Blaine, Thomas B. Reed, William P. Frye, Nelson Quigley, and others; across the hall on the second floor are two portraits,

No more delightful environment can be imagined than that of Poland. Giant trees are moved about in order to perfect the ensemble of the picture before which I lingered long. One is Hiram Ricker, with his dignified, clear-cut features and manly beard; the other is the sweet-faced, dark-eyed mother, who came here as a bride and began to dispense that hospitality for which the Ricker Inn has long been esteemed, and which has since made famous the name of the Ricker hostelries.

In the fields one sees the oxen ploughing, and herds of smooth-skinned, gentle Guernseys and Jerseys grazing on the green, their sleek coats showing in rich contrast to the gray rocks that crop out here and there. On the opposite side, a stretch of sandy beach and a handsomely appointed club house for bathers add to the enjoyment, while at another turn one looks up the Middle Range Lake, where the fishermen find delight unalloyed.

Another pleasure at Poland is horseback riding, and what an inspiration it is to see jolly groups of riders starting forth sunny mornings for a canter through the woods. Here are deep recesses of the forest, where darkling in the shades of the leafy trees the woodland paths wind through masses of fern, and one can well believe that nymphs hide behind the trees and the fairies dance beneath them at night. Then there is the haunted house—for surely no community is without its meeting place for spirits.

In one of the Shaker villages, which has been added to the Poland Spring estate, the granite building of five stories and a belfry tower suggests olden times, when Shaker thrift and industry were preeminent.

The town of Poland is six miles square; there are old colonial farm homesteads with house and barns connected and surrounded by fine old apple orchards and stone wall fences four feet thick. The Mansion House still remains the original Ricker hostelry, a dream of colonial history. The court of the old house has been transformed into a colonial staircase.

In the office is the ancient "tap," at which travelers were wont to stop for refreshment, to warm them for a long ride on a cold day. One room remains just as in the olden times, and the low table, the narrow sofa (which makes you wonder how the young men of those days could pay court gracefully to their ladies fair on such a stiff seat), the dark steel engravings on the wall, and the small-paned windows, all tell of a time when ideas of comfort and beauty were different. The charm of olden memories clings about this room, which to the Ricker family must seem almost like a shrine. In contrast to these mementoes of olden times is the great sun parlor, which makes winter days a delight in Poland. The crisp winter weather has made Maine popular as a winter resort, rivaling the robust Alpine life of St. Mauritz.

* * *

As the automobile whisked down under the viaduct at Danville Junction, never had odorous honeysuckle clover smelled more sweetly after a gentle summer rain. With its subtle perfume all along the road the aromatic incense of the Maine pines blended and refreshed us as we dove around another curve and met wave on wave of sweet forest odors, welcoming us to the Poland Spring House on the hill.

The sunset was a blaze of crimson, purple, pink, orange and gold, crowning the Presidential Range with a glory beyond even the magical interpretation of Turner's riotous pencil, and rivalling the splendors of the Alpine afterglow. From the veranda about the tower rooms was a panoramic view never to be forgotten.

In the foreground of the lawn seven hundred acres of rich green velvet turf stretched away from the "putting green," a golf links which would arouse the envy of the Scottish golfers of St. Andrews. It was amusing to see the caddies imitate the gait of the golfers as they followed those strenuous gentlemen and ladies who, with sleeves rolled up, rushed across the fields at a pace which in the hayfield would be considered murderous. In connection with golf, in Poland it is said that "God provides the talent, but man must discover it." Surely the Poland golfers were hot on the trail of talent that day!

Here on the lawn a new maple tree had taken root since last year. Fourteen horses and fourteen men had brought it from the forest, in all its mature splendor of leafage, and had planted it unhurt before the hotel, to rejoice the eyes of the guests.

The great, wide plate-glass windows of the dining-room showing outside living, breathing pictures of Nature surpassing the masterpieces of Corot, were a Ricker innovation. The simple, old-fashioned flowers on the tables awoke pleasant memories, and the little details of service, and the homelike features of this hotel life emphasize rather than eliminate that love of domestic happiness among the guests.

At the portals of the dining-hall bows Julius, master of his art, and equalling a French diplomat in polished tact and *savoir faire*. For more than thirty years, three times a day, he has bowed the guests in and out of the dining-room with the grace of a Chesterfield.

As one sits down to table he is instantly impressed with the corps of white-aproned young women who noiselessly flit about the great dining-hall. Many of these waitresses are school teachers, who in this way secure a change of air during their long vacation, and add grace and dignity to the dining-room service.

At Poland the guests just make themselves at home. Who could be content without a visit to the kitchen—and such a kitchen? The old New England oven seemed overflowing with good things. The cuisine is perfect, and more than one has hinted that therein may lie the great success of the Rickers. As one of the guests saw the freshly-baked bread, pies and cakes taken from the oven and placed in rows upon the tables, he quoted from Byron:

"All human history attests
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner!
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner."

The watchful care of details is apparent. Every utensil is in its proper place, and it seems that confusion in that kitchen would be an impossibility. However frequently or in whatever number the guests arrive, everything goes smoothly. The largest auto party, no matter how unexpectedly it may appear, cannot upset the organization of the Ricker Inn.

Year after year the guests' list at the Poland Spring House and Mansion House is filled far in advance of the opening of the season. Mothers who spent their honeymoon there are followed by their daughters. The life at Poland Spring has the home and family spirit pre-eminent. From the spacious verandas new views and vistas are revealed in the panorama every hour. The changing seasons from early summer to the gorgeous splendor of late autumn are the moving pictures of Nature's grandeur that hold the interest of the guests who come and go.

Amid the cool caverns of the woods, the automobiles circle in the twilight; here and there the evening lights of the hotel begin to twinkle. The guests cannot resist the impulse to go out under the tower rooms of the veranda, beneath the gilded dome, to witness the sunset over the Presidential Range. Forty miles away towers Mount Washington, and in the foreground are the undulating waves of the green turf, and the forests of the foothills, lighted by the rays of the departing sun. Through the leaves the eye catches the glimmer of the sylvan lake that dots the sea of green. In the cool, fast-falling dusk of a summer day it seems at Poland Spring that no such thing exists as a city, but as if all the world worth knowing about is enclosed within the horizon of this natural amphitheater.

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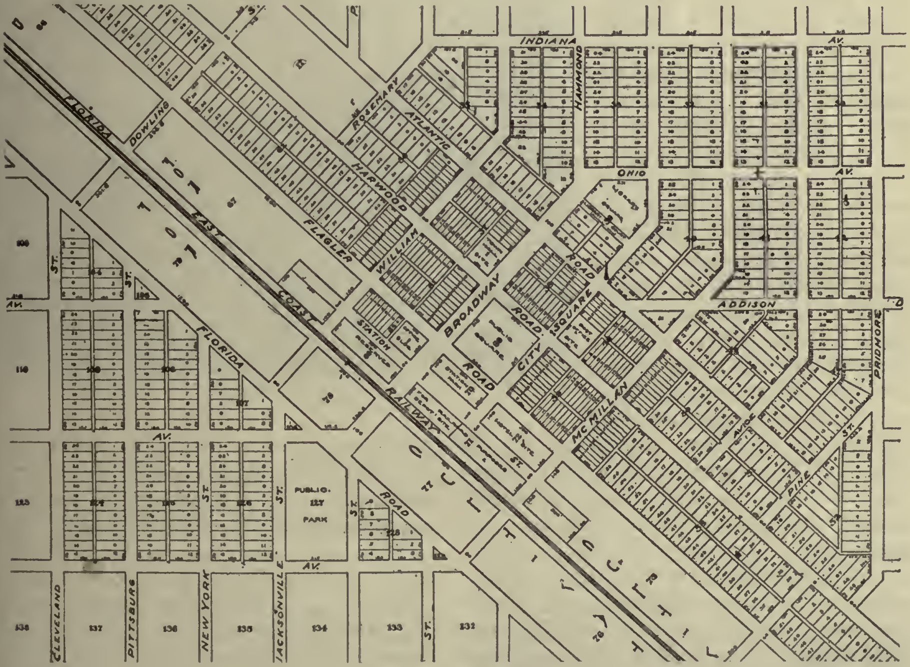
Building a Model Florida Town

by J. N. Kins

THERE are few things that incite our curiosity to a greater extent than human progress. The conditions of animals and birds are the same today as when the earth was young; the nests of the feathered tribe and the homes of the beasts of the forest have undergone no change; the bee gathered honey thousands of years ago in precisely the same manner as the work is performed today, while the methods of attack and defence of every wild animal have never advanced in the slightest degree. But in man's mode of living there has been great progress. The rude huts and log cabins of our forefathers have given place to homes in which every convenience that man can desire has been installed. The haphazard method of laying out towns and cities is practiced no more, but there may be seen a constant evolution toward the ideal in city perfection, and we sometimes wonder whether further improvements are possible.

In the newer cities of this country may be seen the latest embodiment of municipal beauty and convenience. The health of the people is protected by the most complete sanitary arrangements known to scientific investigation, while the modern park and street systems represent the wisdom of ages.

There is probably no state that can show a larger list of new towns and cities which have been built in recent years than can Florida. Some of these new cities approach municipal perfection to a greater degree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ROAD
STATION
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PINE
ST.
FLORIDA
PUBLIC PARK
CLEVELAND
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MAP OF VOLUSIA

than can be found elsewhere on the face of the earth. The climate is ideal for the growth of trees and shrubs that tend to beautify a city, and an exuberance of flowers almost constantly ladens the atmosphere with a delicious perfume.

DOCK SCENE AT VOLUSIA

The flowers of Florida have charmed the hearts of millions since that country was discovered by Ponce De Leon in 1513, but most marvelous of all has been the rapid development of that state during recent years. The population of the United States increased between 1900 and 1910 twenty-two per cent, while that of Florida increased forty-two per cent, which shows that the state has been the Mecca of thousands during the last decade. One of the finest railways in the world has been constructed along the east coast of Florida, which will make the closest connection for all Panama Canal traffic. Along this railroad there is a stretch of land which is said to be the finest for agricultural and horticultural purposes in the country. It produces bountiful crops of corn, cotton, sugar cane, potatoes of every variety, celery, oranges, grapefruit, pecans, strawberries, and, in fact, every kind of fruit and vegetable which grows in the Southern states. Alfalfa has been successfully grown, which means that Florida will be also a great dairy state.

THE COMPANY'S OFFICE AT VOLUSIA

The work of transforming a wilderness into beautiful orchards has not reached the point of completion, but capital, which has heretofore been timid in regard to the South, is now lending its powerful energies in the work of making Florida the garden spot of the universe. Recently William McMillan, Herbert Hammond, Harold E. Hammond, and W. A. Pridmore of Chicago, and Edward F. Oates of Daytona, Florida, organized the Volusia Development Company for the purpose of developing a tract of land along the Florida East Coast Railway. After thorough investigation about twelve thousand acres were selected on the Tomoka and Halifax Rivers, about eleven miles from the beautiful city of Daytona, and the company has begun the work of making this property one of nature's beauty spots. The land has been subdivided into five, ten and twenty-acre farms and practically in the center will be built one of the prettiest little cities on the American continent. The place has been named Volusia after the county in which it is situated, one of the fairest and most fertile counties, and every modern municipal utility and several new features will be embraced in the plan of the town. The town site lies two miles from the old post office of Harwood, but Volusia will have its own post office before this article goes to press. It will be unique and a model community in every respect. In the center of the town has been laid out a public square, and there has been reserved building sites for a town hall, water works, post-office, schools and churches and an entire block for a public library. The public grounds are all in the center of the city, around which will be the business district, surrounding which will be the residence section and beyond will be the farms laid out in tracts of five, ten and twenty acres each. In close proximity to the business district will be a public park consisting of about five acres. The public square, park and station grounds will be planted with palmettos, shrubs and other trees that will contribute greatly to the general beauty of the surroundings. A hotel is now being built fronting this public square, and other buildings are expected to follow.

"ON THE BEAUTIFUL TOMOKA RIVER"

THE WAY VOLUSIA APPEARED AT COMMENCEMENT OF DEVELOPMENT

Perhaps the most unique idea of the owners of this property is the reservation of a strip of land three hundred feet wide on each side of the railroad track for a mile through the town, which has been subdivided into ten-acre tracts to be used by the company for cultivation and as model demonstration farms. Here the farmers will be given free advice regarding proper rotation of crops and the quality of seed best adapted to the soil of the locality and the most scientific methods of cultivation. The presence of these experimental farms in the heart of the city will be something new in the plan of municipalities.

Artesian water may be obtained on the property at a depth of one hundred and fifty feet, and the land company has already sunk five wells and an excellent quality of water has been obtained. Volusia is situated ninety-nine miles south of Jacksonville on the main line of the Florida East Coast Railway. It is five miles from the Atlantic Ocean and the town is bounded on the east by the Tomoka and Halifax rivers, which are a part of the Florida Coastal canal system, a navigable waterway along the entire east coast from Miami to Jacksonville. The property is but five miles from Flagler's celebrated Ormond Hotel on the Halifax, which is well known to every tourist who visits Florida.

The navigable waterway is of immense value to the agriculturalists as well as to pleasure seekers. By this means the farmers can ship their grain and produce to New York via Jacksonville by boat, thus saving considerable in freight charges.

The company has already built a handsome office building in the center of the town, the edifice being constructed of Coquina stone, of which there is a large deposit on one portion of the property, thus providing the finest building material at a most economical cost. They have also built two model bungalows, and a hotel is now being erected with wide verandahs and columns of coquina stone and palmetto logs.

To encourage the use of this beautiful building stone the first score purchasers of lots and farms will be permitted to take sufficient stone for their building requirements from the company's quarry, giving them the finest building material at simply the expense of taking it out of the quarry. This stone is a coral formation, which is easily worked when it comes from the quarry, but which hardens quickly when exposed to the atmosphere. Many of the buildings in that section are built of this material, and some have stood the test of more than a hundred years. The ruins of an old Spanish fort were recently discovered on the property and will be restored by the company. The edifice was built of Coquina rock, and the stone still standing is in an excellent state of preservation, which shows the permanency of this class of building material.

In close proximity to the new town is Coquina Lake, which will be greatly improved and generally beautified. It will be an ideal spot for rest and recreation, and already the surveyed lots on the lake front are in great demand.

It is the purpose of Mr. Pridmore, the general manager, and his associates to develop the community upon lines separate and distinct from all others. Their town will lack nothing of value that other municipalities of its kind enjoy, and it will embrace features that are distinctly new and advantageous to the citizens; in short, it is the design of the company to establish a community in which the citizens may enjoy advantages in pleasure and business opportunities that they can find nowhere else in the country.

OIL AND ACID

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

There have been great lovers who were not great men, but never a great man who was not a great lover.

To make what men call a good soldier means the breaking down for all time of that which is thrillingly brave and tender in man.

There is so much gray sorrow in the cities; so much unuttered pain—so many lives that seem to mean nothing to the gods who give life.

Two women there are in every great man's life; the woman who visioned his greatness in the mothering; and the woman who saw it potentially afterward.

A Day *at* Pitch Lake

By

Marie G. Stapp

TRINIDAD, just off the northern coast of Venezuela, is such an island Paradise that it comes as a surprise to find there so material and practical a curiosity as Pitch Lake, the source of a large portion of the world's asphalt. Since the lake is not in the least attractive in appearance, it is in striking contrast to the other beauties of the island.

"Do not fail," urged our fellow-travelers on the boat going down to Trinidad, "to visit Pitch Lake."

Soon after our arrival at Port of Spain, the capital, we recalled this suggestion and made plans for the trip. "Pitch Lake!" exclaimed the guests at the hotel, and raised their eyebrows. "Well," said one young lady, "you will find it a most disagreeable trip and a disappointing sight after you reach it. Nothing but that horrid smelling pitch; and it is the hottest place down here."

But a party of American girls will risk a good deal to see one of the far-famed sights of the Caribbean.

We were cautioned to wear our oldest clothes to the lake, and our party of nine girls, accompanied by a jovial English journalist, could hardly have been called a fashionable company as we set out.

Gaily we boarded the queer little English compartment car and after we were securely locked in, we enjoyed a beautiful ride through miles of cocoa plantations, where the red immortelle glowed in riotous color as it shaded the cocoa plants that grew at the foot of it. On the other side were many mangrove trees on which the oysters clung in the salt water.

AN OIL WELL AT PITCH LAKE

Before we took the steamer at San Fernando for La Brea we purchased peanuts and odd little cakes from a dark-skinned coolie girl. These goodies were added to our luncheon which we devoured as soon as we were settled in our steamer chairs, trusting Fate to provide more food before we returned to the hotel in the evening.

That two hours' voyage across the Gulf of Paria was fraught with unpleasant memories of the English channel and other rough and uncomfortable voyages. There was rejoicing when Brighton Pier was sighted, but, alas, our discomforts were not over—we were obliged to land in a small rowboat. So high were the waves rolling that the boat literally stood on end. It was a gymnastic feat to leap from the steamer into the boat just when it was at the proper angle. Then came a long pull of a mile through the heavy surf to the pier.

Here we were met by a khaki-clad American engineer who had been detailed by the superintendent to take us over the place. We were delighted to meet a fellow-countryman, for after we left Panama we had traveled entirely with Englishmen, Germans and South Americans. The American engineer was likewise glad to see us, the first American girls who had been to the Lake in more than six months. Clattering over the creaking planks we were led along the pier. At the shore we found two carriages awaiting us.

THE OFFICIAL GUIDE ON HIS NEW MOUNT

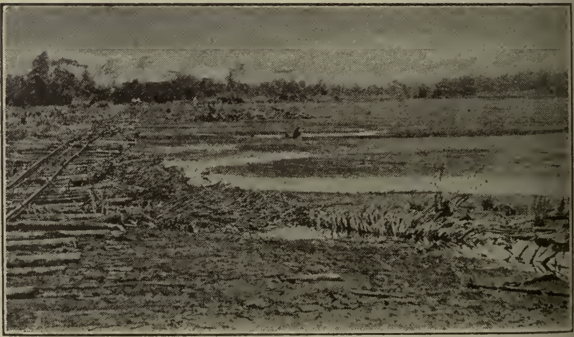
As one of the girls stepped in, her foot crashed through the bottom and she was imprisoned, one leg swinging beneath the carriage. Blushing and embarrassed, she was extricated, while her rescuers laughed uproariously and a colored boy across the way shook with merriment.

So battered and old and shaky were these vehicles that we feared for our lives when two Trinidadians joined the party, making twelve to be stowed in two small carriages. Our guide, on horseback, was a typical out-rider, and in this fashion we started on our tour of inspection.

As a boiling, seething mass, with banks on which we could stand and gaze upon a black sea—such was the Pitch Lake of our dreams. But one can actually "walk on the waters" of this lake. Of course, it is somewhat sticky strolling, since the pitch is about the same consistency as tar. It comprises one hundred and four acres in the southeastern part of Trinidad, and located as it is on the Gulf of Paria, the pitch is shipped direct to foreign ports.

Pitch Lake has an unusual history. It was discovered some five hundred years ago, when Sir Walter Raleigh landed in La Brea harbor, and proceeded to demolish the capital of the island. Before sailing away on another filibustering expedition he repaired his ship with pitch taken from Pitch Lake.

Pitch has been put to every possible use by the natives. The streets of the Port of Spain were lighted by torches of pitch until the people objected to the odor. Nothing, however, was done to develop the pitch and oil industry until recent years. This indifference to its value has been credited to the fact that the Trinidadians had so many other resources, such as their cocoa, coffee and sugar, from which to gain an abundant living, that they were content to leave Pitch Lake alone.


A GLIMPSE OF PITCH LAKE

Scientists have often discussed the formation of the lake. Kingsley describes it as a "vegetable matter which would become peat and finally brown coal in a temperate climate but which in the tropics becomes asphalt and oil, oozing up through the strata above it." Many scientists have reached the conclusion that the pitch is an emulsion, forty-five per cent of which is bitumen, twenty-five per cent clay and thirty per cent water. The pressure of the gases from the oil deposits beneath push up the underlying pitch as fast as that above it is removed. So the pitch is in reality the unevaporated residue of millions of tons of petroleum which has for years oozed from the oil sand.

Originally the asphalt industry was under English ownership, but the concern failed, and Barber of New York floated it at ten times its value. It is now in the possession of the New Trinidad Asphalt Company, which purchased an option on it in 1898. John Mack, Philadelphia newspaper man and politician, owns the greatest number of shares, which practically puts it under American control.

An American manager, American engineers and even laborers from the states are now engaged in developing this tremendous industry. In addition to the pitch output, which seems inexhaustible, there is a vast supply of crude petroleum. About two years ago the New Trinidad Asphalt Company made its first oil discoveries within two miles of the Lake. Five wells have been sunk, the average boring of which is 750 to 1000 feet.

BREAKFAST AT THE BACHELOR QUARTERS

We climbed down a steep hill to see one spouter which was sending forth an average of 45,000 gallons daily when permitted to flow full force. A dam had been made to regulate the flow until the pipes were in readiness. A sixth well was being bored six yards from the shore.

"CASA ARAQUIPPA" BACHELOR QUARTERS AT PITCH LAKE

Not far from the gusher we came upon two immense oil tanks, the largest in the world, with heights of thirty-four feet, diameter of one hundred and thirty-five feet and capacity for 64,000 barrels of forty gallons each. The erection of these tanks was under the supervision of the engineer who showed us the Lake, and they had been carefully tested with full capacity of sea water.

Up the echoing iron stairs of one tank we climbed to the top, where we had a fine view and an opportunity to use our kodaks. Then we crawled through a manhole in the side, a feat of some difficulty, especially for the lady from Trinidad who wore a large picture hat. The interior of the tank was not only dingy, but hot, and we were glad to return to the open air. Other tanks are in process of construction. Since the adoption of oil fuel by the admiralty, the petroleum is now reserved for the use of the British navy.

After completing our visit to the oil wells, as we returned to the carriages for the next stage of our sight-seeing expedition, one of the girls whispered longingly, "Oh, even a green cocoanut would taste good." "You shall have one, then," promised our guide, and he led the way to a native hut where we might enjoy some of the delicious fruit. As we rounded a curve in the road and started up the hill the spring of our carriage collapsed, and five laughing maidens took a toboggan slide from their seats to the road. Our Ethiopian driver, who hailed from Jamaica, did some repairing with a twig and a bit of string and soon announced that we could proceed. An English girl was the first to step in, not too lightly, when, crash! she followed the fate of her American cousin earlier in the day. She, too, had to shriek for help and be disentangled. It was now almost steamer time, for our mishap had cost us our visit to the cocoanut plantation.

* * *

We were soon at the big shed where the cars come from the Lake filled with pitch. After they are weighed they are swung on the cable and carried out along the pier to the waiting ships.

Through the kindness of the superintendent, and the assistance of our guide, we were given a ride out over the Lake in a small sight-seeing car, which they informed us "jumped" the track at least every other day. As we were reassured that this was not the "off" day we took our special car full of confidence. Soon we reached the spot where the laborers were digging great lumps of pitch and tossing them into the cars. Seven hundred and fifty tons are excavated daily, and within a few days the hole from which it is taken fills again to a smooth surface. The Lake has the appearance of an asphalt pavement with here and there pools of water. The pitch does not soil the hands but sticks forever to shoes, as we were destined to discover.

About 125,000 tons of pitch are exported each year, the principal market being the United States. This may not always be true, since California is already producing a good substitute for asphalt.

Returning from the Lake we stopped at a small refinery where a portion of the pitch is refined, the remainder being shipped in a crude state, although in time it will all be refined.

Before saying good-bye to Pitch Lake and its many interests, our guide took us out on a big steel pier and extended to us the hospitality of "Casa Araquippa," the bachelors' quarters. The pier extends 1700 feet out into the Gulf of Paria, and on it the managers, engineers and other special employees from the states make their home.

It is almost like being on shipboard to hear the constant swish and movement of the water, and when the surf is high considerable motion is felt in the small houses built on the piles of the pier. Only two women, wives of the employees, were at that time among the pier contingent. It must be a lonely life for women, since, except for an occasional excursion across to the Port of Spain, there is little or no social life.

The completion of a new twenty-eight room bungalow hotel ashore is being anticipated as a welcome change by the pier dwellers, for it promises to have many conveniences and comforts for the exiles from the United States.

One admires the pluck and ambition of the energetic young American who goes so far from home and friends to win success in his chosen fields of work. Our special guide expected to leave the following week for work at the new Pitch Lake in Venezuela and as he waved us good-bye from the pier, he typified all that is cleanest and best in the twentieth century American.

Our ride across the gulf was much rougher than our morning trip, and we had poor success at satisfying our appetites. Our tea splashed over a tempting custard, and our English friend's entire cup slipped to the floor. The cheese followed it, and swam gaily around in the deluge.

Another Englishman met us at San Fernando and assisted in piloting us back to the Port of Spain. When we reached Queen's Park Hotel we were tired and dirty, but it was unanimously voted that the trip had been one of the most interesting of our stay in the tropics.

Syndicate Control of Corporations

by W. C. JENKINS

THERE have been great changes in public utility organizations and methods of operation during the last decade. Not many years ago each public utility company was an organization separate and distinct from all others. Each had its own set of officers and board of directors, and each was operated at considerable unnecessary expense. In the course of time it was found that a gas plant and an electric lighting company could be operated by the same management, and in a number of cases the two were consolidated. Occasionally the street railway was taken into the corporation. By this means the expenses of management were greatly reduced.

In the line of further retrenchment in cost of operation came the suggestion of syndicate control. This consists of a large corporation which operates many properties from one central office. Usually such organizations are controlled by successful public-utility men, who employ local managers to superintend the service to the citizens, and in such corporations the people are now asked to invest their surplus funds.

Everyone can readily perceive the advantages of this plan of operation, for it is plainly apparent that expenses of management and engineering are greatly reduced; material can be purchased in large quantities at the lowest prices, and insurance on all the properties can be arranged for at a great saving and still pass through the local agents. Then again, every improvement in the art can be investigated and applied immediately, and thus the companies can furnish the most efficient service at reasonable rates and still pay a fair dividend to the stockholders.

It is not to be inferred, however, that all corporations of this nature are ideal places in which to invest money. In the mad rush for bigness some of these companies have paid fabulous prices for properties which never paid a dividend—properties that had ruined a number of local citizens and which under the restrictive conditions imposed by the municipality or the decline of the local industries can never be a success. Hence the investor has oftentimes to consider conditions which are not mentioned in the financial circulars of the concerns that sell the bonds. There is no doubt, however, that under proper conditions a better or safer investment cannot be found than the securities of well-conducted public utility companies. They sell a commodity which people need and no matter whether general trade conditions are good or bad, the people will patronize

FRANK T. HULSWIT
President of the United Light & Railways Company of Grand Rapids

corporations of this nature. Thus it is possible to estimate with approximate correctness their probable earnings for years to come and to be governed accordingly.

To judge the possibilities for successful public utility operations, the first matter to be considered is the character of the municipalities. If a city shows a satisfactory increase in population, and its industries are on a sound financial basis, and when the citizens impose no impossible or impracticable conditions upon the corporations, then under modern methods of management the corporations cannot fail to succeed, and their securities become ideal investments.

J. F. PORTER
Vice-President of the United Light and Railways Company

One of the recent organizations for the operation of public utility properties which will stand any test that the conservative investor might apply is the United Light and Railways Company, with headquarters at Grand Rapids, Michigan. This company has not striven to distinguish itself in the acquisition of large properties so much as it has in the selection of companies that were in good physical condition and on a paying basis. Not one of its subsidiary companies is a money loser; on the other hand, each is at the present time showing fair profits, which will be largely increased when the system inaugurated by the parent company is in full working order.

The United Light and Railways Company was organized under the laws of the State of Maine in July, 1910, with an authorized capital as follows: First preferred, six per cent cumulative, $12,500,000; second preferred, three per cent cumulative, $5,000,000; common stock, $12,500,000. The second preferred stock is convertible into either first preferred or common stock par for par at the option of the stockholders three years from the date of its original issue. This company was formed for the purpose of financing, owning, leasing, and operating public utility properties. Immediately after organization it acquired from Child, Hulswit & Co., bankers, with whom were connected at the time the president and vice-president of the organization, the following properties: Cadillac Gas Light Company, Cadillac, Michigan; LaPorte Gas Light Company, LaPorte, Indiana; LaPorte Electric Company, LaPorte, Indiana; Mattoon Gas Light and Coke Company, Mattoon, Illinois; Fort Dodge Light and Power Company, Fort Dodge, Iowa; Citizens Railway and Light Company, Muscatine, Iowa; Cedar Rapids Gas Light Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Chattanooga Gas Company, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

The majority of these properties had been under direction of the present officers of the company for a number of years, and were in splendid physical condition when taken over by the United Light and Railways Company. In many cases the output capacity was largely in excess of present requirements.

In April, 1912, the company acquired all of the stock of the Grand Rapids, Grand Haven and Muskegon Railway Company of Michigan, operating a high-grade third-rail electric railway between Grand Rapids, Michigan, with a population of 115,000, and Grand Haven, Michigan, with a population of 6,000, and Muskegon, Michigan, with a population of 25,000, and serving a rural population of approximately 5,000 additional. The road runs through excellent farming country and serves a very large summer population located along the shores of Spring Lake and Lake Michigan.

In June, 1912, the company acquired the property of the Ottumwa Gas, Light, Heat and Power Company of Ottumwa, Iowa, serving a population of 22,000. During the same month it acquired ninety per cent of the stock of the Cedar Rapids and Marion City Railway Company, which serves Cedar Rapids and Marion, Iowa, and intervening territory with local and connecting railways with a population of forty thousand. It also acquired over ninety per cent of the stock of the Tri-City Railway and Light Company, which operates, gas, electric light and street railway properties in Davenport, Iowa, Rock Island, Moline, East Moline, and a number of smaller adjoining towns in Illinois. This company also operates a high-grade interurban line from Davenport, Iowa, to Muscatine, Iowa, connecting with the city lines of Muscatine, which had previously been acquired by the United Light and Railways Company.

The total population served as shown by the 1910 census is 442,647. All of the communities served have had a substantial growth in the last two years. The physical condition of the properties averages unusually high, a majority of them having received the benefits of large capital expenditures during the past five years, and in many cases the buildings and machinery are of very recent date and construction. The new money requirements are almost entirely for extensions and betterments necessitated by the rapid growth of the business. The franchise situation of these properties as a whole is excellent. The majority of the rights extend to 1929, 1930 and beyond, and some are perpetual.

After acquiring all of the above properties the outstanding capital of the company is as follows: First preferred stock, six per cent cumulative, $5,000,000; second preferred stock, three per cent cumulative, $3,000,000; common stock, $5,287,500; first and refunding bonds, $4,375,000; one year five per cent note, $750,000.

The above is exclusive of bonds and preferred stock of subsidiary companies, which on July 1 amounted to $18,005,000. The company's earnings for the twelve months ending April 30, 1912, after all proper deductions for interest and operating expenses for subsidiary companies, were sufficient to pay the interest on the first and refunding bonds of the company nearly four times, and after paying dividends on first and second preferred stock and interest on one-year note, left a large surplus for the common.

RICHARD SCHADDELEE
Vice-President of the United Light and Railways Company

It is conservatively estimated by the operating officials that the company's earnings for the twelve months ending July 1, 1913, which will be the first full year of operations after the acquirement of the properties, will be, after all proper deductions for operating expenses, maintenance, and interest on securities of underlying companies, in excess of $1,150,000. This will permit the company to earn its interest requirements on its first and refunding bonds (after allowing for additional bonds for improvements) practically four times, and after all prior deductions for interest, dividends on first preferred and second preferred stock will leave available a balance of upwards of $430,000, or practically equal to eight and one-half per cent on its outstanding common stock.

Some of the properties needed improved methods when taken over by the United Light and Railways Company, and in a few cases public sentiment was not of the most friendly nature. After a short period of operation, however, under the policies inaugurated by the parent company, which comprised liberal and courteous treatment to its customers and the general public, open and frank attitude toward common councils and liberal expenditures for improvements and extensions, the situation was materially changed and the public feeling changed from hostility to actual cordiality.

The company takes pride in having only men who are sober and honest in its employ. In the larger cities classes are conducted for improvement of the employees and instruction in the business. These evening classes are attended by a great many of the employees, who manifest considerable interest in the lectures given. The attendance is not compulsory, but the company has found that a large percentage of the men take advantage of this means to improve themselves and to acquire a better knowledge of the business.

The concentration of management and purchasing power has resulted in very large savings in overhead expenses, which are passed on to the customers by reduction in the price of the product. Owing to the company's ability to maintain an efficient auditing and engineering staff, the smaller as well as the larger properties receive the same careful attention and surveillance. Improved plans of operation and expansion are carried out uniformly. In some cases where under ordinary circumstances it would be impossible to sell the product at the price made to the customer without a loss, through the great reduction of expense due to centralization and management it can be done with a satisfactory profit. In the matter of supplies the subsidiary companies are given the benefit of bulk purchases, which enables them to get material and greatly reduced prices.

The company's policy is to think first of the efficiency of the service, and secondly of the interests of the investor in the securities of the corporation. The course pursued has been very satisfactory to both. It is the spirit of the organization that the humblest employee may aspire to the highest office of the company, and inducements are offered to everyone to distinguish himself in the work. Only as the situation demands are new men taken into the organization, the younger employees being promoted when the opportunity arises. Several men who are now managers joined the company a few years ago and accepted humble positions, but their enthusiasm and loyalty were soon recognized, and they were given the advancement which they deserved.

Every tried and proven method of increasing the patronage is applied by the company in building up its business. Large amounts are spent annually in advertising, and consumption is encouraged by good service and low prices.

In this corporation there seems to be a keen realization of obligations due the public and the consumer. The technical side of the public utility business once received the major part of the manager's attention and skill, but in this company we find the subject of public relations uppermost, and managers are chosen primarily for their enlightened ideas concerning public service.

In discussing the plans of the United Light and Railways Company, President Frank T. Hulswit said: "It is the policy of this company to inculcate in the management of its subsidiary companies the utmost courtesy to customers. Even under provocation the manager or his employee must be courteous and listen to the grievances, whether fancied or real, of the public. We have found that in a great many instances the customer came to the office harboring what he supposed as a real grievance and left realizing he had been unnecessarily suspicious or entirely wrong in his assumption that the meter was not right or that the service given him was not all that he could ask. We encourage all employees to acquire holdings of the company's stock, either preferred or common. The result has been that all the local managers, plant superintendents, foremen of departments, and a great many others have acquired stock in the company and are now, in a sense, working for themselves. The plan permits the employee to acquire stock on an easy payment basis.

"It will be our policy to furnish the best class of service at the lowest possible rates consistent with such service. We invite just criticism and will speedily rectify errors the moment they are brought to our attention. Whenever the condition will warrant, we will reduce our prices without waiting for the public to demand such reductions. We are striving for the full confidence of our patrons, and we know of no better way to attain it than by courteous treatment and efficient service."

The cities in which the United Light and Railways Company operate have all shown a healthy growth during the past ten years; indeed, they are among the most progressive of their class in the United States. There is no hostility to corporations of this nature in these cities, in fact a general spirit of co-operation and encouragement seems to prevail. With these conditions and under the direct management of well-known successful public utility operators, the various properties which constitute the United Light and Railways Company have an admirable future.

The officers of the corporation are: Frank T. Hulswit, president; Richard Schaddelee, J. F. Porter, Claude Hamilton, vice-presidents; Benjamin C. Robinson, secretary and treasurer; C. M. Hurd, L. H. Heinke, assistant secretaries and assistant treasurers. Executive Committee: J. F. Porter, chairman, president, Tri-City Railway and Light Company; Samuel Insull, president Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago; Edward P. Russell, Russell, Brewster & Co.; Richard Schaddelee, vice-president; George B. Caldwell, vice-president Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago; J. G. White, president J. G. White & Co., Inc., of New York; Frank T. Hulswit, president.

The operation of the properties are under the direct charge of Mr. Frank T. Hulswit, Mr. Richard Schaddelee, and Mr. J. F. Porter. These gentlemen are well-known public utility men and are recognized among the best operators in the country.

NON-COMMITTAL

WHO made the rose on the rose bush?"
"God made the red rose tree
And the lilies fair, in the garden there,"
The little girl answered me.

"Who made the thorn on the rose bush?"
The little girl hung her head
With a troubled frown and eyes cast down,
"Well—God made the rose," she said.

"Who made the sands at the seaside?"
"God made the sands of the sea,
And the waters blue, and the fishes, too,"
The little girl answered me.

"Who made the dudes at the seaside?"
The little girl raised her head
With the faintest smile on her face the while:
"Well—God made the sands," she said.

—*"Songs of Cy Warman."*

The Angelus of the High Seas

The Warning Bell That Sounds Beneath the Sea to Save Sailors from Shipwreck

by Winthrop Packard

Author of "Wild Pastures," "Florida Trails," "White Mountain Summits," etc.

A GREAT liner was rushing toward port at express train speed. A thousand passengers were aboard. Freight to the value of a million dollars was in her hold. She herself represented an investment of other millions. On board every device that could give speed, comfort, safety, was installed, and on the coast she approached a wise government had expended still other millions of dollars in lighthouses to guide the navigator by night and keep the ship from the shoals. And yet, when the ship, a hundred miles off shore, ran into one of those dense fogs which are common on all coasts, all the millions expended on lighthouses and fog horns, all the millions expended on her equipment, became useless for her guidance, except in one particular.

The mariner's compass, guide to sailors since the dark ages, could not warn her of her approach to dangerous shoal or hidden reef. With the wireless the passengers could receive the news of the day and the latest quotations of the stock market, but they could get no news from it of the ship's position in the blinding fog through which the requirements of the schedule sent them hurtling. So far as lighthouses were concerned, the fog put the coast back in the dark ages. Yet one resource of modern invention remained, and its presence justified the confidence with which the men on the bridge drove her on. The course had been set before the fog came down, and in the pilot house the navigator stood often with bent head, listening. His attitude was like that of the figures in Millet's painting, a prayerful, reverent listening. And well he might listen, for on every reef and lightship of the coast he was approaching was sounding a tocsin of warning and a chime of welcome and good cheer in one. In shrill tones, from each reef and lightship the angelus of the high seas was ringing the submarine signal bell, which in spite of storm, fog, darkness, gives ships warning of the reef and welcome to the channel.

For this is the latest device perfected for the safety of ships at sea, the most efficient and extraordinary that the ingenuity of man has yet brought forth. With it installed in the darkest night and the densest fog the navigator can proceed in perfect confidence in the safety of the lives and millions in property entrusted to his care. The bell rings twenty feet beneath the tide. The sea itself carries the sound without possibility of interruption in all directions, and the listening pilot picks it up with a telephonic receiver through the skin of the ship, while she proceeds at full speed. It is one more marvel in acoustics which the telephone has made possible, the final device in safety which the ocean traveler is learning to demand on the ships which he patronizes, as he has learned to demand the wireless telegraph, the water-tight bulkhead and other equipment for safety and service. Within the few years since this device has been adopted it has, at a relatively small cost, saved millions in property, uncounted thousands in time, and has made the lives of thousands of passengers immeasurably safer.

The theory is simple, but how to make the apparatus practical? Here, indeed, is a study for an inventor, a very pretty conundrum in the finer points of applied electricity.

The problem is to devise apparatus which will produce a sound under water that will carry for several miles and means by which the sound can be heard on a moving ship.

Owing to the fact that the sound must be produced by the delivery of energy at a single point, and diffuses itself uniformly in all directions, the amount delivered at any distant point is extremely small. It is, therefore, necessary to have a signal that is distinctive, i. e., not readily confused with other sounds on a moving ship.

These other sounds, which may be termed "foreign noises," are due to the rush of water by the ship and to the vibration of the machinery and of the ship itself, and are low in pitch. The signal, therefore, should be of high pitch, and after extensive experiments it has been demonstrated that sounds of about a thousand vibrations per second are most easily distinguished, and most readily attract the attention. The bells in use, therefore, are approximately of this pitch.

In developing receiving apparatus the problem is to pick up the sound which comes to the side of the ship and transmit it to the navigator in the most efficient and convenient manner.

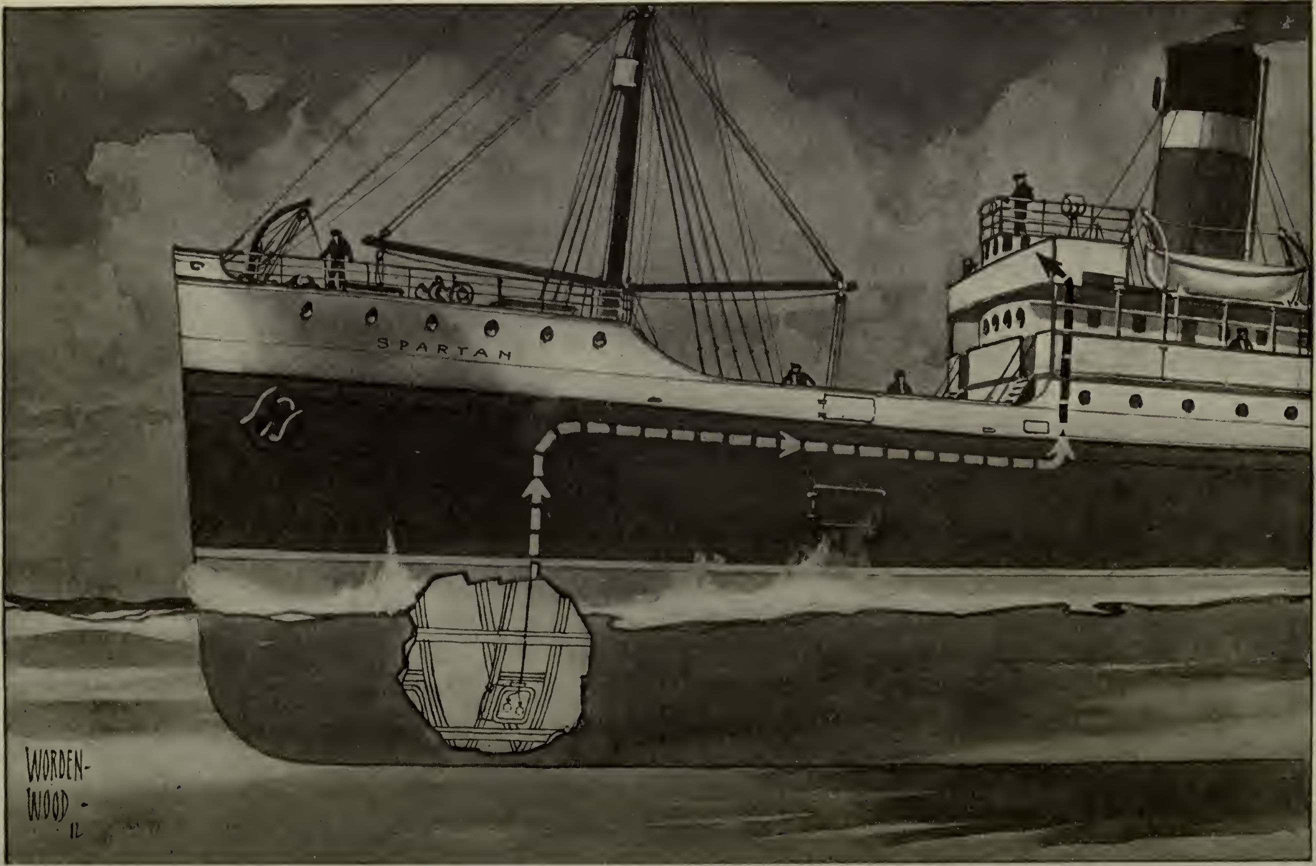
The only efficient method of transmitting the sound from the side of the ship to the navigator is by electricity. Experiments have proved that the loss in transmission when using a rod or wire, or a pipe filled with air or water is so great as to make these methods entirely impracticable. Consequently an electrical transmitter or microphone is used.

The real problem, therefore, is how to bring the sound from the outside water to the microphone.

The idea that naturally suggests itself is to cut a hole in the skin of the ship so that there will be a clear path for the sound to the microphone. Cutting a hole is plainly undesirable, and experience has shown that it is unnecessary. The loss of sound coming through the skin is insignificant. This fact often comes as a surprise to a person learning it for the first time, but it is readily explained. Owing to the great density of water, vibrations once set up in it are very powerful. The skin of a ship is a mere shell, and the vibrations coming in contact with it force it to move with them and to act as a diaphragm. (NOTE: It should be understood that scientifically the side of the ship does not move exactly as a true diaphragm, but for all practical purposes, its action may be considered that of a diaphragm.)

To give the vibrations of the skin to the microphone, the obvious thing is to place the microphone directly against the skin. With the ship stopped, this works excellently, but as soon as she moves, the noises of the water running past, of the machinery, and of the ship itself make such a roar that the bell tone is drowned out. Vibrations set up in any one place in a ship are communicated along the skin to every part of it, and thus we find that the skin is an enormous conductor through which vibrations are running in every direction. All microphones are sensitive to vibrations in every plane, and, therefore, a microphone attached to the skin picks up all the vibrations running along the skin as well as those of the bell tone which run across it. (It must be remembered that although the great percentage of foreign noises runs along the skin, there is undoubtedly a small amount that runs across it.)

An idea which at once suggests itself is to tune out the foreign noises by mounting the button of the microphone on a tuned body like a reed, tuning fork or ring. If a reed is mounted on a table and sounds of various pitches are made in the room, the reed will respond only to those of its own pitch. Weak as are the taps given by the vibrations of the air compared to the rigidity of the reed, they are sufficient, if delivered at the proper interval, to set it swinging just as one may set a pendulum swinging by a succession of light taps given at the proper time. Vibrations of another pitch, though they may be far more powerful than those which actuate the reed, are still weak compared to the rigidity of the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SHOWING RECEIVING APPARATUS AS INSTALLED ON A SHIP reed, and not being delivered at the proper interval, produce no effect.

It would seem, therefore, that if a reed of the proper pitch with a microphone button mounted on it were placed in contact with the side of the ship, it would respond only to the vibrations of the bell tone. This, however, is a false analogy. In the former case the sound vibrations come to the reed through the air, where in the latter case they come through the ship on which the reed is mounted. The reed must move with the body on which it is mounted, and a button mounted on the reed will consequently feel all the vibrations in the skin of the ship.

It is obvious, therefore, that a reed or other tuned body will not reduce the foreign noises.

It would appear, however, that even if the foreign noises are not reduced, the bell tone will be greatly increased by the swinging of the reed, so that the proportion of bell tone to the foreign noises will become much greater. This would be so were it not for two factors, first, the peculiarity of the carbon button; and second, the short duration of the vibrations of the bell.

A carbon button has only a limited capacity for transmitting sound. It has nothing like the range of the human ear, which can detect very faint sounds, and can also hear very loud sounds before being deafened. A carbon button, on the other hand, is extremely sensitive to minute vibrations, but soon reaches the limit of its capacity. The foreign noises, although not generally sufficient to completely exhaust the button's capacity, come very near to it, and cause such a roar in the receiver that unless the sound of the bell is very powerful, it cannot be distinguished. As we have already pointed out, the taps delivered by the vibrations of the bell at a distance are very weak. They are, moreover, of practically no duration whatever, for even at a comparatively short distance the sound of the bell is hardly more than an instantaneous impact. It is impossible, therefore, to build up the bell tone by means of a tuned body so that it can be readily distinguished from the foreign noises which are relatively very powerful.

Another objection to the use of a tuned body in contact with the ship is that it gives false signals. When vibrated it will give the tone of the bell, and any sudden shock or jar will set it vibrating. A person listening at the receiver, therefore, will constantly believe he hears a bell, although no bell is near.

It is apparent that an apparatus of value must reduce the foreign noises without reducing the bell tone.

Any attempt to accomplish this result by interposing between the skin of the ship and the microphone such a substance as felt or rubber merely results in deadening all vibrations which come to the microphone. The sound of the bell is diminished in the same proportion as the foreign noises.

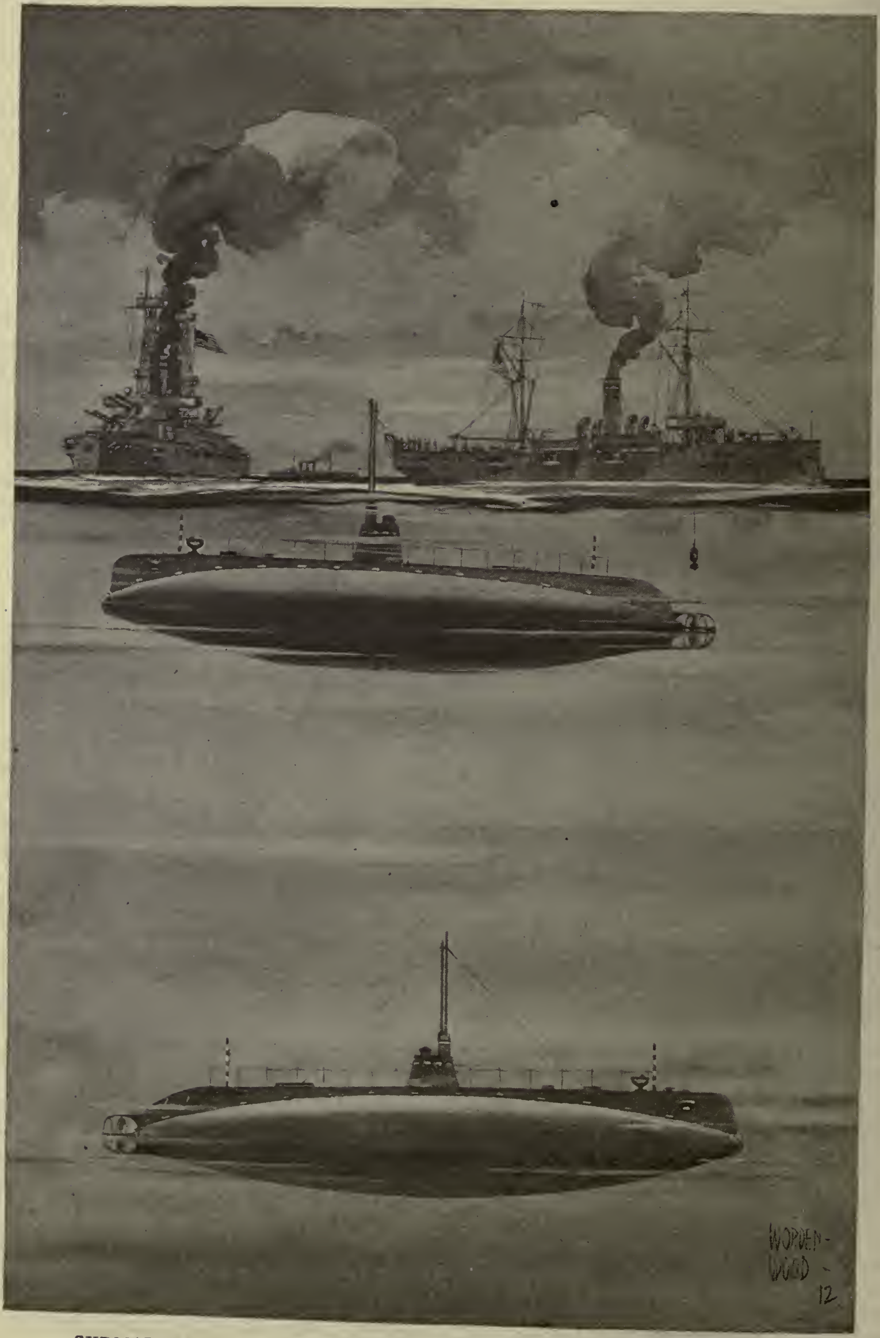
An examination of the way in which vibrations act suggests a method of reducing the foreign noises without perceptibly diminishing the sound of the bell. Vibrations tend to follow the direction in which they are traveling, and if forced to change their direction, lose in intensity. We have seen that the foreign noises for the most part are vibrations running along the skin, and that the vibrations due to the bell travel across the skin. If, therefore, a rod or wire is stretched at right angles from the skin to the microphone, the vibrations due to the bell tone will have to bend less than those of the foreign noises, and will consequently pass along the rod or wire with less loss of intensity. It has been found, however, that even with this diminution of the foreign noises, they still overpower the bell tone.

To sum up, a mechanical contact between the skin of the ship and the microphone is impracticable because the foreign noises drown out the bell tone.

It is impossible to build up the bell tone sufficiently by tuning to make the results satisfactory, and it is also impossible to reduce the foreign noises by tuning.

It is impossible also to secure good results by the use of an insulating material or by the use of a rod or wire connecting the skin and the microphone.

There being no mechanical means which give the desired result, we are forced to use either a gas or a liquid as a medium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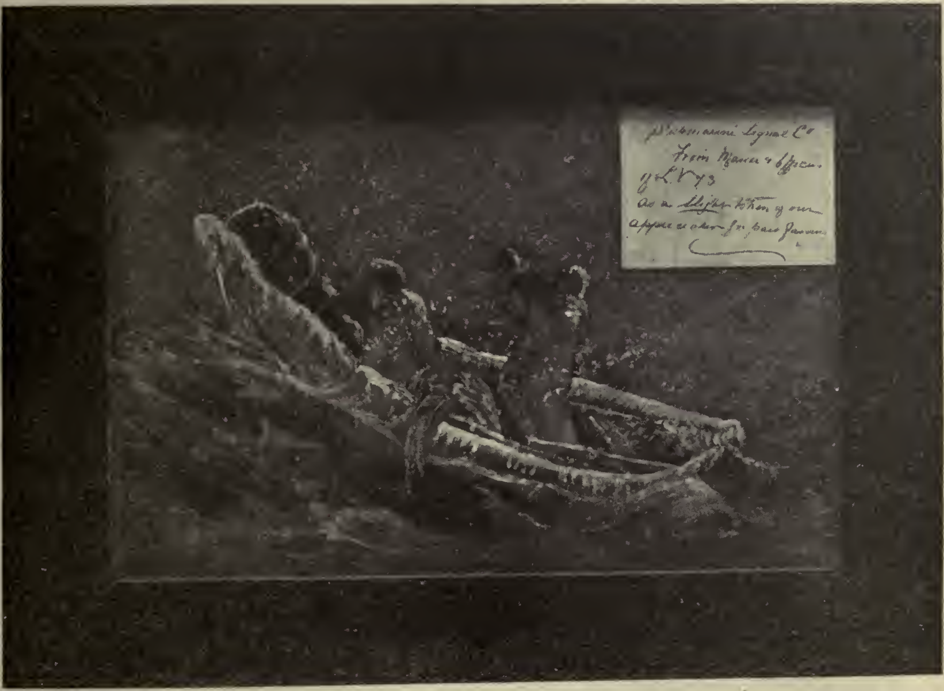
SUBMARINE BOATS AND MOTHER SHIP MANEUVERING BY MEANS OF SUBMARINE SIGNALS for transmitting the sound from the skin of the ship to the microphone.

It is at once apparent that by the use of either a gas or a liquid we can get rid of a large part of the foreign noises. These are, as we have seen, in the main running along the skin, and the gas or liquid not having any fixed contact with the skin, is not affected by them. Both a gas and a liquid, however, have direct contact with the skin, and will receive any vibration running across it which is, as we have seen, the direction which the bell tone travels.

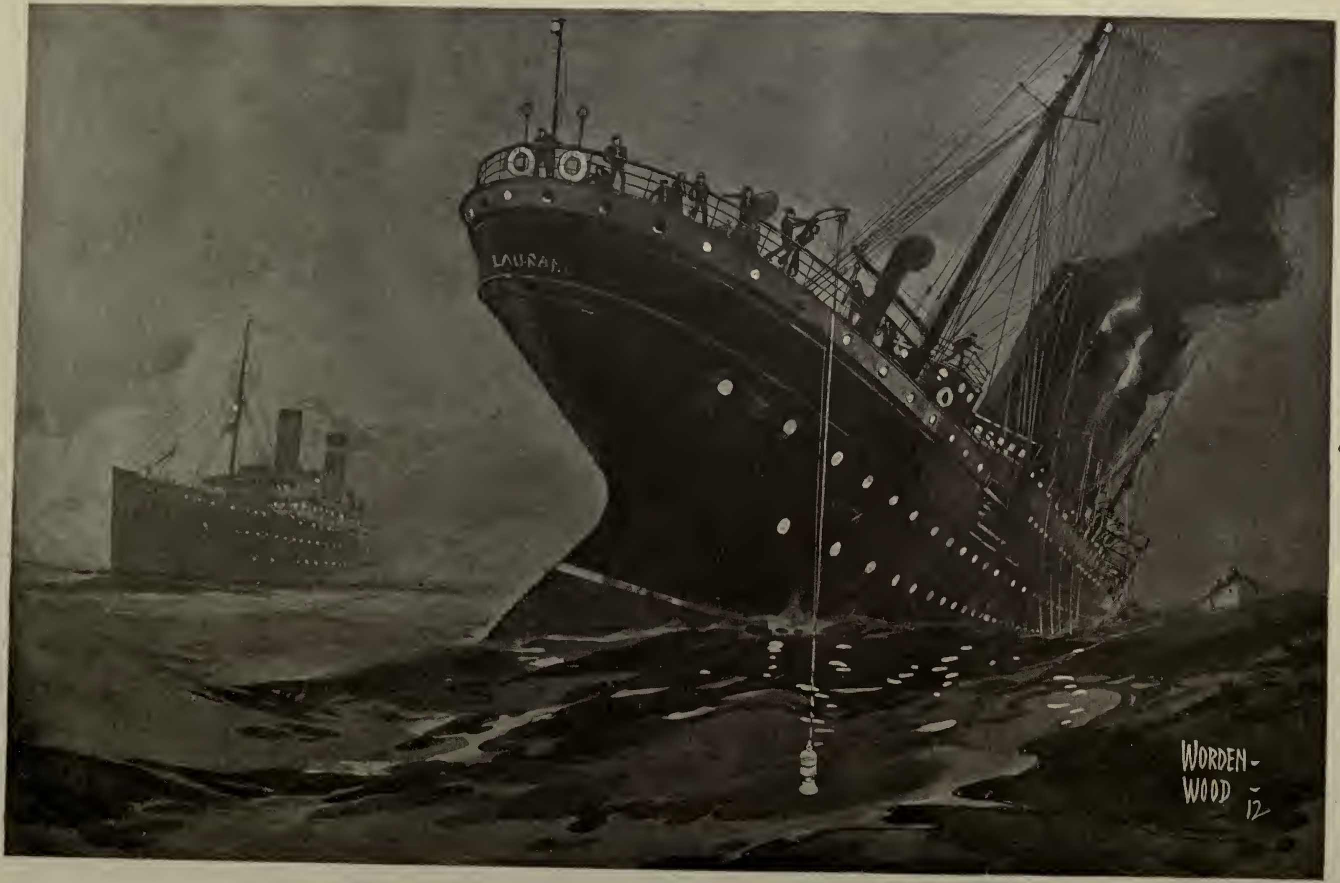
It remains, therefore, to consider which of these two mediums is the better for our purpose. This involves an examination of the action of vibrations in passing from one medium to another.

Sound vibrations in a uniform medium travel in straight lines, and on encountering a different substance from the one in which they are traveling, reflection takes place. The amount of reflection depends upon the elasticity and density of the two substances, but for all practical purposes it may be said that the greater the difference in density between the two substances, the greater the amount of reflection that will take place. Reflection takes place equally, whether the vibrations are passing from a lighter into a heavier substance, or from a heavier into a lighter.

Applying this to the case before us, we have sound vibrations traveling in water, a dense medium striking the skin of the ship, which acts as a diaphragm, and responding to the vibrations of the water, transmits them to the medium inside. If this medium is a gas, as for example air, a great amount of reflection takes place, for air is only about one-eight-hundredth as dense as water. The loss in energy due to reflection is tremendous, and almost complete reflection takes place. As we have already pointed out, the amount of energy delivered to any point at a distance from the bell is extremely small, and if substantially all of this is lost between the skin of the ship and the microphone, we



"IF THEY ONLY HAD A SUBMARINE BELL"
Painting done by members of crew of Boston Light Ship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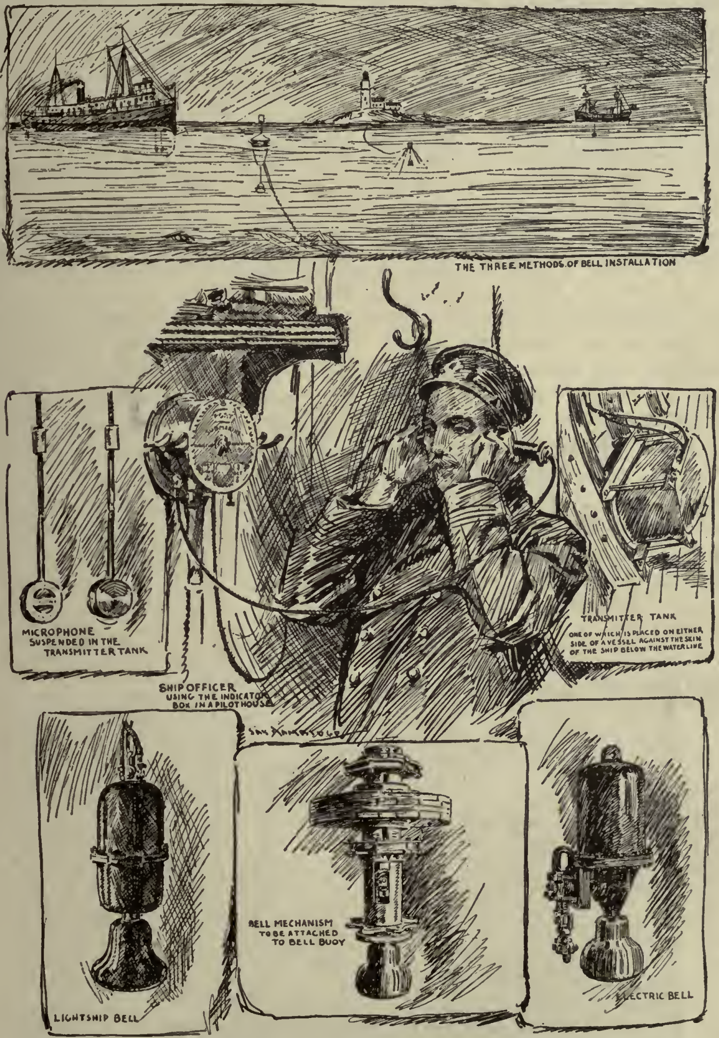
SHIP IN DISTRESS USING HER EMERGENCY SUBMARINE BELL have not enough left for practical results.

Copyright, 1909, by THE CENTURY CO.


THE THREE METHODS OF BELL INSTALLATION
MICROPHONE SUSPENDED IN THE TRANSMITTER TANK
TRANSMITTER TANK
ONE OF WHICH IS PLACED ON EITHER SIDE OF A VESSEL AGAINST THE SKIN OF THE SHIP BELOW THE WATERLINE
SHIP OFFICER USING THE INDICATOR BOX IN A PILOTHOUSE
LIGHTSHIP BELL
BELL MECHANISM TO BE ATTACHED TO BELL BUOY
ELECTRIC BELL

SHOWING THE SYSTEM, BOTH TRANSMITTING AND RECEIVING

If, on the other hand, we use water to transmit the vibrations from the side of the ship to the microphone, we have substantially a uniform medium from the bell to the microphone, and consequently the sound is transmitted with practically no loss of energy. The foreign noises even with air or water are still disturbing. Owing to the great loss of energy due to the use of air as a medium, it is impossible to use any means for removing the foreign noises which involves a loss of energy. With water, on the other hand, this is possible, for there is a far greater margin to work with and it is therefore the practice to use a tuned diaphragm on the microphone, which somewhat reduces the amount of effective energy, but which reduces the foreign noises to a far greater extent. Water, therefore, is in every way superior to air or any other form of gas. Water or some similar liquid is, in fact, the only medium by which practical results can be obtained.

The use of water as a medium to transmit the sound from the skin of the ship to the microphone necessitates building a tank inside the ship, one side of the tank being formed by the skin. As in addition to receiving the signal it is also desirable to determine the direction from which it comes, it has in practice been found desirable to install the apparatus in the following manner:

On each side of the ship near the bow and well below the water line is a small cast-iron tank filled with water, in which hang two microphones. The distance of the tank from the stem is twenty feet or more, according to the shape and size of the ship. Each microphone is electrically connected with an indicator box in the pilot-house or chart-room. The bell sound) coming through the water, passes through the skin of the ship, enters the water in the tank, and is picked up by the microphones, which, in turn, transmit it to the indicator box. Switches in the indicator box enable the observer to listen alternately to the sound picked up by the port and starboard microphones, and to determine by the loudness of the tone on which side the bell is ringing. In order to get the exact direction from which the sound is coming, the ship is swung toward the side on which the sound is louder, and, when it is equally loud on both sides, the ship is pointing directly at the bell.

Thus the modern ship goes forth upon her journey equipped with a marvellous electrical intelligence. Through the wireless telegraph she talks with sister shpis and with the shore the world around. Through the compass she knows the north. With the searchlight she has a cyclopean eye in the darkest night. And, most marvellous device of all, below the water line are her ears, that listen to the voices of rock and shoal on whatever coast she approaches. With the perfect use of this device, no ship need be wrecked on any reef in the densest fog or the darkest night. And the invention is well on its way toward the final step of equipping every ship with a submarine voice. That accomplished, with each ship shouting its own name beneath the wave, and each equipped to hear the name shouted, the greatest and last fog risk of ships at sea, that of collision, will have been finally overcome.

BOSTON LIGHTSHIP EQUIPPED WITH SUBMARINE BELLS

LET'S TALK IT OVER

WHEN our book department collected from leading English papers their reviews on "The Minor Chord," there was a feeling that right in our midst was the making of a "best seller." "The Minor Chord" is modest in its pretensions. It is one of those simple, direct stories like "Marie Claire," which so aroused the enthusiasm and attention of French critics and the novel-reading public. Like Madame Audoux's book, it is strong in its simplicity — simplicity that suggests the strength of such paintings as Millet's "Angelus." In words and scenes recalling the days of the early seventies, the "Minor Chord" tells the story of an American girl. As one English critic has enthusiastically remarked, "The domestic affections are entwined on every page."

"The 'Minor Chord' strikes us," says one reviewer, "as having an air of simple reality about it which suggests on the part of the author either a close study of actual life or a faculty not unworthy of Defoe."

The Chicago *Record-Herald* says: "The absolute frankness in dealing with the details of a rural neighborhood and the poverty and insolence in such a district, the kindly entertainment and especially the bravest and grandest type of motherhood is almost equal to Miss Mary E. Wilkins."

"The Minor Chord" is a novel of morals and ideals, yet without pedantic philosophizing—just a simple story that deals with the people you have met, and shows how every personality is more or less interesting—how ideals, emotions, passions and purposes are, after all, the common heritage of humankind.

It reminds one of the bloom of the petunia, the striped leaves of the old-fashioned "ribbon grass," the delicate, pendant petals of the fuchsias and the snowy, odorous bloom of the tuberose—not the trite scent of the lavender, for it has the aroma of a more recent date.

Few people in middle life realize that the early '70's is a long time ago. Those who talk of the '70's can no longer hide the little tracery of wrinkles around the eyes, and they find about them younger people who look on them with wonderment, and evidently want to ask, "Why, did you live so long ago?" There is just that peculiar interest in the book that holds the person of middle life and later years, although the struggles and love affairs of the fascinating young heroine make it of special appeal to the younger folk.

"The Minor Chord" comes to the reader a triumph of modern binding and typography. It is in garnet and gold, with the author's photograph on the cover—a somewhat striking departure in book publishing. There is a colored frontispiece, and the book is liberally illustrated by Leslie L. Benson, whose work is already well known to readers of the NATIONAL. It is now an open secret that "The Minor Chord" is a first novel, and no pains or expense have been spared upon this initial effort of the Editor in the field of fiction.

* * *

NO single play has had a more extended run in modern years than "The Man from Home" by William Hodge, and even this season, upon its return engagement in Boston, it seemed to have lost none of its charm. Daniel Voorhees Pike in the person of William Hodge seemed like an old friend. The audience laughed in the same old way at his humor, and the strains of "Sweet Genevieve" seemed as sweet as ever. The company opened at the new Plymouth Theater, under the guiding hand of Manager Fred Wright, with a few changes in the cast, notably that of Miss Gertrude Hitz, who took the part of Ethel Granger-Simpson. She has all the vivaciousness and piquancy of the American girl temporarily bewitched by the lure of a foreign title, but who finds herself in one supreme moment, declaring herself "all American today." The audience seemed to like this old-fashioned story told all over again, and were won by Mr. Hodge's masterly interpretation of "The Man from Home," with his peculiar Hoosier drawl and that homely picturesqueness which the plain people love either in actor or in statesman. It was the same in Lincoln's day, it is the same today and will be the same as long as there is the American nation to love and honor.

* * *

TO THE little editorial workshop on the second floor back, where I can see through the open casement the emerald glint and glitter of the maple leaves, wooed by the sunset sea-breeze, I am dipping into an attractive and substantial volume of poems entitled "Bell and Wing." It came from the G. P. Putnam's Sons, and includes the poems of Frederick Fanning Ayer.

Lawyer, business man, agent of the vast properties of the J. C. Ayer estate; donor of the handsome Ayer Memorial Library to the town; director of large mills, railroads, associations; a gentleman of immense business responsibilities—it seems impossible that Frederick Fanning Ayer could have found time and inspiration to give to the world this book of poems, daintily bound, beautifully printed, and requiring more than twelve hundred pages octavo, in the best style of modern typography.

What a range of thought and observation this phalanx of collected poems reveals even to me as I gather here and there a

biting satire; of strongly individual yet ingenious word-painting and word-building; of sympathy which is beautiful in nature and lovable in humanity.

Here and there I gather a gem to remember, as when the betrothed girl tells of her fervent wooing:

"Never once was the silence broken
Save by one flute-lark o'er head,
As we listened I thought he said:
'Oh, well for the world when such are wed.' "

Or when the author cries to his fellows:

"Here's to luck,
Which is power to endure,
Which is pluck
To be true and kind and strong and pure."

Or again, where he pictures in "Success at a Brush," the impatience of the fervent brother as he nervously awaits the signal and then the start, when

"We are off like a school of porpoise in a river." "Steady, boy, the quarter's past."

And the winning rush!

"Of such Titan strength
As hurled you past the post a length."

Elsewhere flames out the poet's love of the horse in "Jockey-Day," told by the rider who lost his master's race to save a little child from being crushed, and who came in third, broken-hearted and afraid of his master's ire and to learn

"God! boy, come closer,—so—
Did you not know,
Did you not know the child was mine?"

Then a minor note comes into his singing, and apropos to a Latin inscription on an ancient English tomb, "The Inn of a Traveler on His Way to Jerusalem" in fancy the author makes his farewell to life. Simply and humbly he says:

"There, so, make low the light
To gather me to bed,
Now all has been done and said
Of wrong or right,
Which was my best, I'm sure it was my best,
So leave me here for a little rest,
Since I must say good-night."

A dainty-tripping meter in "Endlessness" begins:

"Come to see the river,
Little girl,
Half-a-quiver,
All awhirl;
What a way

RHADESKA, THE BLIND PRIMA DONNA

To be clever,
Comes and goes,
As the snows,
Yet the end of it is never."

"Life is short"—the refrain comes again and again into his singing, but not to lessen his courage or to dim the appreciation of the beauty and charm of woman, or the glories of earth and sea and sky. All the more should men seek love, act love, offer love to man and beast, but most of all to the "soul-fair" maiden whose mortal love is a foretaste of paradise. I have wondered sometimes at an expression, at meters seldom used by other devotees of poesy, but it all comes to me now that the old viking and Norseman or bard must have had much of this influence and have imbued Mr. Ayer and others of today with their love of recondite allusions and unwonted self-coined words.

FREDERICK FANNING AYER
Business man and philanthropist, author of "Bell and Wing," one of the season's most successful books of verse

Certainly they are nearly always forcible, suggestive, fitting into place like bits of mosaic glass that break the monotony of the gayer yet common hues; and countless bits of simple philosophy bring one sharply up against ideas, seldom irreverent, although not strictly orthodox. Mr. Ayer may be congratulated on having added to American poetry a volume which will excite the interest and admiration of American readers.

* * *

RHADESKA'S remarkable voice and musical gifts were not developed until a serious illness terminated in a complete loss of sight. While fighting valiantly against depression, she was wont to sing, in a thoroughly childlike way, not intended for others to hear. But trained ears were quick to detect the magic and charm of her natural voice.

Surely if one could sing so spontaneously under a cloud of darkness, there was something still in store for the young prima donna, and most fortunately she became a pupil of one of the most sensitive and consummate masters of artistic singing this country ever produced—the late Wilhelm Heinrich, a man of faultless method and an interpreter recognized by the ablest artists and critics of both hemispheres.

Regular lessons were begun in Boston with surprising results, and later master and pupil spent days and weeks together at Rhadeska's summer home, working with the energy and singleness of purpose so characteristic of the Germans. Though, as she says, she sometimes dreaded the lesson days for their severity, she nevertheless bravely continued her practice with a zest quite unaccountable. They worked in a large music room with windows opening under a bower of woodbine, and the usual half-hour lesson was often spun out to a full half day.

Rhadeska withstood this prolonged and strenuous application, and gained, besides correct habits of singing, a wide knowledge of the standard classical vocal literature, for without such persistent and patient labor, amounting almost to drudgery, in a singer's plastic and impressionable youth, no great things are to be done in art—so says Rhadeska—and all successful artists recognize this truth. Rhadeska seems wholesomely related to the real world, and would be as vitally interested in the making of a magazine from cover to cover as in the staging of an opera, or the development of the whole tone scale in modern French music. If she recognizes some topics as heavy, she finds nothing dull that is of real importance, and she asks for a general survey of the world every day through the newspapers.

Unbiased by prejudice, no amount of prestige or fame can alter her opinion or influence her sense of the intrinsic value of any musical performance. Having heard about everything, and remembering everything that she hears, she has cultivated what a critic most needs—a sense of values. The best critics of the pianist or the violinist she finds often at sea in criticism of the vocal artist; as if good singing were more elusive and generally less understood. No doubt with the increasing interest in grand opera in this country, the art of singing will not only gain in popularity, but popular appreciation of the requirements of good singing will also develop.

"When Wagner wrote certain parts of his operas which only heavy, coarse voices could adequately interpret," observes Rhadeska, "he well knew that there was plenty of raw material to which he could assign them. A highly-trained voice would be thrown away in such parts. By purely physical or muscular effort the singing voice can easily be outdone." But whatever Rhadeska does she will not sacrifice melody and art to win by purely physical effort and capacity.

* * *

PRACTICAL times are these, and the vocations open to women are increasing every year. Miss Bonnie Burnham of Pensacola, Florida, has proven what a girl can do when she sets about it. In school she had a liking for newspaper work, and became a society reporter. The salary of a society writer, however, did not seem to her commensurate with the work accomplished, and she joined the revenue-producing force of advertising writers. First she tried her hand at live "copy" for the various local merchants, and when the new San Carlos Hotel was planned for Pensacola, the work of exploiting it fell to Miss Burnham. As a student of advertising she has taken a thorough course on the practical side. She knows how to get an advertisement, how to write it, and how to keep it, and how to do business from the first suggestion to the collection of the bill. She believes that the editorial work that helps to make a newspaper prosperous and popular is the overture for more advertising, which means more business in the counting room. Miss Burnham's work has been one of the features on the *Pensacola Journal*, which is one of the best known papers in the South. Its publisher, Mr. Frank L. Mayes, is an enterprising young man who found in Pensacola, his adopted home, what he believes to be the best town on earth. He has grown up with the city, and he has led the procession in development, aided by the enterprise, snap and vigor of his staff. He is also an advertising enthusiast. The local advertising merchant in all cities, large and small, is realizing that the same general methods of advertising and exploitation that have created the large department stores in the great cities can be effectively used in the smaller towns. As the "Pensacola Journal" proves, who would know better how to handle a

MISS BONNIE BURNHAM
A Florida girl who has become an advertisement writer and publicity specialist of renown

department store advertising campaign, with its subtle appeal to womankind, than a bright, energetic girl who can express herself in type? Few young women have been more successful in all around newspaper and advertising work than Miss Burnham.

* * *

SOME of the old circulars of Hiram Ricker & Sons, the makers of the famous Poland water, contain interesting stories of the early campaign which established the widely known curative powers of Poland water. Over the hill at one time, Hiram Ricker and his son, E. P. Ricker, hauled ten barrels of water up and down the hilly roads. Shipping water by rail was unknown in those days, and the barrels were not so well made as now. Those ten barrels lay for four months on the wharf at Portland before they set out on their trip around the Horn in 1865. The water finally arrived at San Francisco. At that time a lady, who had once lived in Maine and had later gone overland to California, was taken very ill; physicians had given her up. Two of the barrels which had been four months unopened were transported to the town where this lady was living. When the casks were opened it was found that no trace of sediment or ropiness existed: the water was as pure as when started from the spring.

ELIZABETH FRY PAGE

The lady was given the water to drink, and despite the forebodings of the doctors began to improve; soon she had sufficiently recovered to set out for her old home in Maine, and carried with her the three remaining gallons of Poland water to use on her journey. That was forty-four years ago, and today at the age of eighty-eight the lady is well and hearty, and able to tell the story of her journey overland with Poland water as her only tonic and medicine.

Since then the water has been sent on long voyages to the most distant ports of the world, remaining as pure as crystal, never losing its pristine freshness and purity.

* * *

THERE is always a winsomeness about a bit of biography when written by a devoted admirer. Now and then superlatives creep in, but it all seems human and fascinating. We never seem to know enough about people whom we esteem, and their personality grows more illuminating through the haze of the past as the years come and go.

The appreciative biography of Edward MacDowell, written by Mrs. Elizabeth Fry Page, is without a peer in this line of literature, and appeals especially to MacDowell admirers. The story, told so tenderly, sweetly and appropriately, concerns a man who was recognized as America's greatest composer. Reading through Mrs. Page's book, one can almost feel the beauty and rhythm of the "Wild Rose," feel the tingle of inspiration associated with MacDowell's life, and live with him those days at Peterboro where musical festivals are still continued as a fitting monument to his genius.

Mrs. Page has done other literary work, but in this little biographical gem she seems to have surpassed all previous efforts. That the years will only enhance and glorify the genius of MacDowell is prophesied in Mrs. Page's sketch, which finds a responsive appreciation among musicians, especially those who love and revere the name of Edward MacDowell.

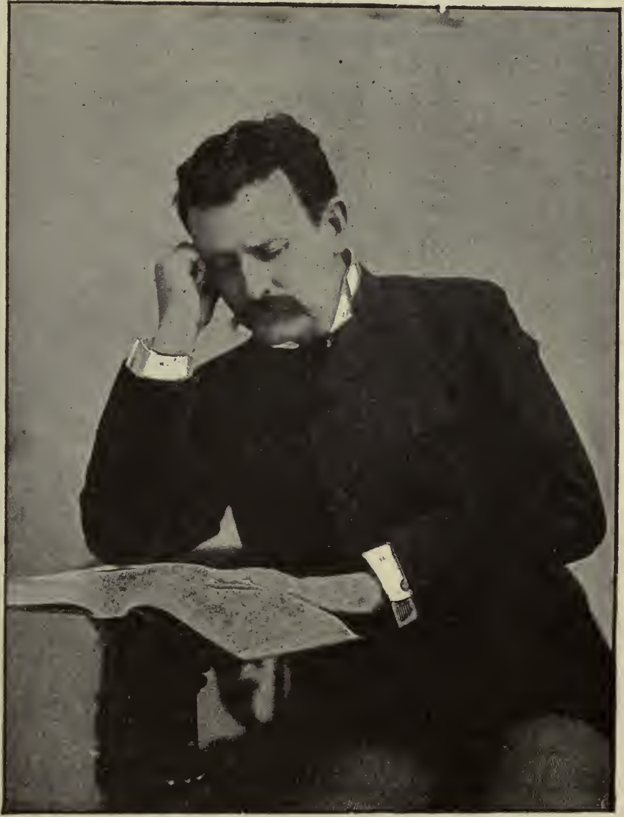
Since the publication of the book Mrs. Page has been made the Poet Laureate of the Tennessee Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Page's poetical interpretations of the MacDowell music form a unique feature of her book, and her appreciation of music is manifested in her poems, which are favorites with Southern musical composers. Various schools of drama and expression have also selected her verse for study. Mrs. Page is now at work on a juvenile book. The editor has been so fortunate as to obtain a poem which Mrs. Page wrote especially for the NATIONAL, to be scheduled in the forthcoming November issue.

* * *

ON the memorable day in the spring of 1910 when President Taft visited Albany to offer Governor Hughes a seat in the Supreme Court, a number of newspaper men had gathered together and were talking over the events of the day. One young man, who seemed as familiar with national affairs as the Washington correspondents, was engaged in conversation. He hailed from Plattsburgh on Lake Champlain, and his name was Howard D. Hadley. Since then he has been doing big things in a very matter-of-fact manner.

He evolved the idea of a modern stone highway from Quebec in Canada to Miami, Florida, a run of 2,500 miles, last November. He formed the "Quebec-Miami International Highway Association" at Richmond, Virginia, and was unanimously elected president. The road is being built and will be done in 1914, just in time to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Plattsburgh, the last naval battle ever fought between English-speaking peoples.

Mr. Hadley is a good roads enthusiast and is deeply interested in world-wide peace. "Let us stop spending so much money on armies, battleships and powder," he says, "and spend it on good roads instead."



THE LATE EDWARD MACDOWELL
One of America's greatest composers

He is scheduled to make two important addresses this fall, one at New London, Connecticut, before the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Convention, and the other before the National Good Roads Congress in Atlantic City September 30 to October 5. It is certain that what he will say will set people thinking.

Mr. Hadley proposes to get the seventh

annual convention of the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association in 1914 for his home city of Plattsburgh-on-Lake Champlain, and he also proposes to get the Fourth Annual Good Roads Congress to meet in Plattsburgh in 1914. The Champlain Canal, connecting the Hudson River with Lake Champlain, will then be done and yachts drawing eleven feet of water, three hundred feet long and forty feet beam, can go through from New York City to Plattsburgh. The Quebec-Miami international highway, another of Mr. Hadley's pet projects, will then be completed, and one can drive over a fine stone road from Miami to Quebec via Plattsburgh. Mr. Hadley is not losing a moment in his endeavors to secure both conventions for his native city. He has resigned from the United States customs service and proposes to put in about two years' work in behalf of certain projects in which he is deeply interested, among them the completion before 1914 of Quebec-Miami international highway; the development of a Hudson-Champlain waterway between New York City and Montreal; the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of peace among English-speaking peoples; the development of the apple-growing possibilities of the Champlain valley; the cultivating of friendly relations and increased trade, and freer trade relations between the Dominion of Canada and the United States, and the Atlantic Intracoastal Waterway.

HOWARD D. HADLEY
From Plattsburgh, on Lake Champlain, prominent in the movement for good roads and inland waterways

Surely this looks like an arduous programme for Mr. Hadley, but he is one of the men who "gets there," and when he starts out to do things he does them.

INCIDENTS occur now and then to confirm the belief that THE NATIONAL is pretty widely known and read. A little missive post-marked from far-off Idaho reached the office the other day, though it bore only the faint pencil mark "Nat. Mag." And if this shows that THE NATIONAL is known beyond the confines of its own district, it also reveals the keen intelligence of the postal clerks. It seems inconceivable that an unassuming little folder marked "Nat. Mag" should come all the way from Idaho without some interrogation, or without being stamped with the familiar "Returned for better address." It indicates how closely the country is knit together through the alert eyes of the men who distribute the mail in the post office and mail cars.

The high efficiency of our postal service has often been remarked upon by foreign visitors. They seem not only to know all the intricate and labyrinthic routings of mail matter, but evidently are thoroughly acquainted with the periodicals in the country and know where they are published. We feel like extending a greeting to the postal clerks for their recognition of that abbreviated address, "Nat. Mag."

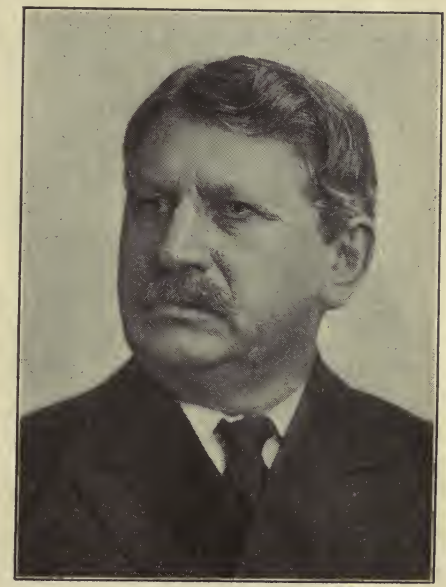
* * *

THERE are thousands of people who would not think of spending a Sunday in Chicago without going to hear Doctor F. W. Gunsaulus speak at the Auditorium —indeed, it would not seem like Sunday to them if they missed his sermon. For years Dr. Gunsaulus has been a familiar figure at the Auditorium on Sunday, and few ministers have a larger and more varied congregation. In all parts of the country his friends and admirers are found. He does not seem like a parson, in the old-fashioned sense of the word, but rather like a counsellor and friend. Strong and forceful in his contest for high ideals and for practical substantial progress and uplift in the world, the influence of Dr. Gunsaulus radiates from the Armour Institute, with which his strong personality has been identified for many years. To hear him in the pulpit is a rare treat indeed, but the next best thing is to hear him through the medium of the printed page, and it will be especially gratifying to readers of the NATIONAL to have something from his pen.

And although his articles which will appear from time to time may not possess the illumination of his physical presence, yet the force, power and vigor of the man is found in every expression, whether oral or written. He has been personally acquainted with the prominent men of the country for a period extending considerably over a quarter of a century, and has been an active factor in the great forward movements of his time. In reading his words, we can fancy that we hear his ringing voice from the platform as he interprets those problems of life which everyone must face.

* * *

FEW American sopranos have a wider circle of admirers than May Williams Gunther. Following her debut in the Twin Cities with the Saint Paul Symphony Orchestra she made a success in the northwest, first singing in oratorio with Reed Miller and other leading artists, having no difficulty in at once assuming her right as a soprano endowed by nature and superior training for a career in music. Her entire musical education has been under the direction of Belle du Bois Hagen, herself a favorite in grand opera before undertaking musical instruction. Mme. Hagen was also the first and chief teacher of Ellison Van Hoose, of the Metropolitan and Chicago Grand Opera Companies. After extensive work in oratorio and cantatas, Mrs. Gunther made several concert tours of the Northwest, everywhere winning favor. From the first she studied her audiences, and in the end it was her conclusion—and rightfully so—that the simpler forms of music were in demand. She made a radical departure and added to her choice repertoire about eight hundred songs, selected by twenty-five thousand people as the songs they loved the best. This work of choosing was accomplished by the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, in one of the greatest contests ever held. Although Mrs. Gunther has kept in her programs music of a more classical nature, yet her great success has been achieved by giving the people the songs of their choice—the "Heart Songs" of the melodies most fitted to express the emotions of the people.



DR. F. W. GUNSAULUS
The famous and beloved Chicago preacher

May Williams Gunther is possessed of a voice of rare sympathy, admirably suited for the wide expression involved in her unusual repertoire. She gives the great operatic arias and masterpieces of musical geniuses in a manner that wins favor from the most punctilious critic of music, and yet her versatility and charm loses nothing in the interpretation of the rare old-fashioned melodies, the songs our mothers and grandmothers used to sing. At once winsome and statuesque, Mrs. Gunther maintains the dignity of an artist while rendering the appealing song annals of our time. An old-fashioned concert by May Williams Gunther is an education, an entertainment and an inspiration.

Under the management of the Briggs Musical Bureau of Chicago Mrs. Gunther will make her first American tour, and her program—first the classical numbers, then a group of "Heart Songs"—will make an ideal evening's entertainment for many church, club, reunion and benefit concerts.

Matzene Chicago

MAY WILLIAMS GUNTHER
The "Heart Songs" Girl

* * *

EVEN amid her pressing duties as editor Miss Elizabeth Jordan of *Harper's Bazar* has written a play which has evoked widespread comment and interest. It is entitled "The Lady from Oklahoma," and presents certain vivid scenes of Washington and New York life. Miss Jordan has long been recognized as one of the most prominent women writers of the country, and in her editorial work has had a wide range of experience. As editor of *Harper's Bazar* she has made a most wonderful success.

She is the author of six books, including the famous "May Iverson" books, the latest of which has just been published by Harper & Brothers.

Miss Jordan's play was recently produced in the West with great success and will be put on in New York this autumn. In Detroit, where it was given at the Garrick Theater during the week beginning July 15, it "broke all records" in summer box office receipts. The theater was packed at every performance and hundreds were turned away. The characters are clearly drawn and the action of the play has the snap and vigor characteristic of the young state named in the title. The lines sparkle with that effervescence and brightness that go to make up a popular play. With the proper cast and a production commensurate with its requirements, "The Lady from Oklahoma" seems certain to find favor with New York theater-goers, who will be refreshed by its virility, its delicious humor, and its dramatic power.

MISS ELIZABETH JORDAN
Editor of *Harper's Bazar*, and author of "The Lady from Oklahoma," a new American play

Why is the soda cracker today such a universal food?

People ate soda crackers in the old days, it is true — but they bought them from a barrel or box and took them home in a paper bag, their crispness and flavor all gone.

Uneeda Biscuit — soda crackers better than any ever made before — made in the greatest bakeries in the world—baked to perfection—packed to perfection — kept to perfection until you take them, oven-fresh and crisp, from their protecting package. Five cents.

NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY

THE RACE MOTHER

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

I WONDER if I can make you see what a certain picture, comparatively obscure, hanging in the Metropolitan Gallery recently, meant to me?

An aged woman in a cheerless room, bending over the embers of a low fire. In the glow, the weary old face revealed a tragic loneliness, and yet it was strangely sustained—an inner sustaining. The twisted hands held to the fire would have fitted exactly about the waist of a little child—which was not there.

At once I called her "The Race-Mother." She is of every race and every age. She has carried her brothers and her sons, given them her strength, shielded them from bitter winds, and dangerous heats, nourished them with her own food, and the toil of her hands. Their evils were her own deeper shame; their goodness or greatness was of her conceiving, her dreams first. Her sons have turned to her in hunger, her mate in passion, but neither as their equal. For that which was noble in their sight, and of good report—they turned to men. In the councils of men they never asked her voice; they suffered her sometimes to listen to their devotions, but hers were given *to them.*

They were stronger; they chose what should become the intellectual growth of the race. Having no part in this, her mind was stunted, according to their standards. She had the silences, the bearing, the services for others, the giving of love. She loved her mate sometimes, her brothers often, her sons always—and served them all. Loving much, she learned to love God. Silences, and much loving of men, one learns to love God. Silences, and services, and much loving of her kind—out of these come the spirit which knows God.

So while her men, like children with heavy blocks, were passing their intellectual matters one to the other, she came to know that love is giving; that as love pours out in service, the Holy Spirit floods in; that spaciousness of soul is immortality; that out of the spaciousness of soul, great sons are born.

And here and there down the ages, these great sons have appeared, veered the race right at moments of impending destruction, and buoyed it on.

I ask you to look how every evil, every combination of evil, has arisen to tear at the flanks of the race—for such is history. Yet a few women, and a few men, the gifts to the world of great women,

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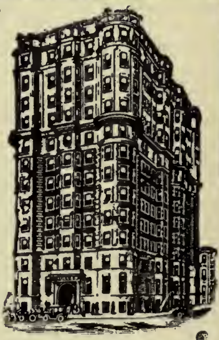

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A Weekly Devoted to the Boy Scouts of America

TROOP NOTES, STORIES, Etc.

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AGENTS WANTED

The Boy Scout, 40 Charlotte St., Utica, N. Y.

have arisen to save. Do you think that war, or money, or evil of any kind, shall destroy us *now*, in this modern rousing hour, with woman at last coming into her own—when never yet in the darkest day of the world, has allied evil been potent enough to vanquish a single great dream of a pure woman?

There isn't a phase, a moment, of this harsh transition-hour, that isn't majestic with promise. It was a good picture. Dear old Race Mother, in every province of the soul, she is a step nearer the truth than man. The little matters of the intellect, from which she has been barred for centuries, she shall over-ride like a Brunhilde. Even that which men called her sins—were from loving.

Gaunt mother with bended back—she has stood between God and the world—who knows but an angry God? She has been the vessel of the Holy Spirit—she *is* the vessel of the Holy Spirit in the world. And when she shall fully know her greatness—then prophets of her bearing shall walk the Earth.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

A STOCKING HELP

By E. G.

Before putting stockings in the wash, fasten each pair together, then there will be no need of matching up later. To darn stockings, lay a piece of net beneath the hole and see how much easier the work will be.

Hints on Cooking Eggs

Use a vessel with straight sides (a quart measure will do), because it is easier to keep water up to the desired temperature than in a vessel with flaring sides. Have the water boiling hot. Drop the eggs in and keep the temperature up to boiling, but do not let it boil. Let eggs remain in the water eight or ten minutes; the whites should be jelly-like, not hard, and the yolk should also be cooked, but not hard. Cooked in this way, eggs are more palatable.

Baked Apples

Choose solid red apples and core. Pare off a strip of peel around the apple as wide as your little finger, say half an inch. When baked, the little red caps lift off easily, leaving apple in good shape for eating.

To Can Rhubarb

Choose the variety called wine plant. Cut it in uniform lengths about an inch shorter than the depth of a wide-mouthed glass can. Sterilize the can and cover, pack in the rhubarb, standing upright, then fill with cold water up to the brim. See that there are no air bubbles and fill to overflowing. Screw on lids tightly.

Potatoes Cooked in Their Jackets

When pared, much of the best part of the potato is lost. Before baking, oil or grease well, then the thin outer skin will peel off easily, leaving all the substance.

To Cook Rhubarb

Steamed rhubarb makes a more palatable and attractive dish. Cut rhubarb in inch-long pieces, put it into an earthen or glass dish—never metal—add *no* water, but cover with sugar used abundantly, and let steam till done.

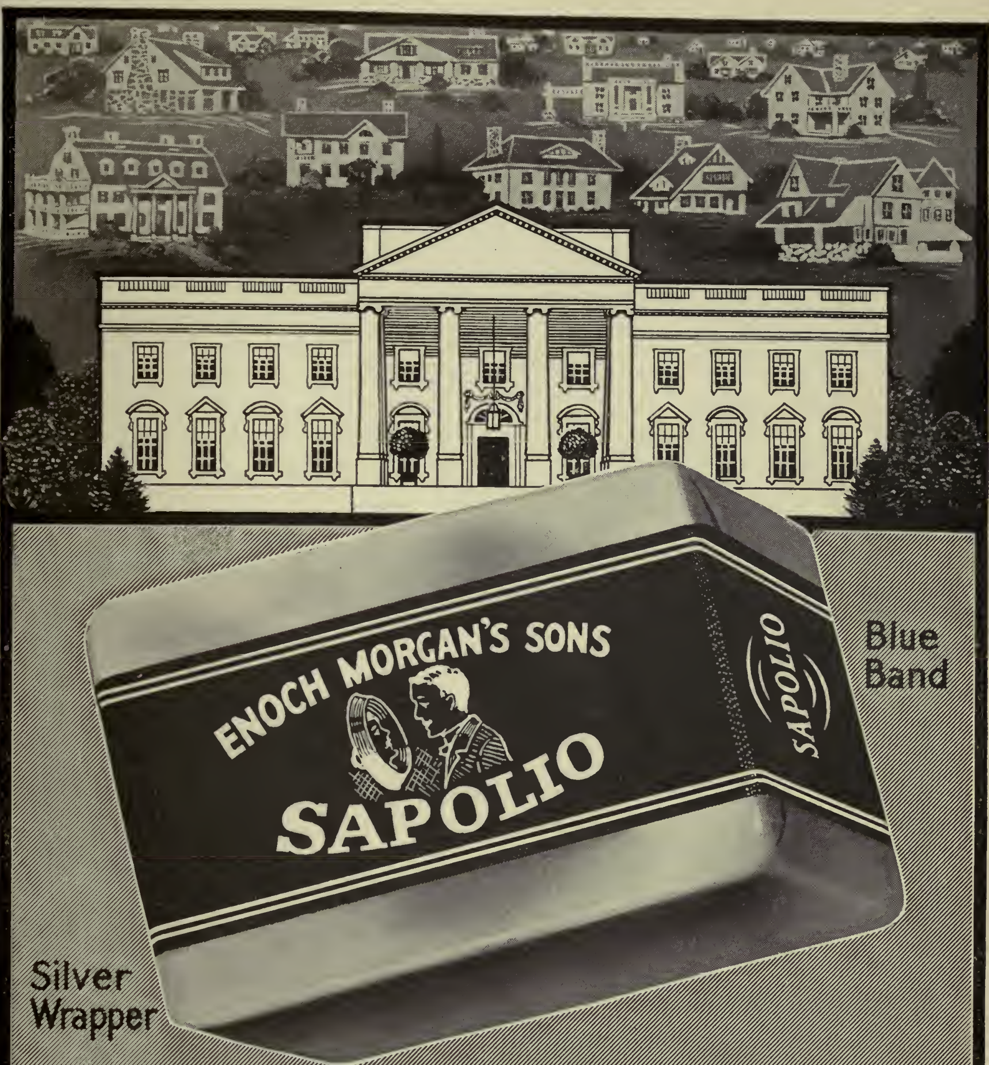
HOT WATER FOR THE EYES

By M. A. W.

Hot water is a great help in many eye troubles. Sore, weak and inflamed eyes are relieved at once. Dip the end of a towel into a dish of hot water and bathe the eyes, three or four applications, morning, noon and night.

A Good Stove Lining

A good stove lining, one that will last two years or more, can be made from blue clay. Brick clay, or one that does not contain much sand, is good, also. Clay found in salt water marshes is one of the best for stove linings. The clay must be reduced to a paste, about like putty. The bed for lining should be brushed clean and moistened before the clay is applied. Put on with hands, smooth with a trowel or thin piece of board.


ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS
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SAPOLIO
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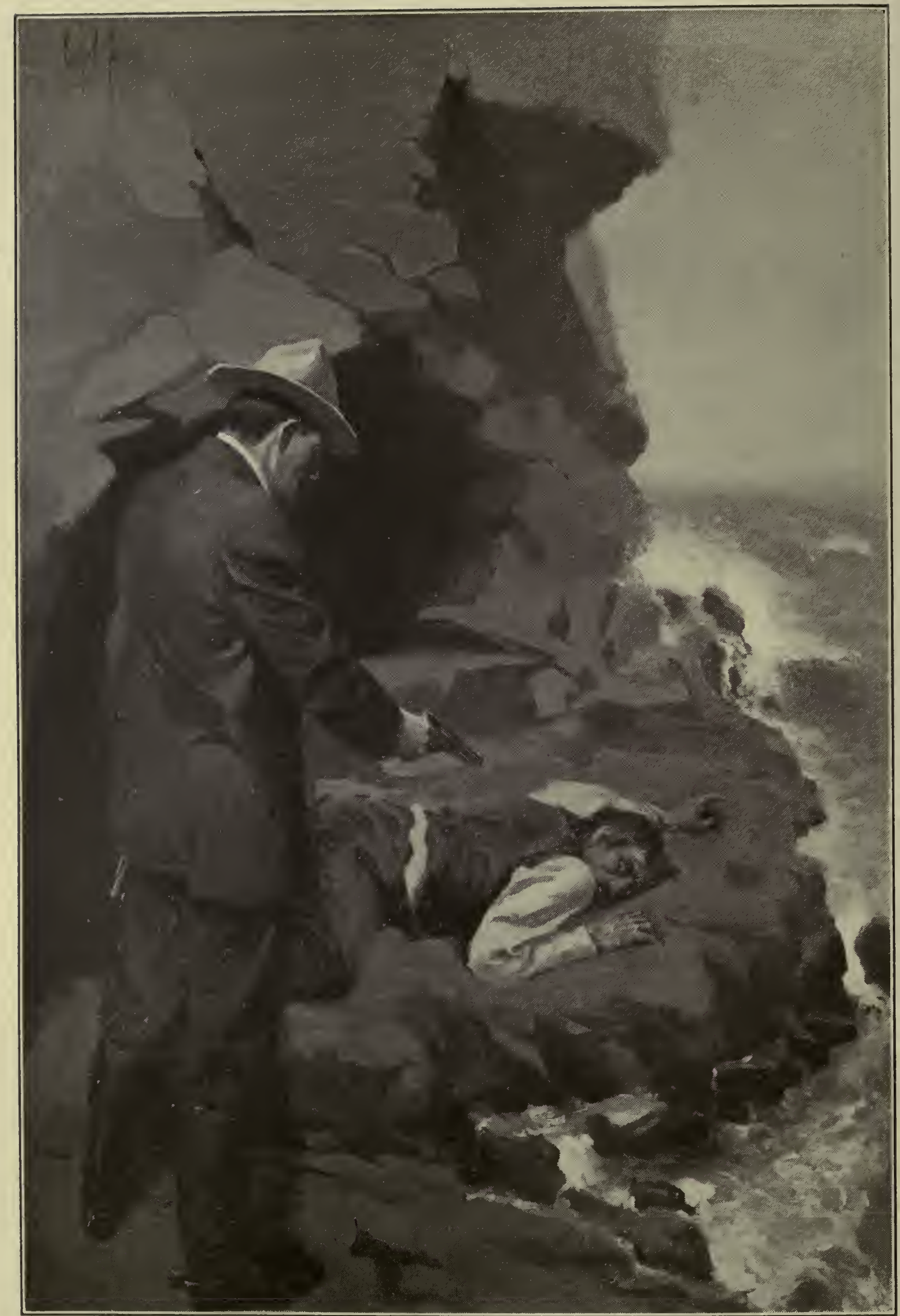

Miguel wasn't a man—he was only a thing—and his terror was not pretty to look at. He groveled on his stomach on the rocks, his face downward, his fingers clutching the air like the claws of a butchered fowl. It wasn't murder to still him.

—Two and a Pocket Handkerchief. Page 343

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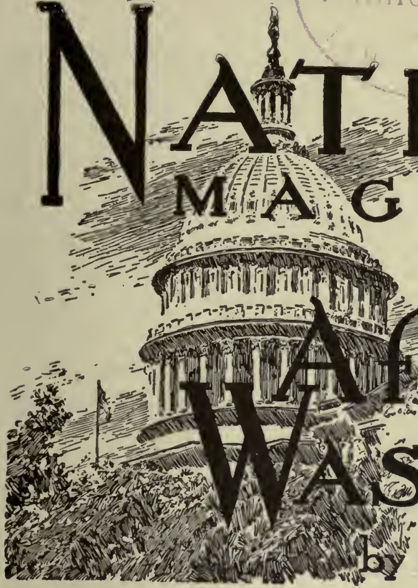
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1912



Affairs at Washington

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHEN the election returns are flashed over the country in November, attention focuses once again on Washington and the quadrennial inauguration in March. The usual bustle and stir of the opening of Congress is submerged in the anticipation of the changes that come about at the White House.

The Supreme Court reconvenes in October and is hard at work during the exciting days. With measured and sober tread the Justices march in and out of the Chamber, and it seems as if the face of each one bears the imprint of the meditative, weighing process. The assaults on the judiciary have not affected the highest tribunal of the country.

The legislative program has necessarily awaited election day, for on the result hangs not only the election of Congressmen and Senators, but that of the Chief Executive as well. The campaign closing in November was altogether unique in the history of the country. While the strife was determined, there was little of the rankling malignity of early days, for the American people have a way of adjusting themselves to conditions, and anything within reason is welcome which will end suspense and uncertainty and allow the millions to return to their first concern—business.

WHAT more inspiring picture is there in the architecture of the world than the dome of the Capitol in its setting of the gorgeous foliage of late autumn! A European artist sitting at his easel sketching insisted that in this picture the radiant hues of autumn seemed to blend in almost perfect harmony with the Stars and Stripes floating over each wing of the Capitol. "In all the famous domes of the world," said this artist, "there are none that seem to have the perfection and symmetry of surroundings of your own national capitol." The shadows flitting in and among the stately columns make a picture that can never be forgotten by even the casual tourist at Washington.

* * *

EARLY fall social activities at Washington centered about the garden party given at Washington for the International Association for Testing Materials. There were more than five hundred guests, and the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Charles D. Nagel, acted as host during the absence of the President. It was a picturesque scene. Gallantly arrayed in white uniforms, the Army and Navy officers waltzed with the Washington beauties, and while the engineer band played, many guests occupied the State apartments at the White House and watched the party from the south porticoes and terraces, making it seem like a real scene in a novel.

The sensation of the season was the use of dainty cigarettes by several Austrian ladies at the White House function. One titled lady from Vienna was watched with much curiosity as she took a match case from her glove and proceeded to light a cigarette in the breeze in just the same way as the good old Irishman lights up his T. D., and as she enjoyed a quiet smoke the American guests felt they were viewing a new phase of continental life and *sang froid* in Washington.

AN INTERESTING SOUTH AMERICAN RELIC
Pulpit in the Church of San Blas, Cuzco, made by an Indian artificer

* * *

THE activity of the American warships since Congress adjourned promises to have the attention of the House and Senate at the next session, before they vote to curtail battleship appropriations. Scarcely had internal troubles subsided in Nicaragua before a grave situation at Hayti, San Domingo, occupied the attention of the State Department. In the recent revolutions the leaders were careful to avoid the custom houses in charge of United States officials, which would have invited intervention. There was an air of secrecy and expectancy about the War Department as the situation was discussed. It was hinted that a revolution had been fomented by a Junta in New York, but it is felt that as long as Uncle Sam holds the strings at the Custom House, any outbreak or revolution will be prevented. Revolutions in the South American countries are difficult to keep track of in these days.

The Navy Department has been all agog over the biggest battleship ever authorized. The "Pennsylvania" is to have protection from aeroplane bombs, and the military towers on even the most recent dreadnoughts are going out of fashion. The styles and novelties of battleships seem to change as swiftly and frequently as the fashions.

* * *

ONE of the departments that is working overtime at Washington is located in the only red brick public building owned by Uncle Sam—the Pension office. Nearly one-half a million claims have recently been filed for pensions. The rush is occasioned by the Sherwood law. It is estimated by statisticians that the average pension paid will be seventy cents a day instead of one dollar per day, as computed by Congress. Many of the applications are in duplicate, having been sent in personally by members of Congress. The applications show how far the work is behind, as at this time they are working on applications filed several months back, but it is estimated that all will be acted upon within the year. The average pension paid at the present time is about fifty cents a day.

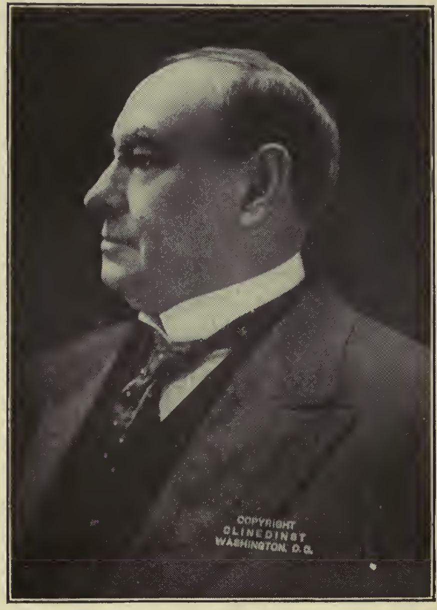
A STARTLING fact brought out by Doctor Wiley at a meeting of the National Dental Association at Washington was that one thousand children die daily in this country, and most of the deaths are due rather to bad teeth than to any other trouble. Then the Doctor proceeded to "take a fall" out of Dr. Osler's theory of forty as the creative age limit by insisting that man's real usefulness is between the ages of sixty and seventy. He also made comments on Roosevelt and the "Bull Moose," and aroused the other dentists to a tooth-pulling pitch. He believes that the United States is drifting toward Socialism, but it is not Socialism, he declares, to see that children are started off properly in life and given a good fighting chance. In one characteristic epigram Dr. Wiley insisted that eating was the greatest industry of humanity. He predicted also that the time would come when there would be little occupation for doctors, dentists, preachers and lawyers, and that the country would be divided into two great classes, farmers and teachers, the different states being divided into districts supervised by a doctor and a dentist who would be in public service to take care and protect the life of the people in his district.

* * *

ON September 16, the seventy-fourth birthday of President James J. Hill of the Great Northern Railway was celebrated at St. Paul by a great banquet at which twelve hundred gentlemen from all parts of America were present to greet in person the veteran railroader and empire builder. It must have been a proud moment for James J. Hill to look with his sparkling dark eyes upon that throng and recall the days when he left his birthplace, Guelph, Ontario, and made his way to St. Paul. He started his career as a steamboat warehouse clerk, and while engaged in this work for the Galena Packet Company, began to dream of a transcontinental railroad built without a land grant.

When in later years his idea became known, it was ridiculed as utterly impossible, but year by year mile by mile was graded, rail by rail was laid and James J. Hill pushed on and on to the Pacific Northwest, evolving one of the great transportation systems of the world from a modest beginning.

There are few men of greater constructive genius than James J. Hill. In the vast area of prairie farms he saw future towns and cities. In the improvement of stock and the raising of better crops he saw the one solution for problems involving the progress and development of the world. He believed that the soil and its production was a basic feature and that it needed men of brains and brawn to cultivate the soil.



DR. HARVEY W. WILEY
An epigrammatist of no small fame. "Eating," he says, "is the greatest industry of humanity"

One Saturday afternoon I met him at his office at Pine Street, New York. He was cleaning his desk of work after the clerks had all gone. As we discussed various matters, the talk drifted to men in relation to progress, and Mr. Hill succinctly remarked that the value of all stocks and bonds depended on the men back of them. No matter what the equipment or the opportunity, he went on, *men* must know how to use it; and this is the key to his great success—he knew how. On one occasion a delegation called on him at his home on the hill to present the possibilities of extending his railroad to their town and help out the value of their real estate. He showed them some pictures in his art gallery, to the accompaniment of soft music from the pipe organ in the library, and explained to them about the pictures. Then in sixteen words he convinced them that their plan was wrong. The delegation went out from him feeling the full force of his quiet decision.

MARGARET WOODROW WILSON

James J. Hill thinks in universals, acts in universals and his epigrammatic and terse comments, expressed in current interviews, would, if gathered in one volume, make an invaluable collection. St. Paul, Minneapolis and the Northwest has reason to be proud of James J. Hill and his achievements, for he is one of the men who has left an impress on his time.

* * *

A PILGRIMAGE to the "little White House" at Seagirt was an interesting phase of the Presidential campaign. If you took the boat, there was a fine sail down Sandy Hook way, and near the great rifle range is the modest White House provided as the summer home for governors of New Jersey. There is a "general store" at hand where everything from ploughs to peanuts is for sale. Nearby is an old tree, which may have a history, now shorn of its leaves, but the postal cards show it in full leaf as one of the landmarks of Seagirt.

There is something breezy about that name "Seagirt," although the little White House does not exactly girt the sea—it is a half mile away across the Rifle Range, and here Doctor Wilson has received many distinguished guests since the Baltimore Convention. Here he has prepared many of the addresses which have been delivered in the campaign. Few political candidates have been more painstaking and careful in their work than Doctor Wilson. The habits and methods of the student predominate. He has the appearance of one who feels the full measure of responsibility of a presidential candidate. It is not the custom to joke in his presence, for running for President is too serious a matter. For all that, the Wilson home is far from dull, for surrounded by his wife and three winsome daughters, Doctor Wilson has made Seagirt one of the memorable landmarks in the campaign of 1912.

JESSIE WOODROW WILSON

THE nomination of Oscar S. Straus, formerly Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor in Colonel Roosevelt's cabinet, as Governor of New York on the Progressive ticket was effected after one of the most spectacular political conventions held in New York. There is but one opinion concerning Oscar S. Straus among those who are acquainted with him in his public work: conscientious, aggressive and thoroughly independent, he has been for some years a conspicuous factor in the Empire State politics. He was an enthusiastic supporter of McKinley, a close friend of Mark Hanna in his civic federation work, and at the time of his nomination and now is engaged in an arbitration between the fifty-two railroads east of the Mississippi and their employes that is the most important of modern times. With his enthusiastic devotion to Colonel Roosevelt he early joined the Progressive movement and was one of the active leaders at the Republican Convention in Chicago and later at the Progressive Convention. He is a brother of Nathan Straus, whose untiring efforts for sterilized milk have won him national gratitude, and is also the brother of the late Isidor Straus, one of the heroes of the Titanic.

ELEANOR RANDOLPH WILSON

HON. OSCAR S. STRAUS
The candidate for governor of New York on the progressive ticket

Whatever may be said of the political phases of Mr. Straus' candidacy, none can gainsay the independence and sterling integrity of the man. Both capital and labor have the highest confidence in him, as is shown by their frequent appeals to him to arbitrate their differences. Some five years ago he arbitrated the San Francisco street car strike and established an equitable peace.

* * *

FEW visitors are more welcome in Washington than Governor and Mrs. William E. Glasscock of West Virginia, and it is agreed at home that the executive mansion at Charleston-on-the-Kanawha has never claimed a more charming mistress than Mrs. Glasscock. Her attractive personality and truly democratic spirit win the admiration and esteem of everyone with whom she comes in contact, and her cordial greeting and genial manner assure even the most humble visitor a "welcome, thrice welcome" to the domain over which she ably presides.

Mary Alice Miller was born at Arnettesville, Monongalia County, West Virginia. The history of her ancestry is that of brave and fearless defenders of civil and religious liberty. She is a member of one of America's prominent pioneer families, being a direct descendant, in the sixth generation, of Colonel John Evans, "a distinguished frontiersman, a soldier of the Revolution and Indian wars, and a lawmaker of Virginia, and civil officer of Monongalia County."

MRS. WILLIAM E. GLASSCOCK
Wife of the governor of West Virginia

On August 15, 1888, she was married to William Ellsworth Glasscock and went to her new home at Morgantown, West Virginia. On March 4, 1909, she assumed the duties which devolve upon the wife of the Governor of the state. Her devotion to her husband, portrayed in her eagerness to help him bear the responsibilities incumbent upon his official life, is indeed beautiful. She possesses a high degree of intelligence, keeps in touch with topics of the day and is well informed upon subjects of general interest. To a wonderfully well-trained memory may be attributed largely the secret of her popularity, for, as has been truthfully said, she never fails to associate the proper name with the proper face and remembers to inquire for the health of the absent member of the family.

If Mrs. Glasscock has a hobby, it is charitable work. Her great, warm, sympathetic heart goes out in the most tender pity to the unfortunate. One of a number of pretty stories illustrating her helpfulness to humanity is that of a little crippled newsboy who, when he became ill, remembered the gentlewoman who had often purchased his papers and dropped an extra coin into his hand, crowning the action with the friendly inquiry, "How are you feeling today, my boy?" In response to the note which he sent to "Mrs. Governor," in childish language deploring his inability to serve her, the First Lady of the State made frequent visits to one of West Virginia's worthy poor families, carrying not only necessities and comforts to the sick lad, but good cheer and encouragement to the sad-hearted mother, and often taking the convalescent patient in her carriage that he might have fresh air and sunshine; and, upon one occasion at least giving him the place of honor at her own dinner table. It was through the influence of this benefactress that the little fellow received treatment in one of the city's best hospitals, and, later, proudly passed among the state legislators as an efficient page. As they say in Charleston, "she has a mother's heart," and her own boy William, a promising youth of fifteen summers, now a student in the High School, is the special delight of her life.

Of queenly appearance, amiable disposition, generous nature, tender heart—in truth, possessing those qualities which characterize true American womanhood, she will, as the years pass, be remembered as having done her duty well as the First Lady of West Virginia.

* * *

THE right and title to the Panama Canal has become a theme of international interest, and Great Britain's stand in questioning the right of the American government to grant our own merchant marine free tolls through the Panama Canal has been upheld by most of the European powers. This recalls the case of the Halifax award, on which Canada was awarded five and a half millions in spite of the evidence, because, as the Belgian Commissioner, who sided with the British representative, declared, it was not to be decided according to the evidence, but on the greater grounds of international policy.

It seems a curious contention that a country may not remit a tax or toll to its own subjects. "Why," said a prominent railroad man, "it's the same as if the law against free passes were to be invoked every time a railroad employee is sent over the line in the service of the company, or as if a charter given the owner of a ferry or toll road, providing that there should be no exemption from paying tolls, should be made the basis of an indictment for allowing a member of his family to pass without payment."

"President Taft has shown more backbone and legal acumen than the statesmen and jurists which advocate compliance with the British view of the contention," put in a lawyer from Kansas.

"Then to those who actually propose that all tolls be remitted, while the American taxpayer pays the bills and interest account, it is difficult to decide whether it is generosity run mad, or the evolution of campaign literature, protoplasmic and abnormal beyond reason, that actuates such a proposition." And the barrister from the Sunflower State launched into a tirade which would have shocked even the Hague tribunal.

* * *

THE fifty-fifth birthday of President Taft was celebrated at Aunt Delia Torrey's at Millbury, Massachusetts. It occurred on Sunday, and he walked along the village street to church by his aunt's side as proudly as he did fifty years ago. There was an old-fashioned birthday party with all sorts of good things to eat, not excepting home-made doughnuts and apple pies. There were scores of cousins at hand to shake hands and offer congratulations to their distinguished relative.

Somehow the President always seems to be preparing for "a swing around the circle" when his birthday rolls around. Two years ago, on his fifty-third birthday, he started out from Beverly to make a trip of 13,000 miles. Last year on his birthday he left to make a trip of 15,000

PRESIDENT TAFT AND HIS AUNT DELIA
Out for a walk

miles, but this year the usual trip was foregone because of the tradition which seems to preclude the President from swinging around the circle during a campaign in which he is a candidate, no matter what the opposing candidates may do.

And so a peaceful Sunday was spent with Aunt Delia and the home-folks, and the President returned to Washington to take up again the arduous duties of his executive office.

HON. WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH
The greatly admired and beloved senator from Michigan, who distinguished himself by his masterly services as chairman of the Senate's Titanic Committee

ONE of the documents still in great demand in the public printing office is the story of the Titanic disaster as related by Senator William Alden Smith on the floor of the Senate. It is the document that has, perhaps, been more widely read the world over than anything that has been published by the Government printing office for many years. It was written by Senator Smith immediately the investigation was completed, and while the information was fresh in his mind, and for this reason it has a distinctively historical value.

The story of the Titanic investigation is an interesting public record. No sooner had the news of the terrible catastrophe been made known to the Senate than a resolution written on the back of an envelope was sent by the Michigan Senator to the Vice-president's desk, suggesting a prompt investigation. The gloom of the disaster hung over the Senate that day, for it came home to many hearts in Washington. The situation was promptly met, and Senator Smith was chosen chairman of the sub-committee. He started at once for New York, realizing the necessity of getting the information at first hand. The instinct of his early professional life as a lawyer prompted him to know that he must get the evidence while it was fresh and to act before there could be any jurisdictional limitations. The lost ship was under a foreign flag, but lives of Americans had been sacrificed and many others put in grave peril and it was a matter of grave concern to the United States

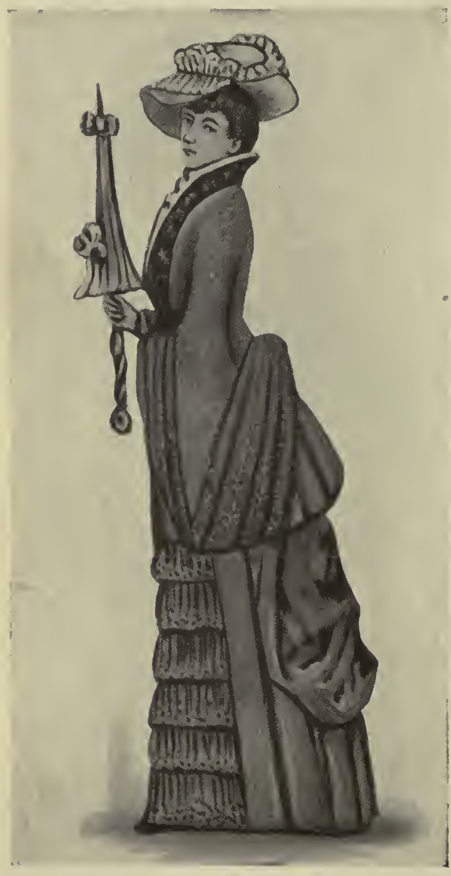
Senator Smith was in New York when the Carpathia arrived with the survivors, and he was at the dock ready for the emergency. One of the first to enter the ship and see the witnesses before they landed was the dauntless chairman of the Titanic committee. Rumors of dire threats were brought to him, but picking up as a bodyguard a husky Michigan friend, who was sheriff at Sault Ste. Marie, Senator Smith started in his work with the intrepid fearlessness characteristic of the man. The main threads of the story were gathered on the very evening of the Carpathia's arrival.

The investigation that followed in Washington confirmed the thrilling details made known that night. The investigation was conducted in six weeks, day and night, with painstaking care, and the results stand out as one of the most important international hearings ever held in Washington. After the hearing had been closed the simple story of the affair was written by Senator Smith and delivered on the floor of the Senate with a simplicity that is almost graphic. In a kindly way, but firm in his insistence for facts, he told the story of the Titanic with a glowing tribute not only to American chivalry and heroism, but to some of the officers of the ship who refused to desert their posts of duty even after the water had mounted to the second deck, and a splendid encomium to the young wireless operator boys, only one of whom escaped on a life raft.

THE LATE SENATOR WELDON B. HEYBURN
Of Idaho, for nine years senator from his state. He was born in Pennsylvania, but removed to Idaho when a young man, and soon became one of its leading citizens

The glowing words with which Senator Smith concluded his address are one of those outbursts that lighten the dull pages of Congressional records as he described:

"In our imagination we can see again the proud ship instinct with life and energy, with active figures again swarming upon its decks: musicians, teachers, artists, and authors; soldiers and sailors and men of large affairs; brave men and noble women of every land. We can see the unpretentious and the lowly, progenitors of the great and strong, turning their back upon the Old World, where endurance is to them no longer a virtue, and looking hopefully to the new. At the very moment of their greatest joy the ship suddenly reels, mutilated and groaning. With splendid courage the musicians fill the last moments with sympathetic melody. The ship wearily gives up the unequal battle. Only a vestige remains of the men and women that but a moment before quickened her spacious apartments with human hopes and passions, sorrows and joys. Upon that broken hull new vows were taken, new fealty expressed, old love renewed, and those who had been devoted in friendship and companions in life went proudly and defiantly on the last life pilgrimage together. In such a heritage we must feel ourselves more intimately related to the sea than ever before, and henceforth it will send back to us on its rising tide the cheering salutations from those we have lost."



STYLE OF 1882
The brides in Washington twenty years ago were attired something like this

* * *

A RECENT utterance on "the high cost of living" cites the statement that "whereas ten years ago goods selling for more than twenty-five cents a yard constituted only ten per cent of all sales, they now constitute over fifty per cent. As a result of such figures there is a suspicion that the high cost of spending may have something to do with "the high cost of living." As a textile manufacturer remarked during such a discussion, "There is no doubt that goods costing twenty-five cents per yard or less cannot now be sold at a profit at under twenty-five cents per yard. The higher prices of cotton, wool, silk and linen fibers, the higher wages and shorter hours of most of the operatives in textile goods, and the demoralization of certain goods through the 'bargain counter' policies of many great retailers, have all largely increased the difficulty of getting decent wear at the prices of a decade ago."

* * *

OBSERVATIONS on a windy day must have been somewhat startling if one can judge by a fashion print only as far back as 1882. The difference in skirt volume between then and now is decidedly impressive. The contrast of a fashion is most fittingly emphasized in a booklet printed by Wilbur S. Corman, picturing the evolution from 1871, when crinoline was just passing out, and in 1882 when it disappeared in a modulated form, up to the present time. The hobble skirts of today have worked a decided economy in the use of material which in the aggregate has occasioned some concern among dress goods manufacturers.

Now the cynic may scoff, but when one looks over some of the fashions of former times he is reconciled to certain apparent foibles of today. The American women are usually admitted to be the most tastefully attired women of any nation, and old-fashioned plates have no terror for them.

* * *

FINANCIALLY speaking, the country is safe," said an old Washington journalist the other day as he looked up from perusing the government crop report. "It is almost impossible that business should suffer with an estimated crop of nearly three billions of bushels of corn, the second largest on record, a record crop of oats, and estimates of from 680,000,000 to 800,000,000 bushels of wheat are balanced by nearly a possible return in all staple crops.

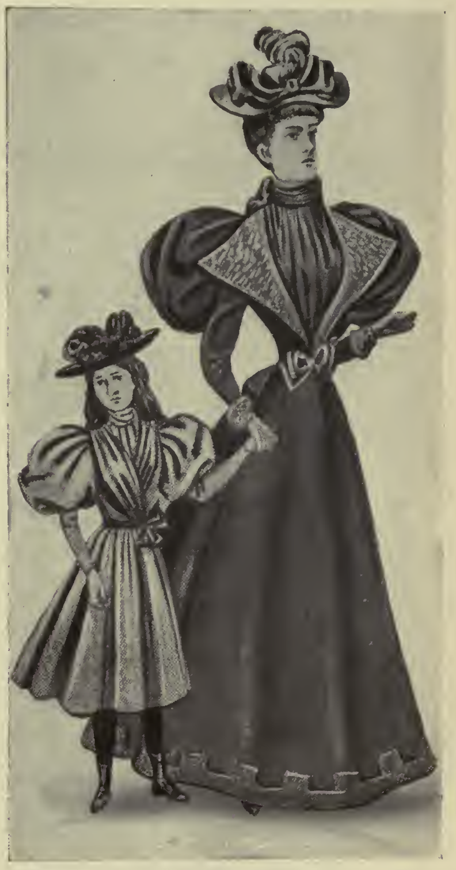
"That means 'good business' as far as it is not dependent on the results of election and legislation, for large as the crops are they are not large enough for a demand swollen not only by our own gain in population, but by an ever-increasing demand all over the world. We do not sufficiently consider that there are millions of people who formerly never ate wheat bread who are exchanging rice, lentils, and other foods for wheat flour.

"It is hardly probable that prices of wheat and rye flour will materially decline," he went on, running his finger along the tabulated columns of the report, "and too many families have wholly given up the toothsome and healthful corn-meal cookery that deserved a better fate. Perhaps our big corn crop may help out on the cheaper meat proposition.

"But," he declared, taking off his glasses, "if people would eat more Johnny cake, corn pones, Indian bread, baked Indian pudding and old-fashioned rye and Indian brown bread, they would save money and have better health. Alas," he murmured reminiscently, "the plebeian art of simple living has gone out of date in these days of soda fountains, capes, bluepoints and insidious cocktails."

* * *

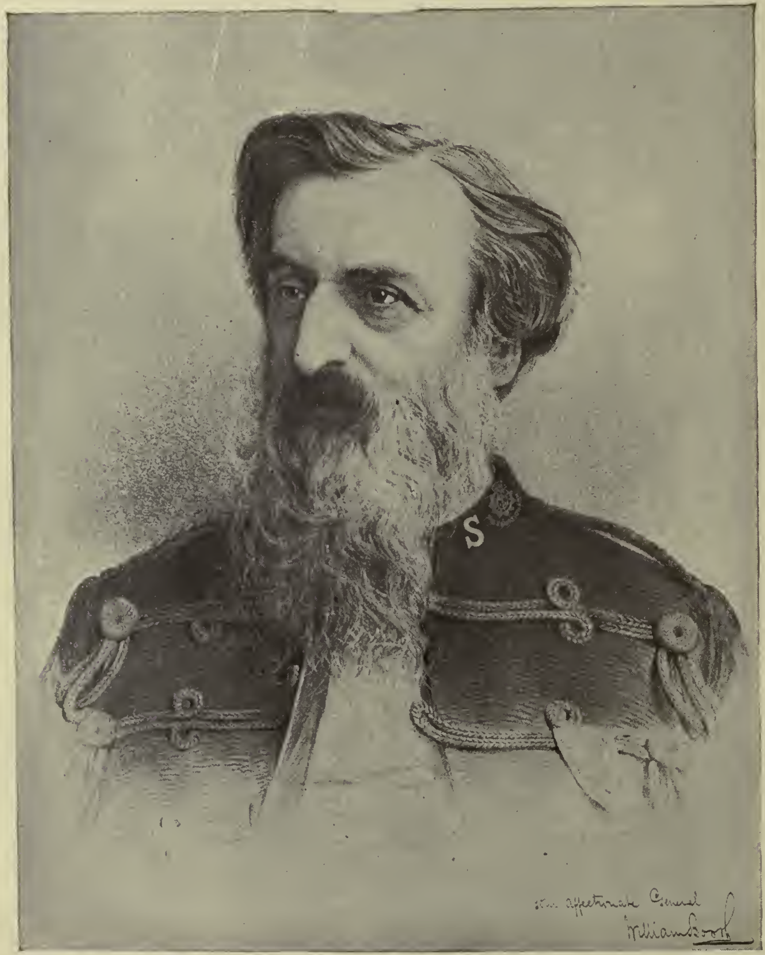
WHAT king or potentate ever received more royal honors from the people of all nations than General William Booth, in his passing? The founder of the Salvation Army closed his illustrious career full of years and ripe honors. His was a life of original, compassionate and successful warfare against evil, not for himself, but "for all sorts and conditions of men." His passing recalled the last time I saw him at the Hague in Holland as he occupied the pulpit of the old kirk. His body swayed to and fro, his patriarchal beard waving as he earnestly pleaded for his cause. His words were interpreted, but it was in the action and manner of the man that his hearers felt the power and force of General Booth even with a mere lingual interpretation.



THE STYLE OF 1896

It seems beyond the memory of man when these fashions existed—but it is only sixteen years ago

His keen sense of humor never deserted him, even when the Dutch silver pieces were loudly clanking in the silver trays as they were passed, for he could not repress a humorous comment on providing cushions for the contribution boxes. No man of his time ever had a more enduring hold on the love and lives of the submerged tenth. Although English born, his personal power and influence extended to all parts of the world, and on the streets of every city where the songs of the Salvation Army are heard will remain the undying echoes of his life and work. With his small bands of Salvation lads and lassies he marched through the crowds in early years, amid the sneers of the throngs, and in the slums and marts of vice-ridden cities his clarion call to righteousness was heard. None were ever too low, too wretched or too debased to receive the helpful words and deeds of the great Salvation Army leader. His martial call of bugle and drum hailed the dawn of universal peace, changing the instruments of war to messengers of peace. He lived to see the churches which had stood aloof receive him and thousands of his converts with a warm welcome. Modest and fearless, he carried on the militant campaign for redemption that reflected the spirit of the Master. He was, indeed, the "Good Shepherd of the Black Sheep," and the world history of his time must reckon with the stirring and uplifting influence of the life of General William Booth.



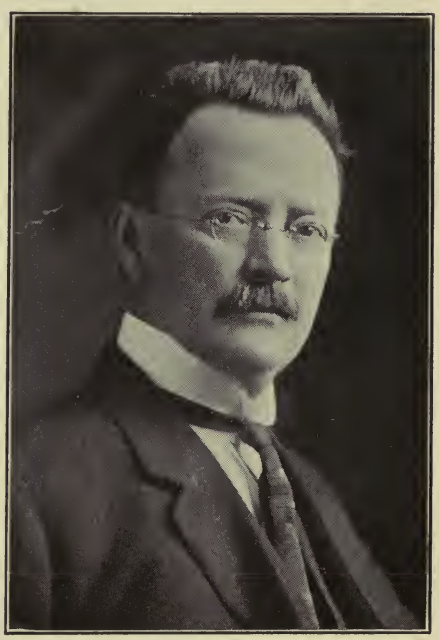
LATE GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IT awakened a flood of memories of early pioneer days when, with Mr. J. M. Studebaker of South Bend, Indiana, I attended Miller's "101 Ranch" show. Mr. Studebaker wore the wide-brimmed hat characteristic of the plainsman of the West and presented to Mr. Miller a hat with a Western history. The "101 Ranch Wild West " show reflects thrilling chapters of frontier history, and that night Mr. Studebaker lived over again the days when he traveled the plains and when the covered coach and pony express escaped the hostile Indians. Mr. Miller's Arab horse was stamping in the tent behind the scenes, carrying the jewelled saddle that cost $10,000. Diamonds and sapphires blazed upon the pommel and from the sides of the saddle and saddle cloth, and Mr. Miller proved that a horse understood other words and language as well as "Whoa!" and "Get up!" Mr. Miller was one of the boys who went with his father to Oklahoma in the early days, and now they have 80,000 acres of land in "101 Ranch," the largest single ranch under cultivation in the world, and land that has rapidly enhanced in value to $100 an acre on surrounding farms.

As we looked on the reproduction of ranch days and familiar scenes of the Wild West, it elicited the enthusiastic comment of Mr. Studebaker. It took him back to the days when he went overland to California, and recalled the reunion of "Hangtown Pioneers" at Placerville, California, last April.

Fifty-nine years had passed since John Mohler Studebaker, a gaunt youth of nineteen, stepped from an emigrant wagon and took his first look around at the country where he had come to make a fortune. In his pocket was a lone fifty-cent piece. Today Mr. Studebaker is president of the famous Studebaker corporation at South Bend, whose wagons and vehicles are known the world over, and his last trip was made overland in a Studebaker touring car, instead of the crude prairie schooner in which he crossed the continent years ago.

That reunion on the old stamping grounds will never be forgotten. An old-fashioned home-coming was planned for Mr. Studebaker. The streets were in holiday attire with placards proclaiming at frequent intervals, "We are glad you came back" and full of the spirit of hearty Western welcome born of frontier life. When the old pals and pioneers had finally assembled there was an exchange of old stories. There were reminiscences of the old Confidence Engine Company, a crew of volunteer firemen who sometimes had distinguished help. At one time when the Orleans Hotel took fire, McKean Buchanan was playing "Richelieu," and in his cardinal's robes rushed from the stage and helped the firemen throw water on the blazing building.



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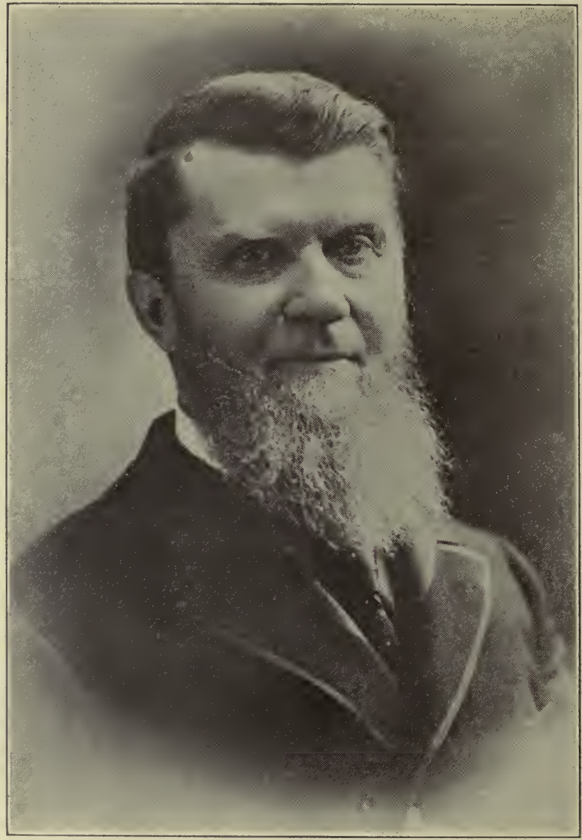
HON. ERNEST W. ROBERTS

The energetic Congressman from Massachusetts

There were legends of Strawberry Valley and references to the events of those days in which the miner's law was supreme. Mr. Studebaker still has in his possession $700 worth of coarse gold taken by him out of the American River, near Hangtown, long years ago. He recalled the trip up the Sacramento Valley which he had not traversed since the '50's. He returned to Indiana in 1858, sailing by way of the Panama route. Little did men then dream



JOHN MOHLER STUDEBAKER
President of the Studebaker Corporation and one of the pioneers of the West

that the Canal would be accomplished in the next half century.

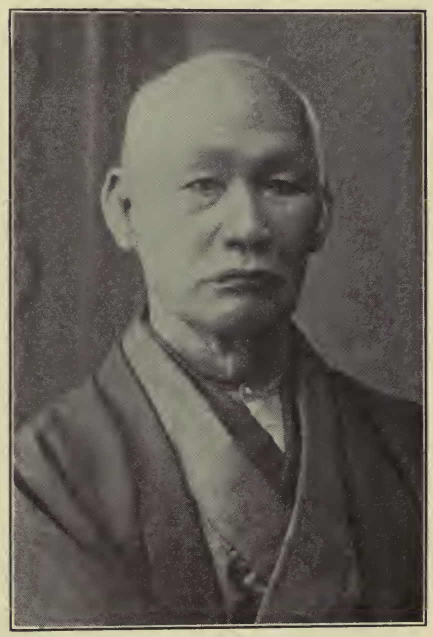
The banquet was one of the features of the Hangtown reunion, and the menu of that dinner is a curiosity. It was called the "Chuck List," and began with "Chili Gulch Rib Warner; Sluice Box Tailings, flavored with Chicken; Slab of Cow from the States; Bandana Fries with Bug Juice."

Mr. Studebaker's address to the old friends at Hangtown is one of those rare glimpses into early history of the West that is not often found in historic chronicles. He came to California to dig gold, but after a few days he engaged to make wheelbarrows at a price of $10 each. "When I had completed the first wheelbarrow," said Mr. Studebaker, "I was asked tersely, 'What do you call that?' 'I built it for a wheelbarrow,' said I, proudly. 'A hell of a wheelbarrow,' was the comment of the man who hired me—and he was right. I knew how to make wagons, but wheelbarrows were not in my line. However, we were making real wheelbarrows before we got through," and "Wheelbarrow John" was the honorary title conferred upon him by his pals. Through all the stories exchanged by the old friends, there was an echo of chivalry for women, the wives, mothers and sweethearts left behind. True, there was a hanging now and then in the "gold" towns, for justice was swift, and one of the earliest victims of "Judge Lynch" was a card sharp, thus giving Hangtown its characteristic name.

After the banquet and the speechmaking there was a hearty song, a toast to the pioneers, and the singing of "The Days of Old, the Days of Gold," recalling the experiences of '49. The chug of the automobiles echoed and re-echoed among the hills and canyons as they returned that evening from Placerville. Mr. Studebaker published a handsome little booklet for private circulation as a souvenir of the occasion, which gives the details of the unique event when "Wheelbarrow John" came back to Hangtown to live over "The Days of Old, the Days of Gold."

* * *

THERE never has been a presidential year in which the business prospects have remained so bright, and the promise of good crops and busy industries have been so unfluctuating. The total exports have risen from $571,000,000 to $639,000,000, an increase of nearly two hundred million over the figures of 1909, so that the total value of exports for the coming year is approximately one billion dollars. This has been the result of the "business diplomacy" so much ridiculed by superficial writers. One of the most effective forces in bringing this about has been the intelligent work of the consular service, for more than two hundred million dollars worth of exports have been sold abroad, while only eighty thousand have been paid to agencies. For example, one contract for wire fencing to the amount of twenty or thirty thousand dollars resulted from the suggestion of a consul who brought foreign consumers in touch with the American manufacturers. The interests of the American population in Mexico (formerly over 250,000, but now dwindled down to ten thousand), are almost wholly dependent on the ability and efficiency of fourteen American consuls who have remained at their posts



MANJIRO NAKAHAMA

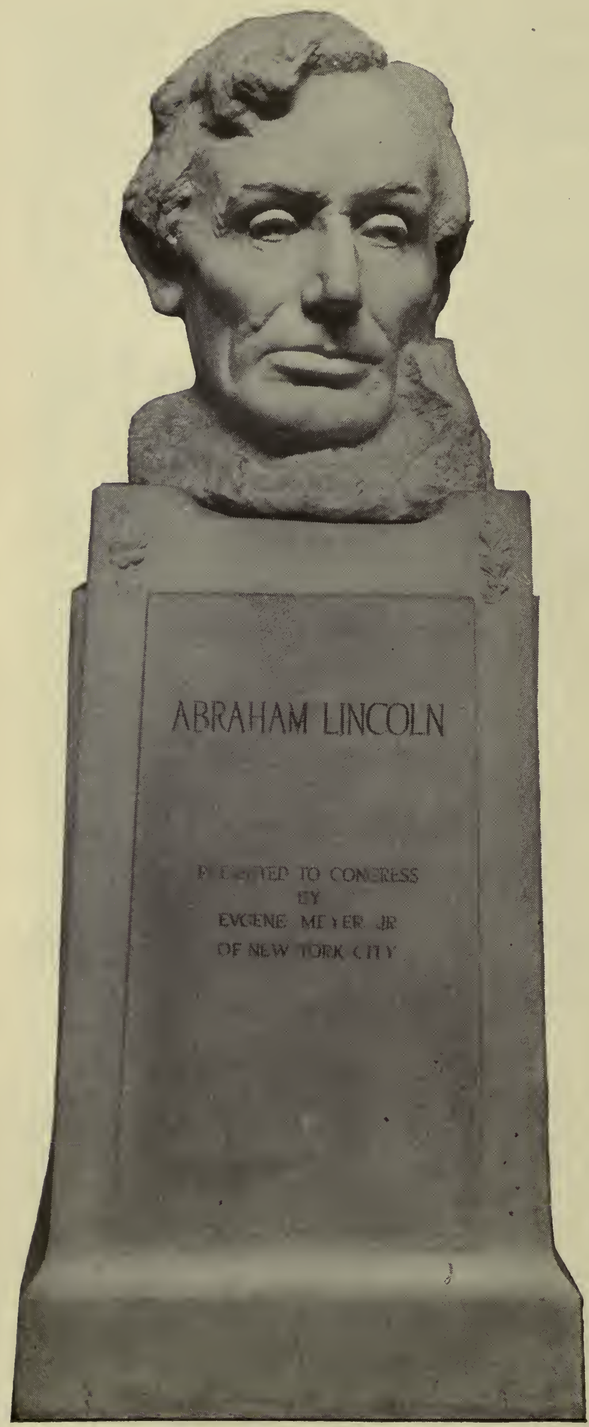
The first Japanese to live in the United States. This was only a little over seventy-five years ago during all the dangers, and still unsettled disturbances of an era of revolution on revolution. The story of warfare and distress that has paralyzed business and improvement in all parts of Mexico is also revealed in the American consul's report.

* * *

FOUR Congressmen were sitting together, and it was convention time. The nineteenth speaker mounted the platform, and one of the congressional quartet murmured weakly, "Oh, for the seventh inning." Now it is not necessary to tell the multitude at a ball game that it is time to stretch at the seventh inning. Everyone just gets up and rests, and stretching is the order of the day. "Speaking of stretching," remarked the uneasy Congressman—taking a different pitch from a sonorous voice which thundered through a megaphone from the platform—"my doctor claims that as baseball is the national game, stretching is the national exercise."

"Now I claim," interrupted a portly colleague, "that politics is the national game, and shouting is the national exercise."

The congressional fan waved him aside. "My doctor," he said impressively, "is almost a fanatic on stretching. When you wake up in the morning he advises you to take a good, long stretch with the hands as far out sideways as possible, then over the head as far as you can reach. At the same time stretch the feet, and stretch upwards as high as you can. These simple movements equal a course in gymnastics, and should always be indulged in after any long period of sitting."



THE BUST OF LINCOLN BY GUTZON BORGLUM

'John," broke in the portly congressman, nudging his neighbor on the right, "can you picture this room going through that performance?"

"All sorts of regulations are prescribed by others," went on the speaker firmly, "but it all comes back to the one proposition of stretching. Some say stand on the left foot and stretch the right hand forward and upward as high as you can, at the same time raising the right foot from the floor. If you have been reading, sitting or writing, and the muscles have become tired and cramped, stretch the arms up, forward and again backward, lifting the shoulders, breathing deeply. Or, if sitting in a chair, stretch the hands upward, lift the feet from the floor and stretch them forward as far as possible. This is why the old country lawyer used to stretch his feet at an altitude on the chair. When one is tired there is nothing better than to relax the muscles and then just stretch them to the limit."

"Great Caesar, man," cried the portly statesman, "you belong in the cannery for congressional cranks. This stretching has got on your brain."

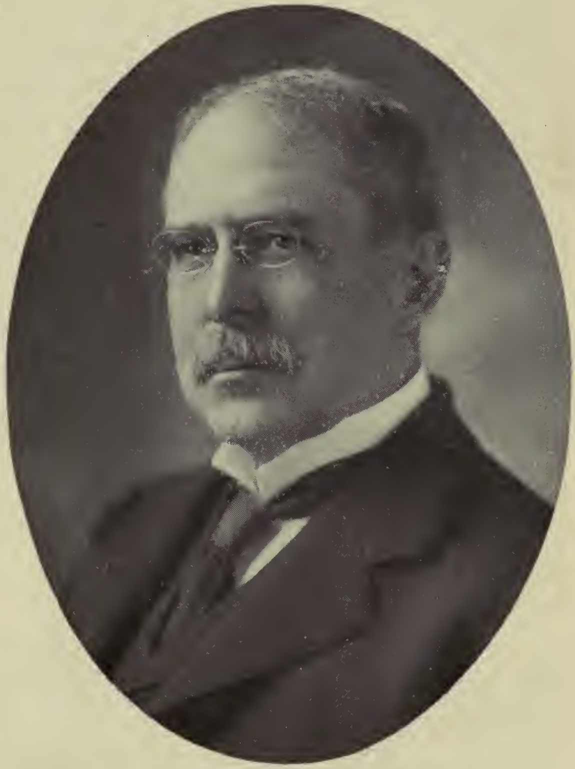
His colleague bestowed upon him a withering glance. "The moral of all this," he said emphatically, "does not reflect upon the habit of stretching facts. That's another kind of a stretch"—with a meaning look—"peculiar to certain temperaments.

"But the home stretch we are all anxious about comes just prior to election at the next nomination," and the youngest of the four young Congressmen stretched out of his seat and slipped away with his eyes twinkling.

* * *

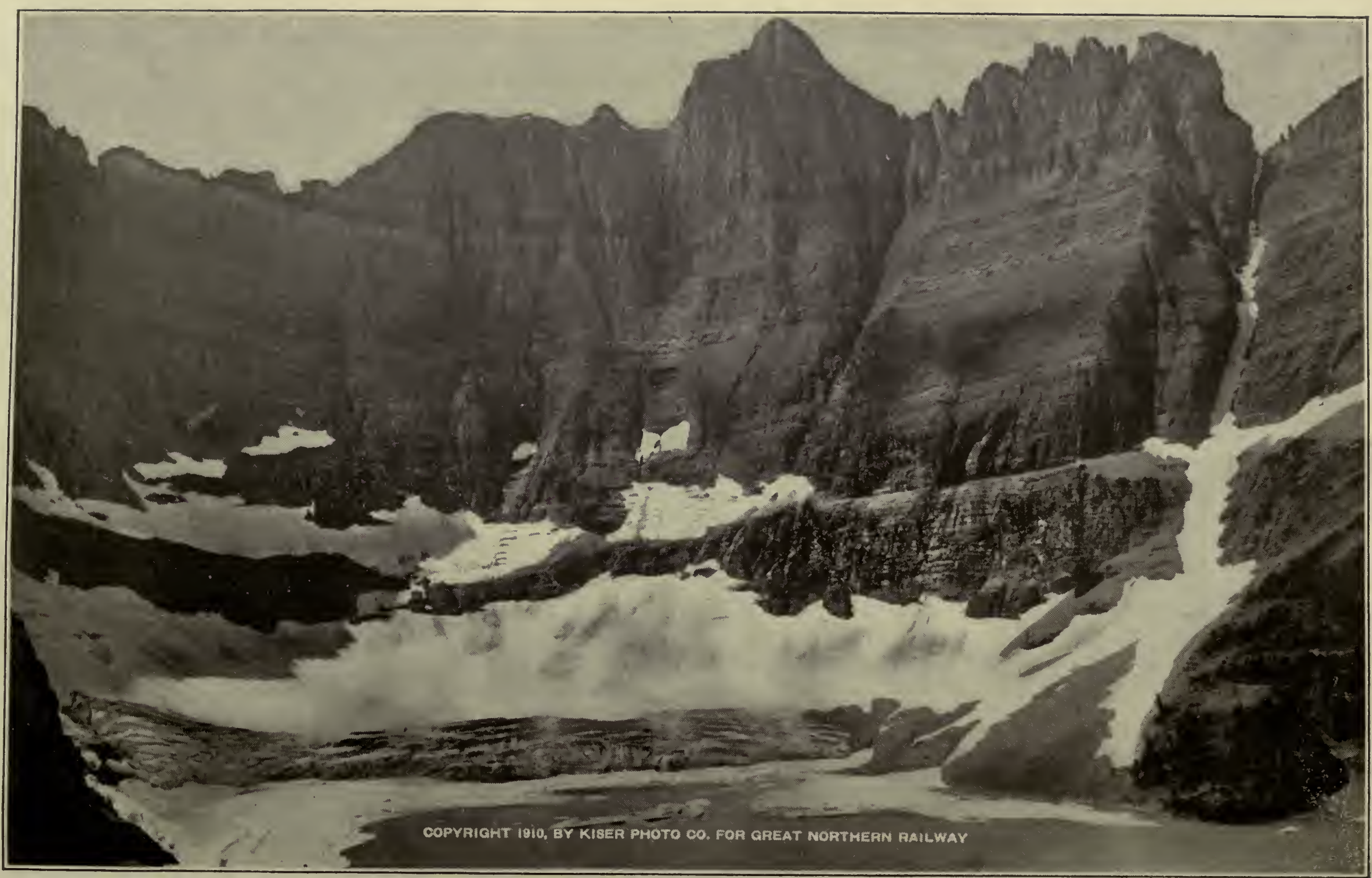
A NEW feature of routine in the Treasury Department is the washing-machine, lately installed, which makes returned and discolored paper money as clean and crisp as new, and it is estimated will save the Treasury Department $500,000 annually. The washing machine has taken many months of experiment and study to complete and was devised by the bureau of engraving and printing where the paper currency of the country is manufactured.

Millions of notes which have hitherto been destroyed every month will now be washed, starched and ironed, and returned into circulation with all the nicety of a laundry package—but with the laundry list eliminated and no lost "pieces" to account for.



SENATOR GEORGE T. OLIVER OF PENNSYLVANIA

Sixty per cent of the soiled bills presented at the federal treasuries can be revived in Uncle Sam's new laundry department, which has a capacity for washing 25,000 notes per day, no matter what the denomination may be. Now if a device for washing and ironing out disputes were available, departmental rancor might also be put through the wringer and ironed out.



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ICEBERG LAKE—IN THE GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

THE story of a little crippled girl of New Orleans who grew into womanhood and blessed humanity, glows in the biography of the late Sophie B. Wright, who was one of the best beloved women of the South. She was president of the King's Daughters and Sons of Louisiana and prominent in many clubs, but she was best known to all the people as an educator, a lecturer and writer. All her life a sufferer and a cripple, there was something pathetic in her public appearances that immediately drew her audience to a ready sympathy and appreciation.

In spite of her frail health, for twenty-five years Miss Wright had conducted a free night school, besides taking a leading part in the "Rest Awhile" School of the state order. Even in her last days the thoughts of Miss Wright were of a good-bye to "her girls." Her incessant labors and the influence of her ideals upon the people of New Orleans brought to her many honors which she modestly received. When some time ago a new high school was to be opened, it was voted to call the building the Sophie B. Wright High School, although such a mark of esteem had never before been bestowed upon a living person.

Born after the Civil War had impoverished her family, she was crippled at the age of three, but her physical ills never seemed to interfere with her work. Never can I forget meeting her in New Orleans in the midst of her work, hopefully meeting the issues of the day, whatever they might be, firm in her faith in human nature, loving all and beloved by all who came in contact with her saintly personality.

* * *

AS the years pass and we find ourselves still actively at work in one place or occupation, we begin to feel the pride of a veteran or "old settler." There is a serene satisfaction when a man can say, "When I was here twenty years ago I did this or that," for it sounds "sort of well seasoned, as it were," and the final word in a discussion.

The question was raised at a meeting of the Old Settlers' Association in Cleveland as to when one becomes a real old settler. Mr. John D. Rockefeller was just enjoying the occasion in their midst when he was called upon to give a speech—then he became serious. In his succinct way he replied, "I feel it a great honor to be numbered among the old settlers. Until recently I could not think I was one of them, but having been a resident of Cleveland since 1853, I expect that by and by I shall be counted as an old settler. God bless you; good-by." He was then entered on the rolls as a genuine old settler of Cleveland town and now pays his dues as a member in good standing.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER
Who has qualified as an "old settler" of Cleveland, where he has resided since 1853

* * *

CEREAL crops for 1912, according to the report of the United States Bureau of Agriculture, show a rather better condition as compared with the average of the ten previous years. This will be good news to the American whose saucer of cereal is the foundation of his morning meal. We may go on with the expectation of having our oatmeal or corn flake for breakfast, but the report of wheat shows a lamentable decrease in acreage. To make up any deficiency for home or export trade no additional supplies can be expected from Argentina or Australasia, and India seems still to be unable to increase her products greatly in excess of the needs of her vast population. Canada alone seems to promise a decided increase to the wheat supply of the world.

THE LATE SOPHIE B. WRIGHT
Of New Orleans, one of the best beloved women of the South

Away back in 1860, a pound loaf of baker's bread retailed for three cents, and of course with the advent of postal currency during the war rose promptly to five cents, at which price it has "stood pat" ever since. But while the price has not lessened the weight has, for instead of sixteen ounces the average loaf weighs from twelve to fourteen ounces only, and the methods of improved aeration and adding moisture to bread has also lessened its real value as an economical diet.

Our farmers are not likely hereafter to have any difficulty in selling their wheat at good prices and chiefly for home consumption, for it looks as if the practical limit of competing wheat areas had been nearly reached.

* * *

SUGAR statistics and other reports show through the Government Bulletins that the world's production of sugar for the year 1910–1911 was by far the largest on record, exceeding any year of the past five by two millions of tons. The figures show an aggregate of 16,418,500 tons against 14,324,459 the previous year.

It is also shown by market price reports that the usual summer raid of United States consumers, during the preserving, "soft drinks" and ice-cream season, made a higher record than the previous year.

"This American sweet tooth," murmured a dapper Frenchman, who refused the sugar bowl and sipped his demitasse without a scowl, "is his one—er—what you say?—his one vulnerable spot. I read of American ladies who say, when meat costs high, 'We will do without meat!' But these ladies, when sugar soars, do they say, 'We will do without sugar—without our candied fruits, our sweetmeats, our bonbons?' No, no", he chuckled, "you Americans must satisfy your sweet tooth."

* * *

ON meeting some of America's elderly men who have achieved fame, fortune and almost everything else that it would seem the heart could desire, I have often pondered how must they look upon the few remaining years of life.

Years ago the people first became accustomed to buying coffee in packages, and "Arbuckle's Coffee" became a standard household product. I never could dissociate the word coffee from Arbuckle's. Only a few days before his death at Lakewood, New Jersey, I saw John Arbuckle, the intrepid Scotchman and fighter who, in a contest with the big sugar trust, had more than held his own. A man of sterling, rugged qualities, he made the best of his declining years. For hours at a time in the afternoon he would walk rapidly, feeling that he could bring back the vitality of youth by exercising the same grit and energy with which he had built up his great business. There was something in his rugged features, and in his face, with the long gray beard, that bespoke a long life of goodness. He was a great, big, King Lear sort of fellow, with a burr in his voice.

His wife died some few years before him, and, having no children, he seemed to feel lost, in his early purposes, as to what to do with his great fortune. There was always system and method in John Arbuckle's philanthropy. He was a true Scot, and his thrift was as natural as his very breath. Was it a fresh air fund, a charity for children, or some other philanthropic pursuit, his eyes would kindle with delight as he undertook it. At one time he had under consideration the raising of the battleship Maine as a purely philanthropic proposition.

To see him in Lakewood, in those days before his passing, made the heart ache for this noble old man, whose great wealth could not keep for him the vigor of his prime, or aid him in finding the fountain of youth. It inspired a sympathy never before felt for feeble millionaires, some of whom have to be helped about because of infirmities, and nearly all protected from visitors, lest someone will injure them or bore them, until they seem like veritable prisoners in a workhouse.

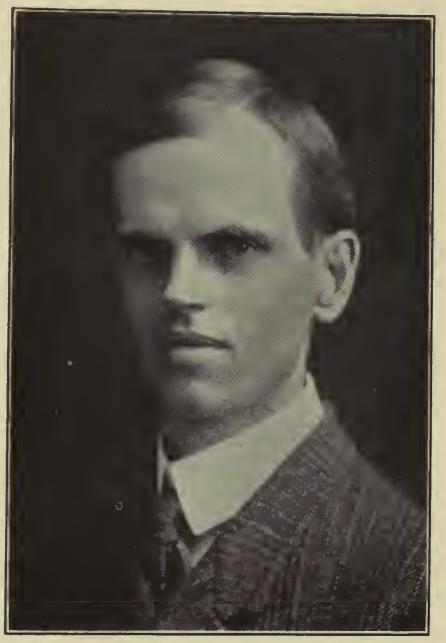
The life of the aged millionaire, surrounded by servants and luxury, but after all just waiting for the end, without having reached the summit of his ambition, is not so very different from the last days of the poor and humble old man.

* * *

EVERY time I pass the statue of Phillips Brooks in Copley Square, I cannot but recall that talk in which I heard him tell of his own beautiful life. He seemed to flush with earnestness when he said things that burned themselves into memory, and when he talked of life's success as a service, he expounded a practical gospel of today. A life in existence merely for self, he declared, has always proven narrow and unsatisfactory. The importance of personal service to other lives, making them a part of your own, and working together for the betterment of some person or cause—that is the real work of a useful life. This is truly an age of service, and those who do not give themselves to some service for the benefit of their fellow-kind are indeed leading a pitiful and fruitless life.

* * *

THE characteristic essays of George Fitch have for some time past appeared in many of the leading newspapers of the country. In fact, ever since George Fitch was graduated from the Galva, Illinois, high school in 1892, he has been distributing smiles and laughter all up and down the land.



GEORGE FITCH
The famous humorist, author of the famous "Siwash College" stories and "Vest Pocket Essays"

The cradle in which George Fitch was rocked began swinging in June, 1877. He was a very tiny boy, and even now at the mature age of thirty-six, tips the beam at only one hundred and thirty pounds. From early childhood he desired to be a literary man, and he insisted upon going to Knox College, where they had the reputation of turning out full-fledged editors. In 1894 he was a typical college student, and certain of his classmates have whispered that he was a "regular devil." But he was energetic enough to keep near the head of his class in history, mathematics, chemistry, sociology and everything that appeared in the curriculum, and it is recorded that he was especially interested in the study of "co-eds," which, translated, means girl students.

When he left college he began to turn out his famous Siwash College stories, which the magazines featured and which projected the young author into the literary limelight. In 1897 George Fitch began his newspaper career on the *Galesburg Evening Mail*. Then he went to his old home town of Galva, and he showed the folks what "home talent" meant, when it came to editing the *Galva News*. He went to Madison and later to Council Bluffs, where he began to specialize in the distinctive, characteristic paragraphs that kept Iowa laughing for four years. Then he went with the *Peoria Herald-Transcript*, and as managing editor became a feature writer who seemed to have a way of expressing the incongruous elements in everyday experiences, the foibles of society and little stories that fairly shone with humor. While he has a reputation as a humorous writer, his "straight talk" editorials had much to do with the formation of the Roosevelt party. He is a warm admirer of the former President, and a true and influential Progressive.

CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D.C.

SENOR MANUEL CALERO
The new Mexican Ambassador who is very popular at the Capital

George Fitch was married to Miss Clara Gattrell Lynn of Kansas City, and the pride and joy of his life are his little children. George Fitch seems to humanize everything he touches. In some ways he suggests Eugene Field, having not only the keen eye of a humorist, but the soul and sympathy of a poet. Though none have ever found any of his verses, there is no telling what will come out after the "Vest-Pocket Essays" have been completed. With an audience that is nation-wide, one never would think of overlooking those paragraphs which are labeled with the magic name of George Fitch.

* * *

NOW that Congress has decided to build one large dreadnaught instead of two, discussion of the naval situation not only pervades naval and engineering circles, but has become a matter of general interest. Some newspaper scribe has stated that there is no other department in which the people seem to have so much detailed information as the Navy Department. Just the thought of this branch of the Government brings to mind the gleam of shining swords and gold lace decorations. What society ball at Washington would seem complete without the uniform of a naval officer? And while the navy has been attracting special attention upon the completion of the Panama Canal, the army has hardly received even a passing thought from the general public.

"The regular army of the United States," sternly declared a grim old warrior the other day, "has always been an anomaly in the republic, a body of men who, devoted in life and death to the defence of its honor and interest, are deprived of almost every right of American citizens, and governed and disciplined on European lines of caste and rank, which effectually prevent any considerable body of American youth from entering its ranks, even in times of greatest emergency."

He put down the musket he had been

fondling, and sat upon the edge of a table. "It is a curious fact," he said reminiscently, "that although the secession of South Carolina and her sister states in 1861 was largely promoted and certainly chiefly defended by ex-officers of the United States army, only two regular army regiments were raised by South Carolina, and these at various times were distrusted and suspected of insubordination, and no other regiment of regular infantry was raised in the Confederacy.

"Take, for instance, the militia of Massachusetts, which numbers about six thousand men of all arms, most of whom are qualified marksmen with the rifle, and a large proportion stand in the first class. This force is almost wholly renewed every three years; so that in every decade some eighteen thousand riflemen go into private life, fitted to do duty at short notice. But the volunteer service of Great Britain or Canada which is loyally and enthusiastically supported and encouraged by all classes of people, would, if as popular in Massachusetts, give us at least twenty-five thousand volunteers at very little cost above the expenditure for uniforms, arms and ammunition and drill sheds. Many companies indeed would defray the expense of rent, fuel and light, and do much to promote their own prestige and popularity."

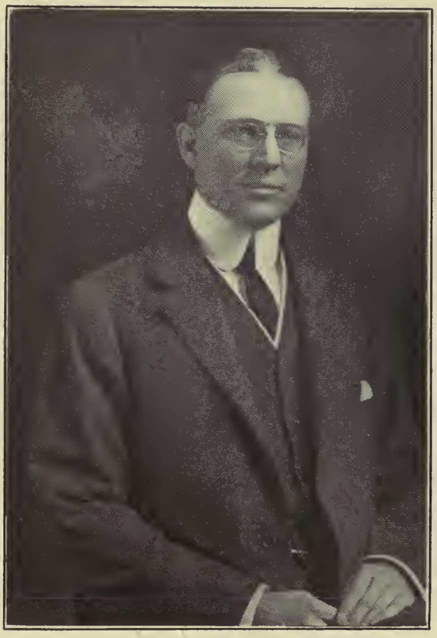
"But what of the peace idea?" objected a congressman who is a staunch believer in arbitration. "Why get our young men ready for war when we're trying to accomplish world peace?"

The suave old diplomat bowed graciously. "The advocates of peaceful world-arbitration should by all means be encouraged in their beneficent work," he conceded, "but alas, even a failure to add two big ironclads yearly to our already big navy would handicap our administration, while even the messengers of the Prince of Peace in foreign countries are ill at ease without warships and bayonets to hold in check the barbarity of unbelieving heathen. Mexico on our southwestern border has gone back to the domination of the sword, and Asia, even more apt to prefer bullets to ballots, is seething with religious, military and commercial fermentation.

"'Over the whole earth, still is it Thor's day,'" he quoted tersely, "and it behooves the American people to remember that gold and landed estates, manufactures and civilization itself melt like wax in the fires of war unless a brave and disciplined citizen soldiery stand ready to defend and protect their homes, their loved ones and the flag of the republic."

* * *

THE great-grand-nephew of both Patrick Henry and of Chief Justice Marshall, and the great-grandson of Alex Scott Bullitt, president of the Constitutional Convention of 1799, William Marshall Bullitt, the new Solicitor-General of the United States, comes of notable Kentucky stock. His great-great-grandfather was Judge Cuthbert Bullitt of Dumfries, Virginia, a member of the House of Burgesses before the Revolution and judge of the General Court of Virginia. Upon his father's side he is descended from Colonel Joshua Fry, who commanded the



HON. WILLIAM MARSHALL BULLITT
The new Solicitor General of the United States. He comes from Kentucky, is the great-grandnephew of Patrick Henry and Chief Justice Marshall, and is the youngest man who ever held the office

regiment in which General Washington was a lieutenant-colonel in the French and Indian War, and upon Fry's death, Washington succeeded to the command. His mother was Annie P. Logan, a daughter of Judge Caleb W. Logan, grand-daughter of William Logan, United States Senator from Kentucky in 1820, whose father was General Benjamin Logan.

HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL
The popular author, now running for the governorship of New Hampshire

Mr. Bullitt is probably the youngest man who ever was appointed to the office of Solicitor-General, for he is not yet forty, and has never held public office except as chairman of the board of public safety at Louisville, Kentucky, his home. He was born in Louisville March 4, 1873, and is a graduate of Princeton. He is a lawyer from the ground up. Upon receiving his LL. B. from the University of Louisville in 1895, he immediately began the practice of law in his father's office. When scarcely twenty-five years of age he edited Bullitt's "Codes of Practice," which attracted widespread attention. His practice has been chiefly confined to the representation of corporations, although he has handled several notable probate and civil causes, not forgetting the Louisville election contest case.

Mr. Bullitt's only activity in politics was in the effort to set aside in the courts the fraudulent election of city and county officials in 1905, which resulted in complete success in the unanimous decision in 1907 by the Court of Appeals. A quotation from this notable opinion was used by Roosevelt in accepting the bolting nomination.

Although he resides in Louisville, Mr. Bullitt's favorite home is at "Oxmoor," the old country place a few miles from the city, which was built by his great-grandfather in 1787, and which has been continuously in the family ever since.

Smooth shaven, using glasses, with his hair a little thinned at the top, and wearing the regulation moderate collar, neat tie and business suit, the new Solicitor-General is an interesting and entertaining personality. He is a typical Kentuckian, and the vigor with which he has taken up his new ideas indicates busy days in the Solicitor-General's department.

* * *

AN interested group of Washington newspaper men gathered about Mlle. Marie de Koroleff, the Russian writer, as she gave her impressions of the Capital. She came to the United States representing a Russian scientific publication called the *Architect*, and it was especially gratifying to hear her comments as a student of architecture upon the majestic and solitary grandeur of the dome at Washington. Mlle. Koroleff is a sprightly young lady, deeply interested in everything American and was ready at every challenge to try her English, which was spoken with a delightful accent. She told the Washington scribes that she was better pleased with Washington than with New York. She did not feel so tired as in New York, and the streets of Washington were so broad and impressive that one felt much freer than in over-crowded New York.

There seems to be a peculiar kinship between Russians and Americans. I never met a Russian who did not know of George Washington, or of our fight for independence. Mlle. Koroleff insisted that she has always been interested in the American people, and while Russia does not have woman suffrage, yet she was greatly interested in the subject. She spoke most interestingly of the success of woman suffrage in Finland, and told of the splendid work accomplished by a woman editor of Finland who only a few years ago a working girl was already the author of many of the prominent remedial legislative measures that have been secured in Finland.

Her criticism on the American press was felt when she said that American newspapers dealt in word pictures instead of in efforts to make people think and feel—just to print impressions of the passing moment—a sort of moving picture as it were.

The little Russian lady had a pretty way of punctuating her conversation with shrugs and mannerisms suggestive of the French. She speaks French fluently, but was most proud of her English, which she insisted was improving every day by conversation with newspaper men and the reading of papers and magazines. She was especially enthusiastic concerning the work of American magazines, and felt that that was the one great phase of publication work that would soon be developed in Russia. She did not seem to think there was any feeling against Americans because of the abrogation of the Russo-American treaty, that is, among thinking people, and she added significantly, "In Russia thinking people are still in power."

* * *

TODAY the one great question is more production from the soil—intensified farms and more producing farms.

Out of the Great Western Desert, where little grows, and life of any kind is confined to its lowest types, the savants of the government claim that millions of tons of potash salts will be drawn during the coming years, adding incalculably to the fertility of the arable lands, and billions of bushels and cases to the fruit, grain and fibre products of the Republic.

Germany has hitherto held almost the only source of supply of these salts, so necessary to the preparation of the chemical fertilizers, which have made intensified farming both possible and profitable.

Some months ago the activities of the experts who were searching for potash deposits were recorded in these pages, and the suggestion noted that the immense fuci and seaweeds of the Pacific could be utilized to produce these salts. It is now claimed that large subterranean deposits, equal to the needs of the nation for the next thirty years, have been discovered.

GUGLIELMO MARCONI

Inventor of wireless telegraphy. He has suffered the loss of his right eye resulting from an automobile accident, and his work upon further development of the wireless is indefinitely put aside

Probably before this supply is exhausted new methods of disintegrating and freeing the fertilizing elements of fossils and igneous rocks will be discovered, enabling man to hasten the processes which Dame Nature takes centuries to accomplish. The application of electricity may also develop methods of fertilization and stimulation of vegetable life not yet perfected. Nothing will be left undone to develop these valuable deposits.

A Tale of a Whale—A Whale of a Tale

By Maurice Bowman Phipps

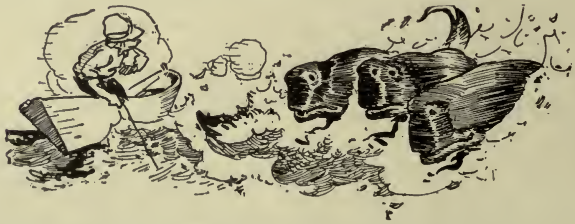
STRANGE things happen in Casco Bay,
Strange things happen there every day.
But the weirdest seem to happen when
The summer folks have gone home again.

On one of the islands lives a youth,
Famed far and near as a lover of truth;
He tells the truth for truth's own sake,
And never was known to nature fake.

This is the tale he told to me
While fishing for cod in the summer sea.
He fearlessly met my skeptical eye,
For his name is George, and he cannot lie.

"Ever see whales in this 'ere bay?
Why, sure in the winter, most any day.
Never heard tell o' the grampus, which
Got stuck on a sand-bar tighter'n pitch?

"A grampus, yer know, is a kind of a whale,
Somewhat smaller, with a different tail.
But they're big enough to send you to glory,
If they'd ever come up right under yer dory.

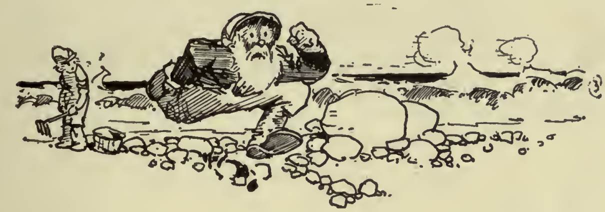


"They was three o' the critters 'round that fall,
And the little ones you'd scurce call small,
They was twenty foot long, and it's a cinch
The big feller was fifty if he was a inch.

"And say, yer'd ought to see 'em chase
A school o' herrin'! Why, the pace
They'd go through the water made it so hot
Our lobsters was b'iled in the lobster-pot.

"This 'ere day that I'm tellin' about,
The tide had gone most half-way out,
When me and dad went up the bay
Arter some clams fer bait next day.

"We kep' a-diggin' fer quite a spell,
When all ter onct Dad gives a yell,
Drops his clam-hoe, and like a fox,
Starts on the hot-foot over the rocks.



"I scurce knew what to make of it:
Thought at fust Dad had a fit,
'Cause, less'n he has to, Dad won't run
Fer any dang thing under the sun.

"But he hollers to me, 'They's a grampus thar
Left by the tide on the long sand-bar.'
So I drops my hoe and beats it, too,
To see whatever that whale would do.

"Wal, sir, what do yer think I see;
Not one of them stuck, but the whole dern three!
And yer'd better believe they was some splashin',
Why, it looked like a injine was doin' that thrashin'.

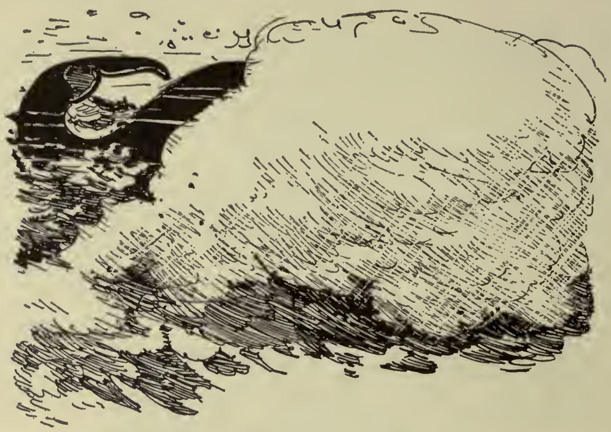
"Thar we stood ten minutes or more,
Afore the big feller got off'n the shore.
How he managed it, I couldn't see,
But thar he was, swimmin' off scot free.

"But the two little fellers had got on too far,
When they chased them herrin's acrost that bar.
They'd splash, and blow, and wriggle, and fight,
But they was stuck thar good and tight.

"'Kinder heartless,' Dad says to me,
P'intin' at the big one, headin' fer sea,
'He's all right, but the selfish cuss,
Won't help the others outer their muss.'

"Wal, sir, it seems like that fish heard
What Dad said ter me, yes, every word.
Fer all ter onct, he turned in his track
And come r'arin' and tearin' right straight back.

"In all your days, I'm willin' ter bet
Yer never see what my eyes then met;
A fish that was fifty foot long, at least,
Travellin' like lightnin', 'nd as tho' he was greased.



"He came so fast he was hid by foam,
And I sure wish'd that I was home,
Fer if he'd hit that bar kerslap,
He'd knocked us and the island clean off 'n the map.

"By crickety! How that fish did fly,
And the water in front was piled so high
It looked like a tidal wave or a bore
Was headed fer whar we stood on shore.

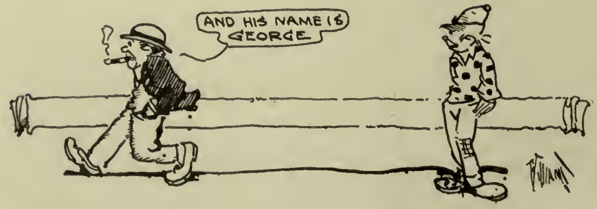
"Just afore he'd gone so far
That nothin' would keep him from hittin' the bar,
He veered to the right, and dove below,
And then disappeared from that day's show.

"But that mountain o' water kep' on straight,
Travellin' like a limited freight.
With a roar it broke on that bar o' sand
Whar the two little fellers was still on hand.

"They seen it comin', and when it hit
They dove right inter the midst of it.
They swum like time agin that wave,
And slid off 'n the bar by a narrow shave.

"Now, folks 'll say a fish can't think,
But I'd like ter know what that was, by jink!
And if you reckon I'm lyin' ter you,
Go ask Dad; he'll tell yer it's true."

In silence I pondered this marvellous tale
Of the crafty, intelligent, brotherly whale.
Did I believe it? Why shouldn't I?
His name is George, and he cannot lie.


AND HIS NAME IS GEORGE

On the Campaign Circuit

By the Editor

THE *modus operandi* of the organization of a political campaign or the exploitation of new expositions of party faith to stir up political sentiment quickly and effectively seems like the revision of a quadrennial chart.

The campaign headquarters are opened, more or less money received (no tainted money accepted) and duly washed and laundered. The doors are labeled with names, the carpets and desks and chairs provided, a big waste-basket installed, and the ubiquitous "Torchy" put on the job. For a time it seems as if "Torchy" and the blonde telephone girl are going to run the shebang, because everyone else is "out to lunch." The salesmen find appropriations exhausted, policies not determined on and all things chaotic. About the third day, expressmen get busy, packages, photographs, designs and paintings arrive, until it looks as if a new periodical was ready to bloom. Then accumulate reports, patent devices for sharpening pencils and pasting postage stamps and other paraphernalia of a literary bureau. Typewriters start clicking, and the duello of statements begins; the switch is turned on, and the campaign circuit is complete.

Sometimes they get the wires crossed, and the wayfaring inquirer finds himself in the wrong quarters, but it does not matter in these days of co-operation and concentration.

At the lunch stands, the rival campaign managers quietly talk matters over, and the people wonder how they can look at each other in complacency, while belonging to opposing factions and saying awful things about each other's party and platform. But there is a comradeship in modern business that has made rivals and competitors friends, and it has permeated even the political camps.

On the campaign circuit, the old-fashioned stump speaker is only a fading vision of the past. The modern stumpers in the rear of a decorated automobile fly around here and there, stopping at available corners, just getting an audience and pouring out their story. But in the meantime the people are busy, almost too busy to listen, and many too busy to read, but not too busy to cast that quadrennial vote which every four years rings down the curtain on the campaign stage.

* * *

Into the national headquarters are pouring in all sorts of suggestions for capturing votes. The methods of a political campaign have changed somewhat in the last twelve years. Today a political maneuver is conducted something as an exposition is exploited. Public opinion is not "made" so much as directed. At the conferences at headquarters, whether at the Republican headquarters in the Times Building or at the Democratic headquarters in Fifth Avenue—the site of the old Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, where Thomas Platt used to hold his "Amen corner" dinners—there is a gleam of humor. The big men gather at the table and tell stories, and seem to be nothing more than big boys. Then after everyone is thoroughly humanized, they get down to business and settle big propositions in a few minutes. This note of humor is akin to sympathy, just that broad sympathy for which Abraham Lincoln was criticized during the trying days of the Civil War.

One of the visitors at the Democratic headquarters was George Fred Williams of Massachusetts. What Democratic assembly would be complete without George Fred Williams, who in the days of Bryan's candidacy was one of the foremost figures? He still maintains that placid poise and wears a red necktie, and revives memories of the Democratic Convention at Chicago in 1896.

One of the delegates was Jeremiah O'Sullivan, who entered wearing a hat some two feet wide and otherwise attired in a manner that could not escape notice as he passed down the aisle of delegates. Some friends inquired, "Jerry, why do you wear a hat like that?"

"I will tell you," he whispered, "I made up my mind to attract attention. When George Fred Williams prances down the aisle they say 'there goes George Fred Williams' and when Dave Hill's bald head appears, they whisper 'there's Hill.' But never a word has been said of Jeremiah O'Sullivan for two whole sessions, so I decided to get a hat big enough to make it talk—one of the Gainsborough variety, you know. And now they're

JOSEPHUS DANIELS

In charge of the literary bureau of the Democratic National Committee. He hails from North Carolina, where he is the editor of the Raleigh *News and Observer* talking—hear 'em—'There goes Jeremiah O'Sullivan—'

"It doesn't always matter what is under the hat. Perhaps that is why women wear gorgeous headgear in contrast to the buzzy, fuzzy fiz-wheels they used to wear."

Jeremiah felt that he had solved the problem of fame at that convention.

* * *

The elevators that ply to the eleventh floor of the Times Building were kept busy in October. At the Republican headquarters Mr. Hilles, with his secretaries Mr. Yoakam and Mr. Wagner, was rushing out correspondence and gathering up the threads for the closing days of the campaign. Mr. David S. Barry was found in charge of the Press Bureau, and prepared the heavy gun literature of the campaign. There is no limit to the suggestions made to discourage hesitancy in the political campaign. There are purveyors of buttons, badges, flags, fans, electric signs, advertising, music and all sorts of ideas with which to impress and influence the voters. The business idea predominates now in all great national campaigns. In the Literary Bureau they are keeping careful watch of all the different statements and reports of the candidates and their managers. In a corner room is Mr. J. B. Reynolds, secretary of the Committee, looking after all details, not excepting the pay-rolls. William Barnes, Jr., is there a few days every week in an advisory capacity, and his thorough grasp of details of political campaigns reveals not only his inherited genius derived from his grandfather, Thurlow Weed, but every move shows his acquired experience gained in handling matters in Empire State politics. Then there is "Governor" Paige who seems to know about every statement made and every maneuver timed in the political scoops of a half century.

JOSEPH E. DAVIES
The energetic young attorney from Madison, Wisconsin, who has given active service to the National Democratic Committee. Since college days he has been interested in Democratic politics. He is the son-in-law of Colonel John H. Knight, who was closely associated with William F. Vilas, prominent during the Cleveland administration

W. F. McCOMBS
Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Mr. McCombs was very active in the preliminary campaign in securing the nomination of Dr. Wilson. He is a son of Arkansas and a graduate of Princeton, has all the fire of Southern chivalry and hopes some day to see in the presidential chair a man born south of Mason and Dixon's line

The whole personnel of the committee has been thoroughly brought into unison and methodical co-operation under the direction of Charles D. Hilles, chairman, the personal representative of the President. Nothing has interfered with carrying out the high-minded and conscientious purposes of the candidate to make the campaign clean and square in every detail. Visitors wait about the room patiently reading and re-reading the newspapers, and the steady click of busy typewriters indicates how the management of political campaigns has become a thorough and businesslike procedure. General Erly, the Washington newspaper man, seems to know everybody and just how to handle people, and incidentally to prepare a good story. The policy of the Republican Committee seemed to be rather to wait and not push matters until the closing days of the campaign, realizing that in making old-fashioned "sody water" there was just the right time to put in the "sody" to effervesce, and if it effervesced too soon or too late it was stale—and the political campaign gone stale is hopeless and pathetic. It was early determined to throw vividly and graphically before the people the proposition of continuing the administration under which the country has prospered and developed as never before. And later the bill-boards fairly blazed, when a hurricane homestretch campaign was launched.

HENRY MORGENTHAU
The chairman of the Democratic Finance Committee. He has concentrated his efforts upon reaching the small contributor of funds, and declares that if Wilson is elected, he will owe it to the dollar contributions from men and women in all parts of the country

Although men are still in command at political headquarters the suffrage movement has made its impress. One lady visitor held six men as an audience while she expatiated on the work the women are doing to help the feeble-minded and the helpless, and outlined the opportunities that were opening for women to do their full duty as citizens, not only in voting but in taking upon themselves the brunt of the work, looking after those weaker, and caring for those who cannot take care of themselves. "Well," said Seton Thompson, who was indeed a bit startled at the remark about helping the feeble-minded, "what do you propose to do for the men?"

"Oh," replied the lady, "we just marry them. That is how we take care of *them.*" The activity of women in the campaign of 1912 is more pronounced than ever before.

who had been led to love and admire the keen judgment and ability of this young lawyer who gained a countrywide reputation for his conduct of the Wilson pre-nomination campaign.

Nearly two hundred employees had to be housed and their efforts directed into a telling fight.

When Rolla Wells, treasurer of the National Committee, sauntered into headquarters with a cigar firmly clutched in his teeth and inspected the army of workmen who were building partitions and moving desks, he remarked:

ROLLA WELLS

Who came on from St. Louis to preside over the treasury of the Democratic National Committee. He has to his credit two terms as mayor of St. Louis and the third class Red Eagle decoration by Emperor William III

"This is all very exhilarating, but we cannot carry on a campaign along these lines. Let's get settled and then get to work."

And as if by magic, the debris was cleared away and a well-regulated, well-equipped, enthusiastic organization resulted.

It was amusing to watch old-timers like Tom Taggart, or Norman E. Mack, enter

There were no clocks at the Democratic National headquarters in the Fifth Avenue Building. As one of the elevator boys in the building remarked grimly, "Them people don't seem to have no starting or quitting time."

Chaotic conditions confronted the various chiefs of Bureaus when they walked into national headquarters last August. The illness of National Chairman William F. McCombs had had a depressing effect on the different members of the National Committee and the Campaign Committee, headquarters. These men are keen of sight, keen of mind. They watched, listened and agreed that a new order of affairs had entered into the Democratic party as well as the country.

"I have had a wonderful diet of fish all summer long," remarked Thomas Taggart. "Fish is said to be great for the brains. Therefore, I have learned, and I like the education. This new order of affairs is a go."

J. ADAM BEDE

The Minnesota political humorist. He was sent on the trail of Colonel Roosevelt to the Coast and delivered some of those racy orations which won him fame in the House of Representatives

The personnel of the campaign headquarters is interesting. One could not help but notice the prominence of young men, many of whom had never before had a part in a presidential campaign.

Joseph E. Davies, the Secretary of the National Committee, has held the reins in the West, and is the young man to whom, with Wm. H. McCombs, belongs a good share of the credit for bringing about the Wilson nomination. "Joe" Davies hails from Wisconsin, where he has had a successful career as a lawyer. He entered politics the same time he entered the field of law, and made many friends during his service as District Attorney of his native county in Wisconsin. In May, 1910, he was made permanent State Chairman of the Democratic party in Wisconsin, and soon after he had the honor of being the youngest member elected to the Democratic National Committee. He has had full charge of the Wilson campaign in the West, and the "old guard" has watched his movements with unusual interest.

William G. McAdoo, the Acting Chairman of the Committee, is primarily a business man, and has shown rare powers of leadership.

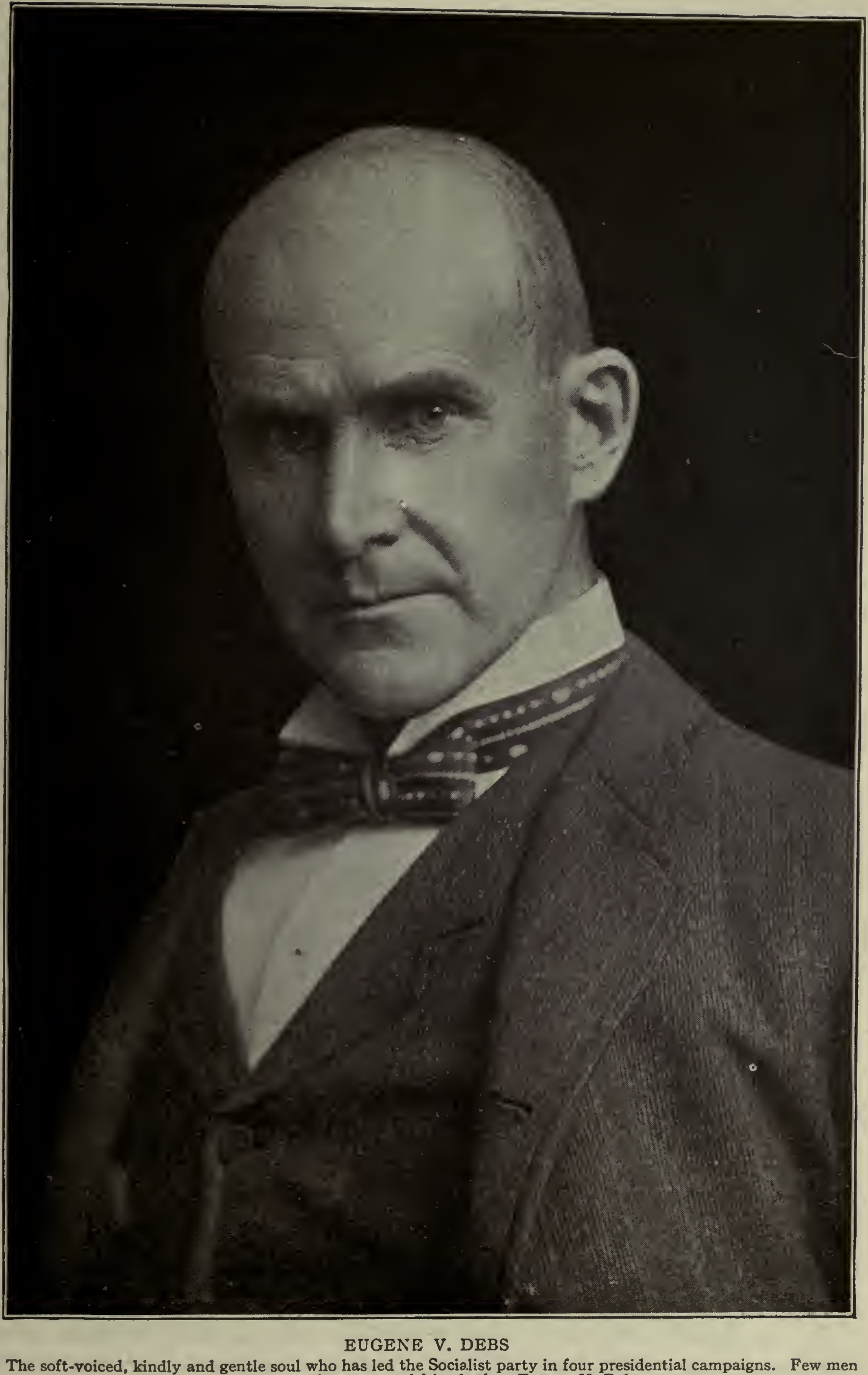
The Finance Committee, under the direction of Henry Morgenthau, as National Chairman, kept a score of new plans working in the collection of funds—for funds are necessary in the conduct of a national campaign.

Special Bureaus have grown like mushrooms during the present campaign. The Woman's Wilson and Marshall organization has added to the picturesqueness by the enthusiastic efforts of the leaders to grasp some of the alleged knotty political problems. Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, a prominent leader in New York society, has given as much energy and ability to the campaign as many of the most conspicuous politicians.

Frank T. Walsh, one of the most distinguished attorneys of Kansas City, opened up a special bureau in behalf of the Civic Center movement. Mr. Walsh and his legion of followers are advocating back to the schoolhouse ideas and believe that four years from now the question of holding public meetings in the public schools will be one of the features of the campaign.

* * *

For two presidential campaigns Josephus Daniels has had charge of the Literary Bureau of the Democratic National Committee. In a corner room on the sixth floor Josephus now reigns, in command of a battalion of typewriters. Literature and photos of the campaign were being dispatched at a lively rate. Photographs of the candidates and buttons were there for all. Judge Wade from Iowa was smoking a cigar and—thinking. Someone



EUGENE V. DEBS
The soft-voiced, kindly and gentle soul who has led the Socialist party in four presidential campaigns. Few men have more close personal friends than Eugene V. Debs

was telling a joke on Josephus Daniels and everybody stopped to listen. Mr. Daniels had scarcely visited his home since the Baltimore convention, but when he returned the old negro "mammy," who had been in his family for years, remarked to the colored man mowing the lawn, "How well Marse Daniels am lookin' since he went down to New York."

"What's he been doin'?" asked the darkey.

"Don' you know?" incredulous.

"No, never heard."

"Why, he is down there servin' with a society for 'lectin' Presidents."

When the information was given that Mr. Wilson was the Democratic candidate, the colored gentlemen confidentially remarked in a whisper, "Huh, I thought Mr. Bryin gen'rally ran fer President."

It is down here among the homefolks that you find the real Josephus. You must go to Raleigh, North Carolina, where for many years he has presided over the destinies of the *News and Observer* to know why, out of all the Democratic editors of the country, Josephus Daniels has been selected for his vital work in the presidential campaign. Almost night and day his North Carolina editorial office is open to visitors, and there is a pile of letters and mail from correspondents, for the *Raleigh News and Observer* has a strong personal hold upon its readers. The paper is as devotedly read and trusted as was Greeley's *Tribune* in "the sixties," and, consequently, Josephus is one of the few types remaining of a personal generation in the world of journalism.

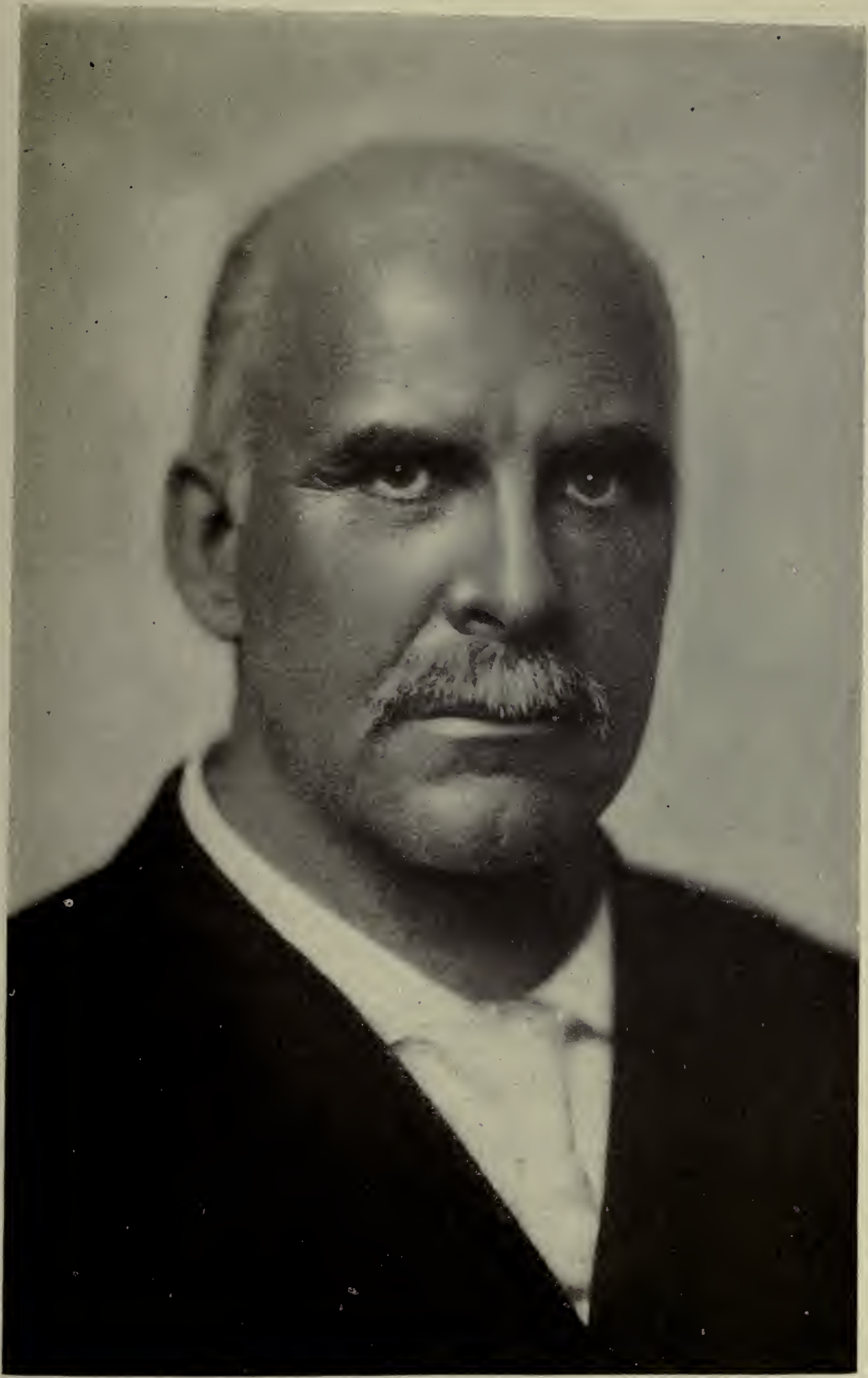
The New York *Evening Post* has called him "a daguerreotype," having discovered no other more serious high-sounding title. In hot weather Josephus wears crash suits with the collars turned down at a low altitude, and a black bow tie. His glasses are anchored on a bit of black tape. Back of it all is a serious, kindly face such as would charm you in a cameo. But when he talks you feel the real charm of Josephus. He writes as he talks—rapidly—and is a young, old-fashioned man.

He was born in Washington, North Carolina, during the Civil War and began his newspaper career at Wilson in the Tar Heel State. With a reputation as an independent and incisive writer, he has bearded the lion in his den in speaking his mind, and at one time was held in custody by United States marshals because of this straight way of talking with a pencil and paper. Josephus has always been recognized as one of the most intimate friends of William Jennings Bryan and whenever the peerless leader is in the field, there is Josephus. Mrs. Daniels is a sister of Ensign Worth Bagley, the first American naval officer to fall in the Spanish-American War, in whose honor a handsome monument stands in the State House Square in Raleigh. Mr. Tom Pence, the Washington correspondent of the Raleigh *News and Observer*, is gayly skipping along as assistant national chairman. Pence was prominent in the early activities in behalf of Governor Wilson's candidacy, and is continuing his work with a long and strong pull. Mr. J. C. Hammond as press representative shares with Josephus Daniels the honor of conducting a most effective political publicity bureau.

* * *

High up on the twenty-eighth floor of the Metropolitan Building are the Progressive party headquarters. There is a large assembly where the guests gather on camp chairs and talk it over, and you are likely to find almost anyone there. One day I found General Dan Sickles busy looking over his papers and getting ready some material for the campaign, insisting that he was a full-fledged "Moose." The General is eighty-seven years old but full of vigor. The elevators were shooting up and down like a catapult, carrying the enthusiastic Roosevelt supporters, and when O. K. Davis of the Publicity Committee puts his initials on a piece of copy it is O. K. in more ways than one.

The nomination of Hon. Oscar E. Straus, former secretary of Commerce and Labor, as Governor of New York on the Progressive ticket was felt to be a master stroke, even if it was accomplished by "Suspender Jack" after a bitter fight between Pendergast and Hitchcock. The spectacle of Jews and Gentiles singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers" at the con-



DR. EUGENE W. CHAFIN

Although a son of Arizona, he has led the Prohibition party in the presidential campaign. A forceful speaker and organizer, he has indeed had an enthusiastic personal following

vention close, shows how racial prejudices are being wiped out during the campaign, and those words of Lincoln come to mind that "every man must be given credit for some virtue and it is not the providence of brother man to judge" and to damn his brother man just because he does not believe as he does on political issues.

* * *

Since the strenuous days of the Convention, Chicago has never lost the political fever. The western metropolis has long been recognized as one of the important political storm centers, and early in the campaign the various parties had established themselves in pretentious headquarters. The Republican cohorts hold forth on the second floor of the Auditorium. Temporary partitions were provided and the place elaborately decorated with flags and a gigantic picture of President Taft. A messenger sits at his post and takes in the names of visitors. Piles of literature are scattered about and in a corner room Mr. David W. Mulvane was found in charge of headquarters. Harry Litchfield West keeps the typewriter battery busy furnishing the literature, and Congressman Campbell with his old-time editorial instinct, plans how to get the literature out to the papers. There must be a statement prepared for the newspapers, every few hours, and Mr. Dekama, Chairman of the Speakers' Committee, has his room for preparing orators for the "home stretch" rush. Adam Bede had just dropped in fresh from a campaign. His voice was deepened from open air speaking, and he was making active preparations to go on Colonel Roosevelt's track through the west. There was just a glimpse of Dr. John Wesley Hill between his shooting across the continent to fill various engagements.

DAVID W. MULVANE
From the Sunflower state. Mr. Mulvane has been in charge of the Chicago headquarters of the Republican National Committee, and has conducted a vigorous campaign

The rooms open on a veranda overlooking the lake, and pacing that terrace were campaign managers with wrinkled brows, thoughtfully figuring out what would take care of this situation and that situation. Meanwhile the mail pours in, with reports and counter reports.

The Democrats also invaded Chicago, and Mr. Frank B. Lord was sent from New York to Chicago to take charge of headquarters. There has been an interchange of men all along the line. The enthusiasm of the Wilson men has not abated since the result at Baltimore, and nothing was neglected to make "every little movement" count.

* * *

Amid the heavy cannonading of mutual recriminations, charges and counter charges of the campaign, it is refreshing to come across instances of that saving humor which while it may neither remove nor dull the barb of an oratorical arrow, at least lessens the more bitter phases of political warfare. Adam Bede, the Minnesota political humorist, had large and enthusiastic audiences wherever he went, for he never can repress the perennial stream of picturesque northwestern originality which seems to pervade his every public utterance. His description of the "bosses" was one of the most racy bits of political speaking that has traveled over the wires. He has never lost his well-earned laurels as one of the keenest wits that ever sat in the House of Representatives. He was after the indomitable Colonel tooth and nail, and he gave a real campaign "reply" to the Colonel's prophecy that "the bosses will be beaten two to one in November."

"There can be no doubt of that," said J. Adam. "First of all, he himself, the most ambitious of bosses, controlling the grass country; the exalted ruler of the herd, dishorned, denatured and disgraced (how is that for 'apt alliteration's artful aid'?) will bite the dust to roam the political plains no more forever.

"Then there is the little millionaire baby Moose of the Chicago *Tribune*, Medill McCormick, boss of the Kindergarten Mooses of the Sucker State, eager for a foreign mission and a European water cure. Reincarnation of hereditary and historic heresies, 'so young and yet so fair' he must go to the slaughter, and worst of all (isn't there a rather cannibalistic suggestion in this?) cannot pass the pure food inspections of the Taft Administration."

At least J. Adam's word caricatures were unique, and the people demanded more. So down the list he went, from "Tim" Woodruff to "Boss" Flinn. It was like a flashlight lecture, only the subjects were campaign leaders, from the ranks of the opposing party.

There was comparatively very little speaking done during the early part of the campaign until the inimitable J. Adam Bede and John Maynard Harlan, son of the late Justice Harlan, were sent after Colonel Roosevelt on the trip across the continent. They certainly sent in hot shot, grape and canister. The long list of old-time speakers who in past years thundered in political campaigns is very much abbreviated this year. Bourke Cockran and Senator Beveridge for the Progressives were great attractions, but their work was overshadowed by the tour of the intrepid Colonel Roosevelt himself. In the Democratic list William Jennings Bryan, Speaker Champ Clark and George Fred Williams and other heavy guns were brought out to spike the guns of their dual-headed opponent. There was no lack of vigor in the Socialist or Prohibition ranks, and the irrepressible Debs and Dr. Chafin spared neither time nor energy in the campaign. The West seemed to be the happy stumping-ground, and the busy battalion of noted speakers, led by Senator La Follette, in the fight on Colonel Roosevelt, furnished a unique phase of the five-cornered presidential campaign, and the voters just looked on and did the heavy thinking. The bill-boards blazed with proclamations, the brass bands blared, but business pushed right on with bumper crops and prosperity at hand to discount the future. There was never a campaign in which the "big interests" were apparently so entirely divorced from political activity, and the Senatorial investigation with its thrilling stories of political philanthropy passed on as a memory. The thrills on the political campaigns current in former years had to give way to interest in the baseball struggle between the Giants and the Red Sox, while the government at Washington went merrily on in anticipation of a presidential inauguration in 1913 that will share honors with the opening of the Panama Canal as one of the two great events of the calendar year.

THE
Chief Executive of the Boy Scouts

A CHAT WITH JAMES E. WEST

ONE of the jolliest forenoons I have ever enjoyed was spent with Mr. James E. West, Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America. The marvelous success of the National Boy Scout movement is easily understood when one knows the personnel of its officers. If ever there was a man who is a boy right through every fibre of his buoyant nature, it is James E. West. Born in Washington and so afflicted in boyhood that he was unable to run and play, none understood better than he the real hunger for play that possesses the heart of a boy.

Paradoxical it now seems, but the Chief Executive officer of the Boy Scouts of America—an order noted for its healthful, athletic boys—was not many years ago a cripple. He was raised in an orphan institution in Washington, D. C., but in spite of handicaps there was an indomitable spirit in James E. West that conquered obstacles and made the drudgeries of life a pastime.

One day during his life at the institution, a good lady became fascinated with the little cripple lad, and later she became as a mother to him. He took an earnest interest in the institution which had been his home from early childhood, and alone and single-handed instituted many important reforms. The boy grew up, studious and hard-working; he became a stenographer; later he studied law and

JAMES E. WEST
Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America

was admitted to the bar. With the same persistence that he pursued his profession, he conquered his physical weakness, and today James E. West joins in the march and in the sports with the three hundred thousand Boy Scouts whom he has helped to organize.

Mr. West is enthusiastic about the movement, and is never too busy to talk of his boys and of their great organization. There are three degrees: tenderfoot, second-class and first-class scouts. The title of Eagle Scout is given only after these three degrees are passed and when tests in twenty-one different useful and amusing activities, such as firemanship, gardening, woodcraft, cooking, horsemanship and handicraft have been satisfactorily completed. It was shortly before my call on Mr. West that the first Eagle Scout had been given his title. "He had proven his proficiency," said Mr. West, "in poultry farming, painting, horsemanship, dairying, bicycling, cooking, chemistry, electricity, gardening, pathfinding and swimming. Now what more could you ask of an American boy?"

It is easy to see that this training soon develops the average boy into a mentally, morally and physically self-reliant young man, who will have a marked influence upon

Blanket Tossing at Camp 1911, Denver, Colorado

This Troop, the Lowry Hill Boy Scouts, did not miss a Saturday all winter

The Camp Fire—Troop No. 8, St. Louis

Troop No. 8, St. Louis, in camp at Bourbon

WRITING REPORTS—TROOP NO. 8, ST. LOUIS

SIGNAL CORPS OF THE BOSTON BOY SCOUTS

DENVER, COLORADO, BOY SCOUTS, LINED UP FOR SIGNAL PRACTICE

"MAKING A BED"—COOPERSTOWN BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

the manhood of the future. Mr. West also told me of the Honor Medal for life saving, and from a letter read a simple account of how a St. Paul Boy Scout rescued a brother scout from drowning, pulling him by the hair a distance of twenty yards to the shore. The rescued boy was limp, but his savior had studied "first aid work" in the Scout Manual, and he brought the unconscious boy back to life.

The Scout movement has so interested the people of America that the Common Councils of various cities are taking cognizance of what it means in developing sturdy, self-reliant young manhood.

In Poughkeepsie, New York, medals are given to boys who qualify in ten different phases of civic knowledge and activities. The Boy Scout must be able to read a map, to give the names of the streets, the location of the fire alarm boxes and fire companies, the locations of public buildings, factories, the names of railroads and steamboat lines touching Poughkeepsie—in fact, he must be a walking guide of his own city. This is in line with English Boy Scout development. The American public first became personally interested in the movement when Mr. W. D. Boyce, returning from England, told of the boy he had met in London and asked for information, and the lad had refused a tip, insisting that he was a "Boy Scout."

During General Baden-Powell's recent visit to America he suggested to Mr. West the idea of scoutmasters' tours through England, and regular old-fashioned visits between English and American Boy Scouts. With credentials

WAITING FOR "TATTOO"
Headquarters tent and colors

from the Scout headquarters the scoutmaster will meet the Scout authorities abroad, and thus will never find himself a stranger, even in a foreign land.

After a visit to the Boy Scout headquarters on Fifth Avenue, New York, where all the plans are made, and after having seen the books and equipment which the boys purchase with their earnings, one is impressed by the object lesson in the business education and thrift that the movement has inspired. The boys fill out their order-blanks and requisitions in a business-like way and call for everything that a boy's heart could desire, from a scout uniform to mess-kits, knives, flags, patrol flags, whistles, drinking-cups and even telegraphic instruments. Altogether, in impulse and action the Boy Scouts are in training for the important roles they are to play, as men, in the country's future development.

Mingling with the boys in their scout work brings back those days when we were possessed of an impulse to pack our kit and go into the woods and boil eggs over the log fire for a taste of camp life. Each little hill and stream became associated in fancy with some historical scene. The Boy Scouts are influenced by the same thrill, and what man could resist helping the manly little fellows who have taken the scout oath, and who have volunteered in one of the most important movements in the country, determined to be real, manly boys and boyish men. With the preservation of this boyishness in manhood and of manliness in boyhood, the vigor and vitality of the future American citizen is assured, and the friendly rivalry of the Boy Scouts and the Campfire Girls constitutes a development that augurs well for the future of the country.

A LIFE

(In Memory of a True Woman)

By BELLE TAYLOR

A LIFE full of patient labor,
  Of suffering mingled with joy.
A kindly word to the neighbor,
  A faith that naught could destroy.

A strong heart which sometimes grew weary,
  When the burden was heavy to bear.
But life could not long seem dreary
  For hope took the place of despair.

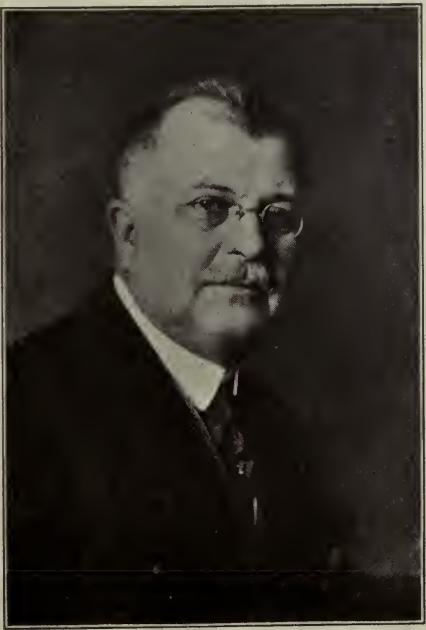
A life that went out in deep silence
  As a wave recedes from the shore:
But the heavens rang with sweet music
  When that life was wafted o'er.

And the hopes, the dreams and the longing.
  Conceived of that soul while on earth,
Up into that life came thronging,
  And sprang into glorious birth.

Toledo's Famous Art Museum

by Flynn Wayne

AFTER visiting, alas, too often in the manner and galloping gait of the American tourist, many of the art galleries of this country and Europe, there was a refreshing leisure commanded when the new Toledo Museum of Art was inspected shortly after its opening. This institution and the story of its inception and dedication brought home the real democracy of art development in America.



EDWARD DRUMMOND LIBBEY
The first president of the Toledo Museum of Art

Ten years ago one hundred and twenty men subscribed $10 each annually to start the Toledo Museum of Art. There was no blare of trumpets—it was simply an earnest and determined attempt to develop the art spirit at home. In an old-fashioned residence, the upper floors were converted into galleries for the exhibition of paintings, sculptures, bronzes and other art exhibits temporarily loaned to the Association. These temporary exhibitions attracted the people. Clubs were organized among the rich and poor for the study of art history, and meetings were held which drew people together. It was, indeed, a popular movement. The public schools became interested, talks on art were given to the children, and when American youth takes up any movement with earnest enthusiasm, look out!

Into the stores, the factories and the shops of Toledo, into the church and school alike, the art spirit permeated.

The pyramid of pennies contributed by the children and factory operatives of Toledo were displayed in store windows, and soon the dreams of an art building began to crystallize into a reality.

The first president of the Toledo Art Association was Mr. Edward Drummond Libbey; Mr. Almon C. Whiting, the first director, was succeeded two years later by Mr. George W. Stevens, whose name has become indissolubly linked with the new museum. With the ardor of a crusader, he and his charming wife have worked incessantly to promote the movement which was to mean so much not only to Toledo and her people, but to the nation at large. What a perfect hour it must have been for Mr. Stevens, when from a bed of illness he was rolled one day into the just completed temple of art. As he looked upon the triumph of his years of work in gathering together the exhibits and the funds for the museum, he must indeed have been gratified.

A simple building of white marble, de-

THE TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART

THE MAGNIFICENT SCULPTURE COURT OF THE TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART signed in the Greek Ionic style of the age of Pericles, the Toledo Art Museum stands in the heart of the residential part of Toledo amid a grove of grand old oaks. Its two hundred feet of frontage bravely displays a broad terrace of granite and white marble, three hundred feet wide by two hundred feet deep, graced by a large fountain and an ample pool. It is a structure which would distinguish any city. From the terrace one enters the main floor, which contains the court of sculptures, twelve large exhibition galleries, and a free art reference library with a capacity of five thousand volumes.

MRS. NINA SPALDING STEVENS
Who, with Mr. Stevens, was a leading spirit in the establishment of Toledo's new art temple

A great and happy throng filled the Toledo Art Museum on the night of its formal opening, and the fragrant floral offerings told of the tender and affectionate regard of the people of Toledo. The building and grounds represent an expenditure of $400,000, and it seemed to me as I wandered through the magnificent building on its opening night about the best $400,000 worth of taste and beauty ever represented by an art museum. One half of the amount necessary for the museum was the gift of the president, Mr. Edward Drummond Libbey; the other half was raised by popular subscription, in sums ranging from a few pennies to fifteen thousand dollars. To this fund practically everyone in Toledo contributed, and the night it was opened the museum was entirely free from debt and supported with an endowment made up of voluntary contributions from twelve hundred active members—and active they are. The splendid site of the new building is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Drummond Libbey, and was formerly part of the homestead of Mrs. Libbey's family.

GEORGE W. STEVENS
The director of the Toledo Museum of Art

The influence of the Toledo Museum of Art will be far-reaching. Without the incentive of a bequest, without a fund of any kind, and without municipal aid, the Museum represents the art spirit of the thriving city which is already famous for its "Golden Rule" mayor. Art knows no country, and is unbounded by geographical limits, and this gallery is a triumph of art democracy. How gratifying were the tributes paid by many of the contributing artists to the taste and judgment with which the paintings were hung by Mr. and Mrs. Stevens. The Royal Academy could boast of no more artistic arrangement. From the cozy little home of the Stevens', with its quaint suggestions of picturesque England, radiates the aurora of that artistic instinct that has found its expression in the triumphs of the Toledo Art Museum.

To observe the throngs that gathered in the rooms of the Museum that opening night, intently silent as they surveyed the masterpieces loaned by prominent men and great artists from all parts of this country and Europe, was in itself an inspiration. The collection included works of many old masters, as well as the masterpieces of the best American and European artists, together with many interesting exhibits of modern and Oriental art. There was much to thrill patriotic pride in the exhibits of American work, beginning with the Quaker artist, Benjamin West, born in 1738, John Singleton Copley, his contemporary, and their English competitors of the eighteenth century—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Raeburn, Romney and others. Director Stevens insists that if it were not for the initiative of American painters, modern English art would be deprived of much of its lustre. In recent years Sargent, Whistler, Homer, Hunt, and others have competed with English artists in a manner that has greatly benefited art in general and has reflected great credit upon American painters. More than at any other art exhibition, there was emphasized at this Toledo opening the exalted position of America in the world of art. The Toledo Museum of Art has already done much to awaken a loyalty to America's contribution to the art universal. My own memories, beyond a grateful sense of the kindest courtesy, recall the masterpieces of Turner, Constable, Watts and Rossetti; the classics of the low countries; Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Hals and Rubens; the more graceful compositions of Millet, Corot and Barbizon—all together grouped in that beautiful combination of color and design that contrasts and brings out the subtle strength and beauty of each artist's masterpiece, forming a *mise en scène* that makes the view of these masterpieces the passing panorama of the art and inspiration of the ages.

The hours were all too brief—every moment was refreshing. The study of this wealth of the age on canvas was indeed an ocular and artistic feast, well worthy of an institution and an occasion that makes a memorable advance in the art development of the great Middle West.

EVER TRUE

AH! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear'

—*Heart Throbs, II.*

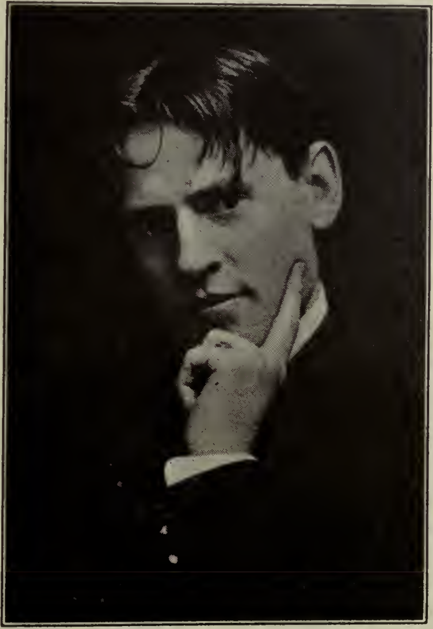
A Remarkable History of the Bible

Recently Prepared by Dr. Harry Lorenzo Chapin and his Wife

by W · C · Jenkins

DR. HARRY LORENZO CHAPIN'S new book, "The History of the Bible," is one of the most valuable contributions to scriptural literature which has been given the world for several years. This remarkable work is the result of the labor of almost a lifetime. It embodies the opinions and explanations on disputed biblical questions of one of the leading students of Hebrew traditions. Dr. Chapin's opinions were not formed as a result of reading the Bible alone; they were reached after an extended research into the original Hebrew writings and a personal contact with the lineal descendants of the chosen people, the Syrians, Arabians and Armenians during a sojourn of several years in the Holy Land.

There have been many books written on the Holy Land. The story of the Bible has often been discussed in poetry and prose, but it is doubtful if any modern writer has experienced the difficulties and made the sacrifices which Dr. Chapin was compelled to encounter before he could feel that his studies were sufficiently complete to enable him to undertake the work of writing a modern history of the Bible. When he first started in the work he was a young man in his teens. He was a perfect specimen of health, had a splendid physique, was full of enthusiasm and ambition, a student at Oberlin College, and, withal, imbued with those sentiments which a pious mother instills into the minds of her children. Notwithstanding the fact that the sight of one eye has been lost entirely, and that of the other is impaired, caused by the glare of the sun of the hot Arabian Desert where he and his dragoman were lost for several days, he nevertheless feels that his sacrifice was not in vain.



DR. HARRY LORENZO CHAPIN

Dr. Chapin says as a preface to his work: "My object in writing the 'History of the Bible' is principally to condense its meaning into as few words as I consider consistent with the original narrative. I have experienced by social contact with young men and women that many of them have never read a single book of the Old or New Testament, because they were compelled to read so much to gain so little. My conclusion was that a laconic story of the Scriptures that would embody the historical as well as the inspirational, the spiritual as well as the temporal, into a volume exempt of the superfluity of words already inscribed, would be read by them with more understanding and with greater assiduity, thus making them more familiar with the Word of God, and also causing them to have greater love and honor for the divinity of the ever-reigning Deity. I do not pretend that this volume is a detailed account of the Bible, or a complete history, but I have elicited from its pages the substance and sentiment of characters and events both corporal and seraphic on earth and in Heaven."

Dr. Chapin engaged the best Hebrew scholars to translate important extracts from the original of Josephus, the great Jewish historian; he paid scholars in ancient Greek at Smyrna, birthplace of Homer, the first great poet, to translate Herodotus, the Greek historian; and while making his studies at Smyrna went to the city of Ephesus to visit the burial place of St. Luke and to follow in the footsteps of St. Paul the apostle to the Gentiles. It was there he gazed upon what remains of the great temple of Diana, built in honor of that great mythological hunting goddess. Here St. Paul was persecuted and driven from the city, but founded a church, to which afterwards he wrote his "Epistle to the Ephesians." Ephesus, about fifty miles north of Smyrna, is now uninhabited, and all that remains are the ruins which are very imposing, particularly those of the temple of Diana.

In his search for historical facts, Dr. Chapin visited Athens, where he secured the services of a scholarly Greek who could translate the principal tenets of the ancient Greek mythology into English, believing that Greek scholars have a better conception of their mythology than English scholars, because they can read between the lines, as it were, the English translations being more or less superficial. He spent considerable time in research among the libraries of Alexandria, Cairo, Bagdad, Teheran, Athens, and the principal cities of Europe. Much valuable information and assistance were gained in the British Museum. In the Holy Land, valuable aid was given him in the sanctuaries and monasteries of Jerusalem. Then again he got a great deal of inspiration from the records and traditions of the Anchorites, better known as the hermits who, when the world became corrupt during the dark ages, went into the deserts and wildernesses to be free from unholy environments.

Dr. Chapin says that he received more information about ancient Babylon from the works of Sir Henry Rawlinson, the great English explorer and archeologist of Babylon and Nineveh, than from any other source. During his studies he spent many hours in discussion with W. T. Stead, the English author who lost his life on the Titanic. Among other Roman authorities, Dr. Chapin consulted the works of Pliny, the greatest of Roman historians, and also studied Roman and Carthaginian anthropology and eugenics.

It was Dr. Chapin's endeavor to blend the spiritual impressions of the Bible in a beautiful story, and in this work he was ably assisted by his wife, Mrs. Anna Fries Chapin, who has given her husband great assistance in his literary work and investigations. She also has traveled extensively in Europe, through the Holy Land and in the Far East, and to her kindly encouragement and optimistic influence Dr. Chapin attributes his successful completion of the work.

Dr. Chapin spent four years and three months in the Holy Land. He followed the footsteps of the children of Israel from the time Moses and Aaron left Memphis until they reached the Promised Land. He had purchased three dromedaries, and with his two dragomen he pursued the rarely traveled routes in true Arab fashion. He says that to one who is about to take the dromedary trip to Bagdad, the desert is infinitely more appalling than the pen can possibly describe. The long stretches of dreary desert which open before him and appeal to the imagination of the traveler from the West, fill him with awe and fear. The Arabian traveler does not regard it with so much apprehension. He knows its dangers and its horrors, yet he loves it. It is the Arab's home; he never regarded the sea as his friend. Hardly have you left the fields of the shepherds when you perceive that the herbs, whenever found, are parched, and after you are a mile or two into the desert, nothing is visible except the blue sky and a great stretch of wild grayish sand

and rock. You journey on and on, feeling the absence of scenery and wondering at the majesty of the great expanse of waste. Occasionally the welcome sight of a broom-like brush, like that under which Elijah laid down and prayed that he might die, may be discerned in the distance. This and an occasional carcass of a camel or a dromedary which has fallen on its journey, alone break the monotony and sameness of the trip. "We rode against the hot winds," said he, "winds that came off a burning sand, and the thermometer registered 102 in the shade. The steel of our colored eyeglasses became so hot that we could not endure it over the eyes; it seemed preferable to brave the terrific glare of the sun and the sand. At night sleep was often impossible, and we lay wondering with misgivings as to what the morrow would bring forth."

The Arab does not enjoy the bustle of cities; he likes the desert for its fearfulness and for a retreat, wherein his confused mind may be calm and he can find new revelations. He enjoys the desert; it was the home of his ancestors. David and Elijah, Paul and Mohammed found solace in the desert, and even Jesus Christ when in anguish betook himself to its dreariness and angels ministered unto him.

The most skillful dragoman in Assyria cannot understand a map or guide you to a destination by geographical direction. He finds his way largely by nomadic instinct, a process very difficult to account for. The instinctive kindness and hospitality of the desert tribes are particularly noticeable. Where life is held on so precarious a tenure, it inevitably comes to be regarded as an inviolable trust by the man on whose mercy it is cast.

A wandering Arab has but to draw a circle around his camel in the sand and every scrap of his provisions is exempt from robbery, and the bitterest enemies are thus assured safety when in their respective tents.

No one but a man imbued with a noble idea would undertake the trip across the Arabian desert when Dr. Chapin made this journey. As a result of that trip he must spend the balance of his life in almost total blindness. The sight of one eye is entirely lost, while that of the other is far from normal. The Arabian desert is a great waste, waterless, barren and almost devoid of life save for a few inhabited oases. Its sand dunes are often piled up by the winds to a height of three hundred feet. These treacherous hills are exceedingly difficult to cross, and oftentimes in trying to avoid them a traveler is thrown miles away from his path. Dr. Chapin and his dragoman were lost for three days. They had wandered far from the usual course, and by the circuitous route they took, they traveled over six hundred miles across the burning sands before the ancient city

MRS. HARRY LORENZO CHAPIN

of Bagdad hove in sight. Once they had completely exhausted their food supplies and were compelled to subsist for several days on the fruits which they found in an oasis.

Dr. Chapin's mistake when crossing the desert was that he wore the familiar sun helmet instead of the red tarboosh and turban such as are worn by the Arabs. This headgear sweats the brow and keeps the perspiration over the superior maxillary nerve, which seems to warm it and keeps the eye in better condition.

* * *

Dr. Chapin stayed in Bagdad three weeks while his eyes were being treated. The native physicians predicted the entire loss of both eyes, but providentially they improved enough to enable him to continue his journey to Babylon. His object in going to Babylon was to see the ruins of that great city and the site of the hanging gardens, one of the seven wonders of the world. He had previously seen the Coliseum of Rome, the harbor site of the Colossus of Rhodes, the reputed foundations of Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem, the temple of Pharaohs at Alexandria, Egypt, the temple of Karnak in upper Egypt; the pyramids and Sphinx of Egypt, and now he wanted to see the rich valley of the Euphrates and the ruins of Babylon, where are still shown the remains of the famous Hanging Gardens of Babylon. With eyes weakened almost to blindness, but with a love for history and scriptural traditions, he gazed at the scene in bewilderment and amazement. "It seemed I could not leave this fascinating spot," said he, "and I lingered for hours as I contemplated the significance of what I saw." He said he always had a strange desire to visit the site of the temple of Nebuchadnezzar wherein Belshazzar saw the handwriting on the wall.

After staying in Babylon for a week Dr. Chapin went to the tomb of Ezra on the Tigris. He says this tomb is one of the most wonderful ruins in all Babylonia and the most imposing structure that stands in the ancient Chaldean empire. From the tomb of Ezra he went to Nineveh, a journey of four days by camel. The ancient city of Nineveh—the city which Jonah visited to denounce its wickedness and declare its speedy destruction—is nothing but a mass of ruins, although in places the great wall is plainly discernible. He stayed in that vicinity for two days, and while there was inspired with a strange desire to go to Mecca, but realizing the hazardous nature of such an undertaking, the idea was quickly abandoned, although during his sojourn in Arabia he saw thousands of pilgrims on their way to Mecca. The famous place is a Mohammedan walled city. It is said that Burton, the English traveler, is the only Christian who ever entered Mecca. He was disguised as an Arab, and was privileged to see the Kaaba Stone, the most sacred of Mohammedan relics. At Mecca may be seen to the best advantage the Subhi-Kazib, or the "false dawn of the morning." About 3.30 a.m. daylight appears and lasts for about thirty minutes, when darkness covers the earth again and two hours elapse before the true daylight comes. The "false dawn of the morning" is one of the greatest phenomenas of Arabia.

The land of the Samaritans was of especial interest to Dr. Chapin; he visited what remains of the Palace of the Ivory Throne, at one time the richest in the world, and known in history as the palace of Ahab. There he visited the well of Jacob where Jesus asked a drink of water from a Samaritan woman, the first person to whom Jesus acknowledged that he was the Messiah, and biblical students have always marveled that he should tell this to one of the Samaritans, the bitter enemies of the Jews. Jacob's well is one of the best authenticated holy places in all Palestine. There is little, if any doubt, that Jesus sat by this well. Pilgrims throng to the small enclosure with its low-roofed house, where they may partake of the water.

Dr. Chapin says that Damascus has preserved the manners and customs of he East better than any other city in Syria, and they have continued unchanged from generation to generation. There the ancient customs may be seen to the best advantage. Damascus is said to be the oldest city in the world. The ancient cities of Thebes, Memphis, Babylon and

Nineveh long ago ceased to exist, and nothing but the ruins remain. Yet Damascus, the former capital of nearly all Syria, is the most populous and flourishing city in Asia Minor. The place is first alluded to in the Bible during the time of Abraham, but after Abraham there is no further notice of Damascus until the reign of David, a period of nearly nine hundred years. At the beginning of our era Damascus was one of the many large and prosperous cities subject to Roman rule. It has retained its individuality during a period of four thousand years; it is of all eastern cities the most oriental, and its present inhabitants have come down from an ancestry of the earliest ages. The descendants of Ishmael may be seen in every bazaar, clad in simple but primitive garments, the same as those worn by Abraham when sojourning in that vicinity. There you may see a veritable Hebrew of the Hebrews, a son of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The Jews of Damascus have adhered with strict tenacity to the manners and customs of their ancestors.

DR. AND MRS. CHAPIN IN THE DESERT

Damascus is disappointing upon close inspection, although from a distance it seems an imposing city. Like most oriental places, it repels rather than invites the traveler who is not entirely imbued with scriptural ideas. The streets, except "The Street Called Straight," on which St. Paul is supposed to have lived, are narrow and crooked. Dr. Chapin visited many of the mosques and was particularly impressed with the Mosque of Ommiads, originally supposed to have been a heathen temple, but converted into a Christian church at the end of the fourth century. It then contained what was supposed to be the head of John the Baptist, and was named the Church of St. John. After the conquest of Damascus the mosque was destroyed. The place of St. Paul's conversion near the east gate and the point where he was lowered from the wall are traditionally sanctified locations.

Jerusalem Dr. Chapin describes as emphatically a mountain city, much as are scores of inland towns mentioned in the Bible. There are many sites of ancient cities far more conspicuous than that of Jerusalem, and although it was a good type of a mountain city it would not, as it exists at present, have offered peculiar advantages as the capital of a kingdom; so we must look for other qualifications it may have possessed. One, no doubt, was the abundant supply of water which there existed; plenty within to supply the garrison while drought without aided to destroy the besiegers.

Jerusalem is a city of contradictions; she excels in the anomaly of her customs which can scarcely be called civilized, though the city is the center of religious attraction for the Christian world. In Jerusalem all nature is in disorder, and order would be unnatural. A blight attends her undertakings, and prosperity is a stranger to her gates. Arabian musselmen now occupy the city, but do not govern, for the alien Turk governs in the name of the prophet, supported by the Christian powers. The languages spoken in Jerusalem are most confusing. The hotel keeper talks Greek, his cook Anharic; one of the waiters Polish Hebrew, and another Arabic. The barber speaks French, while the chambermaid converses in Spanish.

MOSQUE BUILT ON THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE OR MOUNT MORIAH FROM THE DEBRIS OF THE OLD TEMPLE OF SOLOMON

Within recent years the knoll or rounded hillock above the grotto of Jeremiah, north of the Damascus gate, has been fixed upon by some as the site of the crucifixion. The idea appears to have been suggested by the resemblance, real or imaginary, between the shape of that hillock and that of a human skull, and from which resemblance it was supposed the name Golgotha—the place of a skull—was given to the original spot. But there is no tradition that the hillock was ever called Golgotha; and there is no evidence that the place of the crucifixion received that name because of its resemblance in shape to a skull. At any rate, the Holy Sepulchre is the only site supported by ancient tradition, although, as Dr. Chapin says, it is within the walls of the city; but he concludes there is no necessity to search for a site which the Providence of God has rendered it impossible to discover; and no excuse for inventing one to satisfy the perverted bias of some human minds to idolatry. Far better rest contented with the undoubted fact that somewhere within the very limited area of the Holy City the crucifixion took place.

It would be hard to find that dreamland of natural delight in Syria which piety has always imagined. But the inhabitants view their land not in contrast with the fertile pastures and fields of America, but in contrast with a great desert. No doubt it is true that a man coming from the desert sees trees and fountains in a form greatly exaggerated or magnified. He contrasts them with the burning sands and is willing to apply the limits of language in an effort to describe their charm and beauty; the sound of wind singing its way through the trees has a strange and bewildering effect upon the mind, and he attributes it to the voice of a Supreme Being who is expressing his satisfaction or displeasure.

Dr. Chapin thinks the most wonderful things in all Scripture are the many prophecies of the coming of Christ. In his "History of the Bible" he has dwelt at considerable length upon these prophecies. He explains why the Bible is an enigma to so many people. It was first translated from Hebrew into the Greek; from the Greek into the Latin; from the Latin into the Gaelic and German and then into the English. It is perhaps not strange that there could be enigmas in a work which had undergone so many translations. The incomplete story of Cain and Abel has always been a stumbling block to many seekers for truth. It is related that Cain killed Abel and then went into the land of Nod, where he took unto himself a wife. Now if Adam was the first man and Eve the first woman, the question naturally rises, where did Cain's wife come from? Dr. Chapin's explanation is that there were at that time a race of aborigines—a lower type of mankind but little above the baboon—and it is altogether probable that the so-called wife of Cain was taken from this lower order of aborigines. In searching through ancient zoology Dr. Chapin found much that tended to confirm this opinion.

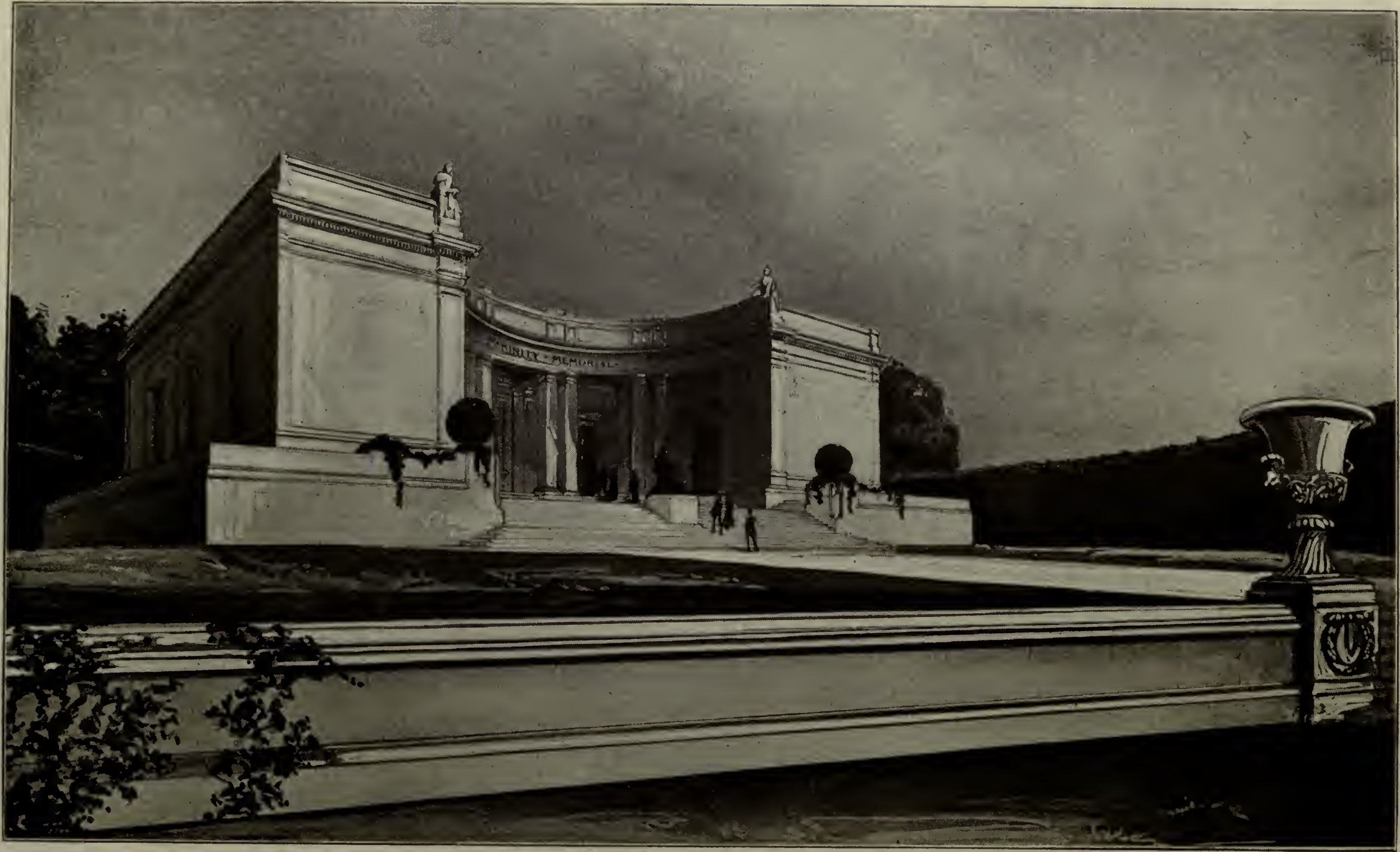
Modern research, especially from an archaeological standpoint, has done much to clear up the mystery concerning the Hebrew traditions. Dr. Chapin pays a high tribute to Sir Henry Rawlinson, the English archeologist who discovered the temple of Nebuchadnezzar; also to Professors Flanders Petre, L. Dow Covington, Piatzi Smyth and Colonel Howard Vyse. All these gentlemen have spent years in exploring the ancient cities of the Holy Land and have made many valuable discoveries. During the past half century vast amounts of money have been spent in the work of exploration in the abandoned cities.

Dr. Chapin was in Jerusalem when the English explorers were excavating, and only a short time before his arrival there it was claimed that they had found the Ark of the Covenant. It was asserted that they not only found the Ark but Aaron's rod and the Tablets of the Law. It was claimed that these holy relics were found under or near Solomon's quarry and that they were removed to England and put in some obscure place.

The Ark of the Covenant was built by Moses near Mount Sinai. It was regarded as the House of God. In it the sacred stone containing the law was deposited. The Ark was taken by the children of Israel on their pilgrimage to the Promised Land. Tradition states that after a few years it was taken by the Philistines from the temple of Dagon, when statues crumbled and death and pestilence reigned among the Philistines until it was returned to Palestine. Many years later a home was built for the sacred relic upon Zion, called the City of David.

There is no doubt but that Christian people everywhere will welcome the publication of Dr. Chapin's "History of the Bible." A large fortune has been spent in the investigation and studies which preceded its publication. It is the production of a finished scholar—a man imbued with a desire to devote his life to human uplift. His father, Lorenzo S. Chapin, was an agnostic, whose doubt concerning the authenticity of the story of the Bible was often expressed in the presence of his son and probably had much to do with the fascination for investigation which later took possession of the young man. His mother, who is still living, could not subscribe to the views held by her husband, but his father, being a lawyer, would naturally get the best of every argument. At the age of fourteen the young man determined to investigate for himself. He was given every encouragement by his mother. His deductions as expressed by himself are: That his investigations have compelled him to have implicit faith in the holy Scripture as being the true Word of God. "I have faith," he says, "in the deity and the theogony of the patriarchs, judges and kings of Israel. I believe that Jesus Christ was both mortal and divine, consequently I believe in his teachings and in the Holy Trinity."

THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIE IN CONSTANTINOPLE



THE McKINLEY MEMORIAL BUILDING TO BE ERECTED AT HIS BIRTHPLACE, NILES, OHIO

The McKinley Birthplace Memorial

To be erected in Niles, Ohio, by loyal friends of the martyred President

FOR centuries past it has been customary for the living to commemorate the memory of their dead by erecting monuments or memorials, and as the achievements of the centuries pass into history, each succeeding generation has expressed its reverence and veneration for its distinguished statesmen, warriors, litterateurs and heroes of various characteristics, who have marked the history of their respective periods with action, that, in many instances has turned the world's progress into channels that have broadened the sphere of humanity, as well as established a new era of civilization.

The types of architecture and sculpture expressed in monuments have been as varied, and have assumed as many distinctive designs as are indicated by the characters whom they commemorate, as well as the varied ideas of expression portrayed by the artist or architect who designs them.

Nations have erected monuments to their rulers, and the love and loyalty of kin has found expression in the erection of mausoleums and buildings, but the loyalty and admiration of one man, a friend, for another whom he had known well throughout his momentous career, will be fittingly portrayed in the magnificent McKinley Birthplace Memorial Building, to be erected in Niles, O., to the memory of its first citizen, the late President William McKinley, through the efforts of the Hon. Joseph G. Butler, Jr., philanthropist, of Youngstown, O.

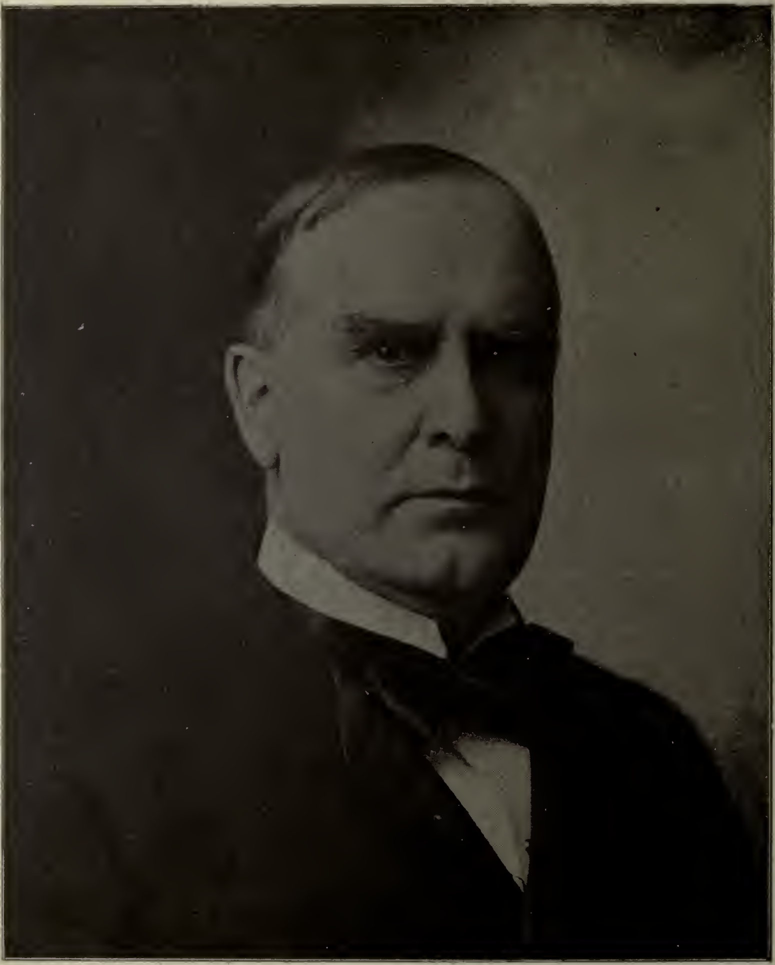
Although Mr. Butler contributed liberally to the fund for the erection of the majestic mausoleum in Canton, the scene of many years of the active life of William McKinley, he had then a conception of a memorial to the greatest Protectionist of the age, for which he decided to put forth every effort in his power to materialize in the birthplace of his lifelong friend.

His first idea was that he would undertake the responsibility entirely himself, but, on giving the matter due consideration, he felt that there were many who cherished the memory of the great statesman as deeply as he, and also many who have acquired fame and fortune through the provision of the McKinley Tariff Bill, who would feel that they were deserving of an opportunity to contribute to such a cause.

With this thought in view, a number of friends were consulted, and the plan met with the most generous and enthusiastic encouragement. After learning the sentiment of the great army of friends of the martyred president, Mr. Butler decided to institute a thoroughly national movement to raise the necessary funds, and in order to maintain a security for the enterprise, an appeal was made to Congress for a charter.

A bill embodying the intentions of the promoter was introduced by Congressman W. Aubrey Thomas, who represented the Nineteenth District of Ohio, the home of some of the most noted statesmen who have ever appeared on the floor of the House of Representatives, which was passed without a dissenting voice in a most stormy period at the close of the Sixty-first Congress. This bill stated emphatically that the government was not called upon to provide any of the funds. These were to be raised by private subscription, and one of the provisions of the bill was the appointment of a commission, to be composed of the Hon. Joseph G. Butler, Jr., philanthropist, of Youngstown, O., Hon. Myron T. Herrick, now Ambassador to France; Hon. J. G. Schmidlapp, banker and capitalist, of Cincinnati; Hon. John G. Milburn, capitalist, of New York; and W. A. Thomas, capitalist, of Niles, O., who will comprise a body corporated under the name of the McKinley Birthplace Memorial Association, "to perpetuate the name and achievements of the late William McKinley, by erecting and maintaining in the City of Niles, the place of his birth, a monument and memorial building."

Following the appointment of the trustees, a meeting was held in New York, when a plan of action was decided upon and a movement inaugurated to raise $100,000 for the purpose. Here Mr. Butler made known his plan to depart from the usual monumental pile, and to erect a memorial building which would serve as a civic center for the public good. A building which would be a shrine,


THE LATE WILLIAM McKINLEY
A memorial in his memory is shortly to be erected at Niles, Ohio, his birthplace

HON. JOSEPH G. BUTLER, JR.
President of the McKinley Birthplace Memorial Association

MRS. MARION E. KELLY
Historian for McKinley Birthplace Memorial Association, and Publicity Manager

HON. JACOB G. SCHMIDLAPP
The Cincinnati capitalist and banker, a leading member of the McKinley Birthplace Memorial Association

a tribute to McKinley personally, and a memorial to the industrial advancement of the "McKinley Period," which marked the establishment of American currency, revolutionized American industries, and expanded American territory. The building will be as distinctive in its design as were the McKinley policies, and the plans and specifications drawn up by Col. Wells, of New York City, aided by J. Massy Khind, the noted sculptor, are destined to portray to the present and future generations the noble character of the martyred president, which shall endure through ages of history, and also the great philanthropic thought of the founder of the movement whereby Niles is to receive this great gift. The McKinley Shrine will be built of enduring marble and granite, and will assume the form of a dignified structure, the like of which has never been presented to any people in any city of the world by any architect or sculptor. It is proposed to have an auditorium for public gatherings, irrespective of creed or politics. At the entrance there will be a life-sized statue of McKinley. On the right of the entrance will be located a relic room, in which will be stored relics, documents and mementoes connected with the life of McKinley, together with tablets, busts and portraits of prominent

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HON. MYRON T. HERRICK
Ambassador to France, the close personal friend of the martyred President

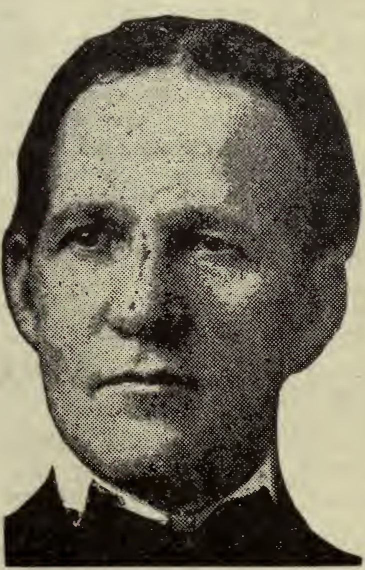
men associated with his career as a citizen, soldier and statesman, and also illustrations and representations of the industrial development brought about during the "McKinley Period" in our national history. Many relics of his military career both in the Civil War as a private, lieutenant and major general, and his relation as President of the United States during the Spanish-American War, have already been presented by members of his regiment and the Grand Army of the Republic, and relics are forthcoming from every State in the Union.

MRS. MARIA KYLE
President McKinley's first teacher

At the left of the entrance, the Free Public Library will be given ample accommodations, and rooms have been provided for the G. A. R. veterans and the Women's Relief Corps, and the auditorium will occupy the center.

The proposition has commended itself in a peculiar manner to the people of the Western Reserve of Ohio, which includes many of the greatest iron and steel industries in the world, and is known as the "McKinley Country," for its being the ground upon which the first tinplate industries were erected in the United States, and from this center has grown the wonderful industries which were given life under the great McKinley policy of protection.

In the appeal that has been sent out by Mr. Butler and his aides for funds with which to erect this majestic shrine, the great American heart has responded most nobly, and over $65,000 of the required $100,000 has already been subscribed. Niles has contrubuted $20,000 of this sum, which was raised during a six-day campaign conducted during the last week in July of this year, in the city, when captains were appointed to have charge of teams who went out among the people of the city and raised the money by popular subscription. Meetings were held in the city park in the evening, when speakers of note from adjoining cities united with the local men in making the meetings of interest patriotically as well as to give the team captains an opportunity to report their day's results.



W. A. THOMAS, CAPITALIST, NILES, OHIO
Secretary McKinley Birthplace Memorial Association

The Hon. Joseph G. Butler, Jr., presided over the meetings, and on the first night, an incident which will long remain in the memory of the many thousand people who were present, was the presence of Mrs. Maria Kyle, President McKinley's first school teacher, at the right of the presiding officer on the rostrum. Mrs. Kyle is now in her eighty-second year, but is remarkably bright and well preserved, and has a remarkable memory. She relates many of the incidents connected with the early life of the McKinley family, when the father of the President operated a charcoal blast furnace in Niles.

In his efforts Mr. Butler is being given the most substantial assistance of his associates, the members of the commission, and by the people of Niles, who have organized to work until the building is completed and ready for occupancy. The subscription list was headed by Mr. Butler with a contribution of $5,000, and each of the trustees have contributed $1,000.00 each. Other capitalists have contributed sums ranging from $1,000 to $5,000, and many subscriptions have come from the heads of the tinplate industries and loyal friends, and each contribution is accompanied by the most encouraging messages for the success of the cause. Mrs. Kelly has been appointed historian for the association, and is in charge of the publicity department.

"There is nothing that touches the hearts of the people more quickly than a tribute of honor to a great and noble character," and the McKinley spirit of chivalry, his personality and individuality, which served to animate men of his time to a higher standard of living, will be perpetuated in a manner characteristic of the high ideals of the founder of the movement.

In the erection of this memorial, Mr. Butler will continue at the head of the work of raising the funds and the construction of the building until it is dedicated to the memory of one "who feared no other than God, and loved all humanity—to one whose life was given over to the service of his country and its people, who found his greatest enjoyment in giving to the world those great qualities of heart and brain that have made his name a household word in foreign countries, as well as in the homes of our nation.

During the present month an appeal has been sent out to every Grand Army Post in the State of Ohio, and later every Post in the United States will be reached, setting forth the aim of the McKinley Birthplace Memorial Association. The appeal is, in itself, a tribute to the revered last soldier-president, and will doubtless meet with the customary response from the "boys in blue." The handful of veterans of the local post have contributed liberally to the cause, and are among the most enthusiastic workers that have enrolled under the leadership of those who have assumed the responsibility of financing the project, which is now meeting with national favor.

MAGNIFICAT

WHAT exultation in a well-spent day!
To lay aside one's task as evening falls,
Not as an irksome load which tamely palls,
Strewing impairment in its vapid way;
No whining self-doubt, filling with dismay,
Enslaves me as my buoyant mind recalls
The day's achievements; no weak fear enthralls.
Because I have achieved, still more I may.
To feel the onward spur, the upward rush
Of yet unfathomed power, and one notch more
The limits of my growing soul to push
Because of this day's proof, is to implore
Grace for right use, in evening's solemn hush,
The while my lips and heart sing and adore.

—*Elizabeth Fry Page.*

Shall Knox Succeed Taft?

By

Guy M. Burnham

PHILANDER C. KNOX, of Pennsylvania, Republican
WOODROW WILSON, of New Jersey, Democrat
JAMES S. SHERMAN, of New York, Republican
THOMAS R. MARSHALL, of Indiana, Democrat
HIRAM W. JOHNSON, of California, Progressive
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, of New York, Progressive
WILLIAM H. TAFT, of Ohio, Republican

THE real contest for the Presidency of the United States, in the campaign of 1912, is between the seven men whose names are given above. Although it is a nice mathematical puzzle to pick out the winner, many would place the names in about the order given above, for it is a peculiarity of this campaign that the three candidates for Vice-President stand practically as good a chance of being elected President as Taft, Roosevelt or Wilson, and that a close analysis gives Knox a better chance than any of the others.

In the opinion of many careful observers, Philander Chase Knox of Pennsylvania will be the successor of William Howard Taft as President of the United States.

Startling as this statement may be, this belief is held by some of the keenest observers of political conditions. There is no manner of doubt that those closely associated with President Taft's campaign, as well as the confidential backers of Mr. Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, have figured out the more than possible contingency of Mr. Knox's elevation to the Presidency, but for very obvious reasons none of them are talking about it for publication. Even a casual scrutiny of the present more or less chaotic condition of politics leads to this conclusion, with three candidates in the field, each with a formidable following, but with not enough support to elect him.

The only way of judging the strength of the three candidates is from the showing made by them at the primaries which elected delegates to the Chicago and Baltimore conventions. Taking the votes in the several states as a basis, the results of the balloting on the 5th of November will be as follows:

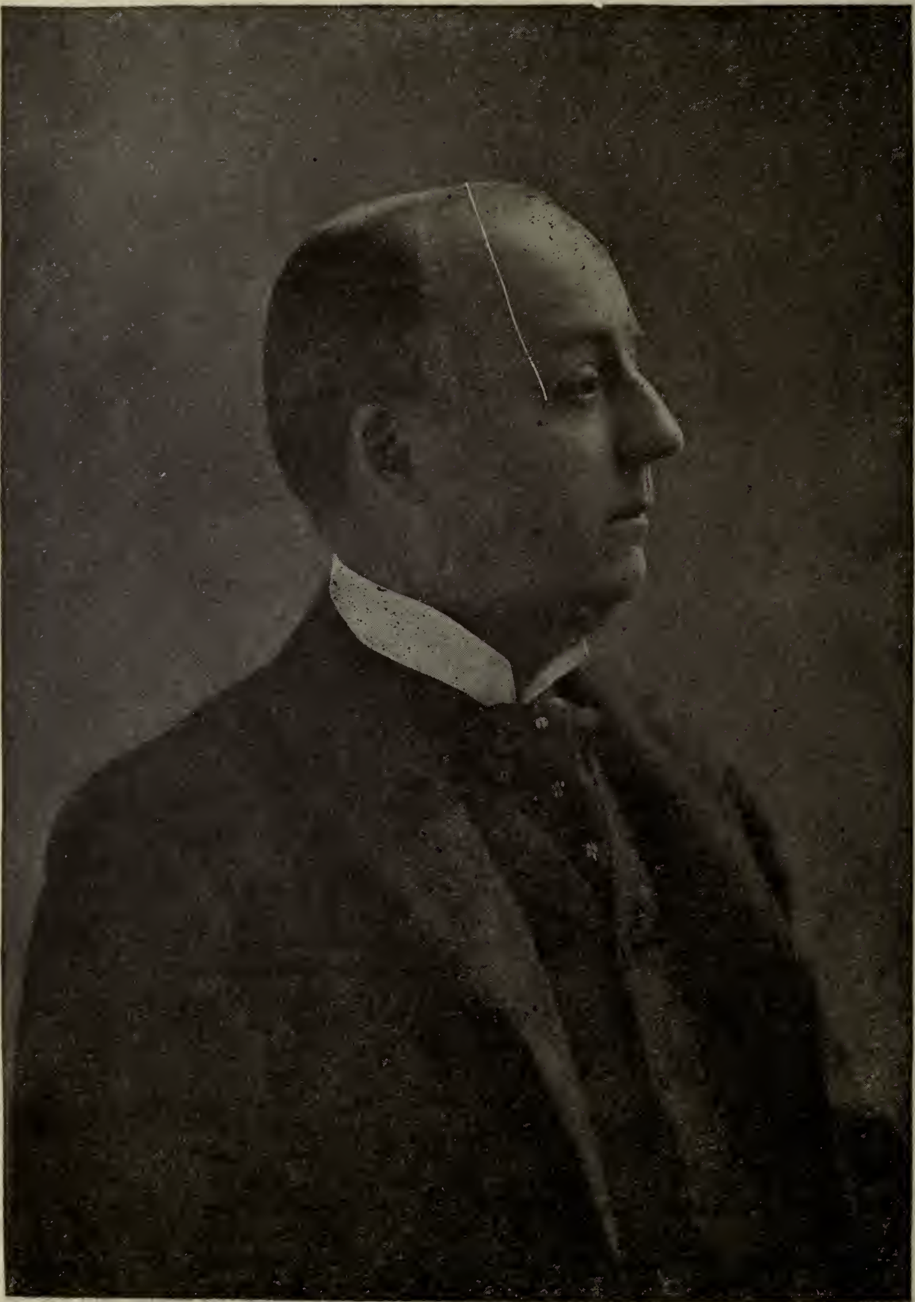
Roosevelt will carry eleven states, with a total of 166 electoral votes.

Taft will carry seventeen states, with 159 electoral votes.

Wilson is absolutely sure of thirteen states, with 139 electoral votes.

Seven states are doubtful. These seven states have 67 electoral votes. There are 531 votes in the electoral college, and if either candidate should carry all seven of the doubtful states, he would still be far short of the goal, which is 266.

At the spring primaries Theodore Roosevelt carried fifteen states, representing 214 electoral votes, as follows:



SECRETARY OF STATE PHILANDER C. KNOX
Who will become President of the United States March 4, 1913, should there be a vacancy in the offices of President and Vice-President

California	13	North Carolina	12
Illinois	29	Ohio	24
Kansas	10	Oklahoma	10
Maryland	8	Oregon	5
Minnesota	12	Pennsylvania	38
Missouri	18	South Dakota	5
Nebraska	8	West Virginia	8
New Jersey	14		

PRESIDENT WILLIAM H. TAFT, THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE

Should he carry the seventeen states whose delegates nominated him at the Chicago convention—eliminating the normal Democratic states—he would have 159 electoral votes, or 107 less than a majority

Neither he nor Mr. Taft is expected to carry North Carolina or Oklahoma. If at the November election Roosevelt again carries the thirteen remaining states, which he carried last spring, he will have 192 electoral votes. Eliminating Missouri and Maryland, admittedly close, Roosevelt's electoral votes would foot up to 166. Giving Wilson the 139 votes of the sure Democratic states, Taft could not get to exceed 226 votes, or forty less than a majority.

At the Chicago convention, after the disposal of the 264 contests, and the roll-call had been made up by the assistance of the steam roller ("unfairly," says Mr. Roosevelt), Mr. Taft had a majority of delegates from twenty-nine states. Of these, twelve are certainly Democratic, and Mr. Taft's opponents call attention to the fact that, barring Massachusetts, he received the delegations from the others, not by the popular primaries, but by the old convention system. However, if Mr. Taft should carry these seventeen "Republican" states at the November election, he would have 159 electoral votes, to wit:

Colorado	6	New Hampshire	4
Connecticut	7	New Mexico	3
Delaware	3	New York	45
Indiana	15	Rhode Island	5
Iowa	13	Utah	4
Massachusetts	18	Vermont	4
Michigan	15	Washington	7
Montana	4	Wyoming	3
Nevada	3	Total	159

FORMER PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

The Progressive candidate for President. Should he carry the northern states which he carried at the spring primaries, he would have a total of only eleven states, and 166 electoral votes, one hundred less than a majority

Of course Roosevelt is expected to make a big showing in some of these states, as, for instance, in Massachusetts, which was closely divided at the spring primaries. Should Mr. Taft carry these states, which insured his nomination in June, he would have 159 votes. Giving Wilson the 139 votes of the South, Roosevelt could not get to exceed 233 votes, thirty-three less than a majority.

No one doubts that Wilson will get the solid South's 139 votes, including:

Alabama	12	North Carolina	12
Arizona	3	Oklahoma	10
Arkansas	9	South Carolina	9
Florida	6	Tennessee	12
Georgia	14	Texas	20
Louisiana	10	Virginia	12
Mississippi	10	Total	139

Conceding these thirteen states to be Democratic, and giving Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft the votes as above stated, there remain seven doubtful states, representing 67 electoral votes.

GOVERNOR HIRAM W. JOHNSON

Of California, Roosevelt's running mate. In case neither Vice-Presidential candidate should receive 266 electoral votes at the November election, and Mr. Johnson should be one of the two "high" men, he would receive the votes of about ten Progressive members of the Senate (Clapp, Bristow, Cummins, Borah, Crawford, Gronna, Poindexter, Bourne, Works, and Kenyon—not La Follette), but would have to receive thirty-nine votes from the Republican Senators should Marshall be his opponent, or thirty-nine from the Democratic Senators should Sherman be his opponent

These are: Wisconsin, with thirteen electoral votes, probably Democratic, owing to the attitude of Senator La Follette, who is opposed to both Roosevelt and Taft; Missouri, eighteen votes; Maryland, eight votes; Kentucky, thirteen votes; Maine, six votes; Idaho, four votes; and North Dakota, five votes.

Mr. Wilson's supporters will certainly laugh at the proposition that he will be able to carry only the thirteen states above named, but it is by no means certain that he will be able to do much more than that. It will be remembered that it was Champ Clark, and not Wilson, who showed vote-getting propensities at the spring primaries. It must be admitted that Roosevelt will certainly carry a considerable number of the states that he carried last spring, and that Mr. Taft is likely to carry other states in which he captured the delegates to the Chicago convention. Mr. Wilson, it must be remembered, must capture no less than 127 votes in the North, some task, under the circumstances.

On the second Wednesday in February, Congress having canvassed the electoral vote and finding that no candidate has a majority, the lower house proceeds to elect, if it can. But conditions are far more complicated than they were in 1824, when John Quincy Adams emerged the victor over Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay. Each state delegation votes as a unit, and the situation is as follows:

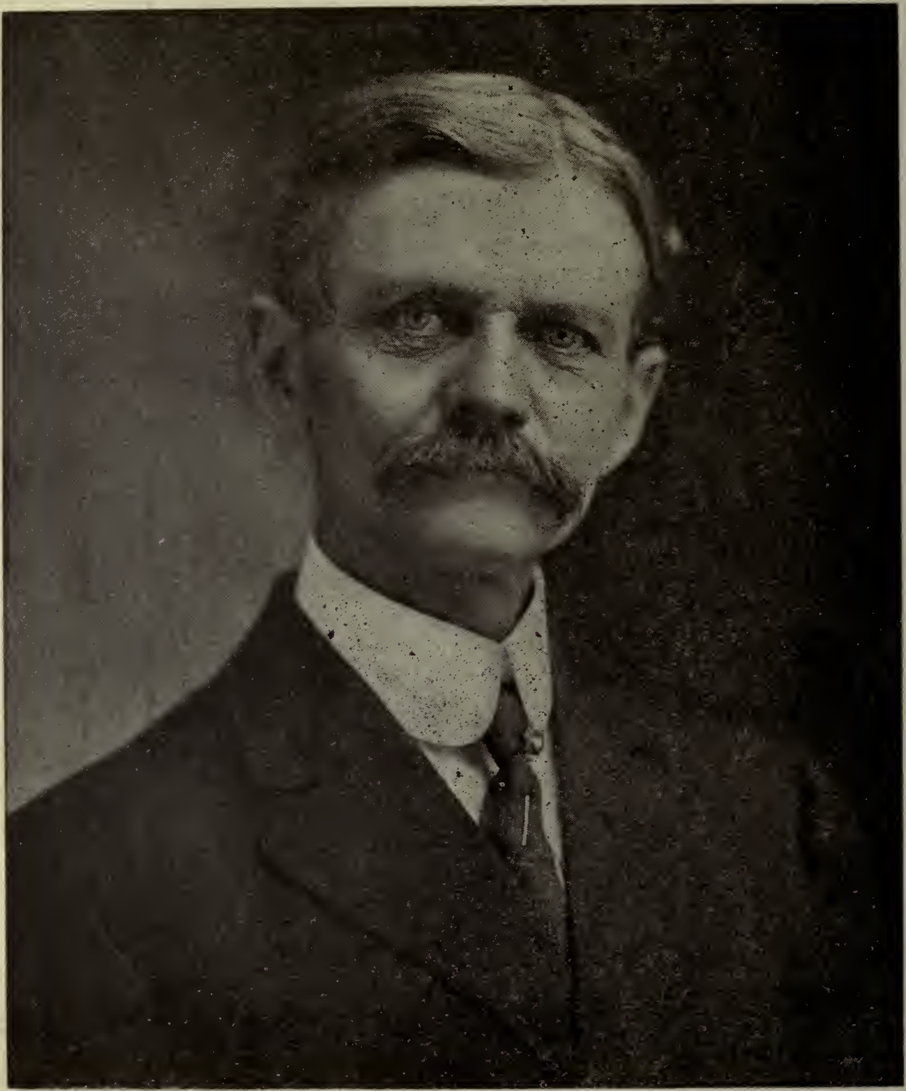
Democratic States, 22	*Republican States* 22
Alabama	California
Arkansas	Connecticut
Colorado	Delaware
Florida	Idaho
Georgia	Illinois
Indiana	Iowa
Kentucky	Kansas
Louisiana	Massachusetts
Maryland	Michigan
Mississippi	Minnesota
Missouri	Montana
New Jersey	Nevada
New York	New Hampshire
North Carolina	North Dakota
Ohio	Oregon
Oklahoma	Pennsylvania
South Carolina	South Dakota
Tennessee	Utah
Texas	Vermont
Virginia	Washington
West Virginia	Wisconsin
Arizona	Wyoming

The delegations from Maine, Nebraska, Rhode Island and New Mexico are equally divided, and these states would not vote.

Mr. Wilson would certainly receive the votes of the twenty-two Democratic states, but no matter how the twenty-two "Republican" states would divide as between Taft and Roosevelt, it is certain that Wilson could not get the votes of twenty-five states, and there would be no election. There are forty-eight states in the Union, and it will take twenty-five votes in the House to elect.

GOVERNOR WOODROW WILSON
The Democratic nominee, who is sure of thirteen Southern states, representing 139 electoral votes, but who must get 127 electoral votes in the Northern states to win

Neither Sherman, Marshall, nor Johnson having received a majority of the electoral vote for Vice-President, the Senate would have to vote on the two highest names, but the Senate is divided into three political factions, Republican, Democratic and Progressive. Neither faction has a majority, and it is inconceivable that the Senate could elect either Sherman, Marshall, or Johnson. It is a fact that the Senate has even been unable to elect a permanent presiding officer for more than a year. Much less would it be able



GOVERNOR THOMAS R. MARSHALL

Of Indiana, the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate. Should he be one of the two "high" men at the November election, neither having received the necessary 266 electoral votes, he would receive the votes of 44 Democratic Senators. Should Sherman be his opponent, Marshall would need the votes of five of the ten Progressive Senators. If Johnson is his opponent, Marshall would have to get the votes of five of the forty-one Republicans.

to elect a Vice-President, an office of far greater importance. More than a year ago the Republicans attempted to elect Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire president *pro tem*, but however the Democrats and Progressives might unite on some matters and the Republicans and the Progressives on others, they have been utterly unable to agree on a president *pro tempore*, and would be utterly unable to elect a Republican, a Democrat, or a Progressive as Vice-President.

The Forty-ninth Congress provided for just this contingency. No President or Vice-President having been elected, the Secretary of State would become President, not "acting President," but President on March 4, 1913.

Our forefathers endeavored to fix it so that the election of a Vice-President by the Senate would be easy, by providing that the Senate should vote on the "two highest names" only, eliminating the candidate who received the fewest number of electoral votes. Our forefathers, however, evidently did not foresee a Senate divided into three factions, with no political party able to cast a majority vote. One of three situations would develop:

SHERMAN AND MARSHALL
or
SHERMAN AND JOHNSON
or
MARSHALL AND JOHNSON

In the first, would the Progressive senators vote for either Sherman or Marshall, or would they refrain from voting? The Constitution requires "a majority of the whole number," or forty-nine votes, as the Senate is now constituted. Would not some of the Progressive Senators, born and bred in the doctrine of a strong central government, be slow to vote for a State's Right Democrat like Marshall, and would they not also hesitate to vote for a high-tariff Republican like Sherman?

In the second proposition the Democrats would have to choose between Sherman and Johnson. Could they support the former? Would not their antipathy to "Teddy" prevent them from voting for his running mate, Johnson?

And finally, with Marshall and Johnson as high men, does anybody think that the Republican Senators would vote for either, when by simply refraining from voting, they would be assured of a Republican President in the person of Philander Knox, at noon, March 4?

Those who believe that Taft and Sherman will get fewer electoral votes than either of the other tickets plainly see that this may in the end elect Knox President, for the Republican Senators as "umpires," would simply sit back and allow Knox to become President, by refraining from voting either for Marshall or Johnson.

More than fifteen million votes will be cast at the November election, but the prospects are that neither the voters, nor the House, nor the Senate will be able to elect a President, and that Secretary of State Knox will be the successor to President Taft.

VICE-PRESIDENT JAMES S. SHERMAN

Of New York, who, if he should be one of the two "high" men at the November election (no candidate having received 266 electoral votes), would become President by receiving the votes of forty-nine Senators. The Senate is composed of forty-four Democrats, ten Progressives—not counting Senator La Follette, who is unalterably opposed to Roosevelt—and forty-one Republicans, there being one vacancy. Should Johnson be the other "high" man, Sherman would need the votes of eight Democratic Senators to make him President. If Marshall is the second "high" man instead of Johnson, Sherman would need the votes of eight Progressive Senators to elect him. Some political writers believe that this will be the outcome

How the President is Elected

By

H. C. GAUSS

A JAPANESE gentleman resident in this country having expressed a desire to understand the intricacies of American politics as relating to the presidential election, he was furnished with the following summary, which gives in an elementary form and one convenient for reference the principal points of the system about which people of the United States are now thinking and talking.

The President of the United States is selected by the indirect expression of the will of the people in the following manner:

In the early part of the year in which a presidential election is to be held, being the year divisible by four, or leap year, the national committees of the political parties existing at the time being made known to the adherents of those parties their respective desires to hold a national convention of delegates in a given city at a given time, for the purpose of making nominations for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. Proportionate allotments of delegates are made, the present allotment being two delegates from each Congressional district and four delegates at large, representing each state; and in addition, two delegates for each representative in Congress at large.

Under a system placed generally in operation this year for the first time, the action of delegates and the results to be obtained by the State convention are controlled by the primary, or first election.

The situation of additional delegates at large arises when under the basis of representation fixed by the decennial census, a state is entitled to more representatives in the lower house of Congress than are provided by the number of Congressional districts into which the state has been divided by the act of the state legislature. In such case, the additional representation in the House of Representatives is secured by the election of Congressmen at large by the whole state, pending the time when the state will be re-divided into Congressional districts, each Congressional district having the population prescribed as a basis for the state representation in Congress.

This gives a total number of delegates in the Republican national convention of this year of 1,078, and as the Democratic convention allots certain additional delegates to territories which are not allotted in the Republican convention, the total number of delegates to the Democratic convention will be 1,094. Of this number, a majority vote is required to nominate in the Republican convention and a two-thirds vote in the Democratic convention.

It is sometimes thought to be good politics by the minority party to hold its nominating convention at a date later than that of the probable majority party in order to take advantage of any weakness in the nomination made by the majority.

Allotments of delegates having been made as before stated, the first battle of a presidential campaign is fought in securing the election of delegates: (1) from the Congressional districts; (2) to the state convention of the party, the latter convention to name delegates at large. Under a system placed generally in operation this year for the first time, the action of delegates and the results to be obtained by the State convention are controlled by the primary, or first election. The individual voter at the polls now not only determines the personality of the two delegates from the Congressional district, but by a preference vote between the candidates who have offered themselves for nomination for the office of President, he instructs the delegates elected for whom they shall vote in the national convention, while the delegates elected at the primary to attend the state convention which will elect the delegates at large are similarly instructed, so that it is supposed as the result of this primary election that the action of any state delegation at the national convention will be controlled, no matter what may be the ultimate personal preference of the delegates elected. The reason for the direct primary as a check on the convention system was the former absence of any restraint on persons who might have been elected as supporters of a given candidate, and who were subject to influence and manipulation in favor of quite another candidate, notwithstanding the candidate first named might still have a reasonable hope of securing the nomination. As now elected, in any state where a preference is indicated by the majority vote, the delegation at large of that state is supposed to vote in accordance with the expression shown by the total vote of the state, while the delegates elected in the Congressional districts are supposed to vote in accordance with the majority expression of preference in each particular district. Under the new system, it is probable that the nominee of the national convention will be known before the convention meets. In case, however, the contest is carried to the convention, delegates are expected to follow their instructions until there is no reason to suppose that the candidate instructed for can be elected. The delegates, congressional and state, having assembled at the convention city, they make a temporary organization and scrutinize the credentials of the delegates. Previous to the convention, a sub-committee of the national committee of the party organization will sit to consider contesting delegations; that is to say, cases in which conflicting claims exist as to the personnel and the instructions of delegations under allegations of fraud or improper methods. While the members of the national committee thus sitting are supposed to exercise a judicial function, their decisions, in a close case at least, would be influenced by their affiliation with one or the other of the candidates for the presidential nomination. The decision in each case is, therefore, subject to ratification or rejection by the convention and the list of contested delegations represents an indefinite factor in the situation. If the friends of one candidate have a clear majority in the convention, contests are decided in favor of the majority without any particular reference to the facts. This is what is known as "using the steam roller." If, however, the factions of the convention are balanced, the proposition is to win over a certain number of the other side by statements of facts or arguments, so that it is theoretically possible, and may sometimes happen that by effective presentation of an equitable case one side may win from its opponents a recognition which would add to its own strength and which may eventually enable it to carry off the nomination.

If the friends of one candidate have a clear majority in the convention, contests are decided in favor of the majority without any particular reference to the facts. This is what is known as "using the steam roller."

The nominations for President and Vice-President having respectively been made by the two principal parties, the Republicans and Democrats, and by the various minor parties, such as the Socialists, Labor party and Prohibitionists, another appeal is made to the franchises of the people for choice between the various party candidates for the presidential office. Again, this election is carried out indirectly. The presidential and vice-presidential candidates head the ticket, but the real elective power is vested in a board of electors required by the Constitution of the United States. These electors, generally selected from among the principal party men in the state, have their names placed immediately below the names of the presidential and vice-presidential candidates of the party, and in number are equal to the whole number of senators and representatives in Congress. That is, there are two representing the senatorial delegations and as many as there may be representatives in the lower House of Congress from the particular state. No senator, or representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States can serve as an elector. (Any recognized member of the party is eligible to be a delegate to the nominating convention, no matter if he holds political office, except that the provisions of the national Civil Service laws prevent persons in the classified service from serving as delegates.)

In order to vote effectually for the presidential candidate it is necessary to vote for the entire body of electors designated.

In order to vote effectually for the presidential candidate it is necessary to vote for the entire body of electors designated as above stated.

The direct vote for a president is complimentary merely, and only an indication of the manner in which the electors will vote. There is nothing to prevent an elector or the entire board of electors voting for some person other than the person whom the majority of the voters in the state have indicated as their acceptable candidate. This situation has, however, never arisen, and the elector who would so betray the trust of his party members would be regarded as base and dishonored. The entire body of electors, sometimes known as the electoral college, never assemble as a whole, but the meetings of the state members are held in their respective states on a day determined by Congress under a constitutional provision, and which is the same throughout the United States. The electors vote by ballot for president and vice-president, one of whom cannot be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves, and a list of persons voted for is made up, formally certified, and transmitted to the president of the Senate. Upon another day, fixed by Congress, the two Houses of the Congress meet in joint session, and the president of the Senate in their presence opens all the certificates and counts the votes. The person having the greatest number of votes for President is declared to be President, if the number is a majority of the whole number of electors appointed. If no such person has such a majority, then the House of Representatives alone, without the co-operation of the Senate, is required to choose immediately by ballot the President from the three having the largest number of votes. In taking this vote, it is to be taken by states, the representation from each state having but one vote and a majority of all the states is necessary. In case the House is unable to elect the President, the vice-presidential candidate who receives the majority of votes shall become President; and if no one receives a majority of the vice-presidential votes, the Vice-President is elected by a majority of the whole number of senators.

These proceedings must, of course, take place before the 4th of March, but they are generally *pro forma*, the result of the election being generally accepted on the announcement of the popular vote, and before actual election by the House and Senate the new President has completed many arrangements for assuming office.

The method of direct expression of opinion is generally understood to determine the presidential selection and not the representative method of the electoral college. In case of misrepresentation by the latter, it is probable that immediate drastic steps would be taken to remove the President thus appointed.

The Last Question

by Horace Hazeltine

Author of "The Sable Lorcha," "Jim," "The Wide Portal," etc.

"YOU are much better today." The sunshine stretched in long patches across the floor, divided by the shadows of the window frames. Here and there it touched the furniture and glorified it. It rested in a great square on the white bedspread, and was beginning to climb into the rose trellis of the wall paper on the opposite side of the room.

The nurse, in snowy frock, apron and cap, was standing at the bed's foot. She was a very pretty nurse, tall and shapely, with big blue eyes and golden hair. And her smile, as she spoke, was almost as bright as the sunshine.

Lem Townsend, with his head swathed in broad white bandages, was propped up against an assemblage of pillows.

"Better enough to ask questions, and—" He paused. His smile was nearly as sunny as the nurse's. "And be answered?" he added.

She nodded—a gratified little nod.

"Just a few," she made haste to qualify.

"That means eight," he returned, determinedly. "Do you remember your Bible? A few souls entered into the ark."

"Maybe not so many as a few then," she hedged, a little seriously. "We'll see. First, you must take this." And the tray she carried with its glass of egg nogg, came into view, as she rounded the bed's foot and approached the patient's side.

When he had drunk it he made a wry face.

"How many of those have I had?" he asked, as he handed back the glass. "It seems to me I've been given one every five minutes for an eternity of years."

"Is that one of the eight questions?"

"Good Lord, no. You needn't answer it. I've got to economize. There's so much I want to know, I can scarcely tell where to begin."

She placed the tray on a table, and sat down beside him. For a moment his gaze dwelt upon her. She was very refreshing to look at. Her skin was so milky white, her lips so full and red, her eyes so blue and luminous. And her hair was like spun sunbeams.

"Tell me your name."

"Aren't you wasting your limited opportunities?" she inquired, exposing a dimple.

"No," he answered. "I must have that first. I want to know it most."

She flushed very faintly, but he noted it. "Miss Harper," she said. "Elizabeth Harper."

For a moment he was silent, while he repeated the name mentally.

"How long have you been here?"

"Three weeks, day after tomorrow."

"How long have I been—ill?"

"It's three weks tonight since your accident."

"Was it an accident?" The question came quickly. This was something he had been brooding over. He could remember leaving the office at the works, and riding up the lonely hill road. He recollected pulling the pony to a walk, where the ascent was most steep, and the way darkest. Then his memory failed. His next recollection was of lying in a darkened room, a soft, cool hand touching his own rough, fevered one; a voice like the melody of silver bells urging him to "drink this."

"You fell from your pony," she told him, "and struck your head. It was thought at first that your skull was fractured."

He felt that she was keeping something

from him. "What made me fall?" he asked.

"The pony may have stumbled."

"He never stumbles."

She shrugged her shapely shoulders.

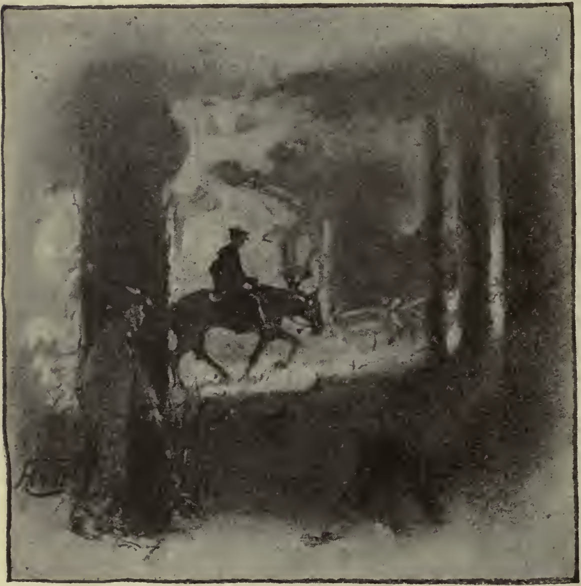
"You know," he asserted. "Tell me. That is one of the eight. I want the truth."

"No one saw you fall," she replied evasively.

"How did I get home? Who found me?"

"Old Mr. Mobley."

Again Lem Townsend paused in his questioning, and his eyes grew moist. It was unnecessary to ask for details. He had been attacked by one or more of the worst element among the strikers. Of course he had. The pony never stumbled. Old Joe had warned him, and he had driven him rather roughly from the office for his pains. In spite of which the faithful old fellow had climbed that long hill, in the cold and the dark, fearing the very harm that had come to pass. And he had saved his life. Old Joe Mobley had saved his life.



He recollected pulling the pony to a walk where the ascent was most steep and the way darkest

"And the strike?" he questioned at length. "It is still on, of course?"

"No," Miss Harper answered. "The strike is over. It has been over for two weeks. The works are running, now, night and day."

The patient straightened himself against the pillows. His eyes brightened, his cheeks tinted.

"Over?" he repeated, and there was a lilt in his voice. "Running night and day? Tell me—the men accepted the offered terms—withdrew their demands?"

She did not reply. For a little moment she sat in silence, her eyes on her hands, which lay white in her white lap. When he repeated his inquiry, she smiled at him.

"There, there!" she soothed. "You have exhausted your allowance. You have been answered your few questions. You must not press me for details. How should I know about terms and such things? That the strike is over must be enough good news for one day—and, that you are a lot better."

There was a certain forcefulness in her manner and tone, more, even, than in her words, which quieted him, and he dropped back, restfully, though still busy with his thoughts, while his gaze lingered gratefully upon her. And presently, becoming drowsy, the problem of the late strike and the works that had resumed died gradually away. And across his memory, from years gone, there floated back a picture of a little fair-haired girl in a pinafore, for whom he was wont to make mud-pies in a quiet corner of what were now the yards of the works, but what was then a sort of fairy grotto, overhung with flowering shrubs and skirted by a noisily babbling brook, running over a floor of wonderful, vari-colored pebbles.

Then, just as he was dropping off to sleep, the little maid grew before his half-waking, half-dreaming eyes, into a young woman in a white cap and frock and apron, who brought him nauseous doses in spoons and tumblers, and told him how many questions he might ask, and refused to answer him when he propounded just one more.

Two days later Lem Townsend was permitted to see a visitor. His recovery now was progressing by giant strides. And as, on this afternoon, he sat in a big, cretonne-covered chair by a window which looked out across snow-covered fields, he appeared more than ever like the big, handsome fellow with bright eyes and bronzed cheeks that, regardless of threats, had been wont to go to and fro between his home and the works, at all hours, unaccompanied and unarmed.

It was old Mobley who was coming to see him. Old Joe had found favor with the doctor, and was to be permitted a ten-minutes' interview. He had always enjoyed privileges that were denied to others. At the works it was that way. For forty years, ever since Lem Townsend's father had erected the one small brick building which was the nucleus from which the present imposing establishment had developed, Joe Mobley had had a place with the concern. At one time he was foreman; at another superintendent; at still another he enjoyed the title of general manager. Now it was difficult to name his rank. He was, after a fashion, an overseer, and he was, too, a sort of confidential adviser. Before the works had closed down, it was the custom of everyone, from the superintendent to the youngest apprentice, to consult old Mobley, whenever they were in doubt. Indeed Lem Townsend himself consulted him more often, probably, than did any of his employes. Mobley knew every stick and stone about the place, every tool and every stopcock, and he was as much a part of the works as the great towering smokestack itself.

As the old man, sturdy still and fresh of coloring, in spite of his years and his whitened beard, came into the room, followed by Miss Harper, Lem Townsend bent forward with extended hand. He would have risen had he dared.

"I—I'm sorry for the way I spoke to you, Joe," he said contritely. "And I want you to know I can never forget what you did for me."

Old Mobley gripped the proffered hand with appreciative warmth.

"Now, you just stop that talk, Lem, boy," he returned. "I didn't come to see you for that. I heard you wanted to know how things were, and I come to tell you."

Miss Harper held her watch in hand, and as the two men talked, she kept track of the speeding minutes. The first thing that Lem learned was the name of the ne'er do-well who, lying in wait for him, had aimed a rock at him in the dark and very nearly crushed his skull.

"He's in the calaboose, and he's likely to stay there," Joe concluded.

But, somehow or other, Lem could not feel any great enmity for his assailant. "Poor, misguided wretch!" he commented. "I suppose he thought he was a champion of labor. I hope the law won't be too harsh with him."

The old man stared incredulous. "He came mighty close to killing you, Lem, boy," he said. "I could see him hanged, I could."

Lem's eyes wandered from old Mobley to the girl with the watch, and there was a very tender expression in them.

"But tell me, Joe," he went on. "How was the end brought about? How was the strike broken?"

Joe ran his gnarled fingers through his white beard, and looked bashfully down at his rough boots.

"Well," he said at length, "there were those among 'em who wouldn't stand for outlawry, and the shying of that rock, I guess, just about turned the tide."

"And they all came back, unconditionally?" Lem persisted. "They accepted our terms and asked for nothing?"

Again the old man hesitated, glancing shyly once more at his boots. "There was a condition," he murmured presently. "Just one little condition."

Lem's face grew suddenly hard. "I don't know what right anyone had to accept conditions—agree to terms—except myself. I suppose it was Wilkins who fixed this thing up?" Wilkins was the superintendent of the works.

Old Mobley moved uneasily and shifted his left leg over his right knee. "No, sir," he said, speaking very low, "it wasn't Wilkins. It was—"

"Who then?" Lem demanded.

"It was me."

Lem stared amazed. "You, Joe?" he queried.

"Yes, sir. I was the condition."

A fleeting smile passed over the young man's strong face. "What, in heaven's name, had you to do with it?" he asked.

"I joined the Union. They said I must, and rather than have the works shut down any longer, I did." And then he shifted his right leg back and sat silently regarding the toe of his right boot.

Lem gripped the arms of his chair and leaned forward, his muscles suddenly tense.

"It—it isn't possible!" he exclaimed, his tone vibrant with indignation. "Why, they might as well ask me to join their da—disgraceful Union." This correction with a sudden glance at Miss Harper. "You're not one of them. You never have been, and you never can be."

"Oh, I don't mind," the old man declared pacifically. "I don't mind joining, only—"

"Only what?" Lem's voice was loud, very loud, considering he was an invalid—and demandful.

"Only they won't let me go to the works on Sundays any more, and you know I've always dropped around and looked over things, and—"

"Of course you have, and I want you to. Do you suppose I'll be dictated to in this fashion? They can strike again, if they like, and stay struck till doomsday, before I'll let them shut you out of my works, if you feel like going there."

The old man raised a deprecating hand. He felt that it was not well for his employer thus to excite himself.

"I'll get used to it," he said gently. "I'll get used to it. It isn't much compared with keeping the works going."

The manufacturer turned away for an instant, letting his gaze roam once more over the winter landscape. When his eyes came back to the room, there was a new light in them.

"Never mind, Joe," he said, calm once more, "I know a way—a way they can't get over."

Miss Harper rose and came forward. "I'm sorry, Mr. Townsend," she announced, "but the time is up. Maybe, Gramp—Mr. Mobley will be allowed to see you again tomor—"

The invalid interrupted her. "What were you going to call him? Is it possible that you are a—"

"His granddaughter? Yes. You had forgotten me, and I did not think it was my place to remind you." She spoke very quietly, but into her cheeks had come again that rose flush which he had noted first when he asked her her name.

"She's been learning nursing down in the city for two years and more," the old man explained, getting up to go. "When you were hurt, I sent for her."

Lem Townsend was silent, his speech submerged in a sudden flood of memories.

"There are nurses and nurses," the grandfather went on, with some embarrassment, "and I wanted to make sure you should have a good one." His arm slipped about the girl's shoulders, and his misty eyes turned to her with a smile in which pride and affection mingled.

"I have had the best," Lem assured him. "The very best."

On the third day after this interview with old Joe Mobley, Lem, improving rapidly, was able to see Wilkins, his superintendent. And later, at his desire, his lawyer, Judge Ellis, came, and for an hour they were closeted together.

At the close of the conference, the Judge having gone away, Miss Harper, fearing lest her patient had overtaxed his strength, entered apprehensively, to find him not merely unworn, but animated—almost gay.

"I've been thinking," he greeted her, "that I should like to dine downstairs tonight. I'm too well, now, to be cooped up here. We'll have a nice little dinner together and afterwards you shall play and sing for me."

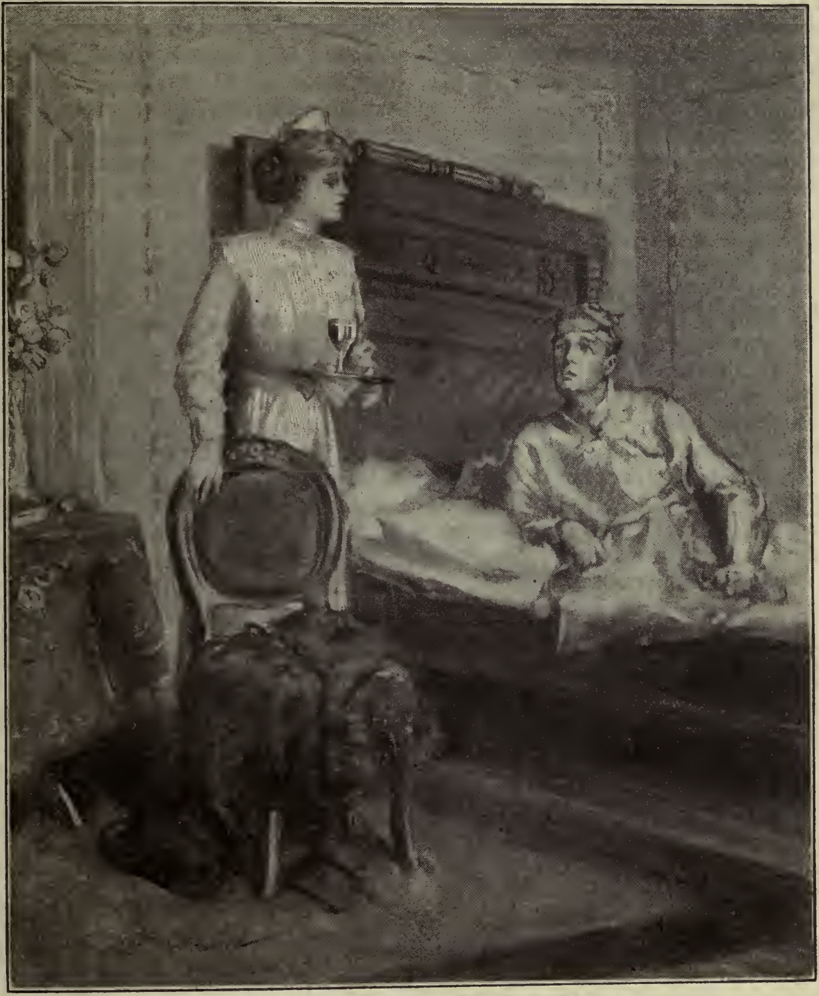
At first she demurred. The doctor had advised caution. He must not attempt to walk before he could creep.

"But I've been creeping for a week," he insisted. "I'm not feeble any more. I'm practically myself again—thanks to you."

In the end he had his way, and in recognition of the importance of the occasion and the honor of the bestowed invitation, Miss Harper exchanged her frock of white linen for a gown of blue chiffon, which was, perhaps, a trifle more becoming, though either would have harmonized perfectly with the quaint Dutch dining-room and its decorative Delft tiles, plaques and steins.

Had she not been a wonderfully self-possessed young woman—which was, no doubt, partly due to her training—she would have been disconcerted by the way her patient stared at her, throughout the rather simple meal they had dignified into an event. For Lem Townsend, viewing her now, amid surroundings other than the sick room, was almost dazzled by the way in which her rare young beauty was enhanced by its new setting. Moreover, he had been quite unprepared for the girl's exhibition of poise. Her carriage, her command of the graces, her familiarity with the small niceties of table etiquette amazed and delighted him.

Upstairs he had grown almost alarmed when, more than once, on analyzing his emotions, he found that he was growing, day by day, more attached to the girl; more and more dependent, not alone upon her services, but upon her presence. He had tried to argue that propinquity and circumstance were responsible for what must prove a false, or at least a temporary sentiment. With different surround-


"But I've been creeping for a week," he insisted

ings, he told himself, would come disillusion. And so, in so far as possible, he had changed the surroundings, designedly and abruptly, and the attachment, the sentiment, the admiration, instead of lessening, had increased.

The dinner was nearing its end, and for a full minute there had been silence between them, when Lem, pausing with a hot-house grape midway to his mouth, leaned suddenly forward, a smile on his lips, and asked:

"Do you remember the mud pies?"

The unexpectedness of the query startled her for an instant. Then she laughed, a gay, merry little laugh. "Perfectly," she answered, leaning forward in turn. "We used to make them together, down by the brook, at the foot of what was then old Mrs. Hollins' garden."

He dropped the grape back into his plate, and his face all at once became serious.

"Was that really you?" he asked dreamily. "Somehow, I can't reconcile that *you* with this *you;* no, not in the very least."

"That *I* was a child; this *I* is a woman. No, they are not the same." She was quite as serious as he now.

"And in all the years in between," he went on, "while that *you* died and this new *you* was born, how was it we never met?"

"You went away to school and after that to college; and before you came back from college, my father moved us over into Franklin County, and then, nearly three years ago, I went to the city to study nursing."

"You were Beth when we made mud pids together," he told her.

"I am Beth still."

"No. Now you are Miss Harper."

"Do you like Beth better?"

"No," he answered quickly. "I like *you* better."

That faint pink surged to her cheeks again.

"Come," he said, "I want you to play for me and I want you to sing that song I heard you humming yesterday."

He stood up and going over to her offered her his arm, which she took, laughing. And so they crossed the broad hall to the drawing-room, where a wood fire blazed and crackled on the hearth, and the only light came from a tall, shaded lamp beside the piano.

Standing with his back to the fireplace, he watched her as she sat hesitant before the instrument, her chin raised, her hands extended, flutteringly, above the keys. The next instant a chord of melody, very soft and low, trembled into the silence, only to be caught up into a bolder, more sonorous harmony, which in turn melted again into a whispering cadence, so sweet and tender that the listener's very soul thrilled in delicious concert. In a swaying, rhythmical succession of siren strains, the piano, under the magic of the girl's deft fingers, sang on, and the man, touched to the depths, charmed and enraptured, drank in with eager ears all the subtle delights of the music.

It seemed marvelous to him that she could play so exquisitely, and yet there was less art than feeling in her execution. He realized this a little when, the *berceuse* finished, she sang, to her own simple accompaniment, two stanzas of that James Whitcomb Riley poem.

What a world of expression she gave to those lines:

"There! little girl, don't cry!
 They have broken your heart, I know!"

Her voice was a contralto, full and vibrant, with a wonderful richness and roundness, especially when it came to certain low notes, but, after all, it was the soul in her singing that held and swayed him.

"And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago—"

She expressed renunciation here, glad renunciation, rather than any pathetic regret. And then came the last lines, confident, almost exultant:

"But Heaven holds all for which you sigh.
 There, little girl, don't cry!"

When she finished, Lem was standing close behind her. She thought he was going to thank her, but, instead, he asked her a question:

"Will Heaven give me what I sigh for, do you think?"

Turning about on the piano stool, she faced him, radiant.

"I'm sure it will," she answered. "It has already, hasn't it?"

"No," he returned, his voice low and tremulous with the emotion that possessed him. "Not what I sigh for most—what I want most."

Her eyes wavered under the information of his gaze, and she colored vividly. Then her head bent forward as he laid a hand on her shoulder. And for just a heartbeat there was silence between them—a silence strained, pregnant, portentous.

"Shall I tell you what I want most?" he asked her, and the tenseness of the moment was relaxed.

She raised her eyes again, and he withdrew his hand and retreated a step.

"I think this is your eighth question," she said smiling. Her composure was nearly regained.

"No, this is the seventh," he said decisively. "Two more—I've kept exact count."

She smiled at his earnestness. "I shall be glad to hear," she murmured.

"I wonder if you have any notion as to the business Judge Ellis and I had together this afternoon?" The question seemed to her irrelevant, sordid, out of keeping—a little shockingly out of keeping with the emotional intensity that had held them both but an instant before.

"No."

It was scarcely more than a murmur, this negation of hers. She would have clutched back the palpitant entrancement of that shattered silence if she could.

"I will tell you," he said. "We have gotten around your grandfather's condition. I have made over to him an interest in the business. He is no longer an employe; he is a partner. He can go to the works when he likes—Sundays as well as week days."

She sprang up, her face alight. "Oh, how good you are!" she cried.

"No," he told her, "it is very little. I owe him my life—all my future years, all my future—" He paused and held out his hand to her. She took a short step toward him.

"*Is* it to be happiness?" he asked her. "It is for you to say."

Then she laid her hand in his and he drew her into the close shelter of his arms.

"This is my last question," he whispered.

MID-AUTUMN—THE PERFECT WHOLE

By GRACE AGNES TIMMERMAN

FRAIL, fugitive, frost-withered, brown and sere,
The first leaves fallen mock the lingering bloom
Of meadow-weed and aster, fading here;
Fast grows the woodland like a vacant room:
Yet grandly, still, and tranquil as a seer
Whose eyes behold heaven's beauty through the gloom
Of dissolution, autumn fronts her doom—
Prophet of peace, and priestess of the year.

Peace? But a little while ago we read
Her mystic rapture, writ in gold and red;
Saw clearly, where her wondrous page unrolled,
Immortal passion flame in red and gold.
Ah! Sibyl-wise, she wrought upon her scroll
The endless glory of the perfect whole!

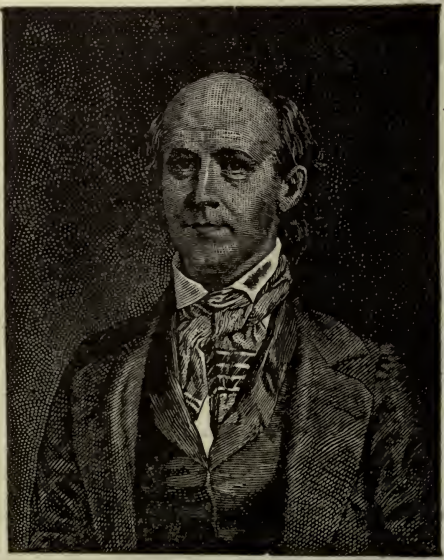
In the Days *of* Horace Greeley

Personal Anecdotes of the Great Statesman-Editor as Told by an Old Boyhood Friend

by The Editor

EVERY scrap of information that comes to us concerning our heroes, moral and physical, has a fascinating interest. From the time when I first began setting type and finding the "e, p and q" box, or scraping around the bottom of the box for quads and spaces, Horace Greeley was to me a hero. As I sat perched on a stool and busy with dreams of the future, his career seemed to me the ideal of all American public life. His various biographies were assiduously studied, and every anecdote was read with avidity. Even a pilgrimage to his home was contemplated. As years passed, the inspiration of Greeley still remained, and it was a rare pleasure to meet, upon a visit to New Hampshire, Mr. William O. Folsom, who was with Greeley during some of the trying days of the Civil War, when the great editor was living on his farm, "Chappaqua," thirty-six miles north of New York. As we sat on the veranda of the little New Hampshire hotel, I listened to intimate personal sidelights on Greeley's character that no written record could reveal.

One had to do with the time when Greeley had written certain unpopular editorials on Richmond, and, threatened with mob violence at his office, had gone up to "Chappaqua" for a few days' rest. He was troubled with insomnia because of the night work he had done on his morning paper, but "on to Richmond" continued ringing in his ears, so that he could not find sleep even on his farm. The doctors massaged him and drugged him, but for four days and nights he never closed his eyes in sleep. The good folks of the village began to worry, when Greeley himself hit upon a cure. Up the hill from his house was a waterfall some twenty-four feet in height, and Greeley decided if he could take a shower bath under the fall that he would be all right. He did so and slept like a babe, but his folks were so afraid that he would sleep too long after his sleepless past that they kept waking him every hour, and he went back to his slumber after protests that were as emphatic as his editorials.



HORACE GREELEY
With his almost superhuman power of concentration and his genius for "hitting the nail on the head," Greeley assumed an editorial leadership that has never been rivaled by any one individual editor

* * *

Horace Greeley would write sitting with his elbows raised on a desk arranged especially for him, and his friend confirmed the story that a brass band could be playing near and not interrupt or disturb him. He usually muttered to himself as he wrote, so that he was virtually dictating his material and himself transcribing it.

An omnivorous reader, Greeley could read page after page and repeat word for word from memory. His addresses were always freighted with stirring thoughts, and revealed the strong personality of the Greeley editorials.

The week-end sermons of Greeley made another interesting story. When he had guests over Sunday, by request of his wife, he seemed to feel it necessary to write sermons for them, to be delivered on the morning of the Sabbath. The religious beliefs of his visitors would be ascertained and then he would set to work. If one were a Baptist, Greeley would prepare a real Baptist sermon; if a Presbyterian, a Presbyterian sermon; an Episcopalian, an Episcopalian sermon. Whatever might be the creed of the guest, Greeley always had a sermon fitting and appropriate to the occasion. He read the Bible thoroughly, and said that he felt that no human mind was able fully to comprehend that great book, its depth and profundity being beyond human capacity; it seemed so universal and broad he declared that it would cover almost any sort of belief. He used to remark how many ministers would put fugitive phrases together to support various religious dogmas and gave as an example the quotation, "And went and hanged himself, go thou and do likewise." The two phrases , of course, were separate, but they served the purpose to make an illustration for Horace Greeley as to how much depends not only upon punctuation, but a study of the context.

Of the many subjects that aroused his interest in later life, his favorite was farming. He did think that although he might be mistaken in politics, yet he knew something about farming, and to prove it he wrote a book, "What I Know about Farming."

The old friend of Greeley's smiled reminiscently as he told of Greeley's "quick process apple orchard." Instead of waiting for the regular process of rotation of crops, letting nature do the work, Greeley decided that he would have an apple orchard in one season instead of two, and he employed an expert agriculturist to come and seed it for him, plowing, subsoiling, seeding and smoothing the ground at same time, though at a cost of hundreds of dollars. During those days his income was such that he never had to worry about money. When he wanted things he wanted them, and he got them. His taste never ran to the fastidious in dress; he liked to be comfortable. Attired in his old white hat and white coat he used to go about, as the neighbors said, "not altogether harnessed." His shoe laces might not be tied, but he was always scrupulously neat.

During the presidential campaign Horace Greeley made several speeches in New Hampshire, and he looked so harassed and careworn that his old friends and neighbors would shake their heads at him and say, "Horace, what in the devil is the good of being President, if you cannot be alive and healthy?" But things had gone too far at that time for a man of his stamp to leave the field of battle, even though defeat stared him in the face.

Greeley's marvelous feats of memory were testified to by his old friend. "Why," he declared, "Horace could absorb books as fast as he read them. He was a veritable dynamo as a writer and thinker." With his almost superhuman power of concentration and his genius for "hitting the nail on the head," Greeley assumed an editorial leadership that has never been rivaled by any one individual editor.

Like many other brilliant and sincere men, he made his mistakes. In the opening days of the Civil War he made some sharp addresses attacking Lincoln, whom he declared responsible for the bloodshed of the Civil War. But he lived to realize the injustice of his charges, and none were quicker to acknowledge errors.

The omnipotence of newspaper and contemporary opinion is sadly bedimmed when one reads the old files and finds so many prophecies exploded; and so much bitterness that now seems all unnecessary when the facts are finally garnered and seasoned, and put into the loom of history.

The Poet of the Badlands

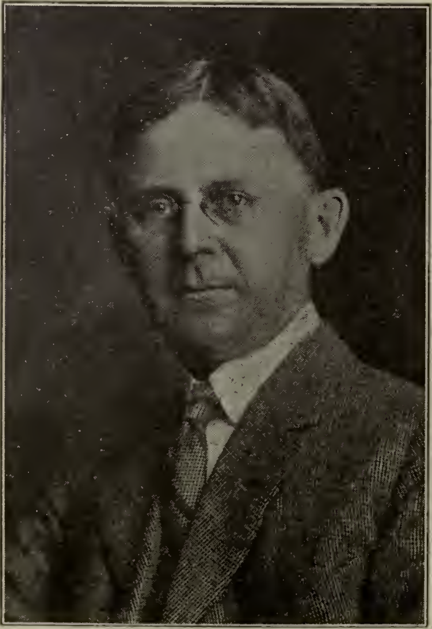
A Sketch of James W. Foley

by Henry C. Hansbrough

AMONG the many products that have made and are making North Dakota famous there is one that is of peculiar interest to me. It is not a product of the immediate soil, but it may be that the climate has had something to do with it. Yet this particular product is not of the neuter gender; nor is it a maverick of any kine, nor a goat. In truth, it is decidedly human, and belongs to the gender masculine. In other words, it is a man, and a good one, to my personal knowledge. His name is James W. Foley. He is the poet laureate of the state. "Jimmy," as his immediate friends call him, is a good singer; at times he is a sweet singer, without any premeditated design of rivaling the lark, or the bluebird, or the oriole, or other species of feathered songster. Jimmy sings a music of his own, and he gets into one's poetical affections with ease and grace—much easier and more gracefully than the "yegg man" gets into one's safe with a tool of the same name.

A product of North Dakota, did I say? Well, not exactly that; a fruit or a growth of North Dakota would be better. Foley was one of the village boys—*the* boy, I have no doubt—at Medora, on the Little Missouri, when Roosevelt went to that region to learn to be a cowboy. In one respect Foley and Roosevelt were in the same class; neither of them needed much training. Roosevelt was something of a cowboy before he went to Medora. Foley has been a poet always; he was born that way, and couldn't help it.

Now, Medora is not the last place one would go to find a poet, or to train up a cowboy. It is a small village where the Northern Pacific railway crosses the Little Missouri River. It sits solemnly but proudly on a narrow piece of river bottom, under the shadow of the little station house on the hill, and is surrounded by buttes, sometimes called badlands—a picturesque section of country that was once underlaid with deep, thick veins of lignite coal which took fire long before the dawn of history, and, as it burned out in irregular fashion, here and there the land sank into the burned-out caverns, leaving a jagged and an uneven perspective of scoriated hills and



JAMES W. FOLEY
The poet of the Badlands

verdured valleys. Hence the badlands, where coal is still burning underground, as is evidenced by occasional spirals of smoke, which ascends lazily when the days are calm, or is whisked into the ambient ether when the wind blows. Foley is a fruit of this badland section. May his poetic fire never burn out!

Of course, Bismarck, the capital of North Dakota, will claim Foley; it does claim him, for it was here that he attended the splendid public schools, and it is here that he now resides. He attended the University of South Dakota; but that is unimportant; Foley didn't need a textbook education. As a printer, and later one of the editors of the *Bismarck Tribune*, he had better and more practical opportunities of an educational sort than could be found in any college.

FOLEY'S HOME AT BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA

* * *

Of course Foley sings of the spring; he would not be a poet if he didn't. He sings also of the other seasons, of humanity, of mother—how tenderly he sings of mother!—and even of the hip-pocket piece—"the blue one"—which, like Foley, has a song of its own. It is his song about one of these melodious, death-dealing things and the bad man who was behind the gun that moves me to write these few lines.

I have not read all the poetry that Foley has written, for the reason that while he has been singing I have been engaged in an unpoetical profession, or business, or calling, or whatever else one pleases to term it. So it was not until I went out of prosaic politics that I gave much attention to the reading of poetry. No doubt Foley has written some better things than "Shooting up Lanigan's," but nothing that has come to my notice equals it in poetical descriptiveness or grim humor:

"He blowed inter Lanigan's, swingin' a gun,
An' swearin';
Declarin'
Red rivers 'ud run
Down Alkali Valley an' oceans o' gore
'Ud wash sudden death on th' sage-brushy shore,
An' shot a big hole inter Lanigan's floor.

He blowed inter Lanigan's, swingin' a gun,
A new one,
A blue one,
A Colt's forty-one;
He shot some, permiskus, where Lanigan stood.
An' would have put Lanigan in bad fer good,
But the leg that he happened t' shoot in was wood.

He blowed inter Lanigan's shoutin' like mad,
An' ravin',
Gun wavin'
Gin-ugly an' bad
He shot a knot hole outen Lanigan's leg,
Th' wood one—an' shot th' bung outen a keg,
An' nigh let th' liquor all out, every dreg.

An' Lanigan, seein' him goin' too far,
Too frisky,
(With whisky
With cash at th' bar),
Reached over an' pulled out a big forty-four
An' plugged him between th' back bar an' th' door,
Till he was less harmful than he was before.

He blowed inter Lanigan's, lookin' fer gore,
An' tarried;
We carried
Him out on a door;
An' Lanigan took a big splinter o' leg
An' got out his jackknife an' whittled a peg
To stop up th' hole he shot inter th' keg."

Now it is reasonable to assume that Lanigan was not the least bit concerned about what Hell Roaring Bill had to say; he had heard much that other gentlemen of Bill's class had said on the subject of "oceans of gore." Yet when Bill spoiled Lanigan's floor the proprietor of the place was inclined to dissent, for the floor was a new one and lumber was a scarce article in the camp. Nor did he lose his temper when Bill shot a knot hole out of his leg; the hole would not show, for Lanigan's buckskin trousers would hide it from view. Even up to and including these incidents, there was no disposition on the part of Mr. Lanigan to exchange words or other courtesies with Bill.

But when Bill shot the bung out of the keg "and nigh let the liquor all out," Lanigan was not in the least particle of doubt in regard to his duty; good order must be maintained, and valuable property in the camp must be protected. Spilling the liquor was a *causus belli*, and must be dealt with. No coroner's inquest was necessary; the facts in the case, as Foley states them—the disappearance of the knot hole in Lanigan's leg, and the exhibit on the door just outside and near the entrance to Lanigan's place of business—furnished sufficient evidence of what had happened. Besides, Lanigan was a coroner, also the sheriff.

When Lanigan had hastily stopped the hole in the leaking keg, thus saving the most valuable asset in the camp, business was resumed; for by this time everybody was thirsty. And it was a lucky thing for Lanigan that he had had the presence of mind to save the liquor; else, there would have been a hanging, and no coroner to hold a 'quest, or sheriff to arrest the lynchers.

* * *

Some day, when his muse is not otherwise engaged, Foley will sing us a song recounting the experiences of a gentleman at Fort Benton, Montana, up the river nearly a thousand miles, just above Bismarck. This gentleman "blew in" at Benton about twenty-five years ago. He was a stranger in those parts, but soon became acquainted. He said his name was Crowder. He told where he came from, and freely related his history, but no one believed it, for God had branded Crowder all over his face. There were those in Benton that knew Crowder's story to be lacking in essential facts.

But Crowder carried an air of self-confidence. He also carried a gun, and was fond of exhibiting it, in a playful way, to the loungers around business places such as Folley has described Lanigan's to have been.

Now Crowder, according to his own story, had traveled almost everywhere, and seen almost everything, except an impromptu hanging. This was the one special thing, above all else, that he wanted to see. So one day a lounger by the name of Rafferty told Crowder that there was going to be a quiet hanging "back at the bluff." Crowder was delighted. Rafferty said that it was customary for some gentleman that had never seen a hanging to buy the rope. Nothing would give Crowder greater pleasure than to contribute the hemp, and straightway he proceeded to make the required investment.

Then the loungers, in silence and mystery, went up to the bluff, Crowder carrying the rope. In due time, and without any greater amount of ceremony than the important occasion demanded, the hanging took place.

Crowder was not among the loungers when they returned to town.

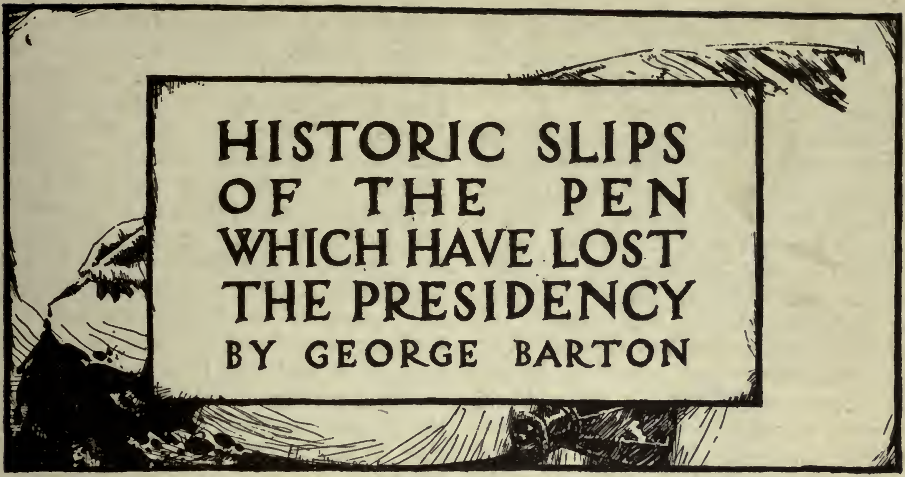
But the Lanigans and the Crowders, those of them who engaged in the business that these gentlemen did, are now gone from the West, or nearly so. They will live, however, in the poetry of Bret Harte, Sam Davis, Jim Foley and a few others who have sung the requiem of these and their kind in immortal verse and prose.

DUMB

I CANNOT write the thoughts I think,
The precious things I feel;
Ere paper greets the wooing ink
Both thoughts and ink congeal.

My heart must burst or overflow;
My feelings pass the sun
Of words and tears; but even so,
Nor words nor tears will come!

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*



HISTORIC SLIPS OF THE PEN WHICH HAVE LOST THE PRESIDENCY

BY GEORGE BARTON

A SLIP of the pen or slip of the tongue has lost the Presidency to more than one aspiring statesman. When Woodrow Wilson wrote to Adrian Joline, expressing the fervent hope that someone or somebody would take William Jennings Bryan and "knock him into a cocked hat," he little thought that a few years later he would stand side by side with the bald boy "orator," pleading for support on the same platform and for the same principles which, in three different national campaigns, landed Mr. Bryan on the scrap heap of politics. But Governor Wilson's position, although somewhat embarrassing, is by no means novel. Awkward letters have played their part in presidential campaigns ever since the foundation of the Republic.

Indeed, given a good epigrammatic letter, your dearest friend can knock your political aspirations sky high. Hand a strong man pen and ink and a pad of paper and he becomes as guileless as an infant. It was Job (Chapter 31, verse 35) who exclaimed, "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book!" In these days of slap stick politics no modern prophet begs his enemy to write a book. All he asks him to do is to indite a letter—a modest, unassuming little letter. That generally does the work. If properly constructed, the little missive becomes a political blunder and that, according to Disraeli, is worse than a crime. It may have been committed innocently, or it may have been the result of carelessness, stupidity, or culpable ignorance; in any event the result is always the same.

The thoughtless letter writer began his work in the earliest presidential campaigns. In the bitter contest between John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay was regarded as a possible compromise candidate, but one morning a newspaper —it was the *Philadelphia Columbia Observer*—printed a letter alleged to have been written by a member of Congress in which the statesman said: "For some time past friends of Clay have hinted that they, like the Swiss, would fight for those that pay best." Overtures were said to have been made by the friends of Adams to the friends of Clay, offering him the appointment of Secretary of State for his aid to elect Adams. This information was given to friends of Jackson with a hint that if Jackson would offer the same place to him they would close with him.

Clay denounced the publication with great fervor and said that he believed it to be a forgery, but he added that if it were not, the author was a base and infamous calumniator, a dastard and liar. George Kreamer of Pennsylvania immediately admitted the authorship of the epistle and offered to prove the truth of what he had said. The matter dragged along for many months and was finally forgotten by the greater part of the people. Mr. Clay, it so happened, was later appointed Secretary of State in the cabinet of the new President.

General Winfield Scott was one of the popular heroes in 1840. He was brave and bluff and had many characteristics which endeared him to the people. His friends brought him out as a Presidential candidate. His chief opponent for the nomination was William Henry Harrison. At that time slavery was becoming an issue in American politics. General Scott, who was overly fond of writing letters, wrote one to Francis Granger of New York, in which he sought to conciliate the anti-slavery sentiment of that state. Granger, in order to help Scott, showed it privately to a number of friends. One of these was Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania.

Virginia, in the convention, was looked upon as a pivotal state. It was believed that the candidate who would get the support of the Virginian delegation would obtain the nomination. Stevens, who favored the nomination of Harrison, knew this fact, and when Francis Granger showed him the Scott letter on slavery he asked permission to retain it in his possession for a while. A little later he called at the headquarters of the Virginian delegation and dropped the letter on the floor. It was picked up by one of the Southern colonels, and when its contents became known to the members of the delegation, the air was charged with brimstone. That "discreet little letter" decided the Virginians to support Harrison instead of Scott. Van Buren was the opposing candidate at the polls, and as he was so overwhelmingly defeated, it is evident that Scott could have been elected as easily as Harrison. So it is quite reasonable to assume that Scott's foolishness in writing a two-page letter caused him to lose the Presidency.

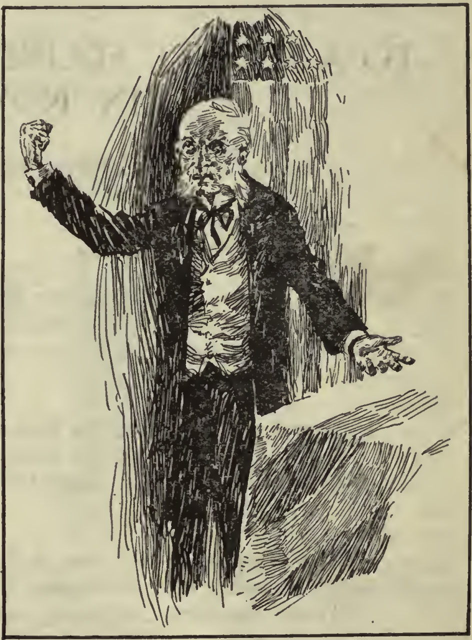
It was Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania who was in the habit of saying that he would sooner walk a hundred miles than write a letter. Some men who have written letters have afterwards had to go further than that. One of them, Lord Sackville-West, during Cleveland's first administration, represented the Court of St. James at Washington. During the height of the Cleveland-Harrison campaign of 1888, Lord Sackville-West received a letter from a person who signed himself as Charles F. Murchison of Pomona, California. Mr. Murchison, with charming candor, said that he considered Mr. Cleveland the friend of England and wanted to know if the British ambassador thought that the policy which Mr. Cleveland was then pursuing toward the mother country was only temporary, and asked if re-elected, whether the President would make it permanent. He knew, so he said, that Lord Sackville-West was in a position to get the true view of things, and he asked him to advise him how he should vote in the pending campaign.

It was like purloining confectionery from an infant. Lord Sackville-West, who parted his name, as well as his hair, in the middle, fell head over heels into the trap. He sent a very fatherly reply to Mr. Murchison, of Pomona, California, in which he said, "You are probably aware that any political party which openly favors the mother country at the present moment would lose popularity, and the party in power is fully aware of that fact. It is impossible to predict the future; but there is every reason for believing that Mr. Cleveland, while upholding the position he has taken, will manifest a spirit of conciliation in dealing with the questions involved in his message."

When this letter became public property, which it did in due time, there was Hades to pay. Lord Sackville-West, not content with writing the letter, had enclosed with it an article from the New York *Times*, urging doubtful voters to cast their ballot for Mr. Cleveland. There was a great commotion in Washington. Mr. Bayard, the Secretary of State, telegraphed to Mr. Phelps, the American ambassador at London, expressing his amazement at the extraordinary letter written by Lord Sackville-West, and asked him and the British government to take immediate action thereon. Mr. Phelps rushed breathlessly to the head of the British government and told him that something would have to be done at once. Lord Salisbury received the information very sedately. He was slow in action, and as a consequence Lord Sackville-West was handed his passport, or in other words, was given his walking papers. In brief, he was "fired." A few nights after that James G. Blaine and Patrick Ford addressed a monster Irish mass meeting in New York City. They poured out the vials of their wrath on poor, childlike Sackville-West. They took turns at pulling the tail of the British lion, and the anguished shrieks of that poor animal could be heard round the world. Anyhow, Harrison was elected.

Slips of the tongue, as has been intimated, are sometimes as fatal as slips of the pen. Mr. Blaine, who was so merciless in flaying Sackville-West for his mistaken letter, was himself the victim of a blunder even more inexcusable. It was in the Blaine-Cleveland contest for the presidency. Mr. Blaine had made a tour of the country like the plumed knight, with whom he had been so often compared. He had been received everywhere by enormous crowds and with great enthusiasm. His integrity had been attacked, and some of his friends thought that it would be a good plan to wind up the campaign in New York City with a great moral rally. Accordingly the Ministers' Meeting was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and Doctor Burchard, standing on the marble stairway of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and in eulogizing Blaine said, "You represent these three enemies of the American government — Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." Blaine said afterwards that he heard the words distinctly, but that he was mentally engaged in preparing his reply, and for that reason lost their significance. He repudiated the speech twenty-four hours later, but it was then too late. The epigrammatic sentence had flashed across the country, and there is no doubt whatever that it lost him tens of thousands of votes. Seasoned political leaders say there is no question that it cost him New York State. Cleveland carried New York by twelve hundred votes, and Blaine, whose life ambition was centered on the Presidency, lost it through the glib tongue of of one of his supposed supporters.

James A. Garfield, in 1880, was a victim of the famous Morey letter. It counterfeited Garfield's handwriting in a manner to deceive his most intimate friends. It was addressed to an imaginary person named Morey, and it asserted principles regarding the Chinese question which, if they had been endorsed by Garfield, would have hurt him in California and other states where cheap Chinese labor had greatly embittered the people. It was proven to be a forgery, but denials were ineffective and there is no doubt that it cost Garfield many votes on the Pacific coast.



"Lost it through the glib tongue of one of his supposed supporters"

During the same campaign Garfield was charged with getting a credit mobilier dividend of $329, and these figures were chalked on the walls, printed in the newspapers and spread broadcast, despite the earnest denials of General Garfield.

Grover Cleveland was not regarded as a careless or promiscuous letter writer, yet he once indited an epistle against Bryan which, in its way, is quite as severe as the "cocked hat" statement of Woodrow Wilson. It was, of course, after Mr. Cleveland had retired from the Presidency. Bryan had made his meteoric flash across the political horizon and left his party a wreck. George F. Parker, one of Mr. Cleveland's intimates, had enclosed him a letter from a friend who was protesting against the renomination of Mr. Bryan, who said that he proposed to devote all of his efforts to defeating what he called this menace to his party. Mr. Cleveland, replying to the letter, said, "I do not agree with our friend that another dish of Bryan will be forced upon our party; but his letter is, after all, like a breath of fresh air in a bad atmosphere."

So the admirers of Mr. Bryan may take the views of Mr. Wilson or Mr. Cleveland. They can view their favorite in the shape of a cocked hat or they can look upon him served in the guise of a dish of crow.

TO A VIOLET FOUND BLOOMING AFIELD IN NOVEMBER

By EDWIN BIRD WILSON

O PURPLE floweret,
Lovely violet,
Thy fellows, ere mid-summer sun could scorch their heads,
Had laid them countless millions, in their beds
Of foliage, stems, protruding roots and withered grass,
Unseen;

Except a few, not bolder than the rest,
But in location singularly blest,
Lived on a while, in grateful wooded shade or brooklet's bank,
Serene.

E'en they, before the first chill breath
Of autumn's wind foreboding death
Tinted the forests, withering away, lay all unnoticed and
Unseen.

But thou, O violet,
Solitary flowerlet,
Bloom'st on nor car'st for dank November;
Bravely drawing from the earth and air thine own provender;
My steps were guided hither, else thou too, hadst died
Unseen.

But now I know some purpose brought me hither:
Same purpose, mayhap, would not let thee wither;
I'll pluck and send thee to Her, and thou'lt nestle on her breast
Serene.

Then shall a happy mission be thy part:
Thou'lt tell her of my loving, faltering heart,
Patricia—and perhaps she'll send a look, a smile, to make my heart
Serene.

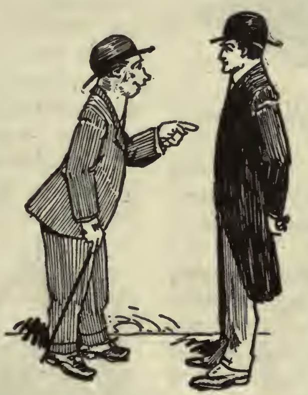
A LAUGHING SUCCESS

By

William Clarence Getty

So the nervous, worried-looking man gave me five dollars, neatly done up in one bill, handed me a ticket for the show next night and told me to be on hand. He mentioned something about an additional 'fiver' if I made good, but I was so all-fired happy that I don't remember much about that."

The speaker was Tubby Kingston. I hadn't seen him in years until the day I bumped into him abruptly on Broadway. We had sought the nearest cafe and I was getting the story of his life first hand. We had been boys together back at Cloverdale. Tubby was never much good for anything except swimmin'. He could stay under water longest and dive deeper than any of the fellows. In the old days Tubby shunned work as though it was the yellow fever.



The speaker was Tubby Kingston

All the rest of the boys had made good at one thing or another, and the last I heard of Tubby he was still hanging around Cloverdale, his native village, a failure at everything he attempted.

I was surprised to find him prosperous-looking in a suit of the latest fashion and trailing a gold-headed cane. He threw himself upon me with the enthusiasm of a champion wrestler, and I had hard work to free myself from a sort of strangle hold which he fastened on my anatomy as soon as he was sure it was me.

I didn't need to urge him to talk. He was full of it and evidently wanted to unload.

"Yes," he said, "I'm an unqualified laughing success. You've heard the term used in reference to musical comedy, perhaps, but I'll warrant you never heard of an individual making good at it. To get back:

"When the man, whom I afterward learned was the manager of the theater, slipped me a small portion from a roll big enough to plug a break in the city water mains, I felt light enough to fly away on the steam of an oyster stew. If my ancestors had chosen France for the birthplace of our family, I would have thrown my arms around the man and made a noise like a kiss on his face. Honestly, I felt rich enough to go out and purchase the Flatiron building.

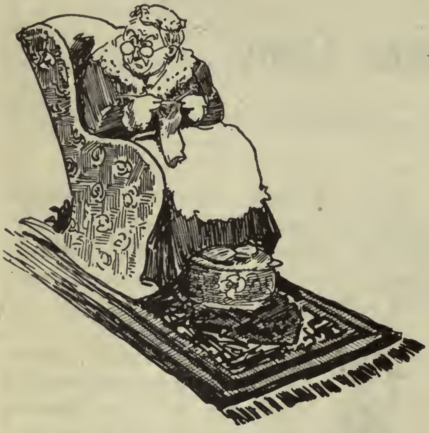
"First I wound the bill on the index finger of my left hand and then I tied a string around it. That was so I wouldn't lose it, you see.

"Then I went out on the street and nearly got pinched for jumping over a cab horse who had the unprecedented gall to stand right in front of our theater—the theater where I was employed.

"Tom, you talk about happiness! Why! Say, man! I was so tickled that I could have drowned out the subway with a whisper! If I had turned my lungs loose on that old street, I believe the vibration would have tumbled the Singer building.

"The realization that I was good for something nearly turned my head. I must have walked about for two hours like a man in a dream. I guess I must have felt wheezy, whatever that means.

"That is how it all started. Now look me over! Success is stamped all over me. Notice my greatly improved front since you saw me last. Isn't there some considerable class? Uh? Didn't think I had it in me, did you?"



Even old Mother Griggs had begun to get discouraged

I leaned over the table with renewed interest. Tubby's cocksure attitude amused me. I hoped the waiter would not be too prompt, for that Tubby was swelled on himself was plainly evident, and I wanted to hear the rest of it.

"The beginning was like this," he continued. "Jen—you remember Jen—she with the dimple and the smile as big and warm and sunny as a beautiful June morning. With eyes deep, dark and mysterious as a mountain pool and as refreshingly—"

Of course I remembered Jenny. Anyway, I didn't want him to elucidate, for I noticed the soft look that crept into his eyes as he spoke of her.

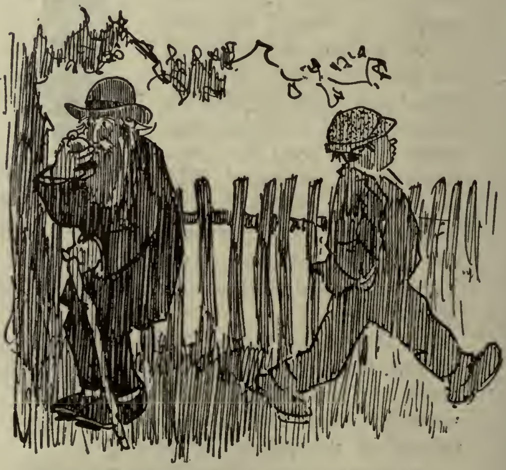
"Well," he went on, "Jen and I had been engaged so long that even old Mother Griggs had begun to get discouraged and grumble because there hadn't been a wedding in Cloverdale for ten years. 'Folks are not like they used to was,' she said. You know how it is up there," nodding his head to indicate the village, "everybody's in on your personal affairs.

"I had been making the beat to Jen's house, I guess, since the haziest recollection of the oldest inhabitant. Every evening the neighbors checked me by at 7.30. I wouldn't have been late for worlds. When the clock stopped it got so that they set it again by my evening trip. Events were measured and children were sent to bed as the result of my punctuality.

"I could almost hear them saying, 'There goes that worthless Tubby Kingston; I wonder what Jenny Palmer sees in him.' They were about right, at that, for I had tried everything, from peeling tamarack logs at the sawmill to waiting on the ice cream trade at the Eporium. I was a miserable failure at everything.

"They kept me at the Eporium longest. I was there going on six weeks when I was suddenly canned for mixing myself an egg drink and forgetting to tickle the cash register. Old Griggs, the Eporium owner, has since said that I was one of the best men he ever turned out.

"Well, Jen was the only one in the whole darn town that thought there was anything in me. Funny how I found out later that it was only a laugh, wasn't it? She insisted that there must be something that I could do. She advised me to go to the Big Town, and I'll never forget how I dug up Bill Higgins' whole farm during potato time to get the necessary capital.



Every evening the neighbors checked me by at 7.30

"I landed at the New York Central

station with nothing to back me up but a dollar and a half and the best wishes of Jen back there at Cloverdale. Oh! I was up against it for sure.

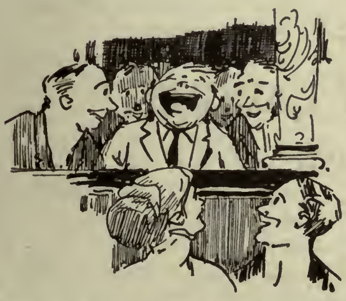
"I hung to that bone and a half like a well-bred bull pup clings to the seat of a tramp's trousers. I lived at the lunch counters and slept on park benches.

"About a week in New York put me clear to the bad. Money gone. Tired, hungry and discouraged, I thought of jumping into the East River. I had heard of people doing this with great success.

"Everybody laughed when I applied for a job. No one in the whole city of New York took me seriously. I tried for everything from the secretaryship to a railroad president down to feeding canaries in a bird store. Nothing doing. No one wanted me, and to this day I don't know why.

"It seemed as though all New York was going to the Olympia Theater that night. I wandered down that way just to see the lights and the moneyed people out for enjoyment. Who knew but what some lady might fall in front of a street car and I might prove to be the hero? Her husband might have made me the president of a bank or something like that. Isn't that regular story form?

"Anyway, I was caught in the crowd near the entrance to the theater, and in spite of my resistance I was swept toward the doors. The jam was awful. I don't know how I got by the man who took the tickets, but I did and soon I found myself with others who had apparently bought standing room.



I let out a peal of my heartiest laughter

"I thought the show was great. The audience didn't seem to warm up at all, though. After a while even the performers seemed to get tired of trying, and I heard a man say something about it being an awful frost.

"Along about the middle of the center act, one of the comedians turned one loose that floated strong to me and I forgot that I was tired, hungry, miserable and all but broke. I let out a peal of my heartiest laughter and everyone looked my way. I couldn't stop. It was one of those jokes that get behind you and tickle from the rear. I was ashamed and embarrassed and all that, but I couldn't stop. Just simply couldn't. Soon they all got it, and the great audience swayed the building as they pumped back and forth in their seats.

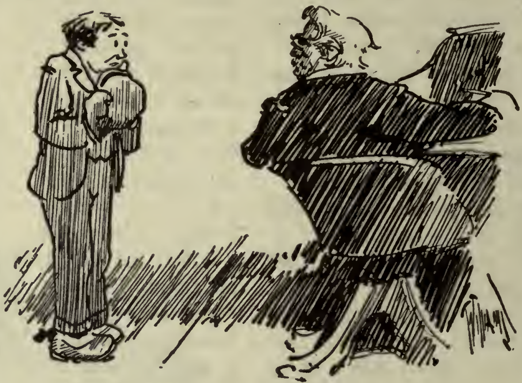
Tired, hungry and discouraged

"The rest of the performance went with a rush. The laughs came as regularly as the ticks of a Swiss watch. Queer how their attitude changed, wasn't it? When they strolled out they were still laughing and talking about what a good show it was.

"Before I had a chance to leave the theater an usher tapped me on the shoulder and told me that I was wanted at the box office. I was scared the color of certain green liquid used on potato plants and thought sure I was to be arrested for sneaking in. Even imagined my old gray-haired father coming down to bail me out of jail.

"Surprised! When the man I told you about in the beginning slipped me the money, you could have blown me over with the fluff off a dandelion. I do it regularly now, and there hasn't been a failure at the house in a long time. When I'm not laughing my head off on opening nights, I am busily engaged in sealing envelopes, carrying mail and attending to other important business.

"'I need that laugh,' he told me. 'Just make yourself comfortable in the audience and laugh at anything that amuses you. Don't be afraid of breaking the house regulations. Just laugh. Enjoy yourself. It sounded great tonight and it certainly got under everyone's hide.'



"I need that laugh," he told me

"Here was something I could do. I do laugh well; you'll have to give me credit. I've got myself so trained now that I could laugh at Blanche Walsh in her most agonizing death struggle. I have the finest assortment of laughs you ever heard. Want to hear one?"

I held up my hand. There were a lot of people in the cafe and besides—

"I am known among theatrical men as Graylson's audience. He's the manager, you know. Also, and I make this statement with my most retiring manner and with the faintest tinge of modesty, he's the most successful on the street.

"I've had other offers, but the salary is satisfactory and I figure that Graylson should have something for discovering me. Don't you think so?

"After I found that it was to be regular, I flossied up and made a flying trip to Cloverdale. Yes, I brought Jen back. We live out at Harlem.

"You ought to have seen the Cloverdale *Weekly Sentinel*. 'James Edward Kingston, the well-known and popular New York theatrical man, was in the city yesterday. Married Miss Jennie Palmer, one of our prettiest girls. We always knew that boy'd be heard from.' Haw! haw! Haw! haw!"

Tubby's four haw haws attracted the attention of all the diners and I looked toward my coat and hat.

Tubby consulted his watch, pushed back the finger-bowl and arose. "I've got to go down and laugh at 'The Girl in Purple' for the twenty-third time tonight," he said. "Want to come along?"

Unfortunately I had a sick friend.

WHEN MEMORY LAUGHS

By FLYNN WAYNE

WHEN to my boyhood home I go
To find the friends I used to know,
'Tis then, it seems, tricked by the Fates,
I am "a stranger in the gates."
No face is there to welcome me,
The lock that fits my memory's key
Is rusted, worn out, as I try
To turn it on the passersby.
And yet as down the street I glance
My roving eyes fall just by chance
Upon a stairway, worn and old,
Across whose front in letters bold
A sign proclaims—and memory laughs—
"T. A. Kellet—Photographs."

One Stroke at the Arm

by Harold de Polo

Author of "Padre Bernardo," etc.

IN the Maya Indian village, far inland where the Campeche jungle is thickest, and a good fifty leagues from any white man's camp, there was great excitement among the people. They left their work of boiling down rubber and clustered in close groups around their doorways. They passed to and fro, from one to another, speaking with bated breath. And they all looked, time and again, with wide eyes and wondering brains, at the big thatch hut at the beginning of the line that sheltered, for the moment, those they spoke of.

For it had been made known to them but a short while before that the maiden Paula, the young and comely daughter of Lazario, the good-for-nothing member of the tribe that was always drinking *aguardiente*, was to become the wife of Old Anibal, the aged miser that was the wealthiest man of the village. And now she and her father were inside arranging the final details.

Old Anibal, so old that he wore a dilapidated pair of brass-rimmed glasses that he had picked up on one of his visits through the jungle and down the river to the white man's camp—he, so aged, was to marry at last. Aged, indeed, for when one of their tribe needed anything for the eyes, it was undoubtedly a sign of great age. He was thin and long and gaunt. A bundle of bones with a withered hide covering them, that was all. It was even said that he had no blood, nor heart. Especially heart. For there was not a more cruel man in the tribe. Nay, in the whole of Campeche. And there were those also that affirmed not in all of Mexico.

Therefore there was great talk when it was announced that the fresh young maiden was to become his wife. Most of them pitied her. Others openly cursed the old miser. Some of them—a few old hags—shrugged their wrinkled shoulders and showed their toothless gums in a leer as they remarked that he could not live much longer. And then—ah, then! Think of the wealth that would be hers. Why, it was told by one that swore she really knew, that Old Anibal had the fabulous sum of over four hundred silver pesos; yes, incredible as it seemed. And then there was his mule—the only one in the village—that he had obtained in a bargain with an *Americano*. And there were the bright bits of colored cloth. Ay, ay, lucky was the woman that could wear them. And then, also, there was that wonderful piece of shimmering glass that showed the face if one looked at it. Ay, yes, lucky, lucky woman, agreed the hags.

Dios! They thought of it only after the first excitement was over. What would Basilio say? Basilio, the young man that was the pride of all the tribe. With his physical strength, his prowess at the hunt, his willingness at work. Yes, what would Basilio say? For it was well known that he loved Paula, and that she, in turn, loved him. Yes, they had only been waiting until he had amassed a sufficient quantity of riches to give the father in exchange for his daughter, before he made her his wife. What would he do when he returned from the hunt and heard the news?

And especially as the other man was Old Anibal. Old Anibal, his mortal enemy. For it was common knowledge throughout the village of the terrible enmity that existed between these two, Old Anibal the miser and young Basilio the hunter. Enmity that was burning, unquenchable, fierce. Yes, for Basilio one day, on hearing the old miser speak insultingly to Paula—as he thought he could speak to all on account of his wealth—had raised his right hand and struck him with the back of it across the mouth, even so hard that blood came from the whitened gums. For his love for the girl was great. And to this day there are those that speak with awe of the frightful rage of this toothless old man. They tell how he swore, time after time, for hours, almost, that he would yet have, before he died, that same right hand that had struck him across the mouth. Yes, what would Basilio say? What would he do? Always, at the end, they asked each other this question.

But to think of Old Anibal, the miser that few liked, marrying a young maiden. It was indeed strange. He had never liked women. No, he had always mocked at them. And now, when he was so old that he tottered as he walked, he had chosen a wife. Yes, it was indeed strange. But, ah! Some of the wiser ones whispered that it was not at all strange. *They* knew why he had chosen her. It was for revenge. To pay back the blow across the lips by taking from him that had struck him the one thing he loved most. Yes, that was surely it. That was surely it! *They* knew. Certainly. Anyone could see that. And so it was passed from group to group, swiftly and almost silently, until all nodded their heads knowingly. Well, well, what would Basilio do? What? Again that question was asked, by one and all, and passed around and around.

Basilio presently returned from the hunt, a young buck slung over his shoulder. And as he passed through the long line of thatch huts that formed the village, people turned aside and spoke in whispers only when his back was turned. He frowned his surprise as he noticed that his pleasant remarks were answered with low mumbles and turned heads. And so he walked, wondering, into his little hut near the end of the line. A moment later Teobaldo, a friend that often hunted with him, followed him through the doorway.

The villagers were in breathless silence, for they know that the other had gone to acquaint him with the news. In several moments Teobaldo came out and walked stonily away. None dared question him. Then, in a very short time, Basilio himself emerged. He walked straight ahead, his face immobile, until he reached the hut of old Anibal. The tribe hung on his next move, with their hearts high at the throat. Then he went boldly through the door; and again the villagers were left to wonder.

His entrance, for a moment, was not noticed by those inside. Old Anibal, sitting on a stump, lean, withered, ugly, bending far over, blinking his dull eyes, was speaking to Lazario, who knelt on the ground before him, supplicating. The girl Paula was off in a corner, her head in her hands, her body heaving.

"No, Lazario," the miser was saying, "I told you this morning that I would free you from your debt to me, and that is all. Ay, it is more than enough, fool! No, I say, you will not have the jug of *aguardiente* also. Bah, our bargain is made!"

"Yes, yes," begged the grovelling Lazario, "but just one jug—just one!"

Old Anibal curled his lips with a sneer. "Fool, do you think any woman is worth even what I am paying? Bah, away, the bargain is already made and announced to the tribe!"

Basilio then walked forward. The girl raised her head with a little cry. Lazario took himself to the other side of the room. The old miser bent his head further forward and rubbed his hands together with diabolical glee.

"So, young man, you come to visit me, eh? Maybe to congratulate me on my good fortune, eh?"

Basilio's strong face for an instant twitched. Then it again grew stony. "I come, old man, to ask if what I hear is true?"

The old miser stroked his sharpened nose and adjusted his glasses more firmly. "And what if it is true?"

Basilio did not answer. He looked at Paula. She nodded her head in assent and again pressed it between her hands.

"And what if it is true?" repeated the old man, grinning hideously.

Basilio stepped closer. "If it is true, wretch, I come to ask what you will take to give her to me. I have not pesos, as you have. I have not wealth in stores and hides. I can only offer to work. I will work for you for the rest of my life if you will give her to me. I will work hard and willingly," the youth stated firmly.

Old Anibal chuckled in his weak voice. He motioned Basilio to come still nearer, and peered closely into his face. "You remember, Basilio, that once you struck me, eh? Across the mouth, with your right hand. And you will remember that I swore to have that same hand, eh? Well, since then I have worked hard for this. I have lent and lent, for *aguardiente*, silver peso after silver peso to Lazario, until soon I had him badly in my debt. This morning I told him the only way to cancel the amount would be by giving me his daughter. He has agreed. She is mine. The tribe know of it. Well, and now you want her from me, eh? Good, I have expected this. I have wanted it. I have waited for it!" he paused, thrusting his head still further forward.

Basilio's face worked a trifle, but he quickly controlled it. "Well?" he asked.

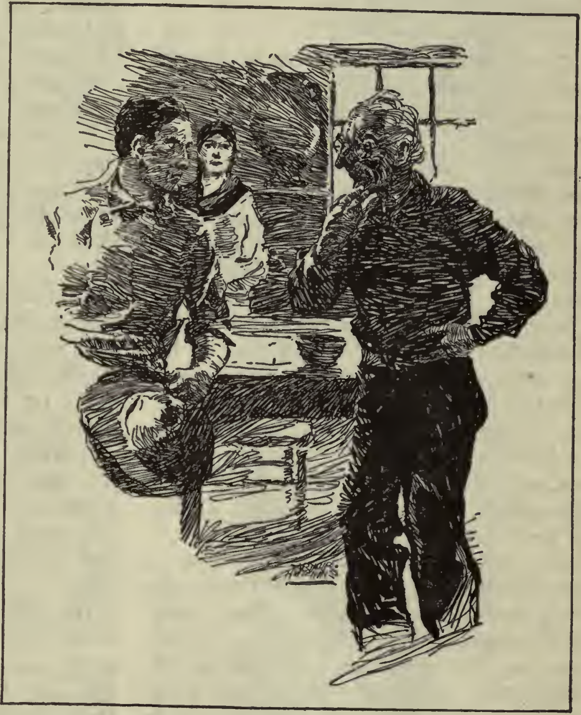
Old Anibal before replying, snatched the youth's right hand in his own and his voice went high and shrill. "You say you want the girl, eh? That you will work the rest of your life for me, eh? Well, I do not want work. I do not want work. I want," he paused to lend force to his words, "I want your right hand. I have sworn to have it!"

Basilio started back. The girl rose from her corner and came closer, her face whitening under her dark tan. Old Anibal rose to his feet, his body shaking, his hands clutching air, his face that of a fiend. "Yes," he shrieked in a high treble, "I want your right hand. Then you may have the girl. Bah, fool, did you think I wanted the girl for myself? Do you not think I have waited long for this? Bah, I want your right hand!"

Basilio's chest swelled out. He made as if to grasp the girl by force and take her away. But she smiled sadly at him. And in time he remembered the rigid tribal law of a bargain once made should never be broken. His eyes blazed as he looked at the chuckling miser.

"Yes, your hand," continued Anibal, "just one single stroke at your arm. It is all I ask. Tomorrow, at midday, place your arm on this block, have it tied down and give me just one stroke at it with my hatchet. That is all—one stroke—one stroke. Then the girl is yours." He looked through his glasses with cunning, blinking eyes at the face of the young man, waiting eagerly for his answer.

Basilio straightened his head. "It is well, old man, you shall have your stroke. Paula will be mine. I will be here tomorrow at midday and you shall have your stroke." His even voice stopped. He smiled at the girl that stood by so rigidly, almost as if stricken into stone. And he



Again Basilio spoke to the miser. "Remember, old man, tomorrow, at midday, one stroke at my right arm."

eyed the old man that was repeating over and over again, "The arm, the arm. At last, at last, the arm!"

Again he spoke to the miser. "Remember, old man, tomorrow, at midday, one stroke at my right arm. Then Paula is mine. I go to announce the compact to the tribe."

Once more he smiled reassuringly at the girl, set his face tautly and left the hut. While in back of him the old man still crooned, "The arm, the arm. At last, at last!"

* * *

The next morning there was, indeed, great flurry in the village. No one worked. No one hunted. Instead, all were dressed in gala attire. The men in spotless white tunic and loose pantaloons and bravely colored *zerapes* and wide *sombreros*. The women in long white garments, with beads or whatever ornament they possessed around their necks, and their hair freely oiled and braided in two long strands. For Old Anibal, deeming the occasion demanded it, had announced that in his hut there was much *aguardiente* to be had, free for all. It was pure deviltry, though, and not generosity, that had tempted him to do so. This all knew. But, *Dios*, what matter? Why not make the best of a sad spectacle? Good philosophy and simple, as were they.

The hour when the old miser was to take his one stroke was near. The people were gathered in his spacious hut; some though were pushing and packing around the door, for there was not room for all. Inside they looked at Old Anibal's treasures, for he had displayed all of his enviable things. The mirror; bright bits of colored cloth; two chains of beads that sparkled wonderfully; his mule, even, was tied outside, with the gorgeous bridle he had purchased from an *Americano*. He himself, longer, thinner, older, more ugly than ever, sat huddled up in his corner, stroking his beard, rubbing his hands, showing his gums, droning on to himself and cackling, cackling—ever cackling—with terrible, cruel irony.

The maiden Paula, her face drawn in consequence of her sleepless night, stayed solemnly by in one corner, stolid, silent, taut; but there flickered in her eyes, ever so slightly, the tiniest spark of hope. Her father was by her side, blear-eyed, dull, frightened, receiving the solemn congratulations of the older men of the tribe for freeing himself from his debt.

Nearer and nearer came the hour. Still Basilio came not. The crowd was being worked up to fever heat. They spoke constantly, jabbering hurriedly as to how the youth would take the stroke. All agreed that he would stand it like a man, but yet they wondered. His friends—chiefly the younger men—looked black and fierce and eyed the old miser with blazing eyes.

Presently the people outside quieted down with marvelous quickness and broke from the doorway. Those inside made their way to the sides of the wall, leaving an open line between Old Anibal and the door, while the older men gathered about the block on which Basilio was to place his arm.

In a moment more, amid an uncanny silence, Basilio entered the room. His head was rigidly erect. His hands were doubled tightly into fists, hanging down stiffly by his sides. His chest stood out bravely and his whole form was straight and strong. But one could see, beneath the skin on his face, that his muscles underneath were working hard to help him retain his composure. But he held in well and proudly, with his eyes clear and open.

He walked straight up to the block of wood that was to support his arm, looking neither to right nor left, but right into the withered face of his enemy. The girl Paula tried to catch his eye, and when he glanced at her out of the corner of it she flashed him a quick look that told him to be brave. For an instant the vestige of a tender smile curled up one corner of his mouth, but then it quickly went firm. The look had strengthened him; but he wished that he might have but two or three words alone with her, those and a kiss; for, through Old Anibal's order, he had been unable to see her since the day before, as the old man had kept the girl in his own hut, fearing that they might both run away.

Basilio broke the silence. "I am here, Old Anibal. I am ready."

The old man coughed, with intense pleasure, but he did not rise. "So I see, young Basilio!"

Basilio remained silent. The old man, after a moment of chuckling and rubbing his hands, arose slowly and walked forward weakly, a small, razor-edged hatchet clasped with a grim firmness in his claw-like right hand. Basilio bared his right arm. Then calmly placed it on the large, square block. Not a tremor ran through him. Only his face set harder.

The old man stepped closer. Then, suddenly he cried aloud and put his hand to his forehead. "My glasses. Thieves. I had them not an hour ago. They are gone. I cannot see to strike. Where are they? There has been trickery." He ran to his corner, looking wildly about on the floor for them. He looked under things, behind things, on top of things. He searched all over the entire hut. Everyone helped him. And yet his glasses were not to be found.

He cried his rage, swearing and vowing vengeance on the thief. But yet it did no good. "Fools, fools," he wailed, "where are they? Without my glasses I cannot be sure to strike right. I shall surely miss. I am lost. What will I do? There are no more to be had in the village. No more. Ay, ay, ay, I am lost, lost!" For a good ten minutes he voiced his sorrow and his anger, the tears falling freely from his blinking, pink-rimmed, almost entirely closed eyes, while the tribe looked on, wondering what would happen.

And just as the people began to whisper that they thought the stroke would have to be put off until Old Anibal could get other glasses, the maiden Paula, calm and serene, stepped forward before the old miser.

"Old man," she said evenly, "I have glasses! I will sell them!"

The old man jumped forward with surprising agility, his face wicked. "Ha, girl, you have stolen my glasses and repented, eh? Give them to me," and he snatched at her arm.

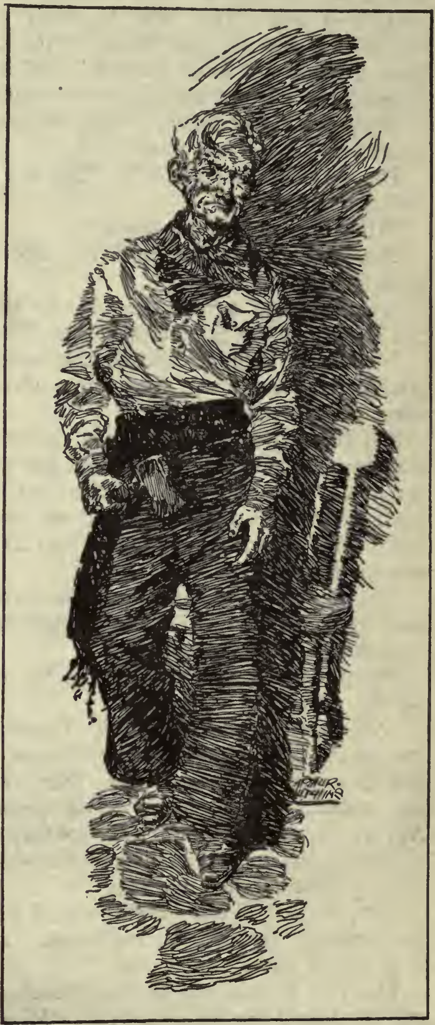
She stepped back. "No," she said haughtily, "these glasses are mine!"

"It is a lie," shrieked the old miser. "No one else had any."

"I know," answered the girl, "but yet these are mine!"

"It is a lie," persisted the other, his voice shrill, "where did you get them?"

Paula spoke firmly. "I have no need to tell you, but yet I will. You remember the *Americano* that passed through here some two months ago? The one that was always hunting for little bugs and insects and butterflies? Well, he left his glasses here, and as he lodged at our hut, they are rightfully mine. There, that is how I got them!"



The old man after a moment of chuckling and rubbing his hands, arose slowly and walked forward

"Yes, yes," said the old Maya, "let me see, let me see," and he almost tore them from her hand. With trembling fingers he placed them over his eyes. Then he peered about from one to another, all over the room. He smiled cunningly and spoke with his cackling laugh, "It is well, it is well. They will do nicely to cut off the arm of your lover. Without them I could not have done it," and he fingered the edge of his hatchet lovingly.

"But wait," said Paula. "They are not yours yet. I will sell them."

The old miser started back. "No, no, I will not buy."

"Then you cannot use them."

The miser mumbled brokenly about parting with his wealth.

"It is but just," agreed the old men "the girl Paula has the right to sell them!"

"'Tis well, then," admitted the miser, grudgingly, "see, I will give you a whole silver peso for them."

But the girl was well schooled in bargaining; she raised her head and pursed her lips. "Bah, old man, are they not of gold, and much better than those you had. Bah, a peso. One hundred and fifty pesos is what I ask!"

The old man cried aloud, almost stricken dead by the amount. "Fool, fool, you want a fortune I do not possess."

"Very well," said Paula, "then return me my glasses!"

"No, no, no," yelled the miser, "I cannot cut off the arm without them. I—yes, I will give you ten pesos. Ay, *Dios*, ten big, round, shining, heavy silver pesos. Ay, ay, ay, robbery, robbery, robbery!"

But the girl knew that she held the whip hand. "One hundred and fifty!"

"No, no, no! I will—I will—yes, I will give *twenty*. Ay, ay, all my wealth, all of it will be gone."

The girl stepped up to him, reaching out her hand; she spoke angrily, "Miser, give me them back."

But the old man had thought too long of the arm; also, the glasses were wonderfully clear and their rims were of gold, the precious gold that he so loved. He almost cried like a child as he tore them from his eyes and hugged them to his breast. "No, no, ay, ay. Thieving girl, I will give you fifty. *Fifty silver pesos.*"

"No!" her voice cracked, almost as quick and loud as a rifle report.

"Sixty! Ay, ay, *sixty! Dios*, I will be beggared!"

"No!"

"Seventy—seventy, then. Ay, I am a fool, but I want the arm, I want the arm, and I cannot see without these accursed things. Ay, I shall die, I shall die!"

The girl saw that now was the time to play her last card. She spoke slowly and firmly. "Look, old man, by selling you these glasses I allow you to cut off the arm of the man who is to be my husband. He will be unable to do any work for a long while. Anyway, not until he learns to use his left one. Therefore, we need money to live on. Listen, I am speaking for the last time. I am giving you vour last chance. Give me exactly one hundred pesos and you can have them!" And the old men behind murmured that she was right.

"Ay, ay, ay," wailed the miser, "I have not got that much. It is a fortune. It is robbing me. It is terrible. No, no, no!"

The girl stamped her foot; her eyes blazed. "Then give them back to me!" she snapped and tried to take them from his grasp.

But Old Anibal evaded her. "Eighty, eighty. I will give eighty. Ay, ay, no, no, do not take them. *Eighty-five.* Ay, you will kill me, do not take them. *Ninety, ninety, ninety!* Ay, *Dios, ninety!*" he howled.

"No!" shouted the girl, and grasped his palsied hands between her own young firm ones.

The old man for an instant wavered; then he looked at the arm. "Ay, *Dios*, yes, yes, yes, robber, you shall have the hundred pesos. Peace, I say, peace!"

"Then give them to me now!"

"After, after!"

"No, now!"

"It is but just!" chimed in the old men, "give her the money now, Old Anibal!"

And the old miser, mumbling his grief, counted out from a deep pocket in his heavy robe a round hundred pesos, parting with them with less freedom than he would have with his life-blood.

The girl Paula tied them up securely in a bit of cloth. Then she looked at the still immovable Basilio and flashed him a glance, a glance, somehow, that told him there was hope.

The tribe, who had watched the bargain with bated breath, sighed with one accord when the strain of it was over.

Old Anibal, stroking his glasses lovingly, bade some of the older men tie down Basilio's arm. Then, when it was done, he stepped slowly up to the block, his face alive, his breath coming fast, his mouth open in a leer. He passed his bony fingers along the strong, muscular arm on the block, passed them slowly back and forth with loving care. Then he placed his hatchet upon the arm, judging his distance. He set his feet down firmly on the ground close up to the block. The tribe watched with thumping hearts. The girl's face was drawn, and she had eyes only for the hatchet. The old man raised his hand, swung his weapon over his shoulder and brought it down inch by inch toward the mark, still judging his distance.

Then, satisfied that his aim was true, he put his glasses over his eyes. Once more he peered at the arm and grasped the weapon with all his strength. Basilio's face was seen to move the least bit, but then again it hardened. The beating of hearts was easily heard.

Then the old man raised the hatchet. He glued his eyes on the arm. He was seen to step back about a foot from the block, his eyes still on his mark. Then, with a hoarse cry of satisfied longing, he brought down the hatchet with terrible quickness.

The crowd shouted in their excitement. The girl Paula shrieked for the first time. But the hatchet, when it descended, did not strike the arm. Instead, it cut into the block some three or four inches from the arm, and stood trembling at the shock of its impact.

Everyone sprang close, wide-eyed, dazed; a miracle had happened. Basilio looked blank; then, gradually, happy. The girl cried softly with joy. The old miser for a moment was struck dumb. Then he jumped forward and made as if to grab the hatchet. "Ay, ay, ay, there has been trickery," he howled, "there has been trickery. I could not have missed. It was impossible. Trickery, trickery. *Dios, Dios.* Fools, thieves, robbers, villains! But I will have my other stroke. I will have another stroke!"

But Paula, her face wet with tears, sprang in front of him and clenched his arm in an iron grip. "No, old man, you were to have but one stroke. You have missed. You have lost!"

The old man clutched the air wildly, holding on to the block for support. "No, no, no, I have paid a good hundred pesos. I have released your father from his debt. I have lost you, too. I have been tricked. I am a beggar. I want my stroke, I want my stroke."

"The bargain was for but one stroke!" repeated the girl coldly.

Again the old men chimed in, "The girl Paula is right. You have missed your one stroke. Paula belongs to Basilio. Lazario is free of his debt. The glasses belong to you. That is all. It is our law!"

The old man did not heed them. "Ay, *Dios*," he screamed. "The glasses were not right. They were not true. I want my other stroke," and he collapsed.

The tribe was wondering. Somehow, they knew, the girl had foiled the old man and saved her lover. But how? It was not the custom to ask, and so they remained silent. But yet they admired her greatly, for trickery was lauded.

The old miser on the floor stopped his crying for a moment. "Tell me, thieving girl, how it was that you fooled me. Ay, ay, ay, my fortune is gone!"

The girl stepped closer to him. Her face and voice were those of a judge. "Old Anibal, you have learned your lesson. This morning, when you were not looking, I took your glasses and hid them. For I knew that you could not see without them, and that you would buy mine. I noticed, one day when I put them on, that the glasses of the *Americano* brought everything at a close distance, very much nearer to one. Therefore I knew that you would miss the stroke. And one stroke was all you were to have. There, that is all!"

The whole tribe applauded her cleverness. But the losing of his debt, of his hundred pesos, of the girl, and chiefly of the arm, proved too much for Old Anibal's heart, and with a gurgle, a spasmodic twitch of his body, a last curse, his life went out and he fell back on the ground.

Two and a Pocket Handkerchief

(*A Serial*)

by Josephine Page Wright

SYNOPSIS—Wayne Harding, a wealthy young New Yorker, who loses his fortune and the hand of the society woman who was to be his wife, seeks refuge on a California ranch, the legacy of his mother. He finds there the caretaker and his pretty, self-possessed daughter Marian. Shortly after Wayne's arrival the caretaker dies, and rather than see Marian homeless, Wayne makes a quixotic offer of marriage. Reluctantly he takes up the ranch work previously performed by Marian's father. A letter comes from the father of his former fiance, asking him to return to New York, but Marian is injured by a Mexican fugitive. Danny, an old neighbor, summons Dr. Ord, who commands Wayne to take the greatest care of Marian.

CHAPTER V

"THE luxury of idleness," sang Marian, as Wayne carried her to a reclining chair on the porch and bundled her up in steamer rugs. "These few weeks of being waited on are going to spoil me for hard work."

"The luxury of work," laughed Wayne. "These few weeks of self-reliance are going to spoil me for a life of indolence."

"What amuses you?" asked his wife, as he laughed.

"I was thinking that, in spite of all our philosophy, within two weeks you will be tugging away like an ant at the old work, whereas I—"

"You will be tugging again at the chain which binds you to it," completed Marian, gravely.

"Not so bad as that," he protested. "I have learned to care for the life here more than you would believe. I have begun to realize, however, since your illness, how much of my work you assumed in the beginning. That made it harder for me at first. Danny's been a friend in need. If it hadn't been for him and the little Jap he brought us, we should have starved to death. I never cooked an egg—or anything else for that matter."

Wayne seated himself on the door step and began to smoke the little meerschaum Marian had brought him from the city a day or two before she was hurt. She often seemed to enjoy watching the yellow bowl as it burned to brown. Tonight, however, her eyes were upon the hills, the hills that for weeks had been hidden from her. She watched the sun wheel to the crest of the hill and slowly sink from sight. Resounding from the walls of the canyon came the sound of the sunset gun. Wayne thought of the evening he had brought his bride across the bay and of the little puff of smoke arising from the fort.

Up the canyon road, with his gun over his shoulder, came Danny, looking for his supper. Cotton-tails, which boldly ate Wayne's carrots and lettuce in the early morning, whisked away at the approach of evening and Danny's gun.

When the old rancher saw Marian, he turned in at the opening in the cypress hedge and hurried to the steps, his face revealing his joy.

"Landscape's been ailing for some time," he commented. "Now it seems natural like again."

"Wait until I get into my potato patch once more," laughed Marian.

"I guess it needs you," said Danny. "This gentleman neighbor of mine knows as much about potato culture as I do about ice cream forks."

"Do not let him worry you about the potatoes, Marian. The gophers aren't going to leave us enough to fret over."

The three sat in silence, watching the stars appear in the clear southern sky. Wayne fondled his meerschaum. Danny stroked the long barrel of his gun. Marian hummed a slumber song. From the ocean side of the point came the wail of a coyote and the answering bark of dogs.

"There's one less coyote in the canyons," said Danny.

"Miguel?" demanded Wayne.

"Miguel," assented Danny. "They found him dead near the rocks under the old lighthouse this afternoon."

"Poor lad," sighed Marian.

The rancher swore volubly in Spanish, haltingly in Portuguese and rounded out the curse with an American oath. Wayne was silent, but his face was pale and the hand that held his pipe to his lips trembled.

"There you are," grumbled Danny, "eating yourself for a chance to cuss and never saying a word."

Wayne knocked the ashes from his pipe and slipped it into his pocket. "It's the training of the East, I suppose. The East is repression, the West is expression."

"The East," contradicted Danny, "is compression if a fellow ain't careful. The East pokes its emotions into as small a parcel as possible and then puts blue baby ribbon on to tie it up."

Wayne consulted his watch and decreed that Marian must go to her room. She begged like a child for a half hour more of the starlight, but her husband was firm.

"Then," as she yielded, "you must let me walk to my room myself. I shall never gain strength if you help me always."

The men sat in silence until Marian called a cheery good-night to them, whereupon Wayne turned to Danny with a dozen queries.

"No, the little girl's father didn't do it, though some say he did. Nobody seems to know just who did."

Wayne laid his hand significantly upon Danny's gun. The older man shook his head.

"I could 'a' done it and willing," he said, "but I didn't."

Wayne went into the house and brought out a layer cake.

"First cake I ever made in my life, Danny. Honor me by partaking."

"Kind o' sticky," Danny commented. "Marian likes chocolate cake. Reckon that's why you made it, wasn't it?"

"It was," admitted Wayne.

"Don't let the hotel men in town find out about this or they'll be after you to chef for them," chuckled Danny.

"Wouldn't bake another chocolate cake for a thousand dollars," protested Wayne emphatically.

"But you'd make one tomorrow for Marian if she wanted it, wouldn't you?"

The young man nodded.

"Guess that's how women folks feel about it, too," decided Danny as he cut off another piece.

The moon, round and red as the setting sun, was climbing into the sky from the Mexican mountains. On the bay five cruisers were riding at anchor, and Wayne amused himself in an attempt to read their signal lights. Between the beacons a large passenger steamer from the north was making its way to the wharves. The scene was one of enchantment. Where in all the world save here could one find the desolation and the majesty of the hills wedded to the man-wrought beauty of a city; where save here could one feel at once the quiet of the Greater Life and the stir of the lesser? Wayne had ceased to wonder whether he could learn contentment here.

"Are you two eating all my chocolate cake?" called Marian from the darkness of the bungalow.

"Hum—hum," admitted Danny.

There was another long silence and then, "Danny?"

"Well, Marian?"

"Why doesn't Dr. Ord come any more?"

"You're well, aren't you?"

"Y-e-s. But I wanted Dr. Ord and Mr. Harding to be friends, close friends. Daddy was fond of the doctor."

Danny did not reply and in a few minutes came the call, "Danny?"

"Yes, Marian."

"Go home, Danny, that's a dear. I keep thinking of things I want to say to you and I ought to go to sleep."

Danny, good soldier, shouldered his gun. Wayne walked with him to the opening in the cypress hedge. As they shook hands at parting, Wayne said abruptly.

"Why doesn't Ord come here?"

"Because," Danny nodded.

"Does Marian know?" asked Wayne.

"Marian does not. Women usually know those things, but Marian ain't any kind of a usual woman."

"You've more stars out here, Danny, than we have back East," continued Harding irrelevantly.

"We have," admitted the rancher.

The two stood gazing into the sky, the east and the west looking at the same moon.

"I wish I knew," mused Danny as he moved away.

"You wish you knew what?" demanded Wayne sharply.

Danny looked startled and shifted his gun uneasily.

"I wish I knew who killed Miguel."

Chapter VI

Wayne stood at the opening of the cypress hedge and watched the old man disappear down the canyon road. The last words he had recognized as an evasion, and the cause of it puzzled him. Danny had always been frank, at times embarrassingly so. What had Danny wished to know?

As the young man peered into the night light beyond, he saw a horseman emerge from the darkness and ride slowly up the path to the gateway. As he reached Wayne he dismounted and tossed the reins over his horse's head. It was Dr. Ord.

"Is Marian asleep?" asked the physician abruptly.

Wayne assented, expressing his regret and the fact that Marian had asked for Ord earlier in the evening.

"I am glad she is asleep," continued Ord. "I have something to ask you before I go away. I do not wish to see her again."

"A trip?" Harding inquired.

"I am going to Oregon to live."

Wayne began a series of platitudes, but the young Westerner interrupted.

"Not that sort of thing, Harding," he begged. "We are men, you know, not society women. I killed Miguel this afternoon."

"That is the reason for your going?"

"No," denied Ord, "that is not the reason for my going. There is no danger of arrest, and I shouldn't run away if there were. I am a coward, perhaps, but not that kind of a coward. How is Marian? Has the news of Miguel's death upset her?"

"She is practically well," replied Wayne shortly.

Between the hedge and roadside was a patch of wild barley. Here the men threw themselves upon the ground, facing one another, although the eyes of Ord constantly sought the window of Marian's room.

"First," began the doctor, "let me tell you of Miguel. It is of less importance to me than the question I have to ask. I have been on the Point all afternoon. Isabelle, the little Portuguese girl whom Marian rescued several years ago, has been a nervous wreck ever since that day of the first assault. They were just beginning to get her strong when Miguel was released from prison and came back determined to kill Marian. Since Isabelle heard of the shooting, her life has been a reign of terror. This afternoon they sent for me and I found the child in convulsions, the result of long nervous strain."

"Poor mite, I hadn't thought of her," confessed Wayne.

"Of course not," conceded Ord. "You had Marian to think of. This man living, however, had become a menace to the health, probably, to the life of a beautiful woman and an unfortunate girl, and I made up my mind to find the wretch and kill him."

Wayne muttered something about letting the law take its course.

"The law, Harding, had taken its course," said Ord quietly. "The course of the law, moreover, in this case was precisely what it is in most cases under our present prison laws, a downward one. They had taken away the liberty of a brute and had chained him up and starved him physically, mentally and morally until they had made him a hundredfold more bestial than before. Then they turned him out to prey upon the victims of his lust and hate."

Both men were silent. Ord's thoughts seemed to slip from the subject of the tragedy, and the new light in his eyes softened and saddened them. Wayne had found his own life in the West a series of readjustments. Now he struggled conscientiously to look at the case of Miguel from the viewpoint of Ord. The conservatism of his eastern training made this difficult in spite of the fact that his sympathies centered where Ord's did, in Marian.

"To find Miguel," resumed Ord, "was easier than I had dared to hope. He was hiding under the rocks on the ocean side near the lighthouse. He had crawled into a sheltered place to sleep. I wanted to quiet him before he aroused but his animal instincts wakened him at my approach. He knew that I was no officer of the law but just as surely he recognized in me an avenger. He hadn't time to draw his gun. I took it from him, the weapon that had wounded Marian."

Wayne stretched forth his hand, but the doctor denied him with a gesture.

"Miguel wasn't a man, Harding, he was only a thing—and his terror was not pretty to look at. He groveled on his stomach on the rocks, his face downward, his fingers clutching the air like the claws of a butchered fowl. He was too hoarse with fear to utter an articulate sound. But it wasn't murder to still him. He hadn't a spark of the human in his miserable body."

Wayne shook his head doubtfully. "He must have had. Who shall say a spark of the divine was not there?"

"Blasphemy," exploded Ord.

"I'm not so sure. However, I haven't thought much about religion out here."

"You never will," prophesied Ord. "Men think their religion in the East; west of the Rockies they live it. One is too near the face of the Great Reality away out here, to talk about it in contradictory or meaningless terms."

Again silence fell between the two. In spite of Wayne's repugnance, he found himself rehearsing the tragedy on the rocks. From the mind of Ord the scene was eclipsed by a drama more elegiac. The moon above them was now hurrying to the breast of the ocean.

Harding was the first to break the stillness. "Your question, Ord?"

"Do you love the woman you have married?"

Wayne rose to his feet. "I recognize the fact that you love her. But does that give you the right to question me?"

Ord shook his head. "I do not ask it by that right but by her own right to happiness."

"That right," admitted Wayne, "I cannot challenge. But why do you assume that she is unhappy?"

"She is a child. It is for her woman's happiness I contend."

"Perhaps," suggested Wayne, "you ask her freedom from me that you may win her?"

"I am not going away because she has contracted a loveless marriage, but because I realize that she does not love me. You do not enter into the consideration."

Harding laughed shortly. "I see. I am only her husband."

"Precisely. That matters very little to me unless you love her."

"And if I do not?"

"Then release her. No yoke is more galling to a woman than that which binds her to a man who does not love her. I shall never see Marian again. Let me carry away with me the comfort that some day she may know the love of a worthy man."

"She is not a serf. She has her maidenhood," evaded Wayne.

"It is not enough. She must have her right to happiness. She must be beloved."

Wayne did not answer at once. He questioned the right of the other to interfere. He sought to analyze his own feelings and could find but one definite desire, the desire to compromise, to delay any decision in regard to Marian.

"When I see in her eyes the love for any man, I shall release her," he promised at length.

"That secret you can never wrest from her unless you love her as I love her," pronounced Ord, springing to saddle. "Harding," he continued as he gathered reins, "you're not a villain, but you're a fool. When you sicken of your folly and curse it, let me know. Marian, God help her, must take care of herself."

But his farewell was not unkindly, and Wayne watched him ride away with a feeling of regret. If Marian had loved this man, would Wayne have given her up? He returned to the bungalow and performed mechanically the homely chores of closing up for the night. He wound the clock and put the remnants of the cake into a covered tin. The steamer rugs were folded and put back into their accustomed places. Matches were also put beside the lamps and candles, in case of emergency.

At the closed door of his wife's room he paused and listened for the regular breathing that reassured him of her health and safety. If she had loved Ord would Wayne have given her up?

"I wish I knew," he said half aloud and started at the sound of his own voice. Unconsciously he had repeated Danny's words.

In his own room he lighted no lamp. Drawing aside the curtain he looked out upon the scene to which Marian had called his attention the day of his arrival. Slowly his eyes were opening to the beauties of the sky and of the hills. Slowly his mind was responding to the bigness of things. The scream of a coyote, like the soul of Miguel, called his spirit to the rocks. But the tragedy was gone.

He took a little book of devotion from the table and slipped it under his pillow. The semi-darkness was making him emotional—the darkness or something.

"I wish I knew," he murmured as he fell asleep.

(*To be continued*)

THE EARLY FROST

By FLOY SCHOONMAKER ARMSTRONG

IT came without timely warning,
  In the wake of a North-born gale
That sank, with the falling twilight,
  To rest in a fertile vale;
And there in the quiet evening,
  Unhindered by cloud or breeze,
It spread out its sparkling mantle
  O'er meadows and cornfields and trees.

Lower and lower it settled,—
  The stars blinked in chilly surprise;
The sturdy wild asters and dahlias
  Looked upward with glistening eyes;
And when, in the cruel, tense darkness,
  The weary wind stirred in its sleep,
From uncut corn in the valley
  Came murmurings mournful and deep.

Closer and harder it settled;
  Each moment with havoc was wrought;
Liveless and marred were the beauties
  That summer and sunshine had wrought.
And there in the faint gray twilight
  Of a beautiful, frosty morn,
The housewife grieved for her posies,
  The husbandman thought of his corn.

Letters from an Old Chum

Addressed to a Judge by a Business Man after serving on a Jury[*]

by P. V. Bunn

HON. ROBERT H. CURTIS,
Chief Justice Supreme Court:

My dear "Bobsie": You may have thought I was joking—both when I told you I had accepted a summons for jury service without asking to be excused, and when I said I would write you a letter after it was all over, giving my "impressions of the law," and its application in the courts. Well, I wasn't. Since our old days at Princeton, I haven't had much time for joking. I reported for duty Monday, two weeks ago, and told the judge, to his surprise, that I should be glad to serve; and now my two weeks are past, and, after being locked up the last two nights, I have gone back to my family, and clean collars and hot baths.

The experience has been most interesting because one of my pleasures of late years has been the study of my fellow-men. I had a fine chance this trip, studying the judge, the prisoner, the attorneys, the jurymen, bailiffs, witnesses and prosecutors—to say nothing of the morbidly curious who always warm the benches of the court room; why, the Lord only knows!

This is the first time I have ever brushed against the Law in any way, further than to say "Good Morning" to our policeman. I have never been in a courtroom before; so, no matter how inaccurate my views on the subject may be, they are at least unbiased. So I am writing how the whole thing looked to me, a plain business man, accustomed to everyday hard work.

* * *

Let me say right here I was surprised to find that in the matter of accommodations our treatment was different from what I had expected. After the most important case had been started, when lunch time came, we were taken over to a beautiful hotel and our meals served to us in a private dining-room—everything of the very best. At night we went to the same hotel, where a suite of eight rooms, most of them with private baths, and as nice rooms as there are in the house, were devoted to our use, the bailiff taking the outside one and locking the door. Each juryman had a fine bed to himself. We were allowed to get anything we might want, except newspapers and whiskey, and the bailiff brought us checkerboards, packs of cards, smoking materials, etc., and there were no restrictions as to when we should go to bed or anything of that sort, except that we were not allowed to discuss the case. This was different from some of the accounts I had heard in past years as to the poor accommodations furnished for jurymen.

Even after the case had been closed, except for our verdict (after giving us the case, we were not allowed to go to the hotel), a fine supper was brought over and set on a table in the adjoining room and we were allowed to eat it there. Apparently no expense is spared in the criminal courts to give the jurymen a pleasant and comfortable time.

It would seem, however, that all of the courts are not alike in this respect. In a recently published letter from a man who had served on a petit jury in the county building, he charged that whether the jury took five hours or fifty hours to reach a verdict, the jurymen got nothing to eat unless they had the money to pay for it themselves, and that as some of them were in a state of innocuous desuetude financially, all the jurors went hungry. He further claimed that this system had one merit. It frequently caused compromises and premature verdicts that were neither just nor logical.

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[*] The cases, incidents, and statements of facts herein are accurate, having been transcribed from carefully written notes made by the writer during his two weeks jury service.

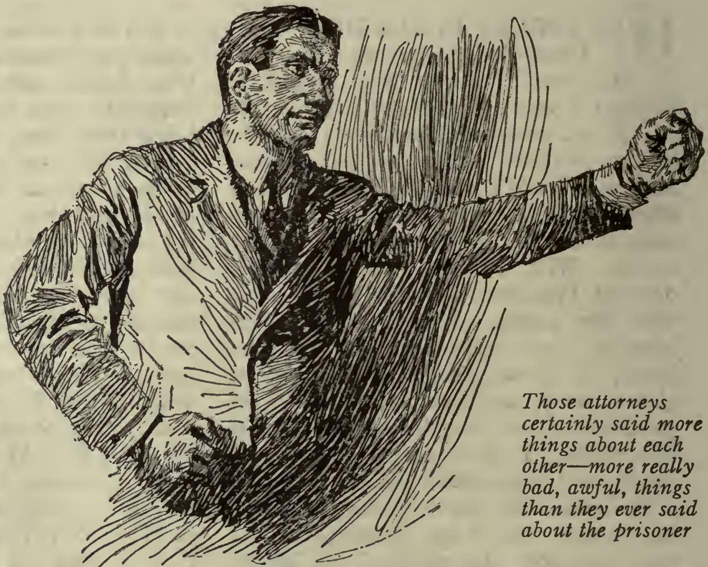
In this matter of locking up jurors, it seems that the restrictions are very much more rigid where the death penalty may enter than in any other case. The judge told us he was personally opposed to locking up the jurors in any kind of a case, and that he was using all his influence to bring about a condition where it would not be required by law. I do not know the arguments on both sides of the question, but it would seem to me that in the majority of cases there would be no harm done, but in many other cases there might be a juryman who could be influenced in one way or another if agents for the prosecution or the defense could talk with him.

* * *

Now, as for the court procedure. My summons told me to be at the court at 9.30. I was there at 9.20. At 10.10 the Court walked in and disappeared "in chambers." At 10.30 he emerged. The bailiff gave two stiff raps with the gavel, and everybody stood up. Another rap, and everybody sat down.

I thought it was rather late in the day to begin business, but I supposed the judge had been holding court elsewhere the fore part of the morning. But he hadn't.

The state's attorney had a book and a long list, which he consulted every few minutes. Then he would get up and yell out: "Are all the witnesses in the (Jones) case present?" If he found they were not there, he would tell an officer to have them sent for; if he found they were there he would excuse them until the next day. After repeating this three or four times, arrangements would finally be made for calling one case and actually trying it; but it took quite a long time to get all the conditions right for this to occur. The attorneys for the defense had to be there, and the witnesses for both sides, and the officer who made the arrest; and then both sides had to be unable to think of any reason for asking for a continuance.



Those attorneys certainly said more things about each other—more really bad, awful, things than they ever said about the prisoner

This combination being finally brought about, the clerk called one team of jurors. I didn't get called on the first trial, so when the twelve men selected were sworn in, I thought I might be excused for a few hours, to go over to my office and attend to a little business, as it was a case which would obviously take a day or so to complete; but the clerk said, "No! No!" I must wait right there.

At 12 o'clock noon, or a little before that, having been in actual service about an hour, the court adjourned for luncheon until 2 o'clock. I understand this to be a regular practice, unless something comes up to prevent. I had been thinking that out at our place it was all right to give our employes only forty-five minutes for lunch.

We all got back at 2 o'clock, except the Court, and he got in at 2.20. Then the case was regularly gone into until 4 o'clock, when the adjournment was taken for the day. Sometimes this 4-o'clock business is stretched clear up till 4.30, and when this happens, I judge the actual working hours for the day will average, after brushing away all side issues, at least three and one-half hours.

Whatever I say in this letter, Bobsie, I don't want you to think I am reflecting on that judge. He was a fine man, and he knew his business from the ground up, and I don't believe it is much fault of his if there is anything wrong with this procedure, but simply that the whole business seems to be so wrapped up and tied with red tape that they can't get loose.

The next day was Registration Day for the November election. I don't know of any reason why the court should have adjourned a whole day simply because of Registration Day, because the books were open from 9 o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night, and this would give all of them ample chance to register. But it did adjourn the whole day. Then when Friday came it adjourned at noon; I guess because it was so near to Saturday. And Saturday they adjourned all day because next day was Sunday. Three and one-half days, of about three and one-half working hours each, make about twelve and one quarter actual working hours. Why, lots of people work that much every day!

* * *

The next day I was selected as juror on a trial in which a muscular lady was charged with shooting at her erstwhile husband "with intent to kill." I think it took about an hour and a half of the precious three-and-one-half-hour day to ask the jurymen the necessary (?) questions, the most of this time being spent in repetition: "What's your name?" "What's that last name?" "How do you spell it?" "Now, what's your first name?" "What?" "How do you spell that?" "How old are you?" "What's your middle initial?" "M?" "Where do you live, Mr. Jones?" "Let me see—is that *north* of Twelfth Street, or *south*?" "How far?" "Where do you work?" "Oh, you *do*, do you?" "What kind of work do you do there?" "How long have you been doing that work?" "What did you do before you went with them?" etc, *ad infinitum.*

These questions were asked of each juryman, in addition to special questions regarding opinions, enforcement of law, benefit of doubt, etc. Then after the state's attorney had put all these questions, the defense asked practically the same questions, and in each case, because of the noise and confusion in the courtroom, the answers had to be repeated from two to five times.

Query: Why couldn't a little card be gotten up, with all those kindergarten essential questions on it, the juror to fill in the answers when he first reports for duty. Then, as each juror is called to the box, a copy of this card could be handed to both the state's attorney and the attorney for the defense. This would not only save time in that trial, but as each juryman serves two weeks, and is likely to be called on three or four different trials, neither attorney would be required to repeat these questions. Under the present system they have to repeat every question to the same man, even if he were on a new trial every day for the two weeks. Most of the time the attorneys struck me as asking fool questions while trying to think of something to say or do next.

During the trial there were a few things that would look peculiar to any business man. The attorney for the defense is given the widest possible latitude, and allowed to ask questions which he knows are absolutely improper, because of the fear that if the State objects, some possible ground may be given the defense for an appeal on error. It seems wrong, though, to allow the defense to put a thought into the minds of the jury by asking what it knows to be an improper question. Even if an objection to it be subsequently sustained, a shrewdly put question will have at least half as much effect on a jury as if it were real and admissible evidence.

The defense has a right to appeal to a higher court, but the State has not that right. Of course I know I am slashing at some fundamental principles of law—but that is the privilege of a man who knows nothing about it. If I had studied law, or had been connected with its enforcement in any way, I should probably know better than to say this, but the way I stand at present it seems to me that the State ought to have just as much right as the defense to appeal from a faulty verdict.

On the other hand, why is it that the attorney for the defense doesn't have a word to say before the Grand Jury when his client's case is brought up? There were several cases in the two weeks I was on the jury in which, if the defense had had a chance to say anything, the Grand Jury would never have found a true bill. I certainly should allow the defense's attorney a chance to appear before the Grand Jury and answer the indictment before it is finally proved. Although the state's attorney will admit that the finding of an indictment is not evidence, the average juryman looks upon it as more or less evidence against the prisoner—which is wrong. Finding true (?) bills on *ex parte* testimony not only clogs up the machinery of the courts with trials that can result only in acquittal, but frequently, through error or design, an innocent man has his reputation blasted because of an indictment which never would have been found had his attorney had a chance to say something. Such cases inflict cruel injustice. Meantime the real criminals are in jail rejoicing over the delay, each day of which improves their chances of acquittal.

My general impression is that over half of the criminals who are actually guilty are never punished, and the others are not punished as much as they deserve. Don't think from this that I am very bloodthirsty, for I am not, but I am speaking of the many, many chances that exist for a criminal to get away or to get off with a trivial sentence.

In the first place the criminal courts are usually from one to three years behind in their dockets. Now there may be a thousand good reasons why they are so far behind, but I think the procedure, as I have outlined it above, the slow, tedious methods and the failure to put in a reasonable number of work hours a day, is more powerful than all the others put together.

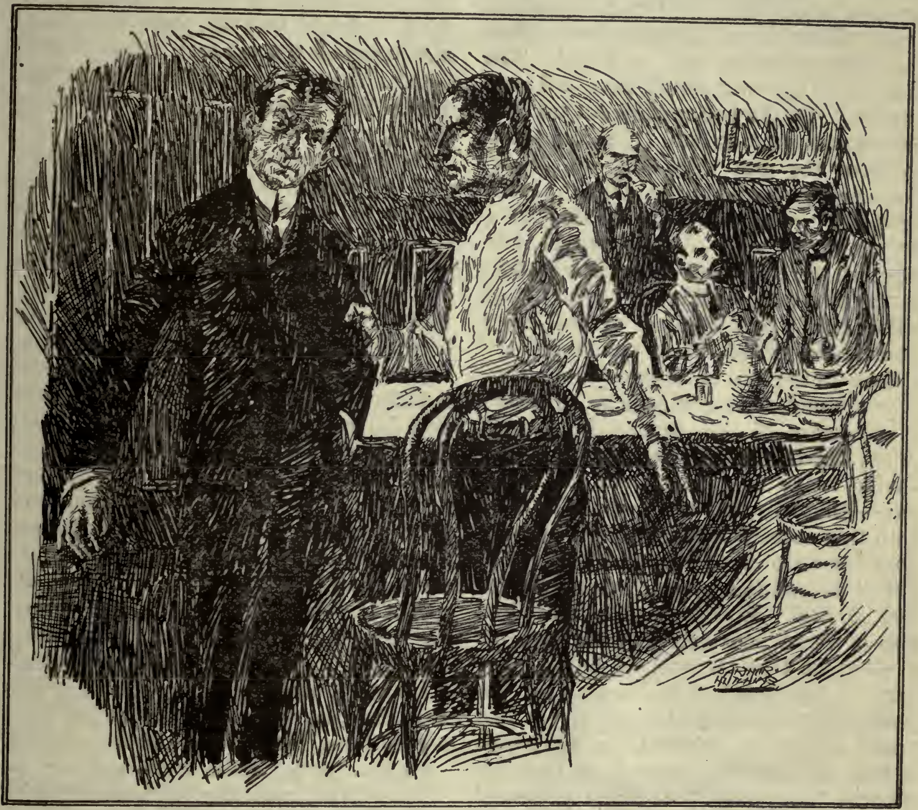
It reminds me of a friend of mine—a good business man—who became so devoted to golf that another friend remarked in his defense, "Yes, Johnson *does* work, too — sometimes — on Wednesday afternoons!"

If courts would observe the same business day that a city business man observes, and exercise themselves in the matter of cutting out useless red tape, those dockets would soon be cleared up, after which any criminal should absolutely receive trial within thirty days from the date of his crime. Let me tell you that would do more towards convicting those that are guilty; more toward adequately punishing those that are convicted; and more toward preventing similar crimes on the part of the embryo criminals who are watching the results, than all other influences together could possibly do. I am absolutely convinced of that. It is the *delay* of the law that causes it to be held in such poor esteem. The Law breaks itself!

* * *

Time is a great healer; it is a great memory nullifier; it changes existing conditions, and when you get to try that man two or three years later, you haven't got the same conditions; you have almost forgotten the crime, if you ever knew about it, and you hardly have the same man to try. Two or three important witnesses have disappeared, or at least their views have so modified, possibly with a little quiet bribery, that they find themselves unable to give positive testimony. This results in the creation of a doubt in the minds of two or three jurymen—not necessarily the "reasonable" doubt required by the law, but because the jurymen themselves are not reasonable enough, two or three hang on to their *imaginary* doubts, so that the criminal gets off either with a paltry sentence, or is found "not guilty."

Failing in this, a mistrial occurs, the case is thrown back on the State, and, after waiting another six months or a year, it will be tried again, at an expense of from $300 to $1,000. Now each mistrial gives the accused a better chance of escape, because the second jury, knowing the first one disagreed, but not knowing the cause or the extent of the disagreement, naturally says, "Well, if the first jury could not agree on it, with the facts fresher than we have them, they must have had good reason for it"; so the second jury will disagree on less cause than the first one, and soon thereafter our "innocent" criminal will be walking the streets, ready to shoot the head off the first man



It took four hours more to convince him that he was doing more toward setting the criminal free than all the other eleven men together who refuses to give him the "makings" for a cigarette—which was really the only provocation in one of the trials that I heard, and in which the criminal was acquitted.

The muscular lady didn't deny that she fired at her husband, and she had no provocation; they had not lived together for a year; he had even sent her money without being required to by law; he had never abused her. She and her sister were walking down Madison Street when the sister spied the man and said: "*Git him now*; you will never have a better chance." So the lady pulled out her gun and took a shot at him. Just happened to have the gun with her, you know. Fortunately, it didn't hit him. At the time the young man was talking to a woman at the edge of the sidewalk, and when all were arrested the wife remarked to the two police officers, "I wish I had killed him," and turning to the other woman, she added, "And you, too."

Even in the face of all these admissions, it was found almost impossible to secure a conviction of this woman for assault in any degree. Why? Because she said—having found it necessary to say *something*—that she saw her husband talking with this woman on the sidewalk, and she fired her pistol in the air *as she wanted to attract the attention of a policeman, to have him arrested.* How's that, Bobsie? Yet two of those poor dear jurymen thought it plausible that there would be no other way of attracting the attention of the police in such a direful emergency. The young man stood quietly there, talking to a woman, and they wanted to find the shootist "not guilty!" It took four hours' argument to convince them that they should find her guilty at all, and we had to wind up by convicting her of something for which the judge could impose a sentence as low as a $25 fine, which is only one-fourth of the amount he could have fined her just for *carrying* the revolver, without shooting it.

* * *

After getting through with that trial, I was next called to take my place on a murder trial—a plain, deliberate, premeditated murder. In this case it was difficult for the jury to decide which was the greatest criminal, the prisoner, the state's attorney, or the attorney for the defense, because those attorneys certainly said more things about each other—more really bad, awful things than they ever said about the prisoner. If I were the judge of that court, and half the things those fellows said about each other were true, I would have the bailiff kick them out on the sidewalk, or else put them in jail. But before it got that far, I really think I should prevent them from using such language toward each other. I have heard of the "ethics of the profession," and maybe that's what that was, but whatever it was, it was *fierce.*

In this murder case several young men who had known each other for years were in the habit of getting together at one house or the other, mixing whisky and beer to a more or less ridiculous extent, and playing cards for each other's money. The hero lost more than he intended to, to wit, his two weeks' wages, and, being shy on the matter of board, and having a rather ferocious landlady, he decided that he was "afraid to go home in the dark," so he went down to the shop where he had played and on Thursday accused his friend of winning his money from him, which was probably true. He also charged him with short-changing him for thirty cents, and his friend told him he would give it to him when he got the change, but our hero didn't like that, so he smashed his friend in the nose, making it bleed. They got over this, however, and in ten minutes sent out and got "a pint" and had a good time; but the hero, when he leaves, goes to a third friend's house and borrows his revolver until the next day "for a special purpose." "What for?" "Oh, never mind; I want it, and I will bring it back to you tomorrow night." He keeps the revolver all night, going out in the park meanwhile and firing off one of the cartridges, to see if it will work; then about noon, Friday, returns to the shop, stays there two hours, with the revolver in his pocket, sitting near a counter, there being two other friends in there drinking an occasional glass of beer; but the hero refuses to drink any beer, and finally he lays his head on the counter, being slightly tired.

When the other two friends have their backs to him, in the act of pouring a glass of beer for the shopman's mother, they all hear a shot, turn to see the hero putting the revolver in his pocket and the shoemaker lying dead by his chair. There was no altercation, no movement, nor anything of this sort.

Now it being customary to set up a defense for taking such liberties, the hero's attorney claims that he had a little dream while he was asleep, to the effect that he was being attacked by the shopman, and that he sprang up, excited, pulled the revolver from his pocket, cocked and aimed it, and that the blamed thing went off accidentally before he knew it.

I write the facts, Bob, in this case, just to show you the kind of cases we had to deal with, and to ask: When would a jury ever inflict an extreme penalty, if they would not do it in a case of this sort? There wasn't a single extenuating circumstance; the murder was premeditated, planned out; the revolver borrowed and carried for a day, and the criminal stood and looked at his victim over an hour, with his hand on his revolver before a suitable chance offered for him to pull the trigger, and then he did it.

He had to say something in defense, and having nothing else, he "dreamed" he was attacked, but he had nothing to show that he ever had had a dream before in his life. His attorneys said that it was a perfectly natural thing, and talked straight at two jurors, whom they had picked out in advance. They made their selections well. These two jurymen, while agreeing with all of us, as soon as we reached the jury room, that the defendant was guilty of the killing (we *had* to agree on that, because he admitted it), still said they would agree only to the lightest punishment that could be inflicted under the law. Seven men voted to hang him on the first ballot, three voted for life imprisonment, and two wanted the minimum sentence.

We argued for hours and hours, and I finally got these two men to agree to a twenty-five-year verdict provided the life imprisonment and death penalty man would come down to twenty-five years. I thought this settled the matter, but suddenly one of the death penalty men went straight up in the air and said he would "hang the jury until Hades froze over before he would ever let that scoundrel go; he should be hung!" It took four hours more to convince him that he—the very man who was trying to help the state's attorney punish this man—was doing more toward setting the criminal free than all the other eleven men together, and that the state's attorney would much prefer a twenty-five year verdict to a mistrial.

One thing that struck me was the utter inability of the average juror to separate the essential from the non-essential facts—the wheat from the chaff. In the first case, that of assault with intent to kill, one man wanted to free that woman, because he said that the husband of the defendant was a "tough-looking son-of-a-gun, anyway," and deserved just as much as the woman did; and it took hours to convince him that we were not trying the husband, but were trying the wife; *she* had violated the law. They seemed to believe in what is known as the "Texas" verdict, namely, the deceased was a bad man, and if the defendant didn't kill him, she ought to have done so.

Doesn't it seem marvellous, Bob, to find among twelve men who have sat together and listened to the same testimony, two men, one of whom will go straight up in the air, and in the face of positive evidence, say he will hang the jury if we don't acquit the prisoner, and the other who will go straight up in the same air and swear that either the prisoner or the jury must be hung.

Well, Bobsie, I hope this hasn't bored you. You told me to tell you, and I have, but whether you can do anything is another question. But somebody owes it as a duty to the country to improve things. Don't say it can't be done, for the fellows that say that are always being interrupted by somebody doing it, you know.

Think it out, Bobsie, and seize the chance to make yourself famous. You used to pull off such stunts on the chalk-lined gridiron at Princeton; couldn't you do as well with the cobwebbed field of law?

Sincerely your old chum,

Phil.

SCIENCE

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

ALONE I climb the steep ascending path
Which leads to knowledge. In the babbling throngs
That hurry after, shouting to the world
Small fragments of large truths, there is not one
Who comprehends my purpose, or who sees
The ultimate great goal. Why even she,
My heaven-intended spouse, my other self,
Religion, turns her beauteous face on me
With hatred in her eyes, where love should dwell.
While those who call me Master, blindly run,
Wounding the ear of Faith with blasphemies,
And making useless slaughter, in my name.

Mine is the difficult, slow task to blaze
A road to Facts, through labyrinths of dreams.
To tear down Maybe and establish IS.
And substitute "I Know" for "I Believe."
I follow closely where the seers have led;
But that intangible dim path of theirs,
Which may be trodden, but by other seers,
I seek to render solid for the feet
Of all mankind. With reverent hands I lift
The mask from Mystery; and show the face
Of Reason, smiling bravely on the world.
The visions of the prophets, one by one,
Grew visible beneath my tireless touch;
And the white secrets of the elusive stars
I tell aloud to listening multitudes.

To fit the better world my toil insures,
Time will impregnate with a better race
The Future's womb; and when the hour is ripe
To ready eyes of men, the alien spheres
Shall seem as friendly neighbors; and my skill
Shall make their music audible to ears
Which shall be tuned to those high harmonies.

Mine is the work to fashion step by step
The shining Way that leads from man to God.
Though I demolish obstacles of creeds,
And blast tradition from the face of earth,
My hand shall open wide the door of Truth,
Whose other name is Faith; and at the end
Of this most holy labor, I shall turn
To see Religion with enlightened eyes
Seeking the welcome of my outstretched arms,
While all the world stands hushed, and awed before
The proven splendor of the Fact Supreme.

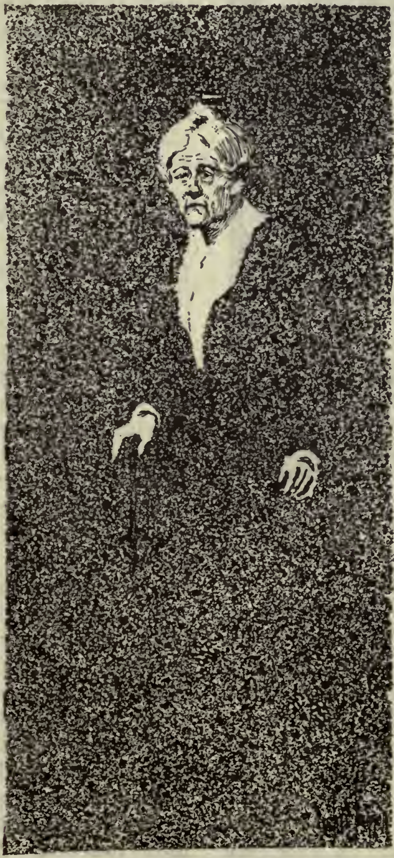
FOLKS

by

Susan Stoddard Fader

"I'M going out—out by myself! I simply can't stay in the house another minute!" and with an air of decision, the tiny figure in gray rose from the depth of an easy chair, drawn close up by the window. She looked uneasily around the big room; what if someone had heard? All was still, however, the big yellow cat lay curled up contentedly on the cushion; the tall clock ticked steadily on. Overhead she heard a faint murmur of voices. "Oh dear," she sighed, "I don't believe Nathan misses me at all since that nurse has come. Now she brushes his hair and dusts his room. Nobody needs me! If only Nathan hadn't been taken ill; it seems as though I had nothing to do but sit and think. No, I will not cry," she added, brushing away the tears that would gather in spite of her. "I won't cry. I'm going out!"

With many a pause, she mounted the stairs, fearful lest a misstep might bring someone near. How her heart beat! "It isn't any harm," she kept assuring herself. "What if I haven't been out alone for more than a year! There isn't any harm in it."



"Oh, dear," she sighed, "I don't believe Nathan misses me at all since that nurse has come—"

Quickly she put on her bonnet and shawl, and was about to descend the stairs, when, suddenly, a door at the end of the hall opened wide, and a stout matronly woman appeared.

"Why, grandma," she exclaimed, "what is this?"

"This?" Grandma echoed, trying to appear most unconcerned. "Nothing much! I'm going out for a walk."

"Where? For how long?" gasped the now excited nurse. No one was at home, and she well knew that Grandma always had company on her walks.

"I don't exactly know," answered Grandma, confidence coming with every moment. "I'm just going to take a walk, make a few calls, and do a few errands."

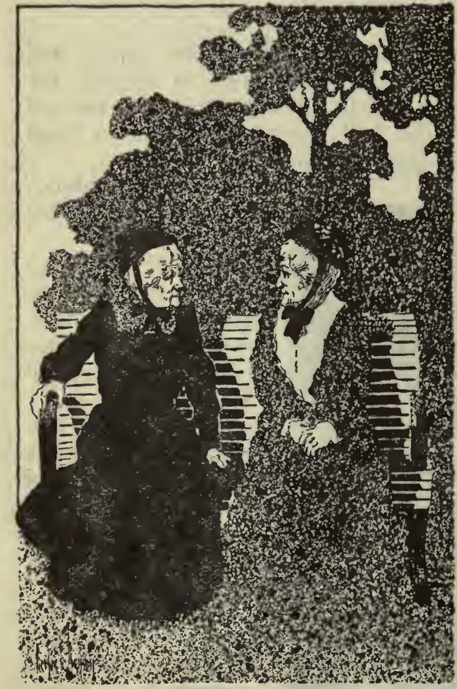
"Walk—errands!"

Grandma heard no more; with not even a backward glance, she continued down the stairs, shut the heavy door, and stepped out upon the piazza. "Now which way shall I go?" she questioned.

Many stopped to look at the quaint

little figure in the gray shawl and close-fitting bonnet, and turned to look again at the soft silver hair and cheeks glowing with excitement. Even the gruff old policeman at the parkway unbended, as Grandmother's "Lovely day, isn't it?" greeted him. So it was, though he hadn't noticed it, but as he looked at her glowing eyes, he wondered that he hadn't thought of it himself.

"First, I shall get some crackers, then I shall feed the swans," decided Grandma, as she came in sight of the pond. How different it was coming alone! She had been here before with Helen and Mary, but now all was changed. That was a plain walk—this was really living! She threw her crackers recklessly left and right, until the last bit was gone and the swans had left; then she walked to a low settee under a nearby tree. A little bent old lady in a rusty black coat sat at the other end of the seat and looked up eagerly at the tiny figure in gray.



"Oh!" the little lady in black gasped. "Tell me, are the children pretty? Do they get up in your lap and put their arms tight around you? Have they dimples?"

"How do you do?" Grandmother began at once in her confiding way. "How green the grass is here and how blue the water. Isn't the wind fresh and cool? Such a wonderful world! Are you enjoying it all, too, and rejoicing that you are alive and can come here alone and really live?"

"Yes, I love to sit here and watch it. Only I must confess, I do get very lonely. After all, you know, this isn't what really matters."

"This doesn't matter?" questioned Grandmother.

"No," said the other, her voice faltering, "not unless there is someone to truly care. Sometimes, I think I'd never care if I never saw the water again or the birds and trees, if only I had folks. You look as though you had them," she went on, looking at the dainty lace at Grandmother's wrist, and the white rose nodding in her bonnett.

"Oh, yes! I've got them," answered grandmother. "That's why I'm here. I ran away! Seems as though I never can do anything now. Daughter Fanny says that I'm not strong enough to go out alone, that the girl must do the dishes, the grandchildren do the dusting. Now I don't even take care of Nathan; the nurse does that." She twisted her fingers nervously. "I wouldn't mind if it wasn't for that. I sit at the window and watch the shadows creeping up over the fields, and the lights coming out one by one, and wonder how it would be to be free to do as I chose. Today I ran away!"

"You have all those folks—a daughter and grandchildren, a husband, and came here! Oh!" The little lady in black gasped. "Tell me, are the children pretty? Do they get up in your lap and put their arms tight around you? Have they dimples? My Esther had a dimple right in her chin, and the chubbiest fingers. I never see her now; she must be most grown up." Her voice quavered a little.

"Oh, yes," Grandmother broke in, "you ought to see Ruth. She has the softest curls and is such a darling. She comes in to get the big peppermints I keep in the little red box. You should see Helen, too. She is my big girl; takes me to walk," continued Grandmother proudly, "helps me over the crossings and all!"

"And you have your daughter, too?"

"Mercy yes! Of course! What would I do without her? When Nathan was taken ill, she had us carried right over to her house. 'Nothing is too good for Mother,' she says. She's a daughter to be proud of!"

"And a husband, too!" the other went on. "I'm all alone. I live in that big house over there; it's the home for old ladies, you know. Of course we are happy there in a way. We can go in and out when we please, but then, there is no one who really cares," and her shoulders drooped pathetically.

"That's too bad," began Grandmother sympathetically. "Dear me, is that the five o'clock bell? I must hurry back for Nathan does miss me so, if I leave him a moment. Ruth goes to bed soon after five and she'll wonder why Grandmother hadn't the peppermints ready. I'm so glad I saw you," she said, patting the other's hand, "and I'm so sorry you haven't folks. I'm rich in them. Good-bye."

Eagerly, anxiously, Grandmother hurried up the stairs, answering nothing to the wondering gaze of the maid who opened the door. It did seem so good to get back inside the old house, so full of peace and rest. She almost fell over Helen and Mary, who had run to the head of the stairs to meet her.

"She's come! She's come!" they shouted. "Oh, Grandma, we have missed you so."

"And I wants my peppermints," called tiny Ruth.

"I need my wife," came a feeble voice from the end room.

That night as Grandmother stood by the window, looking out over the moonlit fields and woods, she smiled. "So that is the secret of it all," she murmured.

"What is the secret?" demanded Grandfather, from the bed.

"Folks," said Grandmother softly.

A DAILY MOTTO

Verses sent Miss Frances Willard by a devoted friend

IT'S curious whut a sight o' good a little thing will do;
How ye kin stop the fiercest storm when it begins to brew,
An' take the sting from whut commenced to rankle when 'twas spoke,
By keepin' still and treatin' it as if it wus a joke;
Ye'll find that ye kin fill a place with smiles instead o' tears,
An' keep the sunshine gleamin' through the shadows of the years,
By jes' laughin'.

Folks sometimes fails ter note the possibilities that lie
In the way yer mouth is curvin' an' the twinkle in yer eye:
It ain't so much whut's said that hurts ez what ye think lies hid.
It ain't so much the doin' ez the way a thing is did.
An' many a home's kep' happy an' contented, day by day,
An' like ez not a kingdom hez been rescued from decay.
By jes' laughin'.

—*Heart Throbs, II.*

The Slaying of Isna Kiapi, *Or, He Who Speaks With Himself*

By E. P. McFADDEN

Standing Rock Agency, Dakota Territory

ABOUT the last of the sporadic outbursts of Indian ferocity among the Sioux, east of the Missouri River, was an unprovoked attack in 1874 on a half-breed family named De Lorme, living in a secluded section not far from Pembina. There were three men and two women living together, all having Indian blood in their veins, and should have been safe from even Indian tribal ideas of retribution or revenge for any real or supposed injury done by the hated white man.

One evening, however, when the last meal had been eaten and the men were resting and smoking after the day's labors, a small party of mounted Sioux rode up to the curious and unsuspecting settlers, shot down the whole party and killed and scalped the men, but for some reason spared the lives of the women, who were only wounded, and finally recovered.

One of them recognized two of the murderers: Isna Kiapi, who some years before under Inkpaduta, a ferocious Sioux chief, had perpetrated a like outrage in Iowa, still recalled by living men as the "Spirit Lake Massacre." He was the last of the band, spared hitherto by gallows and bullet, but still treacherous and bloodthirsty. With him also rode another "hostile" known to the frightened and suffering women: one "Brave Bear," a man not without real courage and a certain wild manliness, notwithstanding this cruel and useless murder. All along the frontier the shameful, horrible deed and two of its perpetrators were heralded, and Major Bell of the 7th Cavalry at Devil's Lake, and Agent James McLaughlin in charge of the Indians there gathered, tried vainly that year to learn the whereabouts of the two marauders.

But in the dead of winter, when terrible storms and intense cold had driven many dangerous and rebellious spirits to the lodges of their more peaceful tribesmen, McLaughlin learned of their presence, and even recognized them as, wrapped in robes or heavy blankets, they ventured out among their own people. He told Major Bell of his discovery, and the fiery cavalryman wanted to muster his little detachment at once, ride into the winter camp of crowded lodges, and search until the bold murderers were either dead or captives.

But the canny Scotch Canadian knew his men and their people too well for that. "We'll do nothing of the sort," said he. "Ye'll maybe bring on a general fight, in which many innocent people may be killed, and you may be sure that those rascals at the first alarm will jump on their horses, take to the timber, and once away, ye'll never have another chance at them again."

"What are we to do, then?" asked the Major hotly.

"Oh, we'll keep quiet a little while and then call a council of the chiefs and braves. They will be sure to attend, for they can't afford to be left out for two reasons: One is that it would excite suspicion to stay away, and the other is that their own people would taunt them with cowardice if they did not go. Then, when the council is met, your men can march in and make them prisoners before anyone can think of resisting."

So it was done. For a time Major McLaughlin acted with the utmost friendliness to the doomed warriors, greeting them with due respect and conversing with them about their friends and the varied gossip of an Indian agency. Isna Kiapi was satisfied that he was unsuspected, but Brave Bear was less at ease, although he could find no grounds for the instinctive feeling that danger lurked in the seeming ease and comfort of that winter leaguer.

At last all was ready; a great council was to be called, and the agent was to convey to them the wishes and advice of the Great White Father at Washington. All the choicest finery of the gathered chieftains was prepared and donned, and slowly and with due dignity the Sioux braves in "the barbaric pomp of their war-gear" ascended the steep, narrow outside stairs that led to the hall of council.

In utter silence the warriors took their places, Isna Kiapi among them, and the peace-pipe was ready whenever the agent should issue from his little office in the corner of the room. Thomas Ready and Frank Kavanagh, men of herculean strength and tried courage, stood at the door, ostensibly to exclude any person not entitled to take part in the council, but secretly armed, and not very easy in their minds. Brave Bear had not entered with the rest, and as McLaughlin missed his face, he sent George Farrington, who knew him well, to invite him to enter. The chief, clad in his best, stood beside the fence near the foot of the steps irresolute and ill at ease, but finally followed Farrington up the stairs and into the hall, taking his place among the leading chiefs.

Then silently, swiftly, unexpectedly Lieutenant Slocum with fifteen picked men of the 7th Cavalry came into the council room, their carbines at "the ready." A hoarse murmur, a rustle of trembling war bonnets and eagle's plumes like the first breath of the tempest in a quiet wood, swept through the dusky audience. Fierce, unquiet glances asked ominous questions, and hands tightened on the handles of the few weapons of show and ceremony carried by the chiefs. Who was "wanted" now?

"Silence!" thundered McLaughlin. "Lieutenant, there are your prisoners," and he pointed out the two fugitives, who, composedly and erect, stood in stoical silence, motionless as statues.

At the next command of their captors, they stalked forth without protest or entreaty, wrapping their blankets closer around them. The guard closed in about them and the little cortege began to descend the stairway, steep, narrow and low-railed, and bordered on either side by drifted snow, which was fast melting away under the March sun.

Suddenly Isna Kiapi threw open his blanket, hampering with its folds the guards about him, sprang from the stairway over the rude railing, and before anyone was able to fire, was fifty yards away and running like a deer, bounding from side to side to evade the bullets which he knew must follow.

Bang! bang! bang! the carbines and revolvers roared all along the line, as the angry guard recovered from their first surprise and opened fire on the now distant fugitive. Doubtless they got into each other's way and hindered accurate aim, for some thirty shots had been fired and only one had taken effect, a graze, or slight flesh wound in the heel, which only lent new wings to their prisoner, now some four hundred yards away. A grizzled sergeant, with a muttered execration, sprang out of the ranks, dropped on one knee, cuddled the stock of his carbine closely to his cheek, followed the devious bounds of the warrior for a moment and fired. Isna Kiapi was a good five hundred yards away, and the instant it took for the venomous bullet to leap across the intervening space seemed an age to the few who recognized the veteran as one of the best marksmen of his service, but his aim was true and Isna Kiapi, shot through the thigh, fell heavily to the ground.

The sergeant followed on his trail, leading a part of the squad that had made the arrest, but Isna Kiapi, crawling to a post nearby, drew his knife and, leaning against the rude support, waited for the warrior's death, which he was resolved should cheat the gallows.

The angry, breathless pursuers drew near, a score of men on foot and on horseback were closing in upon him, the red blood was oozing over the fringed leggings and beaded moccasins, gathered in a pool about his feet, but the long, keen knife gleamed in a hand that never faltered, and his challenge plainly menaced death to the first man who came within the sweep or point of the deadly blade. The sergeant did not hesitate; he would not risk a single comrade's life that the uncertain majesty of the territorial law might be vindicated. He stopped suddenly and raised his carbine; Isna Kiapi hurled back his last taunt and gesture of defiance; the shot parted and Isna Kiapi dropped into the bloody, trampled mud, dead before the cavalryman could reach him.

"And Brave Bear! What of him?" you ask. Well, that, as Kipling says, "is another story."

Love Thy Neighbor

By

Elizabeth Gaines Wilcoxson

NORTH HILL, out on the old Ballard road, by which folk left the town of Vance in former times, if their homes took them in a northerly direction, was haunted. It was doubly haunted. The two haunted houses stood on adjoining land.

One was known as "The Old Galbraith Place." Twenty-five years past, old Peter Galbraith hanged himself there in an upper chamber, and ever since his ghost had wandered, lamenting, through the empty rooms. This kept renting tenants away, and a defective title stood between the property and buyers. The house had at last fallen into decay, and the grounds were become a perfect wilderness.

The other haunted place was formerly known as "the Old Walsh Homestead," but in later years had gradually come to be known as "the Wetherspoon Place." The house was concealed from the road by a cultivated thicket of undergrowth, and trailing cypress and willows; to the east and south an oak woodland surrounded the place and belonged thereto, and to the west lay the desolate, haunted Galbraith place.

So many were the uncanny stories of the gruesome sights and sounds emanating from these two places, that gradually the country road had fallen into disuse—the county people preferring a lane to the northwest to take them past those lonely, terrible houses.

Yet nothing was done about them. No one had a right to touch the Galbraith place, and the Wetherspoon place was inhabited, and had been for eighteen years, by a hidden, mysterious hunchback and his servant and sole companion, a fat, old, imperturbable Chinaman.

Eighteen years had passed since the mysterious pair arrived directly after the transfer of the Walsh property, through an empowered attorney, to one John Hepworth Wetherspoon, and were immediately conducted to the place by the attorney, who, his part in the play being done, disappeared from the stage; and they had dwelt there ever since, in their secluded abode, which year by year became more hidden from view by the skilful planting and tending of shrubbery, tree and vine.

Hop Wo, the servant, was the Person of Affairs. His master was almost as much a matter of rumored knowledge as old Galbraith's ghost. All they knew was that he was a hunchback; that he dressed in black, and wore a long black cape, and a wide-brim black hat pulled low over a sombre white face. Occasional glimpses of him had been had, walking in his grounds—alone, remote, an object of superstitious curiosity and even fear. Strange, wild music was reported to issue from his house at times, in volume so tremendous that the possibility of human execution was precluded. Ghostly lights had signalled back and forth between this and the Galbraith house, so it was said, and claimed to have been seen by terrified passers-by in the night. There was no shadow of doubt that the hunchback was an uncanny creature, if indeed he were wholly human; and the Chinaman was, the town agreed, a singular companion for any man.

Thrice in eighteen years, John Wetherspoon had come into the town to visit a certain local attorney, Charles Broad by name, concerning matters that Broad hinted were of vast importance, but to the exact nature of which he gave not the slightest clue—thereby enhancing his reputation for phenomenal secretiveness.

Each of these occasions passed into history with a gradually accumulating wealth of detail; but of veritable information concerning the silent, hidden hunchback, they only knew that he was scarce above five feet in height, and slight of weight; that his face was beautiful in a womanish, delicate sort of beauty; and dark blue eyes, full and deep set and of wondrous expressiveness. Of age, there were as many guesses as there had been eyes to see him. But when he went to North Hill, he had just turned twenty-one.

On Hop Wo, however, the village could look its fill. At first he had been an object of frenzied interest, which gradually calmed but never died out. Twice a week he slip-slappered into town with his market basket, and from his purchases the community deduced a certain amount of authentic, gastronomic report. He was always civil, sleek, immaculate, imperturbable and wise, and made his purchases deliberately, judicially, discussing in excellent English the price and quality of commodities. When it came to money values, Hop was never at a loss, but if—as at first sometimes occurred—any impertinent questions were asked, Hop's knowledge of English suffered a complete collapse. His face became a blank; he did not understand.

A high close fence was built around the grounds, the gate to which was secured by a heavy lock, which no interpretation could construe as an encouragement to intrusion from the outside world.

As a natural consequence of so much seclusion and exclusion, the most incredible stories grew arife concerning the silent, hidden hunchback.

As a matter of fact, there was no mystery whatever connected with John Wetherspoon's life, past or present, or with his habits of living, save that he elected to live quite alone and apart from his fellows. A fall in infancy resulted in a deformity of which he was abnormally sensitive. From his earliest recollection, in his morbid super-sensitiveness, he had passionately longed to hide himself from the world; and the death of his last surviving parent left him without kith or kin, and he went to his present retreat as to a place of deliverance, and had ever since lived there in a sort of gloomy joy, in a world of his own creation, with a servant, who gave him a devotion surpassing anything but Oriental conception.

Now after eighteen years of uninvaded tranquility, a most disturbing intrusion occurred.

One afternoon in late spring, there came to him across the high board fence (built years before to more completely screen from view the ramshackled old Galbraith place) sounds such as the pain-racked ghost of Peter Galbraith had never been heard to vent.

This was no groaning and creaking of loosened shutters (more sweet to him than music, because it perpetuated the ghostly rumors and fended away possible tenants) that made him suddenly lift his head from his book, and harken with strained ears to the sounds that drifted over the ivy-covered, palisade-like fence, filling him with astonishment and apprehension; wild laughter, shrill cries, boisterous calling, lilting song, wrangling of children's voices, scolding, contention, more laughter.

Unspeakably agitated, John repaired to an upper chamber overlooking the tangled premises and disintegrating house of the Galbraiths, and what he saw was so monstrous that he called aloud to Hop. Hop, too, hearing the inexplicable sounds, had already hied him to the top of the house in dismay, and there he, too, had beheld the full extent of the disaster. With the sympathy that is bone of one's bone and flesh of one's flesh, his look of melancholy comprehension responded to his master's expression of extreme martyrdom. The Day of Doom had descended upon them without warning.

Shades of Galbraith's ghost! Come echoes of banshee's weeping! Come shadows of walking dead! Come anything, but what, apparently, had come!

A van was being unloaded at the gate. To and fro between that and the house scampered an army of children. Ever and anon, a woman of exceeding diminutive stature flashed out of the house and ran down the path in the wake of the children, who scurried before her in mock terror, with frantic shrieks; she would seize an armful of articles, and, looking very like a small ant carrying a large grain of corn, bustle toward the house, pursued by the army of children.

John watched these manoeuvres until his harrowed feelings could bear no more, then he returned limply to his porch, where at least the sight was shut out, and the sounds broken, by the wall-like fence, but even then his ears were assailed by shrieked commands, by laughter, by children's cries, and mother's scoldings. He could distinguish "Benny" and "Betty" and "Billy," and "Bunny," and "Mother" in separate and clashing utterance.

The next morning he was awakened from dreams wherein flying kinetoscope figures whirled screaming around him, and as realization focused, he became aware that the clamor was real and not a part of his dream. Through the window drifted loudly, urgently repeated commands to "Benny" to "come down," and upon looking out of his north window, John saw a very small boy crawling bear-fashion atop the high board fence, and he realized with sickening dismay that evil days had indeed fallen upon him. As "Benny" renitently declined to "come down," he was presently seized by a fat leg and disappeared; and John entered appreciatively into the sounds of vigorous discipline that followed, and laughed heartily at the protesting:

"'Top, Muzzer, 'top! 'Top, I say! You break me! I bust!"

"Hop," said John, later in the morning, "go into town and find out from Charles Broad who is agent for this adjoining place. I see that we shall be obliged to buy it. We are too well suited here to move on account of neighbors."

Before night, John learned that, after years of litigation, the old Galbraith place had at last passed into titled ownership of a niece, Mrs. Agnes Harpool; and that it was this niece and her family who had taken possession the day before in a perect giggle-storm.

When Mrs. Harpool reached Vance from a far state, she had been warned of old Galbraith's ghost, but she responded that if Uncle Peter's ghost could live on the place with her children he would be welcome. She was also told about the mysterious hunchback and the Chinaman, and replied that as far as her peculiar neighbors were concerned, her children had never seen a Chinaman, and she was sure that they would be tickled to death to have one next door; as for the poor hunchback, what harm could there be in an unhappy creature like that? And so in the face of the town, she migrated gaily into the fastness of the haunted North Hill.

All day, during Hop's absence, the hurly-burly over the fence continued, and when Hop returned and John learned that Mrs. Harpool was the owner, he decided to facilitate matters by sending Hop at once to inquire from her direct, for what price the property could be had for immediate purchase.

Starched, immaculate, serene, beady-eyed, and self-sufficient, Hop sedately made his way around to the front gate of the Galbraith place.

What really happened, John could never get more than an indistinct idea. Hop himself appeared to have a confused impression that he had been manhandled. His queue had undoubtedly been twitched, his sandals shrieked at, his garments derided, and he had been asked if he really saw things straight with his eyes set in slanting, and if he truly ate rats and mice. Also it appeared that Mrs. Harpool had not taken him seriously, but had sat on the ground and all but expired with laughter while her savage offspring had set upon him, swung to his queue, poked him with their fingers, clawed him, and rumpled him, till in proof whereof he certainly presented a forlorn and demoralized appearance.

Thus it became obvious that John would have to transact the business through Broad, and the following morning he went once again to the town. It happened unfortunately to be a circus day, and the streets were full of people, but nobody paid any attention to him as he made his way through the jostling, merry crowd to the building in which was Charles Broad's office.

Amazement and disgust overwhelmed him when he opened Broad's door and beheld, the very first thing, "Benny!"

"Benny" it was, kneeling on a chair by the window, his nose flattened against the pane, his fat little legs punctuating his lively attention with convulsive kicks, as he exclaimed excitedly:

"Dare's a-nuzzer one! See umz! Cum here!" he called over his shoulder to John. "Cum here, quick! See umz! A-nuzzer! Dare's a-nuzzer one!"

"Another *what?*" asked John, approaching cautiously, reluctant and ill-humored. Carefully avoiding "Benny's" dusty shoes, he peered through the pane in the direction Benny's excited finger pointed.

"A-nuzzer wid-der," explained Benny, rubbing his nose up the glass with a jounce, and twisting about to see farther.

"Can't oo see 'umz? Dem's umz in black cloze. My muzzer's er wid-der. *Wh-ee-ee! Dare' goes a-nuzzer one!*"

Just at the instant that John had assimilated this classification, the door was suddenly flung wide, and Benny's mother, flushed, flurried, disheveled, with an infant tucked under one arm, stood on the threshold.

She was a tiny creature, with an amusing, childish face, a riotous thicket of rough brown hair, topped by a diminutive "widow's bonnet," that looked, despite its sombre hue, like a jest above her dancing, bright, wide eyes. Her cheeks were red as poppies from exertion and warmth and excitement. Across her straight little nose was a flock of dark brown freckles like a flight of brownies. They repeated themselves in smaller numbers on her forehead and chin. Her rosy, childish mouth shaped itself in perpetual ejaculation, for Agnes Harpool seldom spoke; she either cooed, exclaimed, or vehemently ejaculated with merry, excited volubility.

Just now she deposited her youngest on the floor with a thud, and exclaimed in a gust of relief, her bright eyes dancing over "Benny":

"Well, thank goodness, he's still here! I was sure he'd fall out of the window and break his neck, or else run away before I could get back! Shall you be here a minute longer?" she asked, turning her bright eyes suddenly upon John with a direct, clear-eyed interrogation. "I just can't find my twins anywhere! *Would* you be so kind as to keep an eye on my baby, and don't let Benny raise the window, while I run out and look for my twins. I shall just *melt* if I carry Bunny a minute longer!"

After which, delivered in panting gasps and extraordinary rapidity of utterance, she nodded brightly and closed the door as suddenly as she had opened it.

Even as she paused for an answer, John was far too astonished to have spoken immediately. Had the circus director approached him in a wildly threatening manner and demanded that he ride the elephant in the parade, he would scarcely have been more dumbfounded. He looked blankly at the small scrap of humanity on the floor before him, but he had no time for reflection, for the infant at once rolled up and toddled toward him, gurgling confidingly and holding out his arms:

"Oo-gl-ooo-oo!"

"He wants up. 'Oo must hold he up!" interpreted and directed Benny, bestowing a fractional glance at John, and then butting his nose violently against the window pane in an exciting discovery of more "wid-ders.'

"Here, you," cried John, pulling him backward, "you'll smash through that glass!"

"Gl-gl-oo-ooo!" persuasively urged the baby, and John stooped and gingerly picked him up.

The warm, soft little body in his arms, the small hand on his neck, gave him a new and strangely pleasing physical sensation. He was so lost in the wonder of it, that he did not notice that his glasses were dislodged and his hat awry; and with his free hand he clutched Benny, who, in his excitement over more "widders," was again trying to go through the window.

He experienced an odd, unpleasant shock when the door was flung open again and the little mother propelled two red, curly heads into the room with a shove.

They at once tumbled to the window, contending belligerently for position. They jostled John without reck or care. They wedged him precipitately against the chair; and Benny wildly called his attention to the fact that Bunny's foot was tangled in his dangling eye-glass chain. They failed to recognize in him a total and a hostile stranger. They shrieked commands at him to open the window, and threw themselves bodily upon it to force it up.

"Stop! Stop!" protested the mother. "Don't raise the window, Billy—Betty! Benny will fall out! There they've done it! Dear me, aren't you tired to death holding Bunny? It's that *good* of you! O Betty! Aren't you ashamed, Billy, to crowd like that! No—I've told you forty-leven-dozen times you *cannot* go to the circus! I'll take baby now—O, *Benny!*"

She plucked Benny from a suicidal perch on the sill and shook him back onto the chair and turned once more for the baby. The baby, however, disfavored the transfer, and circled both arms around John's neck with a suffocating hold.

At that instant the blare of the calliope heralded the approaching parade; and with one hand clutching alternately at the twins, and the other holding fast to Benny, the little mother was only too glad to leave John in possession of the baby.

They all talked excitedly to one another and to John; he answered frenzied questions about wild animals and clowns with an abandon of intimacy.

"It's a shame to impose on a stranger like this!" Mrs. Harpool would exclaim, making ineffectual efforts to settle either Benny or the twins and leave a free hand for her other offspring.

"I do not mind! I enjoy holding the little fellow," earnestly protested John each time.

"Well, that's mighty good of you, I must say," replied Agnes Harpool gratefully. "No, Billy! I will not! How many *more* times must I say that! You know I can't take the baby, besides you and Betty would get lost, and Benny would be *certain* to get killed!" was the running fire of contention, as the last of the parade wagged out of sight, and the crowd began to melt in the direction of the circus grounds.

"Why—Madam—I—I," began John, stammering in his confusion, "I live beside your place. I will take the two little ones home if you wish to take the others and go to the circus."

At first her face lit radiantly, then fell lugubriously.

"Oh, but there is no one at home!" she cried as dolorously as a child.

"I meant that I would take care of them at my house until you returned," John heard himself explaining, as one hears an inconceivable thing in a dream.

"Will you! Oh, how *good* of you!" she cried, her eyes dancing and a succession of the oddest little dints winking in and out her cheeks and chin. "I should just *love* to go! I'm no better than the children when it comes to wanting to go to a circus. *Are* you my neighbor! I am so glad! How kind of you to do this!" Suddenly she stopped short with a gasp of compunction.

"Oh, what am I thinking of? I am *ashamed* of myself! Of course *you* want to go!"

"*I* go! Indeed, no!" voiced John, appalled.

"Yes, you do," disputed Mrs. Harpool positively. "Don't tell me! Else why did you come down town today? There!" she triumphed, shaking an accusing finger at him, as a guilty red suddenly spread over his face, "What did I tell you!"

"I assure you I did not," he earnestly declared.

"Why, of course you did! I shan't believe you unless you tell me why you did come. My name is Agnes Harpool," she finished irrelevantly.

"I am John Wetherspoon," said John, happy to divert the embarrassing question of why he came into town that day; and quite suddenly he remembered Charles Broad.

"Come—let's go down. We'd better go down," he urged in a panic.

But Agnes Harpool had become inspired by an idea that for an instant animated her even beyond speech. She caught him tightly by the arm.

"I'll tell you! If you truly aren't going with other friends, then come with us! It's the very idea! How could we have failed to think of it before? Between you and me, we can keep the four of 'em from being killed outright!"

It was to John as though he had been capsized in a frothing sea. Swishing billows dashed round him. He opened his lips and would have spoken, but he could not make himself heard above the joyous explosion that heralded this prospect, from the twins, from Benny, and even the baby, who shrieked and gurgled and crowed in a spasm of delight.

Agnes flew at the twins, tugged at their garments; settled their hats with emphatic thumps; tied their shoe laces with spasmodic jerks. Benny meanwhile executed a series of somersaults. It would have required a heart as hard as Pharoah's to have done aught to quench such happiness; and John's heart was not hard; it was only a little withered from disuse; and it was this hour experiencing some miraculous sensations—and it was also strangely lacking in rebellion as he picked his way through the crowd with Agnes by his side chattering volubly.

The sun was low when he reached the top of the hill with the tired, happy little band. He delivered the sleeping baby to its mother at her own door, and then bent his steps homeward, a dirtier and a happier man than he had ever been before.

"You live over there all alone!" she had compassionated impulsively. "My, but it must be lonesome! I'll let the children run over and see you real often!"

"I wish you would," responded John gratefully.

Hop Wo had been distracted over his master's prolonged absence, and when he saw John's rumpled appearance and soiled linen, and noted his broken eye-glass chain, and his gloves crushed together and wadded into his pocket, Hop was well nigh overcome. John nodded absently to him and ran upstairs whistling, whereat Hop's beady eyes nearly burst out of their sockets. Had his pet white mouse stood on its tail and gone cake walking, it would not have been cause for such great astonishment.

After a grievous long while John came down to tea, served as usual in warm weather on the north porch, and Hop noted that his eyes, instead of their accustomed heavy somber expression, glanced full and bright toward the just-visible chimney stack of the old Galbraith house.

"You buy 'em the house, Meester Wither-spun?" he interrogated respectfully.

"M-m-m? Ah—yes—no—" answered John vaguely, and poured gravy over his peaches.

Hop was shocked beyond measure, and later, when he brought down the suit of clothes his master had worn that day, and counted the groups of sticky five-finger prints, he nearly went into a fit.

John lay awake far into the night; and the incidents of the day tumbled and jumbled in his reverie. His tingling nerves felt the soft pressure of the baby face against his breast, and the tickle of the baby curls on his wrists. He could see the soft red lips, sticky and kissable, and the clear hazel eyes looking at him with baby comradeship.

Bunny's exuberant vitality had made his back ache, going after him under the seats and making unexpected dashes almost into the jaws of the elephants to rescue him. The twins with their unexampled activity had taxed him to the uttermost. And the mother—he had not known that they ever existed like her. The only one he had ever known had been his own, who was very tall, very pale, and very hysterical. She would have swooned at the idea of going to a circus.

At first he had waited in strained anticipation to note each face take stock of his deformity. He could not at any time throughout the entire day be certain that they were aware of it at all. Twice when the baby's hand had lain on the ugly shoulder, he had winced as from physical pain.

For long hours he was blissfully happy revolving the incidents of the day, but so grounded were his mental processes in morbid imaginings that in time he began to travel the familiar paths, and he fell into an almost maddening reaction, and under its miserable scourging, he lay very still with his arm across his face, and lying so, did not fall asleep till the gray of dawn.

At ten o'clock, Hop brought his breakfast of toast and tea, but he felt too drearily dejected to lift the spoon, and sat gazing vacantly out of the window, his gloomy thoughts going their squirrel-wheel round of bitter reflection.

He was roused by sounds of contention rapidly assuming the proportion of a disturbance; and he heard Hop Wo's sing-song tones raised in shrill protest:

"I tel-ee you, *no!* Meester Wither-spun, he *not* see you! He velly bee-zy!"

"Aw, c'm off! I betcher he ain't no suchuverthing!" he heard in Billy's hoarse, irreverent tones, and so suddenly did it act as an elixir that he sprang up, upsetting his breakfast tray, and ran to the top of the stairs.

"Hop! I say, Hop! Let the little chap come up, will you!"

Had Hop been batted over the head with his ironing board, he would not have been more stunned.

With a whoop Billy charged through the house and upstairs.

"*Wh-eee!* I thought that Chinyman was gointer eat me! Say, my mother says you air to come right over to our houst. We air havin' a birthday party. She's made a whole bushel uv jam. D'you like jam? I can't think uv anything I like better. Can you come—er wuzn't that no bluff about your bein' busy? You don't eat dinner at 'leven o'clock, do you?" he asked, his eyes falling on the upset tray. "Er wuz you just piecin'? Mother, she won't let us piece on'y just onct between meals, 'cause she says 't'aint good f'r us, and besides we eat just as much when we come t' th' table."

John felt shocked at the idea of abstaining from food for the sake of economy, but as he looked at Billy's plump and ruddy face, he decided that abstinence was not carried to the point of excess, anyway.

"No, I haven't had dinner. I will come," accepted John, with such an influx of happy excitement that he felt himself trembling.

"Well, c'm on, then. It's some fun over to our houst all the time, you know."

"I should think it was!" agreed John with conviction.

With hat in hand, he wavered over the big cape. He felt it would be absurd to wear it. He could not keep it on. Yet *how* he hated to go without it. In spite of the warmth and exertion of the day before, he had not removed it. They had therefore never seen him without it. What if, because of this, they had really failed to notice? What if Bunny should be afraid of him? He felt the old dread in every nerve. He glanced suspiciously at Billy. Billy's expression was one of direct and keen impatience.

"Hurry up! C'm on!' urged Billy, "You c'n never tell mebby what you air missin' when you ain't there!"

Then John laughed, and said "All right," and letting reason prevail, went without the cape; but all the way over he was so occupied with "what if's" and "supposes" that he failed to note that Billy was conducting him straight to the kitchen door.

"Oh, I say—will your mother wish me to come this way," he queried, hesitating.

The answer appeared in Agnes, laughing a welcome from the doorway.

"Of course! Come right on in! It's Benny's birthday. He's five today. We're making a picnic for him. I knew you'd enjoy it; you're so fond of children!"

John Hepworth Wetherspoon so fond of children!

He sincerely expressed himself in the affirmative as he gathered up Bunny, who was making frantic efforts to reach him from his high chair. And from that moment till the day was over, and he once more lagged home to his beady-eyed Hop, he had not a single moment in which to entertain morose doubts and scourging misgivings.

There was dinner at half past twelve. The day before he had marvelled at the capacity of the juvenile stomach for candy and peanuts and popcorn balls. Today its elasticity in the matter of biscuits and jam filled him with awe. At five o'clock there was supper out under the trees, and bread and jam was consumed as hungrily as if the children had starved for a week.

John laughed so much during the day that his face felt cracked. He had eaten so much that he could not believe himself to be the same individual who usually fed daintily on a choice dish for dinner and sipped tea and nibbled at his supper, and felt satisfied.

Billy produced a coarse comb and with a piece of paper wrapped around it, made a harp. He blew and blew, and Betty and Benny got up and danced to the music till it appeared as if they would come disjointed from the violence of their capers.

It transpired that the twins were musical, and Agnes had ambitions for all of them.

"We're gointer have a pianer one uv these days," informed Billy, breathing hard from the violence of his exertion of blowing. "That'll be for Betty. I'm gointer have a banjo. Girls play pianners, but boys had orter have banjos. 'Dinkety-dink! Plunkety-plunk!' Wh-eee! I could play one with my eyes shut!" And Billy's fingers wiggled ecstatically in the air, picking imaginary strings.

Agnes laughed and John fairly shouted. Everything seemed so immortally funny!

"I have a piano, Billy, and a banjo, too—" he began shyly, "and if you will come over and play for me often, I will give you the banjo. And—"

He would have liked to give the piano, also, right on the spot, but contented himself with lending it for the time being.

"I will have a gate cut so the children—and you—can come without having to go so far around. I should be very, very glad, Mrs. Harpool, if you would let them use the piano every day."

Agnes clapped her hands, enchanted.

"I am so fond of music! You can't think how much I miss our old piano. Now I can teach the twins to play! That is so good of you!" she cried, with shining eyes.

Betty waltzed about joyously; and Benny, without understanding the merits of the occasion, felt it to be one of unusual rejoicing, stood on his head; Billy, though, was rigid with ecstasy. His eyes fairly popped forth.

"Aw, say, *you're a jim-dandy!*" he finally managed to affirm with hoarse enthusiasm.

John's face reddened with pleasure.

"Billy!" scolded Agnes.

"Oh, don't!" objected John. "I don't want him to feel formal toward me!"

"Fancy Billy's feeling formal toward anybody!" laughed Agnes.

The next morning while Hop scraped molasses candy from the suit "Meester Wither-spun" had worn the day before, Mr. Wetherspoon himself was out superintending the cutting of a gate through the high board fence. So were Agnes and all the children out there. Within ten days thereafter, a wide irregular path was distinct from door to door.

Hop viewed this inversion of nature in silence. His once orderly house was now in a perpetual confusion; but his great love for his master, with whom he had been for thirty years, made him a cheerful martyr. He could not understand the miracle, but it was enough to see John's face and hear his laughter. With unflagging willingness, Hop presented himself each morning and asked gently:

"You wish dinner *or* supper at to a-home today?"

This being interpreted meant that Hop, the Faithful, would be pleased to prepare either or both meals mentioned for six people instead of, as formerly, for one.

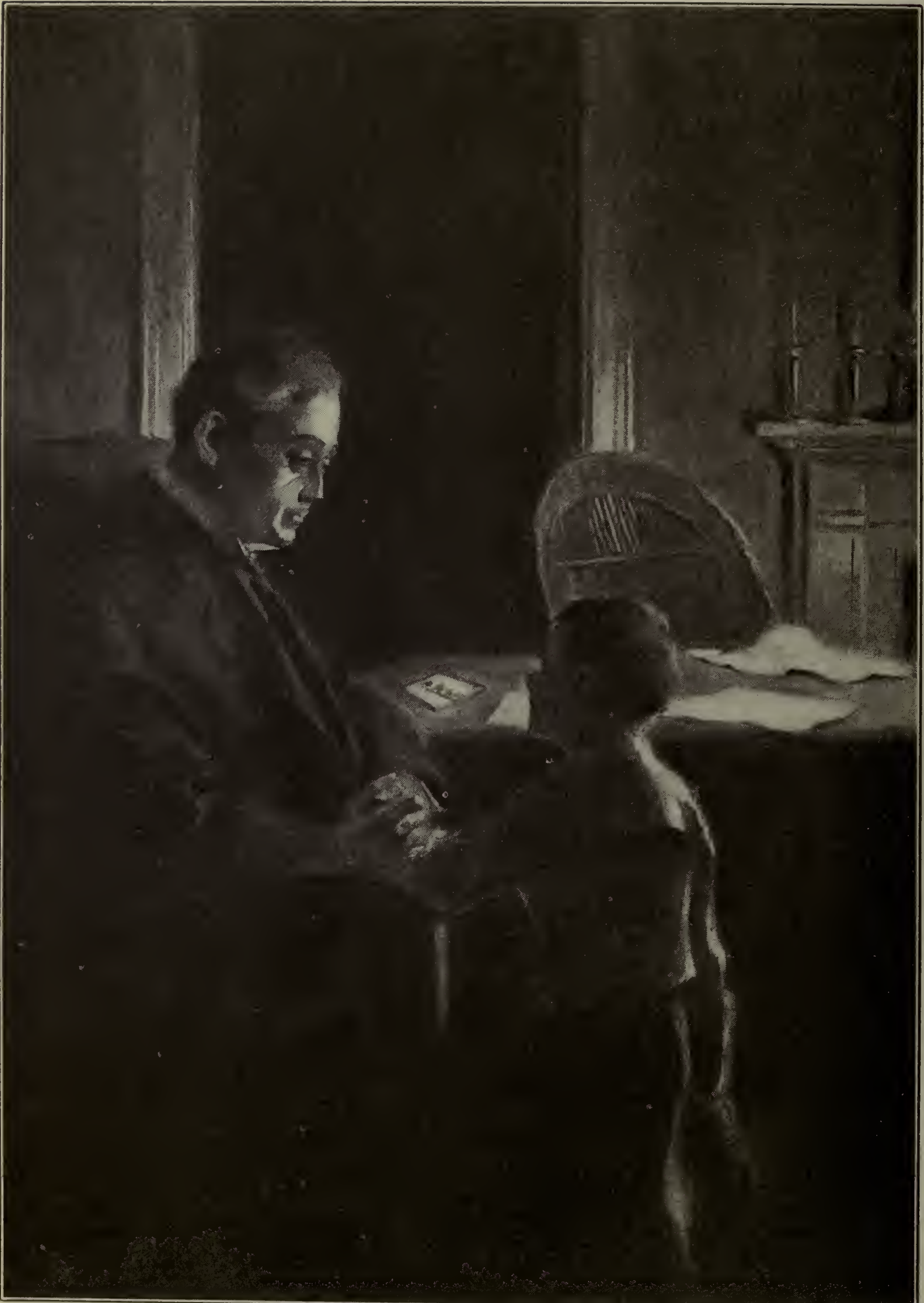
The summer waxed and waned in happy comraderie. It was as impossible to be morbid in the atmosphere of the Harpool family as for mold to grow on a china cup washed three times a day and kept in a warm, dry cupboard. Trifling incidents that one while would have been magnified into frightful tragedies had their significance swept away with one gale of Agnes Harpool's laughter. One day John was attempting to hang a picture, and thoughtlessly reached for a hook high above his head. He missed it on a tip-toe reach, and instantly his face crimsoned at this exhibition of his infirmity. Agnes laughed at him gaily.

"Stand on the footstool, goosie," she ordered with such a breezy disregard for his confusion that he could not but recover as he caught the hassock she rolled across the floor to him.

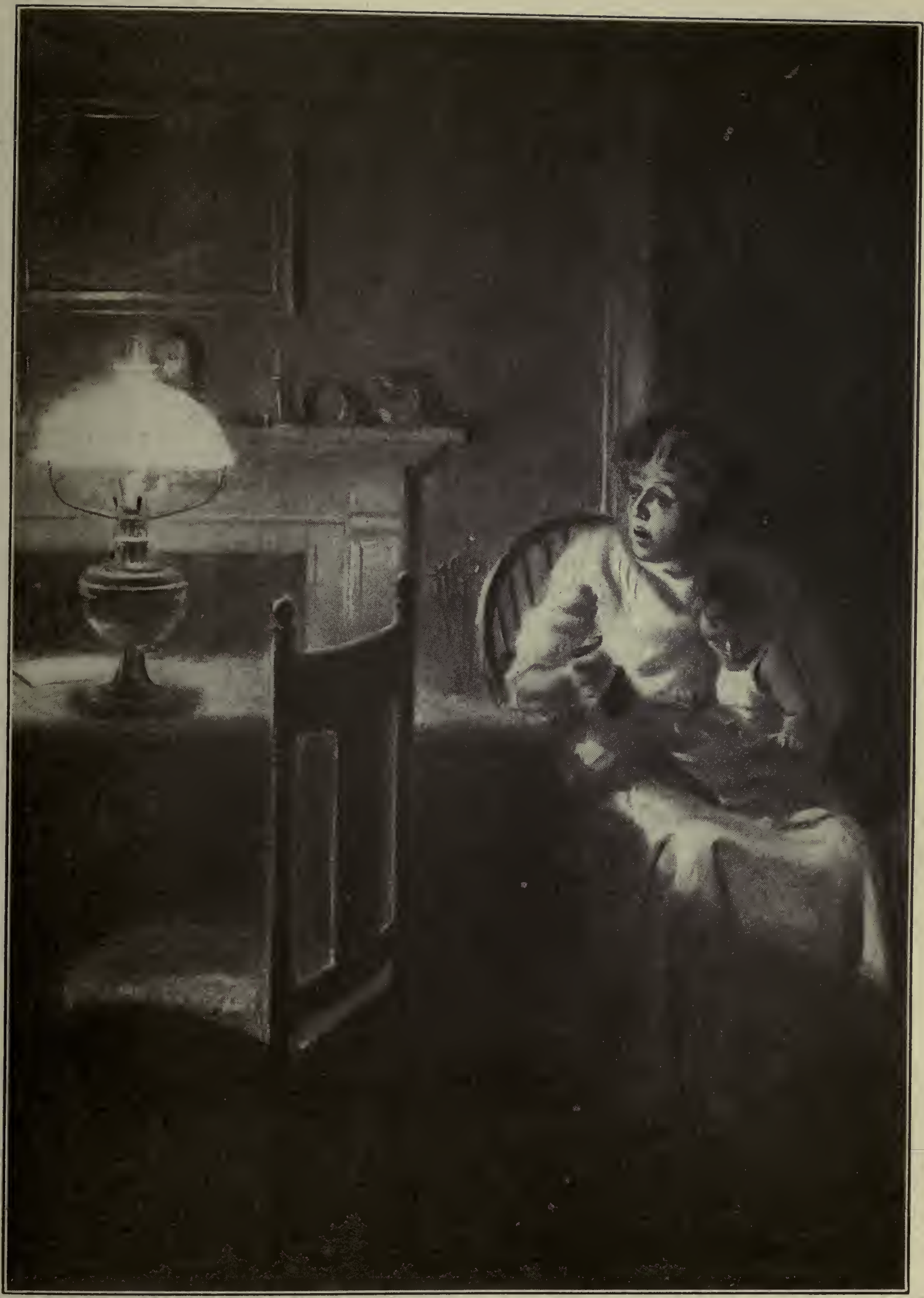
With the winter came long happy evenings, sometimes at one house and sometimes the other.

Among other marvelous transformations of taste that had come to John, was a fondness for a certain type of rollicking music, that in the far-off, unhappy, and would-be-forgotten past he had regarded as common and vulgar. Agnes had scoffingly raked over his music rack and substituted for his "choice collection of dirges" the newest coon songs and a stack of old-fashioned ballads.

John had long ceased to reflect; he just lived from day to day in such happiness as a determined suspension of reflection could bring him. And this thirty-ninth year of his life was almost a happy one.



Billy hung back reluctantly. He had something on his mind. .At last, with fairy tales tucked under his
inflection. It would be a dandy idea." Agnes was bustling about, getting Benny ready for bed. At this
still. "Well, wouldn't you like



arm, he sidled lovingly up to John. "You'll think about that, won't you?" he suggested with a caressing she raised a pair of outraged eyes at Billy, who caught the look with petrific surprise. He stopped it?" he demanded, indignantly.

It was soon after the excitement of Christmas had simmered down to the regular routine again, that the incident occurred that for the moment threatened to demolish this rare little world of comradeship and happiness.

It came about at Agnes' house one evening at the end of an especially happy day. They were all gathered around the big table—Billy and Betty, located at opposite ends for the promotion of peace, were each reading a Christmas book. John and Benny were making a wonderful sketch in water colors; and Agnes, on the other side of the table, was sewing.

Suddenly Billy lifted a flushed and eager face from his book of Fairy Tales, and inquired with that thirst for knowledge that characterized him:

"Aw, say, why does everybody always get married to the end uv stories?"

The question was addressed at large; it was Betty who promptly supplied the information from her end of the table.

"'Cause, silly, that's the way to be happy ever afterward," she said with a lilt of superior feminine wisdom.

"No such thing," instantly disputed Billy, hotly. "Who's 'silly' now? We air all happy, an' there ain't none of us married."

Betty was not posed.

"Well, we could be if we wanted to," she triumphed, "and that is just the same thing, isn't it, mother?"

"*You* married!" jeered Billy. "Who'd marry *you?*"

"I shall marry just as soon as I am old enough," retorted Betty with dignity. "You just wait and see. One has to be grown up to marry, doesn't one, mother?"

"'Doesn't one, mother?'" mimicked Billy derisively. "Mother's grown up and she isn't married," he produced as confounding argument.

"Billy! Betty! Read your books and stop talking," commanded Agnes authoritatively.

But Betty was glaring at Billy. It was her turn to clinch the argument.

"Mother *is* married! What are you talking about? Your head's gone wrong."

"Come off!" Billy taunted. "Mother's a widder, an' widders don't marry."

"*Stupid! Of course* they do! Any number of them marry! Mother and Mister Wetherspoon could marry if they wanted to!"

Agnes rushed furiously into the dialogue.

"Betty! Billy! I shall punish the next one of you that speaks!" she threatened so severely that it might have influenced Betty, but Billy scarcely heard it. Billy was struck by a new and overwhelmingly agreeable idea. He looked over at John.

"Aw, say! That would be a dandy idea!" he submitted blissfully.

"Billy! Go to bed!" ordered Agnes, her face scarlet. "Go to bed at once. Do you hear? And Betty, too. This instant!"

Billy hung back reluctantly. He had something on his mind. At last with the fairy tales tucked under his arm, he sidled lovingly up to John.

"You'll think about that, won't you?" he suggested with a caressing inflection. "It would be a dandy idea."

Agnes was bustling about getting Benny ready for bed. At this she raised a pair of outraged eyes at Billy, who was lagging away from John. Billy caught the look with petrific surprise. He stopped still.

"Well, wouldn't *you* like it?" he demanded indignantly. "I should think you would. It would be a dandy idea."

After which, with Benny at his heels, he disappeared, pausing at the door to throw a fond and meaning look at John.

With burning face and shamed eyes, John looked at Agnes, but for once Agnes had been deserted by her native impertinence, and she was experiencing the novel sensation of genuine embarrassment. She sat down and picked up her sewing in a flurry and began to stitch blindly. But, alas, her irrepressible sense of humor could not be crushed by even the most abject calamity, and a fleeting glance at John's humiliated face brought a mischievous smile.

"Don't look so distressed, Meester Wither-spun," she chided, "you are not obliged to accept Billy's proposal!"

John shrank and lifted his miserable eyes.

"Don't mock me—oh, Agnes!"

With a sob Agnes threw down her work and ran and knelt by him.

"Then don't *make* me do it, John! Why don't you *say* so if you want to marry me, dear? I've known for *ages* that you do!"

On the Edge *of* "The Whirlpool of Europe"

by Rev. Francis E. Clark

Author of "Fresh Fields and Pastures New"

JUST now, as the chronic Macedonian question has become acute once more, the people who may be especially embroiled are of unusual interest. It is well known that Greeks, Bulgarians and Roumanians are hoping to get a slice of Macedonia, when that part of Turkey is carved up by the great powers. All the nations in the vicinity are watching the situation with eagerness, not unmixed with anxiety.

It is said that Macedonia today is occupying the attention of a hundred thousand Turkish troops. I have myself recently seen fully ten thousand of these soldiers guarding the Macedonian railway that connects Salonica with Constantinople. Every railway station, every bridge, every tunnel, every culvert even, has its special guard, lest an Albanian bomb should destroy it.

It seems to be the impression of all, in and out of official station, who have studied the situation, that the war between Italy and Turkey will, before it ends, bring about a serious crisis of some sort in Macedonia. At any moment that seems to them opportune, the Albanians, half brigands, half patriots, are expected to sweep down on the plains of Macedonia, and the unhappy government now in control at Constantinople, with its hands full of trouble with Italy, will be powerless to prevent their ravages.

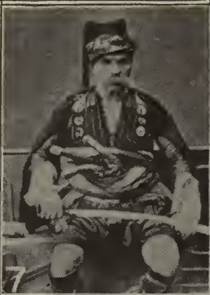
Then the powers may step in, and Greece, Bulgaria and Roumania may have their chestnuts pulled out of the fire by their stronger friends. Of all the claimants, Greece is probably the most able to undertake satisfactorily any new responsibilities that may come to her. There is certainly no doubt that the situation is a very tense one, and what the next few months may bring forth no prophet is wise enough to foretell.

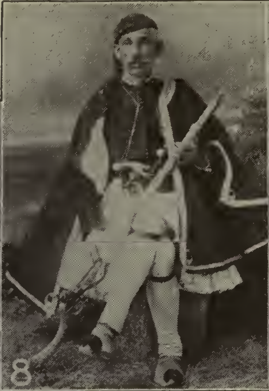
In the meantime, it is interesting to see the types of a people who will have much to do with the future of this "Whirlpool of Europe." The petticoats of many of the Greek soldiers give them anything but a warlike appearance, but clothes do not make soldiers any more than other men; and as one meets these Greek warriors on the streets he is impressed with their real manliness, their fine physical proportions, and their general sobriety and dignity of demeanor. This is especially true of the Queen's Guard, who are all stalwart, fine-looking men.

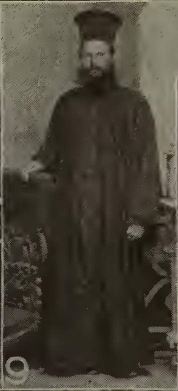
No more interesting people today are found on the map of Europe than these descendants of the greatest nation of antiquity. I have found them, after a considerable residence in their country, particularly honest, generous and kindly, and while modern Greece may never rival the splendors of ancient Attica, her people are certainly destined to play a more important part in the world's history in the future than for many generations past.

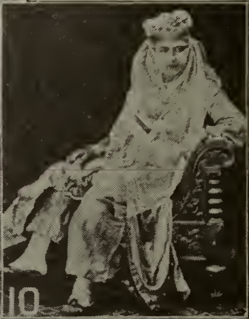
King George of Greece, who has reigned for forty-eight years, is an able and wise sovereign, whose kingly crown has been a thorny one at times, but who has kept it on his head, with an increasing stability, while other crowns have been toppling off the heads of neighboring sovereigns.

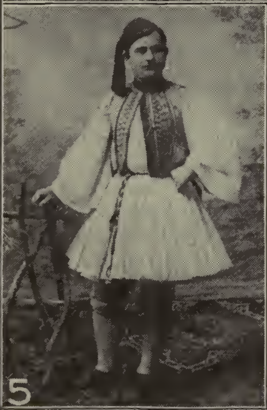
He is a Protestant, as he recently informed me with some pride, though the ruler of a Greek Catholic country, and he

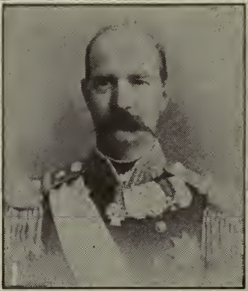


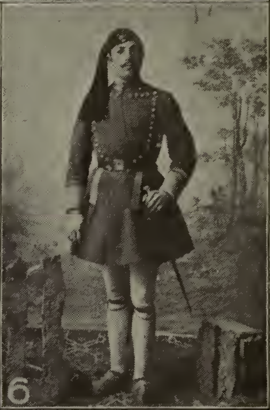


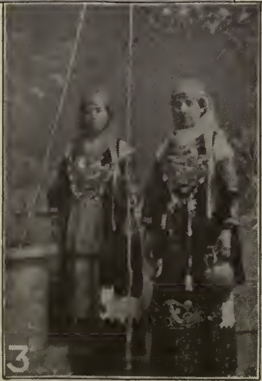


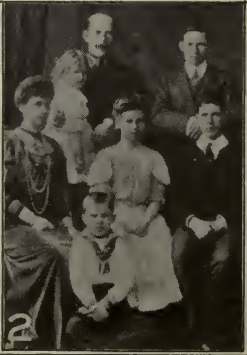


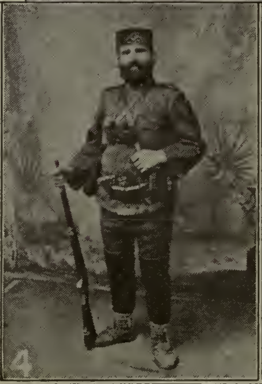












1 King George of Greece, who has reigned forty-eight years.

2 The Crown Prince and Princess of Greece with their sons and daughters. The breakup of Turkey might seriously affect Greece and the royal family.

3 Greek maidens of Peloponnessus in their best finery. Notice the "seguins" made of gold coins around their necks.

4 Niazi Bey, a hero of the Turkish Revolution.

5 The Queen's guard in summer costume. The soldiers of this regime are very conspicuous on the **streets of Athens.**

6 The Queen's guard in Athens in winter costume.

7 Albanian brigand.

8 A Greek shepherd. He finds it wise to go armed though his trusty flintlock is of an antiquated pattern.

9 A Greek priest. These priests are very much in evidence in all Greek towns especially in Athens where there is a theological seminary. In Athens, are a few large Greek Catholic churches and scores of small ones.

10 A half-veiled Turkish lady. Since the Revolution of 1908 many Turkish women go unveiled or half-veiled.

has a German Protestant service every Sunday in the chapel of the Palace. The people, though intensely attached to the Greek Orthodox Church, seem to like their king all the better because he is not a turncoat in religion.

As is well known, he is the uncle of King George of Great Britain, brother to the Queen mother, Alexandra, brother to the ex-Empress of Russia, uncle to the new King of Denmark, and uncle to the King of Norway. Few men have more royal relations, and few men deserve better of their nation or of the family of nations than King Georgios I of Greece.

The Bulgarians are a warlike people, with comparatively small resources but a great history, and when in a heroic mood they often hark back to the time when Bulgaria was the leading nation of Eastern Europe, and hope to regain their glory and power by conquests in Macedonia.

The Roumanians, though perhaps not so directly interested in the partition of Macedonia as the Greeks and Bulgarians, still cast covetous eyes upon the fair fields, fertile valleys and glorious mountains that join them on the west, and would not be at all averse to profiting by the disasters of the Turkish armies.

Roumania has advanced wonderfully during the last forty years under the rule of good King Charles and his gifted Queen, the poetess, Carmen Sylva. From a rude, backward province, long under Ottoman rule, it has become a prosperous and progressive little kingdom, and Bucharest is one of the gayest and most beautiful cities of the second rank in Europe.

The Roumanians have lately awakened to the fact that the Wallachians, many of whom, as shepherds, tend their flocks in the mountains of Macedonia, are related to them by blood and a cognate language. Thus Roumania will put in its claim, when occasion arises, for its slice of Macedonia.

In the meantime, harassed Turkey pursues its thorny path with remarkable dignity and self-restraint, considering its past history and the fiery, warlike character of its inhabitants. The Sultan goes to mosque every Friday, as usual, attended by great crowds of the faithful; the Grand Vizier conducts the government as best he can with enemies without and enemies within; the people buy and sell and get gain, as though little of importance was happening, and all await the next chapter in the history of Turkey.

THE DISCUS THROWER

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

WHAT grace is in this pictured statue fair!
What ease and motion, what abandon gay—
Not the lithe dolphin in the waves at play
Is touched with such surpassing beauty rare.
Like harp-strings freed from every strain of care
His pulses thrill as his tense muscles sway,
For triumph crowns him with her deathless bay
Who is so swift to do and keen to dare!
Ah, youth is ever victor in the game
Of speed and action, and of sound and sight,
For youth and beauty are forever one;
Unconquered force, that naught of age can tame
You rise like morning burnished with the light;
Hail thou, Apollo, bearer of Life's sun!

Is the American Workingman A Myth?

By

Thomas O. Marvin

THE jealous care with which a small tribe of Indians in the wilds of the Canadian northwest is guarding from complete extinction a herd of three or four hundred buffaloes prompts the inquiry if somewhere in the unexplored regions beyond the Arctic circle an asylum has been found for that "mythical" creature, the American wage-earner?

Hardly a quadrennial campaign passes without some startling discovery which upon close examination proves to be merely the phantasy of a fevered imagination.

Of such a character is the assertion that the American wage-earner is a myth. When great herds of buffaloes roamed the American prairies no one would have had the audacity to assert that the buffalo is a myth. Today when the latest census figures report that there are 6,615,046 wage-earners employed in the manufacturing industries of the United States, the assertion that the American wage-earner is a myth is as gross an error as could be made by a student of industrial conditions.

In 1900, 86.3 per cent of our population was native born and 13.7 per cent foreign born. Of the foreign born a great majority seeks permanent residence here. The immigrant enters our ports to seek a home, employment and educational advantages for his children. To most of them America is the land of their aspirations and American citizenship the goal of their ambition. They enter the ranks of American wage-earners. Some of the most gifted rise to commanding rank in our professions; enter the halls of Congress; are elected governors of their adopted States and sit in the seats of the mighty. Their children and their children's children rise from the ranks of wage-earners to become our captains of industry. To deny to such men the name American is the narrowest bigotry and chauvinism and would exclude from the pale of Americanism men who died at Bunker Hill and Yorktown and men who fought under Meade and Hancock at Gettysburg and under Farragut at Mobile.

WHAT WE OWE TO FOREIGNERS

From 1820 to 1905 immigrants to the number of 23,116,501 entered the United States. Our colonies were settled by men of foreign birth, and not until the inauguration of Martin Van Buren was a president elected who was not born a British subject. The country owes it origin and much of its growth to the men and women who abandoned their homes in foreign lands to establish themselves here under kindlier auspices. And still the tides of immigration roll toward our shores, bringing men and women who learn our language, adopt our ways and become incorporated into our national life. The American name is large enough to include them, and they and their children become American workingmen.

It is not to be expected that they will rank in skill and earning power with the workingmen of native birth who have grown up under the advantages of American education and of our industrial and economic conditions. It is because of the superior conditions here that they seek admission at our gates. With eagerness they begin their apprenticeship and gladly accept the wages of unskilled labor.

It is not a reproach upon our industrial conditions that men of native birth find ample opportunities awaiting them in the skilled trades. It is rather to our credit that men of American birth and American training are not compelled to turn to the unskilled branches of our industries for a livelihood. The report of the Tariff Board on wool manufactures shows that native born operatives predominate in the occupations that demand skill and ability; that in the occupations requiring a less degree of skill the natives of the British Isles and of Germany are found, while Italy and the countries of southern and eastern Europe are represented largely in the occupations requiring little or no experience or skill. Naturally the wages earned by the inexperienced and unskilled are lower than the average wages of skilled workers.

WAGES OF IMMIGRANTS

Native born operatives, as a rule, do not seek these jobs. Training in the technical schools or in the textile schools fits them for the better paid positions. The immigrants who accept the lower paid positions in the mills count themselves fortunate to obtain the work. It gives them a new start in life and most of them make the best of their opportunity, for the average length of service is about five years. In this time they have acquired sufficient skill to win promotion or they have saved enough from their earnings to start in business for themselves, buy a farm, or return to their native land.

When the foreigners who flock in such large numbers to our shores enter the mills, they are not paid according to the wage scale of Great Britain or of Southern Europe. They are paid the standard American wage for unskilled labor. The workers in the unskilled branches of American textile mills earn more than many of the workers in the skilled branches in Great Britain, and skilled workers here earn twice as much as those in British mills.

(By courtesy of Lawrence Telegram)
WAGE EARNERS SHOWING LOYALTY TO THE FLAG

Wool washers in this country get $8.21 per week. For the same work in England, they are paid $4.93; less still in Germany and even less in France and Italy, and soon we shall feel the increasing competition of Japan, where wages in the mills range from six to twenty-two cents for a ten and a half hour working day. Comb tenders are paid here $7.85; in England, $4.26, and the gill minders are paid here $5.84; in England, $2.83; drawing frame tenders are paid here, $6.21; in England, $2.68; female spinners are paid here, $6.40; in England, $2.25; weavers earn here, $10.54; in England, $3.83, and so the comparison runs right through the different occupations. Our immigrants get the benefit of the higher wages made possible by the American economic system, and this fact accounts for their adoption of America as a home.

(*By courtesy of Lawrence Telegram*)

PROUD TO BEAR THE NAME AMERICAN

SEND THEIR SAVINGS ABROAD

Out of their wages the mill help of Lawrence were able to save enough during the year 1911 to send $128,000 abroad to friends and relatives. For five years ending 1911, they sent abroad $727,032.35. From Fall River the sum would be nearly as much; from New Bedford larger; from Holyoke in five years it amounted to $381,421. The industries of New England cannot be the despotic, grasping and cruel institutions which they are represented as being, when large sums like these can be sent out of the country by the wage-earners of our manufacturing cities, to aid the destitute of other lands. This money is not sent by the higher paid operatives, for statistics show that they are largely native born and are thoroughly established here. The bulk of this money comes from the earnings of those in the unskilled departments, whose wages are asserted to be below a living standard.

If the possible earnings of operatives even of the lower wage scale of our southern mills seem princely to the native Americans of the mountain regions of the

(*By courtesy of Lawrence Telegram*)

NEITHER HOPE NOR PATRIOTISM WAS ABANDONED BY THOSE WHO ENTERED HERE

Carolinas and tempt them to flock to the mill towns of the south, is it any wonder that the wages paid in the New England mills tempt the poor people of southern Europe to cross the seas for jobs, which generations ago were gladly accepted, and at half the present wages paid, by men and women of New England birth. The policy of protection which has built up the great industries of the United States has made it possible, so far, to give employment at wages far above the world average to American citizens and to nearly a million of annual immigrants, most of whom soon win the right and are proud to bear the name of American workingmen.

THE LABOR ON A YARD OF CLOTH

The processes of textile manufacture are intricate and complex. The manufacture of a suit of clothes starts on distant grazing lands where the wool is grown. Labor is involved in shearing, collecting and buying the wool; in transporting it to market, selling it, grading, sorting. scouring, drying, blending and mixing the wool; carding and combing it and then drawing, spinning, reeling, spooling and winding it. All these processes involving labor are necessary before the weaver can touch the yarn. Then there comes the warp dressing, the drawing in, and the setting of the warp, all essential parts of the process of manufacture. And yet facile critics, for sensational effect and to delude the ill-informed, assert that five cents was the total "rate of payment to the weaver" on a yard of American worsted cloth costing $1.71 to place on the market, and dramatically compare the five cents with the present tariff duty of $1.02. Why conceal the fact that the weaver's work is only one of the many processes of manufacturing, the labor in every step of which receives its share of the protective tariff and why so blandly ignore the fact that the raw wool itself represents from fifty to sixty per cent of the total cost of the finished product and the duty on which accounts for a large part of the duty on the cloth?

Overlooked, too, by these critics of a great American industry are other occupations essential to the production of textile fabrics. They take no account of those keen, skilful men, the loom fixers, whose pay averages higher than that of clergymen; the burlers, the sewers, and the several classes of finishers, the cloth examiners, the shaders, the packers, the warehousemen. All these crafts have their part in the production of that yard of worsted cloth, and the wages of one and all are as fixed and inescapable a charge upon the mill as the wage of the weaver whose apocryphal "five cents" the critic sees as the only offset to the $1.02 tariff duty.

Engineers, firemen, electricians, elevator men, yardmen, carpenters and mechanics of many kinds—all these, too, are indispensable in a modern mill organization. It is as just to single out a weaver and assume that he does all the work, as it would be to point a smart private in the front rank as constituting an entire regiment.

AN ARMY OF WORKERS

The manufacturer who pays the weaver must pay the wages also of all this multitude of men of other trades. And indirectly the manufacturer pays in the price of his buildings and machinery—a price higher by from forty to sixty per cent than the English cost—the high wages of American masons and machinists. Another army of workers dependent upon the mill is the host employed in the production of three hundred different kinds of supplies which a modern factory requires.

When all these workers have been recompensed, not a great deal remains out of that $1.71 a yard for the manufacturer. Labor directly or indirectly has secured nearly all of it. Living quietly and unostentatiously in New England towns are many hundred men and women who know something of the textile business as stockholders in American mills. They know how often their dividends shrink below the six or seven per cent regarded as the minimum for a changeful, hazardous industry, and how seldom they have ever risen above it, and they know their rate of dividends, and they know something about comparative rates of textile wages in the New World and the Old.

Machinery, the Tariff Board declares, is driven no more rapidly in the United States than in the United Kingdom. Employes of American mills receive substantially twice the wages paid to employes in British mills for doing the same amount and kind of work. Indeed, the American rate is often more than twice as high, and averages nine times the wages paid in the mills of Japan. "The conversion cost for the same quality and count of yarns," the Tariff Board explicitly states in its summary, "is about twice that in England." "The cost of turning yarn into cloth in the United States compared with England is all the way from sixty per cent to 170 per cent higher, according to the character of the fabric."

What this means is that the immigrant from Southern Europe, working in an American mill, receives twice as much money for doing a given amount and kind of work as the most skilled English operative, and from five to ten times as much as the clever and dexterous Japanese. When, in the face of such incontestable facts, the critics contend that the workers have secured no benefit from our protective tariff laws their zeal is more conspicuous than their judgment.

American industries under the American tariff pay the highest wages in the world and they distribute more of the wealth created than do the industries of any other country. To them we owe the unprecedented prosperity of the nation, a prosperity which is passed around in the weekly pay envelopes of over six million American wage-earners.

The Necessity for Banking Reform

By GEORGE M. REYNOLDS

President of Continental and Commercial National Bank, Chicago

THE rapid development of our country in recent years, bringing under cultivation a constantly increasing area, has caused the scope of our activities to be ever expanding and more far-reaching.

Success in individual enterprise has made for growth in the volume of our business, and as the volume has increased, there has necessarily been an evolution in methods under which business has been conducted, until today success requires the application of scientific methods to our undertakings. Old-time methods and practices have been superseded by modern practices, better calculated to enable the business man to keep pace with the exacting and ever-increasing requirements of the public.

The same rule that governs individual enterprises and those formed through the combined contributions of many individuals toward a common capital, and commonly known as corporations, should apply with equal force to municipalities, commonwealths and nations. The measure of success of these depends upon the promptness with which the evolution of their laws meets the requirements of their civic and business needs.

What are known among business men as practices and methods are known as laws under commonwealths and nations, and naturally with the changes in practices and methods of doing business, there should be a corresponding change in the laws governing that business.

The close of the Civil War found a large area of our country devastated, and the nation heavily in debt. Every possible recourse had been resorted to in order to raise funds with which to carry on that war, and the paramount thought of the administration at that time was to devise a plan which would maintain the credit of the Government and at the same time make a market for its securities. It was at this time and under these conditions our present national banking system came into being.

The plan of using our Government bonds as a basis of security for what was destined to be such a large percentage of our circulating medium served the double purpose of providing what at that time, in view of the volume of our business, seemed a fair system of banking, and at the same time created a ready market for those bonds. The lack of flexibility of these notes and other forms of our circulating medium makes it impossible for us to apply the law of supply and demand to either the money or credit necessary for the conduct of business, which is the law upon which all business should be predicated.

We have no agency through which we can quickly provide adequate banking facilities for different sections, and for crop moving and different purposes, when the demand for such is abnormal.

We lack the facilities for the quick transfer by banks of liquid assets into credit or bank notes to meet the requirements of their depositors, with the result that banks must, under conditions of stress, decline to extend credit to their customers, no matter how legitimate the demands may be, thereby augmenting the distress and discomfort already existing.

There are many other glaring inefficiencies in our present system, which want of space forbids I should undertake to mention.

The greatest material and industrial development known to the world is that so markedly shown in the United States, and therefore in order to keep pace with this wonderful development, industrially and commercially, the laws of the nation, as well as of the various states, have been constantly changing, but the change in the laws governing our banking and currency system have been so slight that we are today practically working under the same currency and banking law that has been in existence for fifty years.

In view of our ever-increasing volume of business, it is surprising that we have had so little interruption to our business through panics and lack of confidence, and the fact that our present financial system has served so well is due to the marked growth in the use of credits in our business transaction.

Statistics show that about ninety-six per cent of the business of the country is done through the use of credit. Credit, therefore, is the life, or power or vital force of business, as well as one of the most potent factors in economics; and credit to be stable must be protected by a system of currency and banking under which credit to meet all the conservative requirements of business can be furnished.

There must also be furnished facilities through which liquid credits of solvent concerns can be exchanged by the banks of the country into any other form of credit, even into bank notes, if there should be need for them.

The National Monetary Commission appointed by Congress early in 1908 for the purpose of making a study of the systems of currency and banking in other important commercial countries of the world, and reporting and recommending to Congress such changes in our banking laws as are needed, after a very exhaustive study of the subject abroad, and after calling into conferences with them leading political economists, bankers, and business men of this and other countries, have unanimously presented a report to Congress in which they recommend the establishment in this country of the National Reserve Association of the United States, which it is generally believed by those who have made a careful study of the subject, will augment our present system to the extent that it will supplement our national banking law, through a co-operation with the banks of the country, thus providing facilities to correct the deficiencies in our present system above referred to.

It is not revolutionary in any sense, but has been devised entirely along the lines of a close co-operation with and between the banks of the country, and would serve all the banks of the country, including Central Reserve City banks, as the Central Reserve City National Banks now serve their correspondents.

Since credit is the vital force in business, it is proposed that the National Reserve Association shall furnish credit necessary to enable the banks of the various sections of the country to supply credit in those sections in proportion to the real needs of business.

This will be made possible through the fact that the National Reserve Association will carry a part of the reserve of the banks of the country against which it can safely grant credit, and under the plan proposed, credit can be made available for use in any part of the United States, the banks of the country, both national and state, having the privilege of discounting with the Association paper made by solvent concerns which in the aggregate will not exceed the capital stock of any bank offering it for discount. In order that paper discounted in this way may be that which is automatically created in actual business transactions, and not made up especially for the purpose of securing an expansion of credit, paper so discounted must not have to exceed twenty-eight days to run from date of its discount, and must have been dated at least thirty days prior to the date of its discount. This is intended to be one of the safeguards against over-expansion of credit, and if paper discounted by that institution is kept within bounds of paper made automatically in general business transactions, it will do much to prevent any danger of over-expansion.

GEORGE M. REYNOLDS
THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONTINENTAL AND COMMERCIAL BANK OF CHICAGO

This privilege for banks, members of the Association, to discount paper of solvent concerns, turning it into a credit on the books of the Association, where the balances will count as reserve for that bank, or exchanging such credit for bank notes, creates the flexibility necessary to enable the banks of the country to turn their liquid credits into any other form of credit needed, or into bank notes if desired, our inability to do which now constitutes one of the greatest weaknesses in our system of currency and banking.

A bank is an institution dealing in credit, and its dealings in cash are incidental to its reserve requirements. Under our present system, a banker can extend to his solvent customers credit to an amount that will be in proper proportion to the amount of cash he has in his vault, but no matter what the urgency of the demand may be, or how legitimate the purpose for which the applicant wishes it, the banker cannot extend his credits beyond the point of proper relationship between his outstanding credits and his reserves, and he is, therefore, forced to disregard entirely the law of supply and demand, the law that should and would dominate his course in the matter of extending credit in the event of the adoption of the National Reserve Association in the United States.

The requirement of carrying a proper reserve against his outstanding credits, in order to enable him to pay cash on demand against those credits is the safeguard of the prudent banker against an over-extension of credit by him. Under normal conditions, a banker can re-discount with his reserve agent a reasonable amount of the paper of his customers, and get some relief when the demands on him for credit are in excess of his ability to supply it, but in time of pressure or threatened panic, his correspondent in a Central Reserve City is unable to meet his wish because the demand upon that bank is general and it has no place to turn for help where it can utilize the paper its correspondents offer for discount. The result is, application for credit made to banks by solvent people must, under these conditions, be refused by them.

These conditions, when they exist, disturb public confidence, and the public, fearful of the safety of its funds, seek to withdraw their money from the banks, and the banks, trying to maintain the reserve required by law, must call in their loans at a time when there is dire need for even more credit in the community, thereby "adding fuel to the flame," and we are plunged into a panic. A panic *always* follows a condition under which credit cannot be obtained. It never precedes that condition.

A man's check on a bank pays a debt, and so long as credit is obtainable and he can write his check, he has no need and does not care for money itself. In that way his check on a bank during the time it is outstanding serves the same purpose as a bank note or any other medium of circulation. It is to protect the credit represented by checks and other instruments of credit while they are serving in the capacity of a circulating medium that the organization of the National Reserve Association is proposed.

Since the proposed law requires that all banks that shall enjoy the privilege of rediscounting paper with the National Reserve Association must first become members of a local association, and also be subscribers to the stock of the National Reserve Association, it is believed the banks of the country will carry with it reserves which, with the Government deposits, will aggregate several hundred million dollars, and this, with the amount of capital paid in and exchanged for gold, will constitute a reserve sufficiently large to justify the extension of credit to serve all the real business needs of our people.

It is proposed to have the Association take over the United States bonds now carried by National Banks, provided these banks are willing to give up their circulation privileges, all such privileges for the future to be discontinued, but banks now carrying circulation and desiring to continue it may do so; but since the Reserve Association shall be bound to take all United States two per cent bonds at par for the term of one year, it is believed the National Banks will sell their bonds within that time, thus retiring their circulation.

The Association shall have the right to

issue its own circulating notes to replace National Bank notes that are retired by the transfer of the bonds to the Association, and shall also have the right to issue additional notes to meet the requirements of business; all notes so issued to be secured by fifty per cent gold coin, and the balance by commercial paper discounted by banks.

Any notes of the National Reserve Association in circulation at any time in excess of nine hundred million dollars which are not covered by an equal amount of lawful money, gold bullion, or foreign gold coin held by said association, shall pay a special tax at the rate of one and one-half per centum per annum, and any notes in excess of one billion two hundred million dollars not so covered shall pay a special tax at the rate of five per centum per annum: *Provided*, That in computing said amounts of nine hundred million dollars and one billion two hundred million dollars the aggregate amount of any national bank notes then outstanding shall be included.

In computing the demand liabilities of the National Reserve Association, a sum equal to one-half of the amount of the United States bonds held by the Association which have been purchased from National Banks, and which had previously been deposited by such banks to secure their circulating notes, shall be deducted from the amount of such liabilities.

This restriction in the use of circulating notes by the Association is for further discouraging the possibilities of over-expansion of credit.

While it is generally understood that the right for banks to discount twenty-eight-day paper in amounts equal to the unimpaired capital of the discounting bank will furnish ample credit for normal times, still further protection to our organization of credit is provided through the ability of banks to discount with the Association paper running longer than twenty-eight days, but not longer than four months; but in such cases the paper must be endorsed by the local Association to which the discounting bank belongs. This would mean that a bank seeking a discount of this character would be obliged to secure through its local Association the endorsement of all banks in its community, members of that Association.

The requirement that all banks subscribing to the capital of the National Reserve Association must first become members of a local Association is to safeguard conditions during a panic or under some unusual condition of stress in business.

A provision of the law which is a marked departure from our present system is that of giving banks the right to accept bills or drafts drawn against credits arising out of actual business transactions and not having more than four months to run. In the early discussion of this subject much criticism was made of the first draft of the plan, for the reason, as many expressed it, there would be danger of the control and management of the Association falling into the hands of unscrupulous persons or coteries of men who might try to operate the Association to their own advantage, or to the disadvantage of the public, but the later draft of that part of the bill has safeguarded that point so thoroughly that fears have been practically dissipated, leaving but two pertinent criticisms, viz.: the question of over-expansion, and the possibility of the concentration of the "money power" in the hands of a few people, outside of any control over the election of the manager of the institution.

Now, I think the question of over-expansion is safeguarded well in the bill itself, but to my mind the best safeguard against that will be the experience, knowledge and conservatism of the thousands of successful bankers of the country, who will have a right to re-discount with the Association. Their personality and their success which has come as a result of prudent, conservative banking, will stand as a buffer for the Association, for they will know full well that if they as bankers discount with the Association, under their endorsement, the paper of irresponsible parties, they will be obliged to take it up, so all good bankers will continue to exercise the same careful judgment then as they do now. An unsound bank will find it very difficult to get much assistance from the Reserve Association, for the reason that a local Association before admitting a bank shall have the right to rigidly examine banks that apply for membership, and if they are not worthy, they may be denied a membership in the local Association, in which event they would be ineligible for membership in the Reserve Association.

The fear of some that there is danger of placing the money power in the hands of a few is based upon the theory that since the plan contemplates the assembling of a large part of the reserves of banks of the country in the vaults of the Reserve Association, it would necessarily place the money power in the hands of a few.

We have already shown that the power which the assembling of reserves brings into existence is the credit that can be safely extended against that reserve, and since credit is the vital force in business, ninety-six per cent of business being done upon credit, I contend that which is generally called the money power is an ability to extend credit, and since the credit which the Reserve Association can extend against its large reserves must be given to the public through banks discounting with that Association, the plan as proposed will put the "money power," so called, in the hands of as many banks as may become members of the Association, which we hope will be many thousands, thereby decentralizing the "money power" more than a thousandfold.

Analyzing it fully, the proposed plan of the National Reserve Association provides facilities for the proper protection of our credit organizations, and its collateral privileges are such that it assures to bankers, members of the Association, an ability to furnish credit to the extent of the reasonable needs of the business of that community, at the same time, as I believe, fully safeguarding against an over-expansion of credit.

The whole plan has been constructed around the theory of protecting the entity of the banks of the country, and that of giving to the country banks the same facilities that are provided for the larger banks of the Central Reserve Cities.

Money can be procured on bonds or mortgages due ten to thirty years in the future only as they can be sold, but the note of a solvent business man or farmer, having a definite maturity, must be met or the maker is declared insolvent and thrown into the hands of a receiver; and it is the determination of business men to protect their credit and save their reputations that causes them to meet their paper at its maturity.

Then, too, the application of this principle assures to the bankers of the West an ability to supply their customers with credit for legitimate purposes, which would not be true if the security for notes of the Reserve Association were required to be bonds instead of commercial paper, for the banks of the West do not carry bonds that would be admissible for this purpose in amounts sufficient to relieve the situation in times of stress.

The influence of a proper banking and currency system will reach the hearthstone alike in the mansion and the hut, and for this reason it should inspire in us a desire as well as a determination to treat so important a subject—the most important legislation since the Civil War—along broad lines of patriotism, and free from petty party politics and prejudice.

In some respects the present is an inopportune time to secure desired legislation, for following so closely in the wake of tariff legislation, which left many scars, and preceding the close approach of what now seems reasonably certain to be a more or less acrimonious presidential campaign, party feelings and personal prejudice run high, but since proposed currency legislation is calculated to serve alike all the people of this country, no matter what their political affiliations are, we must depend upon the intelligence and sense of fairness as well as the patriotism and their love of their country to cause the business men of this country to arise in their might and insist upon at least one important piece of legislation being considered free from party bias and party prejudice.

Credit is not partisan, currency is not partisan, personality, integrity and character are not partisan; then why consider from the standpoint of politics the question of the establishment of an institution that will deal in non-partisan qualities, calculated to serve alike and faithfully people of all parties and all creeds?

CORNELL COLLEGE

Lily H. Williams

OLD Cornell College, of Iowa, was established several years before the University at Ithaca, New York. It was named for William W. Cornell of New York, one of its early supporters, and not in compliment to Cornell University, as is often supposed.

Cornell College had its beginning one spring day in the early fifties, when Rev. George B. Bowman, a pioneer preacher, riding on horseback to his appointment, upon reaching a certain hill was endowed with prophetic vision. Kneeling down, he prayed to the Almighty to favor the Methodist College which he, the humble servant of God and humanity, suddenly conceived should be established on this hill. He was a self-educated man, but the staunch friend of higher education, and in spite of difficulties, made his vision live in the minds and hearts of Iowa pioneers. On July 4, 1852, the nation's birthday was almost forgotten in Mount Vernon (or Pinhook as it was then called), in the enthusiasm of celebrating the birth of the "Iowa Conference Seminary," later Cornell College. Dr. Bowman had determined upon his course with characteristic vigor. His will was indomitable and his plans were laid and prosecuted with no delay. His spirit of conquering difficulties has lived through all the years of the life of Cornell College, and she stands today the product of energetic pioneers and of the Methodist Episcopal Church, reflecting the brave and wide-awake characteristics of her progenitors.

No wonder that the crest of the high hill in Mount Vernon was chosen as the site of a college. Its natural beauty and that of the surrounding country as seen from College Hill is a delight to travelers as well as to those who spend their lives in its vicinity. Bishop Gilbert Haven said, "Never have I seen a lovelier land-scape than that which stretches out from Mount Vernon, the site of Cornell College. From that open or that shaded top your eye takes in the loveliest lay of land that any college in America looks upon—at least any that I have ever seen." Bishop Foster said he knew of but two colleges so beautifully

PRESIDENT EMERITUS WILLIAM F. KING
For forty-six consecutive years President of Cornell College

MAIN COLLEGE HALL

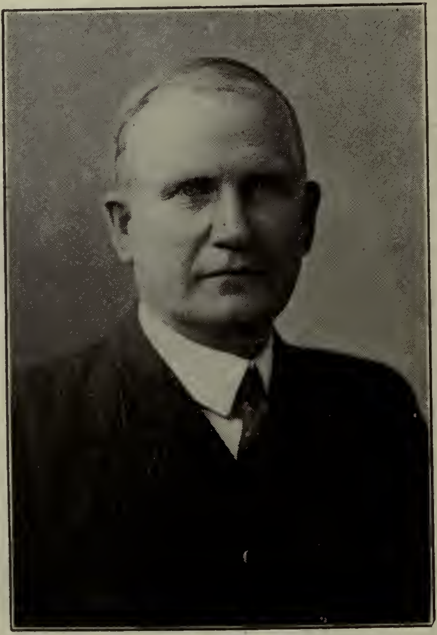
located, one being Roberts College at Constantinople.

Mount Vernon is a charming little town of about two thousand inhabitants, and a typical college town characterized by the refinement and intelligence of her citizens. It has practically every advantage, with a minimum of disadvantages. It is situated on the main line of the Chicago & Northwestern railway, sixteen miles east of Cedar Rapids, a railroad metropolis of the state. An interurban railway at present being constructed will be an added link between Mount Vernon and the outside world.

Sixty acres of fertile Iowa soil comprise the Cornell College campus and athletic grounds, bearing hundreds of magnificent trees in the midst of which stand eight fine buildings, the college homes of the Cornell student, to which he gladly returns year after year. Not alone by the material beauty of his home is he drawn, but as well by the faculty, who have become his beloved preceptors, many of whom have remained at Cornell for years of active work, giving of themselves as only good men and women can do.

In the fall of 1853 this school was opened with three members in the faculty, Rev. Samuel M. Fellows, as principal, and two associate professors, Rev. David H. Wheeler and Miss Catherine Fortner. From this beginning, numerically inauspicious, Cornell has outgrown all preconceived ideas of her greatness.

A faculty of forty well-trained men and women, all of earnest purpose, direct the work of



JAMES E. HARLAN
President of Cornell College

VIEW SHOWING "THE ROW," IN THE FOREGROUND BOWMAN HALL

more than seven hundred students each year. More than sixteen thousand young men and women have studied in Cornell College, and more than sixteen hundred loyal alumni love the name of their alma mater and enjoy the privilege of belonging to the ever-increasing Cornell family. Nor is this family without its illustrious children. Some have become bishops, some United States Senators, others members of the President's cabinet and of Congress and governors of states. More than a hundred are distinguished at the bar, in the pulpit, and every prominent line of work is graced by able Cornell graduates.

Cornell College easily takes position among the first ten colleges in the United

A CORNER OF THE COLLEGE CAMPUS

States. Her place is due in no small part to the continuous administration for forty-six years of William Fletcher King, who was elected president in 1865. Dr. King, through a long and wise administration, brought peace and poise to Cornell. Several times during his career as president he tendered his resignation to the trustees of the college, but the board could not consider it. Four years ago, however, failing health made Dr. King's release imperative, and James E. Harlan, then vice-president of the college, was honored with the executive office, Dr. King being named President-emeritus.

All that Cornell owes to William F. King will probably never be known, for while administering the affairs of the college wisely and well, he was able with a very modest beginning to make for himself a comfortable fortune, which he has by degrees transferred to Cornell—his gifts probably aggregating nearly $200,000.

Cornell College is a co-educational institution, in which men and women have equal rights. The school is wonderfully democratic, as is shown by the fact that many students work their way through college, and are as highly regarded as those who have substantial bank accounts. Sincere work and clean young manhood and womanhood are the only requisites for social position in this college. Nearly every state in the union and many foreign countries are represented among the student body.

SOUTH HALL

THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY

Like most co-educational colleges, Cornell has a reputation for "match-making." Be that as it may, a prominent statistician in eugenics has discovered that out of the hundreds of Cornell marriages, there has been but one divorce case. Cornell marriages are sane and happy because the training at Cornell tends to healthy association between young men and women. The fellowship that exists among Cornell students is perfectly natural. Men and girls have equal privileges and the victories and achievements of the girls are considered quite as important as those of the men.

MT. VERNON IA

THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

The social life of Cornell College and the Academy as well might be said to center about the twelve literary societies, to one or other of which almost every student in school belongs. There are in the college four societies to which women are eligible: the Philomathean, the Aesthesian, the Alethean and the Aonian. College men may, if elected to membership, join the Amphictyon, the Adelphean, the Miltonian or the Star Society. Academy students are eligible to the Clionian, the King, the Gladstone, or the Irving,—the two first being for girls and the latter for men. Once each week these societies meet and present fine programs, which are, as a rule, open to the public. Following the evening program occurs the social hour when the society members are at home to their guests, when the girls in their light gowns make a pretty picture, and when everybody is

CORNELL COLLEGE CHAPEL
One of the finest college structures west of the Mississippi

very much at ease and is either entertaining or being entertained. The training received in these organizations is of almost inestimable value. Parliamentary drill is a definite order in each business meeting, which follows the evening's social and which is, of course, not open to the public. Very many of Cornell's alumni and former students who are in the public eye received in the college literary societies a part of the training which has made them more able men and women than they otherwise would have been. Among the most enjoyable events of commencement week are the reunions of the literary societies, for it is in these societies that friendships are initiated and perpetuated.

The most important social function of the college year is the annual Colonial Party, participated in by the faculty and entire student body. The college gymnasium is the scene of this spectacular affair, at which George Washington and Martha, his wife, lead the grand march. As the fantastically clad figures wind in and out in the mazes of the march, we recognize John Alden and Priscilla, the choleric Dutch governor, Peter Stuyvesant, Dolly Madison, Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, Pocahontas and scores of other familiar characters. Fun-loving college students for one night assume the courtly airs and graces of long ago, when powdered wigs and ruffles of lace were requisites of everyday attire.

Further back again are we carried at the May Day Fete, when, as happened this year, Robin Hood and Maid Marian and the legends of their time were enacted by the students as a sunset spectacle in Ash Park. The Morris dance, the winding mazes of the May Pole dance, and the crowning of the May queen, with fairies, nymphs and brownies in attendance, make

BOWMAN HALL, WOMEN'S DORMITORY

one forget the very material age in which we live and appreciate the simplicity and gaiety of those days long past.

ANNIE F. SPEAR MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN ON THE CAMPUS

The "Pep" and "C" Clubs are among the most recent organizations made among the students at Cornell. As might be supposed from its name, the object of the "Pep" Club is to keep Cornell in the front ranks of all movements that are progressive. The "C" Club is composed of all athletes who have in years past been awarded the "C" for excellent work done in the athletic department. The purpose of this club is to boost for Cornell. An interscholastic track meet arranged and carried through last May by the "C" Club, and in which many high school men from all over the state competed for honors, is a definite proof of its enthusiasm for the work the members have assumed.

Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. organizations flourish at Cornell. Each year enthusiastic young Christian workers go from these associations to the annual conference at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. The wholesome regard with which the students seem to view all religious work and movements is typical of the sound principles which are at the very bottom of Cornell tendencies.

Cornell has had in years past especially fine debaters, who have upheld the honor of their alma mater, showing great strength even against schools larger than herself. Lectures, oratorical contests, recitals of music and oratory round out a busy year for the students in Mount Vernon and for the townspeople as well, the majority of whom are greatly interested in the local college and avail themselves of all the advantages she has to offer.

SCIENCE HALL, CORNELL COLLEGE, MT. VERNON, IA.

OLD SEMINARY BUILDING

It is in Bowman Hall that a large number of the college women find an inviting home, and the memories of "Bowman Hall days," midnight spreads, and "marshmallow roasts" still remain dear to the "old" girl when she is far from Cornell and from the associates of those happy years.

The recollections of the old student, too, center about the Chapel, where the daily devotional exercises are held, and where in the auditorium the

COLLEGE CHAPEL AND BOWMAN HALL

place has often resounded with college songs and college yells on the occasion of some well-won contest or some hard-fought debate. Society publics were also formerly held in the auditorium, though of late years it is not unusual to present these publics in the natural amphitheater south of the Chapel building. A Shakespearian play is often chosen for these performances, as they seem adapted to our own beautiful scenery.

Nothing more charming could be imagined than Ash Park on a beautiful Spring day—the tennis courts all occupied by girls and men, the girls' hockey team practising in their corner of the athletic park, baseball practice going on and a crowd of brawny fellows just coming in from a cross-country run. And in the winter at every basket-ball game the gallery of the gymnasium may be seen filled with students and townspeople, interested in the play and in the final score, hoping that it will be favorable to old Cornell.

Under the direction of the Cornell conservatory director, an oratorio society of two hundred voices is trained each year, with the end in view of presenting during the May Music Festival an oratorio. For eleven years past the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago has paid Cornell an annual visit and taken a large part in the Festival, which lasts for three days. The principal soloist this year was Madame Schumann-Heink, who, with leading soloists from all over the world, presented a magnificent series of concerts. "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast" fittingly ended a magnificent Festival, when visitors from far and near were in tune with the beauty of Mount Vernon and the joy of the springtime.

On Monday, July 1, the Cornell College campaign for $500,000 additional endowment was brought to a triumphant close. This campaign was inaugurated about two years ago, when the General Educational Board announced a gift of $100,000, provided $300,000 additional new endowment was secured and the institution freed from debt. This last condition necessitated the raising of another $100,000. Not by large gifts was this sum secured, but by small subscriptions of interested alumni and friends, and the spirit of loyalty which characterizes old Cornellians was never more finely illustrated. Cornell now has the opportunity she long has sought. Her period of struggle and sacrifice has been long. Now with this added endowment she will do many things that she has long wished to do, and further, the way will be paved for future victories and larger achievements.

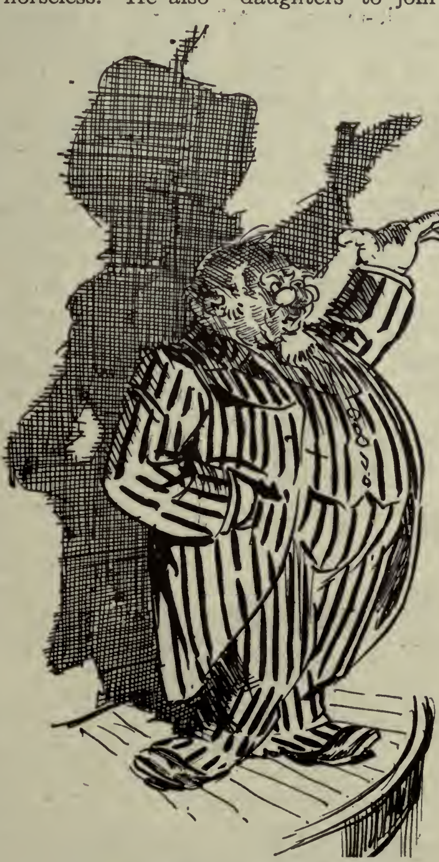
Cornell will next June celebrate her sixtieth anniversary as a college, and as usual the commencement exercises will be held on the campus under the magnificent trees. The stately and simple out-of-door Cornell Commencement is traditional, and commemorates each year the honest and unaffected first celebration of the college in '53. Substantial men and women, world renowned, come to Mount Vernon each June to participate in the exercises, to greet old friends, once more to stroll about the lovely campus and hear the chapel bells' hourly peal: "God Watch-eth O-ver Dear Cor-nell."

Rudolph Recites About Blue Beard

by Albert E. Peters

VONCE, couple times ago, der liffed a chentlemans who vos v-er-r-r-y rich. He had a fine houses in der city und bungalolos in der country, dishes und plates from solid gold und silver und his carriages vos all forty horse-power horseless. He also had some two-three hundred airships und steam yachts, und, least but not last, he had it grape-fruit for every meals. But mit all his vealth, he could not schange de color of his viskers, vich vos ver-r-r-y long und der vind blew thro' dem, und so der peoples alvays called him "Blue Beard." Dis mate him so ugly dot none of der laties of der chorus—I mean, der court—vould keep steddy company mit him; dey sait der blue viskers did not match der peroxide komplexions.

Now, der happened to liff near him a rank laty—I mean, a laty of rank, who had couple beautiful daughters, und "his viskers" got sticky on dem und asked der laty for a match. But neider of der fairies could stand for his Vandyke, ober dey vos villing to testimify under oath, dot his figure vos not so vorse, for, you see, dey had seen it his bank account. But to Blue Beard dis mate no neffer minds. He gave a big houses barty, und asked der laty und her daughters to join in der festimitivities; und, after a veek had been spent in dis disgraceful manner, der youngest of der daughters began to commence to shtart to dink dot his viskers vos not such a deep shade of indigo as at first; so she told her mutter dot she must have been color blind und asked permission to marry him, viskers und all. So, Mommer, whose alimony vos getting low, said "Go to it." Vitch she did.



"*Rudolph recites about Blue Beard*"

Aboudt two, three veeks after der knot vos tied, Blue Beard told his vife he had to go to New York on business (der same old lie), und he gave her der keys of der vine-cellar und also a liddle key to a closet at the end of a long gal-lary vitch, he sait, must not be opened under any cir-kumstances. So she promised to obey him, und he vent away. Being a female vomans, of course dis vos all dot vas unnecessary to excite her unquisitiveness, und she could not vait long enough until he vos aus gezeichnet to run straight avay und open dot door. So, pudding der key der lock in, der door flew itself open, und "Donner und Blitzen?" dere vos der floor covered all over mit blut und several deat vomans lying in it. Der poor laty vos almost petrumified mit fearfulness und studded shakin' for der drinks, der key fallin' from her hands der floor upon. She managed to find it und lock der door, und den she discovered dot der key vos tainted mit blut. She viped it und scrubbed it mit Dutch cleanser, but could not vipe oudt der stain.

Early der next evening Blue Beard returned, havin' lost all his money playin' pinocle, und you may be dissatisfied dot his vife vos in a fine dill-pickle; but, pudding on a bold-faced type, she tried to make der old man tink she vos tickled mit foolishness to see him vonce again, already. Den he asked her for der keys, und, after makin' it von excuses ober anoder, she saw dot der jig vos gedding up, und handed dem over to him.

Den Blue Beard kespied der blut und says: "Ah? ha? I see dot you haf been investumigating der Stock Yards, ven I tole you to confirm yourself mit Voman suffering. Vell, den, if you *vill* go muck-raking mit der Beef Trust, you vill yourself soon be dressed beef, already."

Den she fell on his hands und knees und asked for couple minuten to say so-long to sister Ann, who vos up-stairs making it goo-goos mit der ice-man. Blue Beard yells it oudt loud: "Herauf, den, und be quvick aboud it."

So she ran der stairs up, und called oudt: "Sister Anheuser, bring me schuper of bier." Nein—I mean, she sait it: "See if mine brudders Hans und Fritz are caming."

So sister Anheuser looked oudt und sait: "Ober nit? Nothing didding."

Den she sait: "Look again vonce in der same places."

Den Anheuser sait: "All I can see is der policesman kissing der cook."

Und all dis viles, Blue Beard vos shouting himself horses for her to come downstairs und be mate into cold-storage.

Vonce again yet, she calls it oudt to her sister und sait: "Ach, Himmel, who iss keeping dose fat-head brudders."

Den Anheuser exclamationed: "I see it a couple fellers on motor-cycles chasing dis vay, a gasoline buggy."

"Ach, du lieber?" sait der laty, "dey are caming; dot's der stuffing for der geeses. Now, it mox nix ouse."

Den she ran der stairs down, und Blue Beard vos yust aboudt to gif her a kouf in der blickstein, ven, in rushes der two brudders, Hans and Fritz, fresh from der Sunday supplement, und, shouting it out: "Raus mit him," quvickly put an end to his finish. Den, ven it vos all over, der poor vife, I mean vidder, came oudt of it, und as Blue Beard had no hairs but his viskers, she took de alimony (vitch means it, all de money), und on der principal of der interest, she managed to liff unhappily effer afterwards.

The Post Office *in* "The City of Letters"

by E. C. Mansfield

Postmaster of the Boston Postal District

IT is a far cry, indeed, from the post office as the colonists of the Town of Boston knew it to the post office of the present day. In those remote days the Bostonian who desired to send a message to his friend or kinsman in New York or in Virginia, left his letter in the little shop on State Street, then known as King Street, with the request that it be forwarded by the next packet. Today he nonchalantly walks to the corner nearest his residence, lifts up the cover to a mail box and drops in his letter, knowing that there are about one million chances that it will safely and promptly reach its destination against one chance that it will be lost, or delayed by an error in distribution.

Few people of all the great public within the boundaries of our country, ever stop to think what this beneficent government agency is doing for them, doing it daily, and every minute and second of the day. To say that the post office is nearer to the people in a homely, everyday sense, than any other branch of the public service is but stating as easy a proposition as that two and two make four. Everybody knows it,—everybody makes use of the post office in some way or another and yet but few persons have any sort of adequate idea of its actual operations or of the tremendous amount of detail which makes it possible for it to render the efficient and welcome service which it gives to the American people.

The Boston Post Office, or more properly speaking, the Boston Postal District (for the original Boston office has waxed large on account of annexation of surrounding towns and cities), ranks fourth in the list of post offices within the United States. New York, Chicago and Philadelphia lead Boston in the amount of receipts. Philadelphia, however, leads Boston only by half a million of dollars, while the receipts at New York and Chicago are three times as great as either Philadelphia or Boston.

The problems to be met in administering the affairs of any large post office differ just as the local problems differ in any large city. New York's problems in postal administration are radically different from those of any other city in the country, and so in a lesser sense do the problems and conditions in Boston differ from other cities.

Boston is unique because within the postal district bearing that name are to be found a larger number of towns and cities than in any other post office district in the country. Eleven towns and ten cities go to make up the Boston Postal District, and these twenty-one cities and towns are divided into sixty-nine stations and branches, all of these offices being managed from a central point by the Postmaster of Boston. This large number of separate municipalities which are merged into one postal body for administration purposes, arises from the fact that around Boston, in its early days, sprang up small communities which, as the years went by, developed into villages and towns and some into cities. As the policy of consolidation of post offices was developed, these towns and cities, some of which had been independent post offices for nearly three-quarters of a century, were merged into the Boston District.

The Boston Post Office, its stations and branches, covers a total area of 178½ square miles; the length of the district from north to south is twenty-two and one-half miles and from east to west is fifteen and four-fifths miles. Between one-quarter and one-third of the entire population of the State of Massachusetts is contained within the Boston Postal District, the recent census giving the resident population of the cities and towns which compose it as 1,205,632. This total, however, does not adequately represent the maximum number of persons served by the Boston office as conservative estimates place the number of persons who come into Boston to do business every working day, and who therefore receive mail at their places of business, as over 250,000. It is fair to say that the letter carrier force deliver mail daily to more than 1,400,000 persons.

Photo by Pram

E. C. MANSFIELD
Postmaster of the Boston District

The growth of business in the city of Boston and the surrounding towns and cities is nowhere better demonstrated than by the growth of the postal service. The receipts of the office for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1912, were $7,064,256.10 and have practically doubled in ten years. The 1,302 carriers in the Boston district work on an average seven hours, fifty-three minutes daily; the foot men travel an average distance daily of twelve miles, while that covered by the men who cover their routes in teams is twenty and one-half miles. Throughout the entire postal district each letter carrier delivers daily an average of fifty-three and one-half pounds of mail, while in some districts where the mail is particularly voluminous, letter carriers have been known to take out for delivery mail that weighs over one hundred pounds daily.

The number of persons served per carrier in the Boston Postal District varies, naturally, with the character of the territory, whether purely residential, mixed residential and business, or wholly business. The average number of persons served by these carriers assigned to the delivery of mail is 1,314 and varies, as has been said, with the kind of territory. In a certain residential district, on account of the small number of residences, the average is 374 per carrier. On the other hand, in one of the very thickly settled tenement house districts, the average rises to 2,657 per carrier.

An interesting fact recently demonstrated by actual count, is the number of possible stops, or places where mail may be delivered. The count which was made, shows that on an average throughout the

Boston Postal District each carrier has 347 possible stops, and that the average number of actual stops that were made by each man was 324. This conclusively demonstrates that the residents of Boston and its adjoining towns and cities are a large letter writing and mail receiving class, and it is doubtful if a similar showing could be made by any other large city in the country.

The establishment of the Postal Savings System in the Boston post-office was attended with some misgivings as to its success, owing to the very large number of savings banks, trust companies, co-operative banks and other similar institutions for savings which abound throughout the postal district. But the experience of the past year since the establishment of the first postal savings depository in Boston has shown that a considerable demand existed for a system for saving which has behind it the guarantee of the United States. More than $1,000,000 has been deposited in the postal savings depositories in the general post-office, and the stations and branches since the first deposit was received on August 1, 1911, and the amount of deposits and number of new accounts is constantly increasing. One of the noticeable things about the installation of this new system is the ease with which it has been absorbed, as it were, into the general business of the post-office. Its various details are being attended to by postal clerks under the direction of their supervisory officials successfully and efficiently, and is a concrete illustration of the ease with which the postal service may be adjusted to new conditions and added responsibilities.

Another and yet severer test of the adaptability of the service to solve new problems successfully will come with the establishment of the parcels post on January 1, 1913. On and after that date the post-office will handle packages weighing up to eleven pounds each at rates of postage which are determined by the zone plan. Many complicated problems must be worked out and depend for their solution, as do many other postal problems, upon local conditions as to whether the working out is to be accomplished with a minimum of trouble or with great difficulty. Many conditions exist within the Boston Postal District which make the handling of the anticipated enormous quantity of parcels post matter more difficult than in any other large post-office within the United States. One of the most important is the lack of space in the post-office building itself and in many of the larger stations and branches in which to transact postal business. The constant growth of the service from year to year has resulted in congested work rooms and inadequate space for the handling of even ordinary mail matter, and the post-office building, which was, no doubt, regarded by its architects and builders as sufficiently large for all future time, is today the most crowded and congested building occupied by any post-office in the country.

Another problem which must be met and solved by every postmaster in every post-office having free delivery service is the changed condition in that service owing to the limitation of the working hours of letter carriers and clerks to eight hours work in ten consecutive hours. This new law recently passed by Congress becomes effective on March 4, 1913, and requires a most careful readjustment of the delivery service, particularly, to meet the provisions of the statute. At the present time letter carriers, because of the long-established custom of making as early a delivery in the morning and as late a delivery at night as is possible, are on an average required to perform eight hours of work in approximately eleven and a half hours daily. The new law will compel postmasters to concentrate the service, in order that the day's work of the carrier may be performed within ten hours. For years the average working time of the clerks in the Boston post-office has been eight hours, and with rare exceptions, such as at Christmas time, the daily tours of duty have been completed well within nine hours.

An efficiency record system was established in the Boston post-office by direction of the Postmaster-General on January 1, 1909, and since that date has been in complete and successful operation throughout the district. Under this system employes are rated in per cent by their supervisory officers according to the amount of work they perform. Demerits are charged against each employe's record for the errors he may commit in the performance of his work or for violations of the rules, in accordance with a printed schedule with which every employe is familiar. At the close of each year's work the demerits are deducted from the rating given by the supervisory officer, and the result, expressed in per cent, determines whether the employe shall be promoted into the next higher grade or be reduced in grade, for a certain standard is required to retain an employe in his present grade.

This system has been carried out faithfully in Boston and has entirely eliminated favoritism and outside influence in determining who shall be promoted. In administering the affairs of an office of the size of Boston, with a working force of over 3,300 men, some such system is of incalculable benefit both for the purpose of ascertaining the real merit of the employe and to enable the postmaster to maintain a standard of discipline which is of the very greatest importance among so large a number of employes.

The working force of the Boston post-office is recruited not only from the city of Boston and the other cities and towns comprising the postal district, but from towns and cities outside the metropolitan district as well. The personnel of the force is high and will compare favorably with that of any other office with no exceptions. The great majority of the clerks and carriers who have come into the service within the past decade have enjoyed a high school education, in part at least, and the average intelligence of the individual is high. In these days of strong competition in commercial life, linked with the insecurity of continued employment in many outside callings, the postal service attracts large numbers of intelligent, bright young men, who prefer the stable conditions in the public service under civil service rules to the uncertainties of employment in outside business life.

The post office must always keep pace with the growth in population as well as with the growth of business if it is to continue to give the people the satisfactory service to which they are entitled. To meet the demand made by the marvellous development of Boston's suburbs, is a problem with which the post office officials are constantly struggling. Freshly compiled figures show that during the past eighteen months, or since January 1, 1911, 8,836 new buildings have been erected within the Boston Postal District, containing the astonishing number of 23,375 suites or apartments. In the outlying suburban territory, farms and pasture land have blossomed into residential communities, with streets laid out and lighted, and with homes occupied. New York with its dense population, crowded into sky-scraping apartment houses, presents one kind of a postal problem. Boston with its suburban communities spread over a large amount of territory, with its large number of separate municipalities, each with its own local civil government and local interests, presents a problem of another kind.

Within the Boston Postal District it is safe to assert resides the largest letter-writing class that can be found in any large city within the United States. And because of their dependence upon their mail in all matters, social and business, the residents of the district are extremely critical of the service which they receive. It is but natural that this should be so and the right of the people to prompt, efficient and courteous service is the basic principle upon which the administration of the Boston post office is carried on.

The Renaissance of Oliver Twist

by Ann Randolph

"MY Missis is going out to dinner, and I ought to go, but I have got a bad cold. So do you come, and sit here and read, or work, or do something, while I write the last chapter of 'Oliver,' which will be arter a lamb chop." Thus wrote Dickens to his friend John Forster in the fall of 1838, and thus was completed "the first English novel with a purpose"—"Oliver Twist."

The story first appeared serially in "Bentley's Miscellany," of which Dickens was then editor, and that each installment was eagerly awaited by his readers, Forster tells us where he says, "Thousands were attracted to him (Oliver Twist) because he placed them in the midst of scenes and characters with which they were already themselves acquainted; and thousands were reading him with no less avidity because he introduced them to passages of nature and life of which they before knew nothing, but of the truth of which their own senses and habits sufficed to assure them."

That Oliver was a favorite with the author himself is also evidenced. "The Adventures of a Parish Orphan" was his characteristic subtitle, and he outlined his purpose to take Oliver "up into the thieves' den, in London, show what their life was, and bring Oliver through it without sin or shame." The character of the orphan lad, motherless after his birth at the town workhouse, who fell into the hands of thieves, and was the victim of intrigue and abuse, was very real to his creator. No less real were the habitants of the den of crime—Fagin, the Jew, and his scholars, the Artful Dodger and Charles Bates; Bill Sikes and Nancy—the Nancy of whom Dickens hoped "to do great things" and whose reality he so stoutly defended.

But it is doubtful if either his creator or the thousands who purchased the volume of "Oliver Twist, the Adventures of a Parish Orphan," as it came from the publishers, "illustrated with twenty-seven water color drawings by George Cruikshank," in that autumn of 1838, could have predicted that almost seventy-five years hence the dramatization of "Oliver Twist" would hold the attention of the world's most famous actors.

On February 7, 1912, the hundredth anniversary of Dickens' birth, it was commented upon in theatrical circles that of the numerous Dickens plays, not one was then on the stage. At the time, however, a group of the most noted artists on the English and American stage were rehearsing for the Liebler Company centenary production of "Oliver Twist." The Comyns Carr version of the play was used, and Mr. Hugh Ford acted as stage director. The cast was perhaps most notable of all. Miss Marie Doro played the title role; Nat C. Goodwin, and later Wilton Lackaye took the part of Fagin; Lyn Harding and later Edmund Breese acted Bill Sikes, with Miss Constance Collier as Nancy. The other members of the cast were favorites both here and in England, and the fame of the All Star Cast of Oliver Twist reached far beyond the borders of both countries. New Yorkers received the production with enthusiasm—and a bit of awe. They were loth to part with it, and when Boston billboards announced that it was on its way to the Plymouth

Theater, the people simply noted the date. They were prepared.

An audience of seasoned first-nighters crowded the horseshoe orchestra and balconies of the Plymouth. Gray heads were prominent; though there was no lack of bright young people. A theater is indeed a democratic gathering place. One of the country's greatest dramatic critics touched elbows with a party of young ladies who brought their high school text books of "Oliver" with them to follow the play. A Congressman slipped in just before the house was darkened, accompanied by a pretty little lady who wept copiously over the sad parts and looked so piteously at Oliver that Miss Doro played directly to her through an entire setting. Pierre Loti, the distinguished dramatist, the co-author with Judith Gautier of the new Chinese play, "The Daughter of Heaven," saw the production from one of the boxes. There was something inspiring about this audience as a whole. It stimulated the cast — Miss Doro told me she never played to a more responsive house; it sobered those few irrepressible young folks who are wont to titter at nothings; it must have been especially gratifying to Mr. Fred E. Wright, the manager of the Plymouth, who has made Boston's "new theater" in keeping with the lofty ideals of New York's much-talked-of New Theater, but along more popular lines.

NANCY (Miss Constance Collier) AND OLIVER (Miss Marie Doro)

The play was divided into settings which followed the boy Oliver Twist through his varied adventures, both in Fagin's den of crime and the charming home of his rescuers, the Maylies, at Chertsey. The pathetic figure of Oliver was a rendition that proclaimed Miss Doro an artist of the highest type. "The creation of a living, visible and intelligible being," according to Mr. Henry Kolker, "is the grand goal of the actor's art," and that that goal was attained by Miss Doro, no one who saw her charming conception of Oliver Twist can doubt.

It was my rare good fortune to meet this dainty, charming little lady quite informally between the acts in her dressing-room, to clasp both her hands, to hear her talk a little "shop"—of the play, and of her interest in Oliver—and a little of various matters, including her career, of interviewers she had met—yes, and of suffrage. Our little chat was interrupted a dozen times by other newspaper people (less fortunate than I, for they were not admitted to the inner sanctum)—by some friend who was leaving town, by an old actor who wanted a photograph, and most insistent of all, by the strenuous call for "Oliver" by the prompter. And this delightfully girlish little person flitted about, doing her kindliest by the reporters, greeting her friends, turning out her trunk tray for the desired photograph, delighted as a child at excitement, and distributing herself quite magically among the half dozen who demanded her attention all at the same time.

On the stage you are impressed by her ability, by her genius as an actress; but behind the scenes you are refreshed by her girlishness and won by her simple, unaffected charm.

After all, she is only a girl, though she impressively counts on her fingers and tells you that she has been on the stage for "seven—eight—why, nine seasons!" And when you say, "But you must have been a very little girl then," she dimples delightfully—for, you see, she's only a very little girl now.

While dodging around in back of the stage I also had the pleasure of a few words with Miss Madeleine Louis, whom many remember as the heroine in "The Man from Home," and who in Oliver Twist was wholly adorable as Rose Maylie. There was just a glimpse of Miss Collier, whose Nancy was one of the most touching interpretations I ever witnessed, and over in a corner Mr. Lackaye (he pronounces it in the good old English way, Lac-kaye, long *y* and accented on the last syllable) was giving "the boys" the benefit of a joke. Five minutes before I had seen him, as Fagin, bring about the murder of Nancy at the hand of Bill Sikes. "I should think," I gasped, "that it would be hard to shake off the influence of a character like Fagin's."

Miss Doro's young companion laughed. "Mr. Lackaye says he disposes of all his bad temper on the stage," she said. "He insists that he's never been so virtuous at home as since he played Fagin."

Mr. Breese, too, looked approachable enough as he laughed at Mr. Lackaye's little yarn.

In fact, behind the scenes the all-star cast of "Oliver Twist" were, as Miss Doro's friend put it, "just about like ordinary people," only—and what an important only—they had in their souls the power, or, again to quote Kolker, "the dramatic genius to fashion steadily and superbly a character as they conceived it out of the material placed at their command,"—material in this case depicted in deathless prose by the greatest of England's word-painters and lovers of simple, common people—famous throughout the ages—Charles Dickens.

FAGIN (Wilton Lackaye) AND BILL SIKES (Edmund Breese)

A New Belt Line Around Cleveland

by William Clayton

THE recent completion of the Short Line Railway, known as the Cleveland Belt Line, signalizes the entrance of Cleveland into an era of industrial activity such as the city has never known. True, Cleveland has made remarkable gains in population despite serious manufacturing and shipping disadvantages, but now that formidable obstacles to her continued growth have been removed, those most familiar with the city's affairs predict an unprecedented growth for the city within the next five years.

Ten years ago Cleveland reached the limit of her industrial and railroad facilities. The growth of business had been much greater than the expansion of facilities for handling the products, and there was a chronic congestion in the movement of freight. This congestion was due largely to the narrow limits permitted by nature for freight terminals and transfers in the Cuyahoga Valley and on the Lake front.

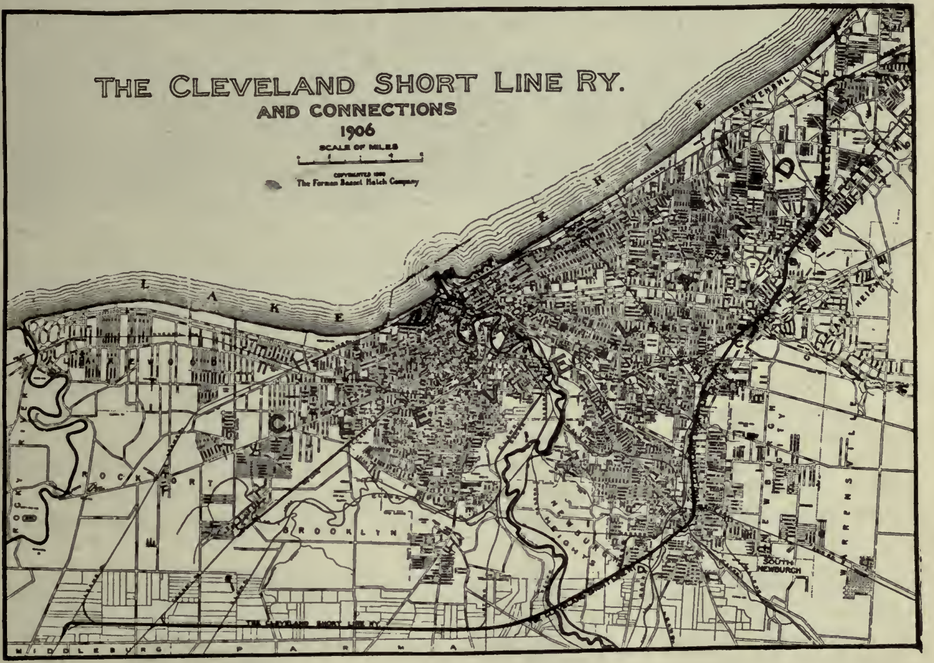
When the enterprising pioneers first located the city of Cleveland they selected a spot at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River on Lake Erie with a view to the advantages of traffic by water. In the course of time Lake Erie, the Cuyahoga River and the Ohio Canal all tended to bring business to the low ground near the water level. The railroads, in turn, sought the same level and as a result all converged on the low ground on the Lake Front and in the Cuyahoga Valley. With the Lake on the north, expansion and relief in that direction were impossible. The entire area of low level territory was limited to a narrow strip on the Lake front and the narrow and winding bottoms of the Cuyahoga River. These small areas had to be shared by the carriers of freight with the commerce and industries which had grown up adjacent to the railroads. In the course of time these areas were completely covered either by railroad tracks or manufacturing plants. On the Lake front and in the valley there existed a congested condition such as would admit of no expansion whatever. All the water and railroad traffic passed in and out of this congested area. Freight cars for city delivery were unloaded, cars were transferred from one railroad to another, and all transfers from lake to rail or vice versa were made on this narrow strip of lowland.

Through this narrow strip of land winds the Cuyahoga River, itself too narrow to accommodate the commerce of the harbor, and across this river a large part of all the railroad trains was hauled subject to all the delays incident to drawbridges. Such congested condition resulted in long tie-ups and serious delays affecting not only the movement of freight, but frequently passenger traffic as well. It often required from twenty-four to forty-eight hours for certain kinds of freight to pass through the city, while many days and sometimes weeks were required for deliveries from one railroad to another.

Nearly twenty years ago the coming congestion was foreseen. In an annual report of the Chamber of Commerce it was urged that means be devised which would forestall the inevitable traffic difficulty and a commission of representative business men was appointed to study the problem in the hope of finding a solution through the co-operation of the railroad companies. It was determined that the only solution would be a Belt Line.

It was seen that further expansion of the congested area was impracticable because of the limitations imposed and the barriers presented by the topography of the locality. There was no relief from any source except to keep a large proportion of the traffic passing through Cleveland entirely out of the congested district, thus escaping swing bridges over the river and grade crossings within the city and developing new and ample areas for freight interchanges and industrial development.

The desirable industrial locations along the railroads having been practically exhausted, the growth of the city produced a very serious commercial problem. Great increases in land valuations and heavy taxes made expansion very costly; and these large tax rates materially increased the fixed expenses and were due solely to location. Not only were the industries groaning under heavy tax burdens, but they were suffering from poor switching service and this, in turn, necessitated increased storing facilities. With these disadvantageous conditions confronting them many manufacturers took the only available course—they left the city. These industrial losses, with the inability on the part of the citizens to offer any encouragement to new manufacturing enterprises caused much unfavorable comment.



The railroads passing through Cleveland were too busy in the development of their through traffic to give time to the development of local shipping facilities. Provision for the enormous through business was paramount, and the interest of the local shippers was of secondary consideration. It was therefore left to local enterprise to provide facilities to relieve the congested condition.

Cleveland is situated largely upon a bluff overlooking the lake front and frowning down upon the river in the valley of the Cuyahoga, which divides the city into two parts. The original city was clustered around the lake and river fronts. Railroads entering Cleveland naturally sought the business section, and beyond that they sought the level that would be the least inexpensive to get to the lake and river districts. Surrounding Cleveland to the south is a ridge of hills higher than the bluffs upon which a considerable portion of the city rests. Railroads coming from any direction except east and west had to climb over this ridge and then dodge down into the valley in order to get to the business section. The railroads from the east and west came along the Lake Shore. Those from the southeast, the south and the southwest entered the busi-

JUNCTION OF BELT LINE AND THE LAKE ERIE & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY; WITH NEWBURGH & SOUTH SHORE RAILROAD CONNECTION IN DISTANCE

ness portion by a route outlined by the river bed. This gave two distinct systems, the lake front and the river lines. It was difficult for one to get to the other for any exchange of business, hence the interchange of freight traffic was slow. The railroads were compelled to move the immense traffic of the city under conditions which were ample when the lines were first built, but subsequently greatly insufficient and entirely inadequate to care for the continued growth. They were operating through densely settled districts, over innumerable crossings and in several instances limited to a single track. They were hemmed in by factories and residences, and confined by the topography, their expansion was impracticable

CROSSING OF COIT AVENUE

CROSSING OF EUCLID AVENUE

and almost impossible. Out of the thirteen steam roads entering the city, Cleveland is the terminus for eleven of them, the Lake Shore and Nickel Plate being the only through lines.

In the year 1901 and 1902 the Barber Asphalt Company had paving contracts in the city of Cleveland upon which it suffered great losses by reasons of excessive delays in local deliveries of material. Its agent, M. A. Fanning, and its attorney, W. R. Hopkins, gave serious attention to the question of the feasibility of a Belt Line around the city. A rough survey was made by James Ritchie, formerly city engineer, who declared the construction of a road feasible. Together with Ryerson Ritchie they caused the Cleveland Short Line Railway Company to be incorporated in November, 1902. The general proposition was taken up with the Pennsylvania, Lake Shore and Erie roads, all of which gave assurance of the desirability of such a line if a feasible route could be found. Such a route was finally worked out in the autumn of 1903. Later J. G. W. Cowles became interested in the company, and Charles Dick took the place of Ryerson Ritchie. The company then undertook to secure the funds necessary to acquire the right-of-way and build its line. Financiers all agreed that it was a project which must be financed by railroads and the railroads united in the declaration that the through lines were the natural backers of any Belt line project. The Pennsylvania and the Erie both took the position that they could not lend the projects any financial support, and it was perfectly evident that the Lake Shore, by withholding traffic from any Belt Line, could bankrupt the company. The Lake Shore refused to touch the project until every element of risk had been eliminated from it. The parties who had invested their money in working out the line and bringing the project up to that particular point found themselves compelled to carry it forward to completion or lose their investment.

The period between December, 1903, and September, 1904, was spent in an effort to secure financial support. After many failures and after more than two

CROSSING OF QUINCY AVENUE, S. E.

years of work and the expenditure of a large sum of money by the promoters, Mr. H. M. Hanna was interested in the project and undertook to and did finance it to a point where its construction would be assured. Subsequently the owners of the Lake Shore Railroad agreed that if certain conditions were complied with they would buy the stock of the company at a price named after all property rights had been acquired.

The Belt Line is built for four main tracks in ultimate development with two additional tracks provided for in the masonry, except that the 1,980 foot viaduct over the Cuyahoga Valley is only built for double tracks. The bridges and culverts are all built to carry the heaviest locomotives and all construction is of the most modern kind known by engineers. There are no grade crossings of public highways upon the line and it goes under or over nearly all the railroads it crosses.

The road is remarkable in comparison with most Belt Lines in the different character of the territory traversed. At one point it runs through a cut 72 feet deep in rock and shale, while at the Cuyahoga River it crosses the valley on a viaduct 1,980 feet long and 157 feet high.

The Belt Line has obviated the delays caused by the long hauls of freight trains through the city. This was a cause of congestion at street car and other crossings. Passengers on street cars were sometimes held twenty minutes awaiting a long train of cars making slow time in going up the grades leaving from the city. The Belt Line directs this enormous traffic around the city, where it does not encounter street car lines and where it crosses the Cuyahoga River beyond the limits of navigation. With each and every road in the city connected with the Belt Line the manufacturer may consult the tariff sheets of all of them. It matters not on which line he may be located, he can ship his product over one as well as the other.

The Belt Line affords twenty miles of new territory with railroad and general trackage facilities. Great tracts of hitherto unoccupied territory are now at the disposal of manufacturers and the cumulative forces which the new enterprise will add to the growth of Cleveland can scarcely be estimated. Every manufacturer on the Belt Line can secure a city location and switching so universal as to put him in the same position as though he were located on every steam road entering the city.

It is impossible to measure the financial and industrial advantages of this new Belt Line to Cleveland. In the first analysis every dollar invested in one enterprise is as good as any other, but the productive capacity of investments varies greatly in the forces they bring to accelerate municipal progress. In the first investment of twenty million dollars in government and municipal buildings the beneficial effect upon current industrial affairs is the same as an investment of the same amount in a Belt Line Railway; but the industrial effect of both enterprises part company immediately. The one consists of handsome structures to gaze at, but does not contribute anything to commerce. To be sure, they are a convenience and a necessity; but in the case of a Belt Line its creative power for industrial development can hardly be measured. It is constantly accelerating the work of those who are engaged in manufacturing enterprises. It facilitates traffic and makes it possible for the municipality to offer inducements to manufacturers who may desire to locate where there will be no delays in shipments on account of poor railway service.

The project passed through three distinct stages, each of which presented more than ordinary difficulty. The first stage involved the location of a line which would be feasible both from an engineering and financial point of view. At least a dozen unsuccessful attempts had been made to locate such a line, and the one finally chosen was one which passed for a short distance through the residence section, which later furnished tremendous opposition to the entire project. In locating this project Mr. Ben Hopkins rendered excellent service. The second stage involved the necessity of securing financial backing for the purchase of the right-of-way, and this required a very large sum of money. A year elapsed before the result was obtained, during which time the proposition was repeatedly turned down. Fortunately for the promoters and for the City of Cleveland, the project finally found in H. M. Hanna a supporter whose public spirit and courage were sufficient for the occasion. Mr. Hanna gave a support without which success would have been impossible. The third stage in which all the necessary lands and right for this construction were required proved to be the most difficult of all. When the nature of the enterprise became known it was the subject of bitter attack, first for the property owners who regarded the construction of the line as injurious to their interest, and later from politicians who thought they saw an opportunity to make votes by opposing the project.

During the search for financial support, and afterwards in the work of securing the right-of-way and the grants from public authorities, and meeting opposition both political and legal, the principal burden of the enterprise devolved upon W. R. Hopkins. Grants had to be secured from six different municipalities, also from the County of Cuyahoga, and in practically every instance there was opposition.

In June, 1906, the right-of-way for the first half of the line was turned over to the contractor, and construction was continued until July, 1912, when the entire line was put into operation. The construction of the line was under the direction of Samuel Rockwell, chief engineer of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway, to whom should be credited the satisfactory completion of a work of exceptional difficulty.

This twenty million dollar railroad will make possible the investment of one hundred million dollars in new factory enterprises within the next few years. Besides, it benefits the shipping interests of every manufacturing plant and business house in Cleveland.

Too much credit cannot be given W. R. Hopkins and associates for bringing this important enterprise to its completion. They encountered difficulties that would have discouraged most men, and the fruit of their endeavor will ripen into benefits to every industry in Cleveland.

Now that Cleveland has added these remarkable railroad and industrial facilities to her natural advantages of location for business and residences, her remarkable supply of high class labor and cheap power, both natural gas and electric, the general expectation of unprecedented growth during the next five years seems to be well founded.

What is Single Tax?

by

Charles Dean Fosdick

WHAT is meant by Single Tax? What is its ethical basis? What is the average citizen to understand about its connection with economic rent, the right of property and the right of possession?

These questions have been asked thousands of times and answered in as many different ways since the days of Henry George and his "Progress and Poverty." Political economists have given years to solving world problems of single tax platform.

Some years ago Mr. C. B. Fillebrown of Boston, a noted economist and at that time president of the Massachusetts Single Tax League, started a correspondence and series of conferences with a large number of students of political economy, to ascertain whether it might be possible to secure agreement of recognized authorities concerning the fundamental economic principles on which the science of taxation must rest. The project met with such cordial approval of the economists and proved so interesting and profitable to Mr. Fillebrown that it finally resulted in a "round-table" conference at one of the annual meetings of the American Economic Association, when three fundamental principles of taxation were agreed upon. The final canvass of opinions showed that the majority of the economists were agreed upon these propositions:

"A tax upon ground rent is a direct tax and cannot be shifted."

"The selling value of land is, under present conditions in most American states, reduced by the capitalized tax that is laid upon it."

"The selling value of land is, to the same extent, an untaxed value, so far as any purchaser subsequent to the tax is concerned."

These decisions gave Mr. Fillebrown a new outlook upon the problem of taxation and led him to the proposition that investments in land are, under American conditions, usually untaxed investments.

With this principle in mind, Mr. Fillebrown wrote "The A B C of Taxation," which undertakes to build upon the principles that received the assent of the political economists, and shows that equity requires that untaxed investments in land values should be subjected to taxation. This work also presented a plan by which this end can be reached through a gradual increase of the taxes imposed on land coupled with a reduction of those imposed upon buildings and personal property. Paradoxical as the proposition that land investments are now untaxed may appear at first thought, the author has reason to believe that the principle is gaining acceptance, and is adding to the growing demand for increased taxation of land values.

From the correspondence elicited by "The A B C of Taxation" and his further study of the problems of single tax, Mr. Fillebrown has written "A Single Tax Catechism." As he aptly remarks, "No one method of approaching any subject can meet all the needs of the case and prove the most satisfactory to all minds."

The "Catechism" approaches the single tax from a different point of view, but seeks to enforce the same principles. It simplifies the method of treatment, supplies needed definitions and explanations, and meets the objections naturally raised by honest seekers after the truth. In fundamental doctrine no change has been required either in general principles or their practical application. Ten editions of the "Catechism" have been privately printed and circulated. They have given opportunity to make such changes as have seemed desirable after considering the hundreds of criticisms and suggestions received from critics, friendly as well as otherwise disposed.

Says Mr. Fillebrown, "From correspondents and other friends, indeed, so great assistance has been derived that the 'Catechism' has really become the joint product of scores of collaborators."

"Single tax is not a subject that permits of sensational treatment," says the author again; "it requires patient attention and thought. But no subject more richly repays careful study, and there is none more important and better deserving serious consideration by good citizens. Through maladjustment of the burdens of taxation the country is today oppressing the toilers with unjust exactions, burdening and restraining business enterprise, and diverting into the coffers of a privileged few the 'golden stream' of ground rent which of right should be the heritage of all." The Catechism* follows:

1 Q. What is meant by the Single Tax?
A. The gradual imposition of all taxes upon the value of land, exclusive of improvements, thereby eventually abolishing all other taxes.

2 Q. What is the ethical basis of the Single Tax?
A. The common right of all citizens to profit by site values of land which are a creation of the community.

3 Q. Does it mean the nationalization of land?
A. No; it means, rather, the socialization of economic rent.

4 Q. Then it does not mean the abolition of private property in land?
A. No; it simply proposes to divert an increasing share of ground rent into the public treasury.

5 Q. Does the common right to rent involve common ownership of land?
A. Not in the least. When the rent is appropriated by the community for common purposes, individual ownership of land could and should continue. Such ownership would carry all the present rights of the land owner to use, control, and dispose of land, so that nothing like common ownership of land would be necessary.

6 Q. What is meant by economic rent?
A. Gross ground rent—the annual site value of land, i. e., what land is worth annually for use—what the land does or would command for use per annum if offered in open market.

7 Q. What is the distinction between the taxation of land and the taxation of rent?
A. Taxing land means, in the ordinary use of the words, to tax the land upon its capital value, or selling value, at a given rate per $100 or $1,000 of that value. Taxing rent means taxing the annual value, or ground rent, at a given percentage of that rent.

8 Q. What is meant by the right of property?
A. As to the grain a man raises, or the house that he builds, it means ownership full and complete. As to land, it means legal title, tenure, "estate in land," perpetual right of exclusive possession, a right not absolute, but superior to that of any other man.

9 Q. What is meant by the right of possession?
A. As to land, if permanent and exclusive, as on perpetual lease, it means the right to "buy and sell, bequeath and devise," to "give, grant, bargain, sell and convey" together with the rights and privileges thereto pertaining, in short, the same definition for POSSESSION that the law applies to PROPERTY.

10 Q. What should be the limit of revenue under the Single Tax?
A. The same as under any other system of taxation, the cost of government economically administered.

11 Q. What is meant by land value?
A. Land value, in its usual sense, means the selling or market value of land—its net value to the purchaser—the value supposed to be adopted by the assessors as the basis of taxation.

12 Q. Does this mean the site value or the natural fertility value of land, or both?
A. Chiefly the site value.

13. Q. What is site value?
A. Site value of land is the value of the legal "rights and privileges thereto pertaining," as specified in every deed of land conveyance, the value of proximity to the advantages of industrial, economic, social, political and other activities, an artificial socially created value inseparable from the presence of population; proximity to trade, commerce and communication with the world.

14 Q. You would not say that land is a product of industry?
A. No; but the annual site value of land is a product of the growth and industry of the community.

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15 Q. You would not say that the supply of land can be increased?
A. No; but fresh demand is constantly requiring not only an increase in the public equipment of land already in use, but also the constant extension of such equipment to new area.

16 Q. Why should buildings and all other improvements and personal property and capital be exempt from taxes?
A. Because, in taxing them the community, instead of appropriating a fund of its own creation, already at hand and doubly sufficient for its own needs, is taking from the individual what belongs to him by the best of all titles, namely, the right of production.

17 Q. Why should stocks and bonds be exempt?
A. Stocks, because they are only paper certificates of property, which itself has been taxed once already. Bonds, if legitimate, because a tax on borrowed money is paid after all by the borrower and so becomes an added factor in cost of production, and consequently in the cost of living.

18 Q. What is privilege?
A. Strictly defined, "Privilege is a special and exclusive power, conferred by law, on particular persons or classes of persons, and ordinarily in derogation of the common right."

19 Q. What is today the popular conception of privilege?
A. That it is the law-given power of one man to profit at another man's expense.

20 Q. What are the principal forms of privilege?
A. The appropriation by individuals, or by public service corporations, of the annual site value of land created by the growth and activity of the community without payment for the same. Also, the less important privileges connected with patents and the tariff.

21 Q. How may franchises be treated?
A. Franchise privileges may be abated, or gradually abolished by lower rates, or by taxation, or by both, in the interest of the community.

22 Q. Why should privilege be especially taxed?
A. Because a tax upon privilege can never be a burden upon industry or commerce, nor can it ever operate to reduce the wages of labor or increase prices to the consumer.

23 Q. How are landlords privileged?
A. Because, in so far as their land tax is an "old" tax, it is a burdenless tax, and because their buildings' tax is shifted upon their tenants; most landlords who own and let both land and tenement houses and business blocks thereon avoid all share in the tax burden.

24 Q. How does privilege affect the distribution of wealth?
A. Wealth as produced is now distributed substantially in but two channels, privilege and wages. The abolition of privilege would leave but the one proper channel, viz.: wages of capital, hand, and brain.

25 Q. What is meant by an "old tax" or a "new tax"?
A. By the term "old tax" is intended the tax in force at last change of ownership; by a "new tax," one imposed since then.

26 Q. How would the Single Tax increase wages?
A. By gradually transferring to wages that portion of the current wealth that now flows to privilege. In other words, it would widen the channel of wages by enlarging opportunities for labor, and by increasing the purchasing power of nominal wages through reduction of prices. On the other hand, it would narrow the channel of privilege by making the man who has a privilege pay for it what it is worth.

27 Q. How much ultimately may wages be thus increased?
A. Fifty per cent would be a low estimate.

28 Q. But what are "fair" prices and "fair" wages?
A. Prices unenhanced by privilege, and wages undiminished by taxation.

29 Q. Why should land be singled out to bear the bulk of the burden of taxation?
A. Because in the private appropriation of the annual site value of land is found the bulk of privilege.

30 Q. How much does this particular form of privilege amount to?
A. It amounts for 1912 in Boston and New York to upwards of fifty million and two hundred million dollars respectively.

31 Q. In what other respects is land a better subject for taxation than everything else?
A. Land has three generic peculiarities by which it differs radically from everything else.

32 Q. What is its first generic peculiarity?
A. It is that the site value of land is a creation of the community—a public or social value.

33 Q. What is its second generic peculiarity?
A. It is that no tax, new or old, on the site value of land can be recovered from the tenant or user by raising his rent.

34 Q. What is its third generic peculiarity?
A. It is that the selling value of land, reduced as it is by the capitalized tax that is imposed upon it, is an untaxed value. Whatever lowers the income from land lowers proportionately its selling price, so that whether the established tax upon it has been light or heavy, it is no burden

upon the new purchaser, who buys it at its net value and thus escapes all part in the tax burden which he should in justice share with those who now bear it all.

35 Q. Is not land peculiar also in that it is a gift of the Creator, and not a product of labor?
A. Yes, that is true of land itself, but not of the value of land.

36 Q. What is meant by a capitalized tax?
A. It is a sum, the interest of which would pay the tax.

37 Q. Why would the Single Tax be an improvement upon present systems of taxation?
A. Because the taking for public uses of that value which justly belongs to the public would relieve all workers and capitalists of those taxes by which they are now unjustly burdened, and would make unprofitable the holding of land idle.

38 Q. Should not all people pay taxes for the protection of their property?
A. Yes, and that is what they are doing when they pay their ground rent. To tax them again, as is now done, is double taxation.

39 Q. Do all people, then, pay ground rent?
A. Yes, in proportion as they are users of land.

40 Q. Why, on similar lots of land, should one man with a $10,000 building be taxed as much as another with a $100,000 building?
A. Because the cost to the city, for public equipment and public service, is substantially the same in both cases.

41 Q. Would it not be confiscation so to increase the tax on land?
A. What would be "confiscated"? No land would be taken, no right of occupancy, or use, or improvement, or sale, or devise; nothing would be taken that is conveyed or guaranteed by the title deed.

42 Q. But would it not be an injustice to the land owner?
A. If it be an injustice to tax hard-earned incomes (wages) to maintain an unearned income (economic rent) that bears no tax burden, how can it be an injustice to stop doing so?

There can be no injustice in taking for the benefit of the community the value that is created by the community.

43 Q. What is the lesson of the inevitable "capitalization of the land tax"?
A. It is that an unfair discrimination in favor of the land owner can never be overcome until all taxes are paid out of ground rent; then all men will enjoy total exemption equally with the land owner.

44 Q. How could the land owner escape the alleged burden of an increase in his land tax?
A. Simply by assuming the legitimate role of a model landlord, by putting his land to suitable use, in providing for tenants at lowest possible price the best accommodations and facilities appropriate to the situation that money can buy.

45 Q. Does not a land tax increase house rent or store rent?
A. The landlord, as a rule, exacts the full ground rent for the use of his land. To take half or all of this annual site value in taxation could not make land worth any more for use.

46 Q. In old cities, is not nearly all the land in use?
A. About one-half the area of New York and Chicago is classed by the assessors as vacant. In Boston the proportion is: Occupied, 42 per cent; vacant, 46 per cent; marsh, 12 per cent.

47 Q. How would the Single Tax affect the farmer?
A. It would greatly reduce his taxes. His buildings, stock and crops would be exempt. His land is at present assessed at nearly twice its proper unimproved value, while town and city land is often valued at less than one-half its actual value, thus subjecting him to a more than four-fold disadvantage.

48 Q. What relief could it bring to strictly agricultural towns, where the unimproved land values are very small?
A. However poor the town or heavy the taxes, it would at least tend to equalize their present tax burden. The assessed valuation of land in the three smallest towns of Massachusetts, Alford, Holland, and Peru, is $282,335, or more than three times that of the buildings. Allowing one-half of the assessed valuation of land to be improvement value, the unimproved basis for taxation would be $141.168, or 60 per cent more than the buildings. Thus an apportionment according to unimproved land values, increasing ever so slowly, would seem to be fairer than one according to improvements, which require constant renewal.

49 Q. How would the Single Tax affect the tenant?
A. It would neither increase nor decrease his "land" rent. It would reduce his "house" rent by the amount of the "house" tax.

50 Q. How would it affect the man who owns the house he lives in?
A. In nearly every case it would reduce his taxes. Roughly speaking, his taxes will be less or greater in proportion as his house is worth more or less than his land. He has usually not less than $2,000 worth of house on $1,000 worth of land, while the average downtown landlord frequently has no more than $300 worth of building on $1,000 of land, so that the two are now taxed in the proportion of $3,000 to

$1,300. Under the single tax they would, on each $1,000 worth of land, be taxed equally.

51 Q. Would the Single Tax yield sufficient revenue for all government purposes, local, state and national?
A. Careful estimates indicate that all present taxes amount to not much more than one-half the annual site value of the land.

52. Q. How could the Single Tax be put into operation?
A. By gradually transferring to land all taxes not already on it.

53 Q. How might such a plan be worked out?
A. If fifty cents per thousand should be deducted yearly for thirty years from the rate on all property other than land, the reduction would finally amount to $15 per thousand, and it would then be practically exempt from all taxation.

54 Q. But how could it be worked out in case of the land?
A. Recognizing that a right thing may be done in a wrong way, it is insisted that a right way ought to be found to do a thing that ought to be done. THE FOLLOWING IS PRESENTED AS A NATURAL AND CONVENIENT UNIT OF CALCULATION. To be exact: **An average of about 20 per cent. of the gross ground rent of land is now taken in taxation, as for instance, in Boston. If an additional 1 per cent. should be taken each year for thirty years, it would amount at the end of that period to 30 per cent., which, added to 20 per cent., would make 50 per cent., or one-half, which is about the average proportion that present taxes levied on all property bear to gross ground rent. Meantime few land owners would feel the change, much less be prejudiced by it.** This plan may be varied to suit any situation. If 2 per cent, instead of 1 per cent, additional should be taken each year, the total tax at the end of twenty years would be 60 per cent, or at the end of thirty years, 80 per cent of the total ground rent. Whether the assessment be made upon the rent or upon the capital value is only a matter of form. For the first ten or fifteen years there could be small inconvenience in continuing the present basis of the capital value.

THE CITY CHOIR

I WENT to hear the city choir:
The summer night was still.
I heard the music mount the spire,
They sang: "He'll take the pil—"

"I'm on! I'm on!" the tenor cried;
And looked into my face;
"My journey home, My journey home,"
Was bellowed by the bass.

"It is for the—It is for the—"
Shrieked the soprano shrill.
I knew not why they looked at me,
And yelled "He'll take the pil—"

Then clutching wildly at my breast,
Oh, heaven! My heart stood still:
"Yes, yes," I cried, "If that is best,
Ye powers! I'll take the pil—"

As I, half fainting, reached the door,
And saw the starry dome,
I heard them sing: "When life is o'er
He'll take the pilgrim home."

—*"Songs of Cy Warman."*

Life Insurance in the Middle West

By J. N. KINS

AMONG the many evolutions that have taken place in financial and industrial affairs in this country during the past decade, nothing is of more interest than the changes which the life insurance policies have undergone.

The life insurance policy issued fifty, or even twenty years ago, was a very different instrument to that issued today.

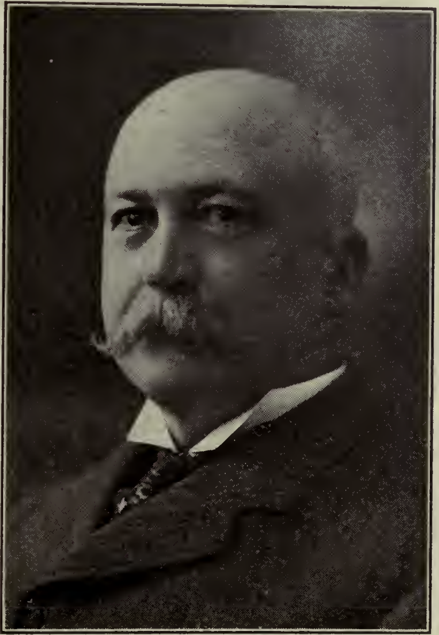
The sum insured was payable sixty or ninety days after proof of death. Today it is payable immediately.

Death by suicide, or in consequence of violation of law voided the policy. Today the first restriction does not apply for a longer period than two years, and the second does not apply at all.

Change of occupation to any involving hazard, such as marine or railroad service, military or naval service, voided the policy. Today change of occupation does not vitiate the policy.

Travel or residence, even within many parts of the United States, without permit, voided the policy. Today the policy is worldwide.

If premiums were not paid on or before due date, the policy lapsed immediately, and very rarely was any surrender value allowed. Today the contract gives a month's grace, and in event of lapse, some specified form of value is allowed.



O. R. LOOKER
President of the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Company

Guaranteed surrender values were then unknown. Today liberal values are guaranteed in various forms, at least one of them being automatic.

A misstatement of a trifling fact in the application or medical report was frequently made cause for voiding the policy. Today no misstatement can be used except within the first year or two after the issue of the policy, and even provable fraud in obtaining the policy would not give the company ground for contesting payment after the date when the policy, by its terms, becomes incontestable.

The old policies never contemplated granting loans on the security of the reserve. Now all policies contain stipulated loan values available at any time at moderate rate of interest on security of the policy only, and can be repaid at the convenience of the borrower.

This is not a complete list of all differences, but it is sufficient to show the important changes that have taken place within a comparatively short time.

The business of insurance in all its forms is the outgrowth of time and the demands and requirements of the public. In its varying forms it extends into almost every branch of business and all the relations of life, and is applied to all the hazards of business, where a basis of risk and compensation can be estimated. In all the stages of human existence, from the cradle to the grave, it asserts an interest and offers succor and aid. In the business enterprises, whether by land or sea, in the possessions of men from the cottage to the mansion, in his undertakings involving every chance, misfortune, or act of God, it demands admission and promises indemnity, reward, or gain. It poses as the faithful and zealous trustee of his earnings and savings, and promises the widow and orphan a guarantee against misery and want. It intercedes between principal and agent, master and servant, contractor and owner, and insures against loss from almost every cause. It is a public necessity that deals in its own credit for a cash consideration from the assured, and is stamped with public interest and approval.

A. F. MOORE
Secretary of the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Company of Detroit

The business of insurance is usually conducted by corporations that are creatures of the law, and are precisely what the incorporating act has made them, and privileges can only be exercised in a manner which that act authorizes. In other words, the state prescribes the purposes of a corporation and the means of executing those purposes. This is particularly true of a domestic corporation and has an application to all foreign corporations.

Foreign corporations do not come into the state as a matter of legal right, but only by comity; and they are subject to the same rules and restrictions as corporations formed within the states.

During a recent visit to Detroit, I was much impressed with the conservatism and solidity of Michigan's old company —the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Company. It is not one of the largest companies, to be sure, but its business is on a much better basis than many of the larger life insurance concerns, and it is doubtful if any company is better able to meet every obligation to its policyholders. For nearly half a century it has stood in the front rank of Michigan's prominent institutions. Its history is not clouded in any degree by acts of dishonor, nor has it ever been truthfully charged with a violation of the obligation of a contract. It has contested a few claims, it is true, but in every case the fraud was so apparent that it could not submit without a loss of dignity.

The Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Company was conceived before the days when men made fortunes in promoting life insurance companies. In the organization of this company there were no oily-tongued promotors, who, when their objects were complete, left the local citizens to hold the bag. It was formed upon strict business principles, modest it is true, but which have since weathered the storms that have wrecked insurance companies by the scores.

The names of men actively associated with this institution have been names of national distinction. Its first president was Honorable John J. Bagley, who was subsequently elected governor of Michigan. Then came Jacob S. Farrand, well known in business circles, who filled the office for twenty-one years. Upon the death of Mr. Farrand, William A. Butler, one of Michigan's leading bankers, was elected. He, too, held the office until his death. Mr. Butler was succeeded by Honorable Thomas W. Palmer, ex-United States Senator and Minister to Spain. When Mr. Palmer was elected president of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, he retired from active work in the company and was succeeded as president by Mr. O. R. Looker, who has successfully filled the office for the past nineteen years. Mr. Looker's rise to the important office of president was the result of energy, perseverance and intelligent application. It is an object lesson to young men, who oftentimes imagine that influence rather than merit dominates in matters of personal advancement. Mr. Looker began his duties with the company in the capacity of a humble young clerk, with a very meager salary. His indomitable will and devotion to his duties soon came to the notice of the men who own the company, and he was advanced step by step until he became assistant secretary, later secretary, then manager, and finally as a crowning tribute to his endeavor he was chosen president.

In the beginning of the company its entire force consisted of three persons. Today the company owns and wholly occupies an imposing building in the city of Detroit, and more than fifty persons are employed in the home office. The location of this office building is replete in fascinating history. It marks the site of one of the gateways of old Fort Detroit. The original stockade was known as Fort Pontchartrain, and was erected when the city was founded, in 1701. Through the gateway, located on this spot, Pontiac, the Ottawa chief, with a band of Indians, passed on May 7, 1763, intending to murder the garrison. These plans, however, were known to the British and he was defeated. This gave the English the supremacy of that region until the close of the Revolutionary War. A bronze tablet commemorating the event was dedicated by the Society of Colonial Wars and the Society of the Sons of American Revolution, and occupies a conspicuous position in the front wall of the insurance company building.

The Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Company was organized in 1867. It is incorporated under the laws of Michigan, the original intention being to transact the business of life insurance in that state. This policy was adhered to until 1870, when it decided to seek business in other fields, and in the course of a few years it was vigorously represented in twenty-one states.

It has a paid-up capital of $250,000, besides maintaining in the custody of the state treasurer a deposit of $100,000, which the state requires as security for its policy-holders. This deposit cannot be withdrawn while a policy of the company remains in force.

CLARENCE L. AYRES
President of the Northern Assurance Company of Michigan, Detroit, Michigan

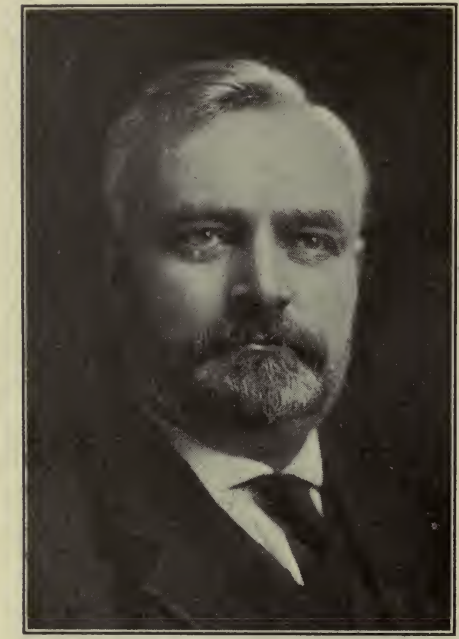
In its early days the company occupied a small rented room, and in this modest home office it laid the plans for an honorable career which was to win distinction.

Life insurance in Michigan is as near perfect as in any state in the Union. Much credit is due to ex-Insurance Commissioner Barry for his untiring efforts to raise the standard of life insurance and to secure the enactment of laws that will fully protect the insured, while they work no hardship upon any honorable company. A policy cannot be issued in Michigan unless it contains:

A provision that all premiums shall be payable in advance.

A provision for grace of one month for the payment of every premium after the first year.

A provision that the policy shall constitute the entire contract between the parties and shall be incontestable after two years from its date, except for nonpayment of the premium and violation of the conditions of the policy relating to naval and military service in time of war.



JUDGE FRED H. ALDRICH
General Counsel of the Northern Assurance Company

A provision that all statements made by the insured shall, in the absence of fraud, be deemed representations and not warranties, and that no such statement shall avoid the policy unless it is contained in a written application and a copy of such application shall be indorsed upon or attached to the policy when issued.

A provision that if the age of insured has been understated, the amount payable under the policy shall be such as the premium would have purchased at the correct age.

A provision that the policy shall participate in the surplus of the company, and beginning not later than the end of the fifth policy year, the company must determine the divisible surplus accruing to the policy. And the owner shall have the right to receive the dividend arising from such participation in cash. This provision is not required in non-participating policies.

A provision that after three full-year premiums have been paid, the company shall advance, on proper assignment of the policy, a loan according to certain specified conditions.

Whenever the insurance commissioner of Michigan shall have reason to suspect the correctness of an annual statement, or that the affairs of the company are in an unsound condition, he must cause an examination to be made into the books, papers, and securities of the company. If, in his opinion, the condition of the company is such as to render it improper that it should continue to issue policies in Michigan, he has the power to revoke the license of the company. And if a company shall make any false statement which fraudulently conceals the real facts, its license may be revoked.

The law requires that each company doing business in Michigan must prepare, in the month of January each year, a statement to the commissioner showing: the number of policies issued during the year, the amount of insurance affected thereby; the amount of premiums received during the year and what portion thereof was within the state of Michigan; the amount of interests and other receipts and each item must be specified; the amount of losses paid during the year and the amount claimed which remains unpaid, and what portion is disputed and the grounds of dispute.

Then there are questions to be answered regarding the salaries paid by officers, the number of policies in force, the amount of liabilities on these risks and a number of other important questions regarding the financial conditions and business methods of the company.

It may be truly stated that the best

features of insurance laws of all the states are embraced in the laws of Michigan.

The officers of the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Company have at all times urged the adoption of laws that were consistent with modern insurance practice, and they had much to do with the formation of the excellent laws which govern insurance in the State of Michigan. This company is abreast of any insurance concern in the world in the issuance of all approved forms of life insurance contracts. It has always preferred to be a leader rather than a follower in anything that best serves the interests of the insuring public. It was the first company in the United States to indorse cash-surrender values upon insurance policies, and it has also been the pioneer in other important features which benefit the insured.

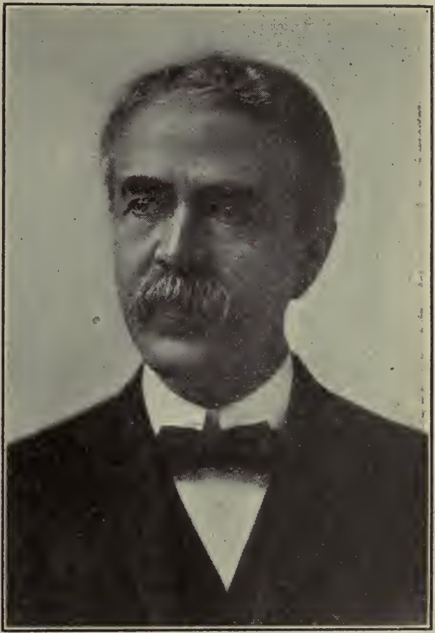
The Michigan Mutual issues only non-participating policies. In these policies all results are guaranteed. There are no speculative or disappointing estimates. Fifty years' progress and experience with all the features connected with life insurance have shown this to be the only sensible policy. These policies are issued at a premium based on the actual cost of the insurance, at the attained age of the person applying. The difference between the rate of such premiums and that of the participating rate is a better dividend than most of the mutual companies pay, and is a dividend the insured retains from the beginning. He has it in cash and does not have to rely on estimates or an indefinite proposition of futures from the company to ascertain what his return should be for his investment.

All the important officials of the Michigan Mutual have spent the best part of their lives with the company. President Looker joined the company in 1871; G. W. Sanders, actuary, in 1877; A. F. Moore, secretary, in 1891; T. E. McDonough, assistant secretary, in 1893, and T. F. Giddings, superintendent of agencies, in 1897.

The Northern Assurance Company

The life insurance companies which have been organized during the past ten years must rely almost entirely upon the integrity of their officers and their knowledge of insurance to attain success. If a company has good home endorsement; if its officials are recognized as men of integrity and honor, this local confidence is an asset of great value. In studying the organization of the Detroit companies, nothing is more noticeable than the general endorsement given one of the younger companies—The Northern Assurance Company of Michigan—by the business men of that city.

The Northern Assurance Company was organized under the laws of Michigan and began business October 19, 1907, with $100,000 capital and $25,000 surplus paid in. The company is backed by reputable business men of Michigan, and its growth has been highly satisfactory, both in volume and character of business. Clarence L. Ayres, president of the company, has had many years of successful experience as an insurance man, and his plans for building up a big Michigan company are certainly meritorious and worthy of unqualified support. The company has already established a reputation for clean, efficient management, and its business



J. R. WYLIE
President of the Preferred Life Insurance Company

affairs are conducted in the most economical manner.

The progress of the Northern Assurance Company has been decidedly substantial. It has never indulged in schemes, nor has it sought to build up a business through methods which were open to suspicion. It has not endeavored to obtain distinction through high flights of exaggerated growth, nor has it overlooked the fact that quality of business is of far greater importance than quantity in life insurance practice.

WILLIAM A. WATTS
Secretary and General Manager, The Preferred Life Insurance Company, Grand Rapids, Mich.

President Ayres was educated in insurance under the rigid non-forfeiture laws of Massachusetts, and for a number of years he advocated this doctrine of fair treatment of the policy-holders in their policy contracts. He was, however, unable to reconcile himself to the widely diversified practice of either putting a high burden of "loading" in the initial premiums of the policy-holder, or confiscating a considerable portion of the reserve equity in his policy contract in the nature of an extremely heavy surrender charge off the reserve, as a condition precedent to his drawing his accumulated equity in the contract of insurance. He believes that these accumulated reserves represent what the law recognizes as a necessity for accomplishing certain ends for the benefit of the policy-holders. These reserves do not belong to the company, as they are recognized as a distinct liability, and hence they should be regarded as belonging to the policy-holders under all changing conditions of good and bad fortune.

Mr. Ayres said that with this principle as the foundation, his next step was to determine upon a surrender charge that would leave outside of its calculation any consideration of profit to the company, and so he inserted in the policy contract a clause fully explaining how these values were arrived at. The surrender charge is discontinued entirely after the fourth policy year and the following clause is inserted in the policy contract: "The assurance value of this policy shall always be the assurance equivalent of the cash value provided for herein." This means that every dollar of accumulated cash value, under every policy contract of the Northern Assurance Company, shall be applied to the purchase of its full equivalent of extended or paid-up insurance, or other benefits or options of the policy-holder under the contract. In this connection it might be said that the Northern has established a new precedent—that of a non-participating company giving its policy-holders the benefit of a low non-participating initial premium, and also giving them a cash value the first and second year of the policy. All of the Northern's endowment policies provide for a cash and other optional surrender values after one premium has been paid, and all life forms provide for these values after the second premium has been paid.

Right from the beginning, the Northern took an unalterable position against scheme contracts of any nature. This also applied to the methods of promoting the company, each stockholder paying the same price per share, including the directors and officers of the company. No commission was paid for the sale of the capital stock, and the entire organization was conducted without the least semblance of promoters' profits or graft. When it came to applying the principle of "no schemes" to the policy contracts, the following was inserted in the initial rate-book of the company as a declaration of principle to both policy-holders and agents: "The policies in this Rate Book with all of their varied privileges and benefits, are broad enough in their scope to cover every condition of assurance necessities. Freak, or scheme policies are deceptive in their nature and have no proper place in legitimate underwriting, and the management of this company will not consent to their issue under any circumstances."

The efficiency of the company organization may be illustrated by the fact that the mortality for the first seven months of this year amounted to only $3,500, due to the well-selected class of business on the company's books. The medical department is presided over by Dr. William J. Stapleton, one of the leading physicians of Detroit.

The legal department is in charge of Judge Fred H. Aldrich, whose opinions regarding the company's legal affairs and business policy have been found, without a single exception, to be correct.

The work of the accounting department is recognized as among the very best in insurance practice. This fact is attested to by the recommendations which have been given by the Michigan Department of Insurance, and as a result, three different life insurance companies have adopted the same system during the present year.

The compensation of the company's officers has been kept uniformly low, and everyone connected with the company, both in the office and the field, is seriously and enthusiastically in the life insurance business. The company has paid a dividend each year on its capital stock and has developed to its present state without the use of subsidiary corporations or other funds. This has been done out of the small margin on flat non-participated rates, and not even guaranteed dividend schemes or other means of swelling the loadings for expense purposes have been employed. The company's management and plans portend a splendid future.

THE PREFERRED LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Among the shifting sands of controversy regarding safe and unsafe methods of organizing life insurance companies, we may, by diligent search, find solid ground. It is possible to find methods of organization where the promoter and professional stock salesman are unknown, and where every cent contributed by the organizers goes into the treasury. In these days of high financial methods when the promoters and stock salesmen are often the only winners in the corporation game, it is a refreshing sight to see a body of men band themselves together to sell life insurance to their neighbors and friends at actual cost and when they contribute their money for such purposes, knowing that at best they can eventually expect but ordinary interest on their investment, and also realizing that several years must elapse before their company can possibly be on a dividend-paying basis. When the Preferred Life Insurance Company was organized at Grand Rapids, Michigan, late in 1909, the men who enrolled as stockholders joined the organization with these facts well understood. This company is the result of many years of study and

CHAS. P. WICKHAM
President of the Citizens Union Life Insurance Company, Cleveland

investigation by W. A. Watts, one of Michigan's bankers, who, when a young man, was a life insurance agent. Mr. Watts never lost his interest in the work, and during his spare time kept up his study of the good and bad features of life insurance. There were no life insurance companies in Michigan outside of Detroit, and he concluded to launch a company in the city of Grand Rapids, the western metropolis of the state. With a well-defined plan all worked out, he submitted his scheme to a number of the leading financiers and solicited their co-operation.

Mr. Watts represented to these gentlemen that a company could be organized and managed by representative citizens, the foundation of such a company being based on the reputation for honor and integrity which the organizers enjoyed. In order to interest men who could stand the required test, Mr. Watts found it first necessary to obtain their confidence. He was willing, he said, to undertake the work of organization and sale of stock without expense—there should be no promoter's profits and no commissions to stock salesmen. This sounded all right, and a number of the best business men of Grand Rapids and other Michigan cities joined in the movement. The stock was not peddled around in a haphazard manner; it was only offered the class of men who had been selected, and when the company was ready to begin business, every cent contributed by the stockholders was in the treasury, and the company was enabled to start on its journey without the handicap of having a portion of its funds dissipated by useless organization expenses.

The first meeting of the stockholders was held December 1, 1909, and as soon as equipment could be secured, the company began to write insurance. This was in February, 1910. It started out under the management of a board of directors consisting of twenty-five of the leading business men of Grand Rapids and vicinity. Mr. James R. Wylie, president of the Grand Rapids National City Bank, was chosen president of the new company. E. Golden Filer, Manistee; Claude Hamilton, assistant secretary of Michigan Trust Company, and William H. Gay, president of Berkey & Gay Furniture Company, were elected vice-presidents. Mr. Clay H. Hollister was elected treasurer and William A. Watts secretary and general manager.

A better organization could not have been created, the board of directors and the officers being men of well-known reputation for probity and business success, and the new company flung its colors to the breeze under the most auspicious conditions.

In 1910 the company was engaged in perfecting an agency organization, and it wrote a little over a million dollars insurance during the year.

The splendid character of the business secured may be shown by the fact that ninety per cent of the policy-holders paid their second year's premium. At the end of the second year the company had $2,300,000 insurance in force, and had not experienced a single death loss. The financial statement of the company at that time showed $100,000 on deposit with the state as a guarantee fund; a reserve of $30,000 and an admitted surplus of $55,000.

The distinguishing feature of the Preferred Life is the fact that it offers to furnish life insurance at actual cost. It writes policy contracts at lowest safe rates according to the experience of the older companies, the same being the so-called non-participating rate. The company has taken an advance step in life insurance contracts, viz., if it finds that there has been an overcharge at the non-participating rate, the overcharge will be returned to the policy-holder in the way of annual dividends, this giving a participating policy at non-participating rates. The officials of the company state that this class of policy not only protects the families of its policy-holders, but works advantageously to the pocketbook of the insured.

This method of writing insurance would not be considered by the men who control most of the life insurance companies of this country, for the reason that under such a plan it is useless to look for large returns on stock investments, but in the case of the Grand Rapids Company the dividends to stockholders do not enter into the problem as much as does the desire on the part of the men who control the company to furnish the citizens of Western Michigan with insurance at actual cost, and at the same time to build up a financial institution which will be of material benefit in the development of that section of the state.

The statistics of the insurance department show that the people of Michigan are sending approximately thirteen million dollars in life insurance premiums each year to the old line companies of other states. The management of the Preferred Life Insurance Company, realizing the fact that there is no mystery in the life insurance business, and unable to see the wisdom of continuing this drain upon the state, desire that these insurance accumulations shall be employed in building up the resources of the communities that furnish these enormous accumulations. The company's policy is to invest its funds largely in the state of Michigan, and especially in real estate first mortgages.

The directors of the company take an active interest in the growth of their organization. They keep in close touch with the affairs of the company by attending board meetings and contributing to the success of the institution without any compensation for their services.

I was much impressed with the general interest taken by the people of Grand Rapids in their new insurance company. Everybody asserts that the company was organized upon the most conservative and careful basis, and many of the leading citizens are showing their spirit of patriotic recognition by taking out policies in the company. It is safe to say that seldom does an institution of this character start on its career under more auspicious conditions.

A New Cleveland Company—The Citizens Union Life Insurance Company

Before buying stock in a new life insurance company, or taking one of its policies, prudence suggests that a thorough investigation be made into the methods of starting the new company on its career. The company should be organized, not as a stock-selling proposition, but as a legitimate undertaking to engage in the life insurance business. There is a vast difference between a promotion enterprise and a meritorious organization. One is launched for the purpose of making money out of stock sales, while the other is started on its career by reputable business men, who state frankly that stockholders cannot expect dividends until the business is firmly established. How long this will take depends, to a large extent, upon the ability of the management; but it has been shown a great many times that men of large insurance experience are best fitted for the work.

That Cleveland is a very inviting field for a new life insurance corporation may be understood when it is shown that it is the sixth city in the United States, and yet it has but one life insurance company, and that one of the smallest in the country. Indianapolis, with a population of 233,650, has nine companies, while Toronto, with a population of 208,040, has thirteen companies. Cleveland's population exceeds 600,000 and yet it has but one small concern. Hence a legitimate undertaking of this nature should prove a good investment.

This condition of affairs and the possibilities for success were foreseen by C. P. Wickham, Jr., when he organized The Citizens' Union Life Insurance Company. Mr. Wickham is familiar with the Ohio situation, and has been in the life insurance business for thirty years. He believes that an honorable business career is an asset which can be capitalized in an undertaking of this nature, and with this requisite as a foundation to build upon, he laid his plans before a number of reputable business and professional men of Ohio. There were not lacking men of means and well-known integrity who were willing to join Mr. Wickham in the venture. They were willing to trust him; and his plan of organization received their hearty endorsement and support. It was not a game played by a promoter. It was a company organized and designed to be a fitting tribute to its founders and the ideal of a lifetime of a man thoroughly versed in insurance practice.

Mr. Wickham did not know how to work the promotion game; in fact, he did not care to know. His sole aim was to launch a company that could sail the financial waters peacefully and not be disturbed by every gust of unfavorable wind that blows. He saw that the organizers of such institutions must possess three qualifications. First, they must be men who could take substantial blocks of stock, so that their interest in the company would be large enough to command their attention and invite their co-operation. Second, these men must have records which were absolutely clean, and, thirdly, they must be men of courage who will realize that the early days of the company will be attended by more or less disappointments.

Every man connected with the organization of the Citizens Union Life Insurance Company, including Mr. Wickham, paid the gross price of the stock, and no commission was allowed for anyone. The par value of the stock is $10. It was first sold at $20, and later the price was advanced to $25, and the great bulk is now being sold by men who expect to identify themselves with the company as agents in their respective communities. The plan is to make every stockholder, whenever possible, a worker, and in this manner a strong, energetic organization is being built up.

The money received from the sale of stock is being invested in pursuance of a plan prescribed by the state insurance department. About half the stock has been sold, and the balance will be disposed of within the next few months, when the company will begin to write insurance. The Ohio Standard policies, both participating and non-participating, will be written, as well as health and accident insurance.

Mr. Wickham's insurance experience began thirty years ago when he represented the Mutual Reserve Association of New York. Later he was with the Home Life of New York, The Massachusetts Mutual, The Manhattan, The Security Mutual and the Minnesota Mutual.

He is the only person connected with the new organization who is drawing a salary, and that a very small one. The attorney and treasurer are serving without pay and will continue to do so until the company is organized to write insurance.

It is interesting to note that in 1910 Ohio's life insurance totalled the sum of $152,425,247, of which sum $135,990,331 went to companies outside of the state. The organization of strong local companies will tend to keep a part of this money at home, where it may be invested in local development.

The directors of the Citizens' Union Life Insurance Company are all men of integrity, and a prosperous career for the new company can be safely predicted.

Books o' the Month

PROFESSOR VAN DYKE, in "The Spirit of America"* has given the scholar, statesman and studious reading public a work which is not only accurate in its statement of facts, and exquisitely analytical in their application, but broad, generous and optimistic in the conclusions drawn therefrom. He points out that even as the thirteen original colonies, settled by diverse and often antagonistic races and factions, were nevertheless one in their basic law of liberty, order and independence, so today the immense admixture of new races has not weakened or ignored "The Spirit of America" in material degree.

HENRY VAN DYKE
No writer is better able to handle the theme of "The Spirit of America"

* * *

BY the increasing inadequacy of the national banking system, the necessity of a new system of "Banking Reform"† has long been accentuated.

The gold reserves, which are seldom used to redeem the bills most commonly in circulation, and which cannot be banked in large sums at their face value, but are taken in and paid out by weight, are so rigidly held in reserve that even the immense production of the last decade has had little or no effect on the money market. These and other conditions have served notice that the acceptance of the gold standard has been less general and beneficial than was generally hoped for in '96.

While in other countries a more universal extension of credit to small merchants and manufacturers is noticeable, the tendency in America is towards an extension of heavy credits to great corporations; lower interest to depositors, and the encouragement of stock gambling and promotive investment. These and other features of existing conditions are very comprehensively discussed by Professor J. Lawrence Laughlin, who holds the chair of political economy at the University of Chicago.

* * *

IN an age wherein the poet has been largely eliminated as a material factor in literature, and verse is generally prized by publishers as convenient and more or less ornamental "fillers" for the broken pages of magazines and newspapers, one usually looks upon an epic poem with something like the combined admiration and pity with which the Roman spectators in the Coliseum beheld the parade of the gladiators and heard their reigning greeting to the emperor, "Ave Caesar! Morituri te salutant."

For epics, however noble in conception, scholarly in construction, instructive in matter, and musical in rhythm are *caviar* to the multitude. Mr. Frederick Henry Denman in "From Babel to Brotherhood"* has composed an epic which traces the dealings of God with man from the era of the Noachian deluge to the present day with a close adherence to biblical and profane history and a scholarly rationale of cause and effect worthy of close attention and closer investigation.

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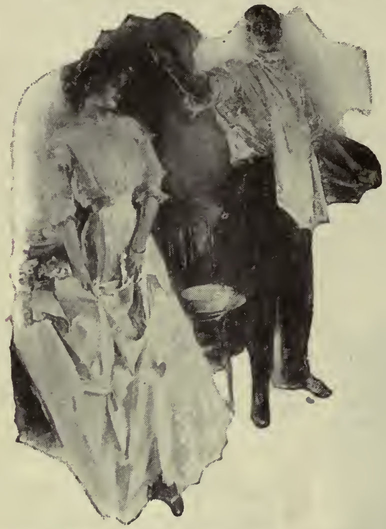
*"The Spirit of America." By Henry Van Dyke. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price $0.50 net.

†"Banking Reform." By Professor J. Lawrence Laughlin. Chicago: National Citizens' League. Price $2.50 net.

*"From Babel to Brotherhood." By Frederick Henry Denman. New York: The Thwing Company.

The re-peopling of the world after the flood, the building of the tower of Babel and the division into nations and tribes that scattered a great and homogeneous race, the rise and fall of nations, conquerors, and religions; the coming of the Christ and the fortunes of the Church, based on this existence and the results of the Christian Era in discovery, civilization, the growth of civil and religious liberty form the theme of his muse.

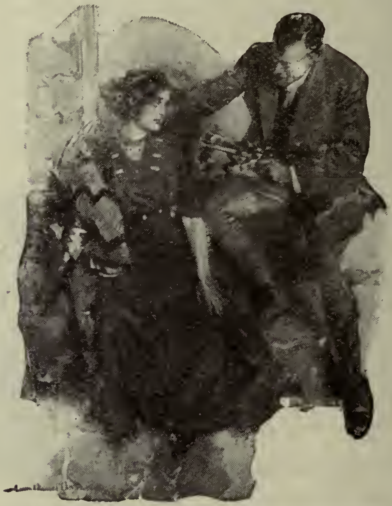


SPOILED AND PETTED MARIE ROSE

Takes a lesson in dishwashing from the young man in the opposite flat. One of the amusing situations in "Pleasures and Palaces"

* * *

DESIRE for constant amusement and travel and disinclination to do anything for herself, almost wreck the life of the heroine in "Pleasures and Palaces."* She is taken in hand, however, by a sensible elderly cousin who feels obliged, in obedience to the last request of Marie Rose's dead father, to steer the girl into some useful way of living. Great delicacy is necessary in handling the dear maid, too, for she will neither be led nor driven, but must perforce do things of her own volition. Set up in housekeeping by Cousin Sara, and left to her own devices by an engaged housekeeper who fails to appear at the stated time, Marie Rose attempts to help herself. Endeavoring to dispose of an eggshell, she accidentally makes the acquaintance of the young man in the opposite apartment—a young man of much energy and varied talents. He attempts to help her out, and through this intimate association they learn to appreciate each other. But they finally go their separate ways, she to Jamaica with some pleasure-loving friends, and he to his mines out West. Just how Marie almost marries an indolent pleasure-seeker but somehow is saved by remembrance of her Western hero; how she finally whirls back to her little New York flat, sets out to learn all about housekeeping and surprises her old friend with her knowledge is entertainingly unfolded by the author.



MARIE ROSE REFUSES TO BELIEVE

That life is a serious problem—From "Pleasures and Palaces"

* * *

DURING the last quarter of a century the constructive and reformative legislation of the State of Wisconsin has been both bitterly assailed and enthusiastically praised by a host of interested resident and non-resident investigators. Mr. Charles McCarthy, Chief of the Wisconsin Legislative Reference Department for the last ten years, has attempted in all due fairness to show what has been really attempted and done in Wisconsin to benefit the mass of her citizens and to secure justice and equity in all the relations of life.

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*"Pleasures and Palaces." By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. Long Island City: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price $1.20.

He gives with interesting details the main features of "The Wisconsin Idea,"* which seems to be founded on the finding of the regents of the University of Wisconsin, when in 1893 they acquitted Richard T. Ely, Professor of Economics, of the charge of being a Socialist. They said:

"In all lines of investigation the investigator should be absolutely free to follow the paths of truth wherever they may lead, and whatever may be the limitations which trammel inquiry elsewhere. We believe the great State of Wisconsin should ever encourage that continued and fearless sifting and wise investigation by which alone the truth can be found."

The book details legislation, covering many pertinent matters.

* * *

RENE BAZIN'S latest translated novel, "The Penitent,"† reminds one of the many pictures of sordid, painful, hopeless farm tenancy, hard labor, semi-starvation and poverty-stricken domestic happiness that have inspired Victor Hugo, Zola, Balzac and other French novelists with plots in which one feels nothing to cheer, much to depress, and no suggestion, prophecy or inspiration of better things to come. How Louarn and Donatienne fought hopelessly for six years together to keep their humble roof over three tiny heads and the single cow that was their chief bit of property; how Donatienne was summoned as a wet-nurse to the great city, there to grow beautiful, to sin and distrust her loved ones; how Louarn, evicted from his farm, struggled to care for the children, until paralyzed by an accident; and how at last mother-love brought Donatienne back to duty, is well told.

* * *

A WIFE and yet not a wife is the problem that confronts Nadine Carson in "His Worldly Goods."* Married to a wealthy paranoiac, she is forced finally to assume charge of her husband's affairs and have him confined in an insane asylum. Carson had married Nadine when she was but a girl in her teens, and her feeling for him was infatuation and not love. Her position becomes intolerable when she does meet the right man, an Episcopal clergyman, who awakens in her all that is good and true. Conditions are utterly disheartening when she learns that she is not really the wife of the wealthy man, as he has another wife still living. Then all works for good, and Nadine finds the love which she believed had been denied her.

MISS MARGARETTA TUTTLE
A writer whose stories of present-day problems and struggles have gained her a large audience. "His Worldly Goods" is one of her most ambitious books

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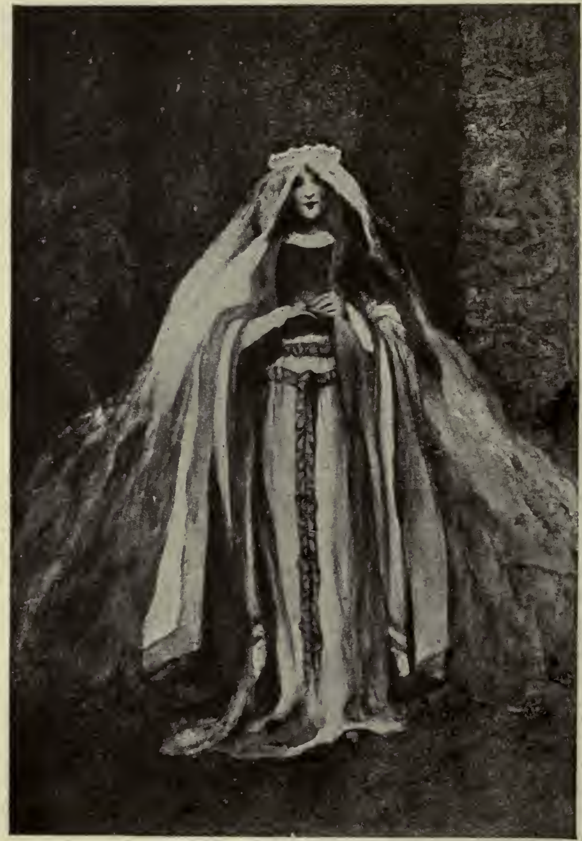
* "The Wisconsin Idea." By Charles McCarthy. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $1.25.

†"The Penitent." By Rene Bazin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price $1.25 net.

*"His Worldly Goods." By Margaretta Tuttle. Indianapolis. Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price $1.25.

CERTAINLY "The Lute of Life"* is a fitting title for the hundreds of pages of poems, "from grave to gay, from sacred to profane," which fill more than three hundred pages with the creations of the generous, loving heart and fertile brain of James Newton Matthews. The book is especially rich in that renaissance of boyhood and home associations which have made the poems of James Whitcomb Riley household words. To most American readers these poems will be new, for Matthews did not seek notoriety, and it has been the work of men who knew and loved him that has preserved much that would have been forever lost without their tender and sorrowful recognition of the merit of poems and of a bard of whom John G. Whittier wrote: "He sings the songs of love and the charms of nature with a sweet felicity."



HONEY BEE, THE LITTLE PRINCESS OF CLARIDES
The heroine of one of Anatole France's most charming fairy stories

* * *

EVEN Golden Hair, Cinderella or Little Red Riding Hood of the old fairy tales have not the charm of the sweet little Princess of the Clarides, whom Anatole France has named "Honey Bee".* The story is translated from the French by Mrs. John Lane, and is printed and illustrated in such a manner as will especially appeal to youthful readers. Here is a delightful book for the little boy or girl who enjoys a good fairy tale, and a charming specimen for the grown-up of the style of the great French novelist, Anatole France.

* * *

WRITTEN in the same breezy, humorous manner as "Paris a la Carte," "Ship Bored"† gives a true-to-life description of a sea voyage, from the rush of the last minute of embarking down to the cry of "Land Ho!" with all the amusing people and incidents in between. Much serio-comic advice is sandwiched in.

* * *

MANY great stories have been written concerning the great problem of intemperance—the predisposition to alcohol, reversion, heredity—but perhaps nowhere else have those evils been so vividly or nakedly portrayed as in "The Drunkard."‡

Yet this is a truly human story, interestingly and entertainingly told, of two men, one from the humbler walks of life, the other gifted with high intellectual attainments, both sons of the same intemperate father, from whom they have inherited the craving for alcohol which brings them both at last to commit the greatest of crimes—murder.

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*"The Lute of Life." By James Newton Matthews. Cincinnati: Horton & Co. Price $1.50.

* "Honey Bee." By Anatole France. New York: John Lane Company. Price, $1.50.

† "Ship Bored." By Julian Street. New York: John Lane Company.

‡ "The Drunkard." By Guy Thorne. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company. Price $1.35 net.

Mr. Thorne has written a powerful book, appealing most strongly to the student of the psychology of the inebriate.

* * *

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON'S drama of "Mary, Queen of Scots,"* translated from the Norwegian by Augustus Sahlberg, brings before American readers one of the most interesting, as well as the most terrible and perplexing social, polemical and political problems of Scottish history.

The stern austerity of Knox, the fierce and unsparing cruelty of Ruthven, the weakness and jealousy of Darnley, the relentless intrigues of the Regent Murray, the varying policies of Queen Mary, and the misfortunes that attended her are all portrayed at least with a strong likeness to what historians have generally agreed upon as the true reality of innumerable and conflicting accounts of an unusually stirring and involved period of Scottish history. The book is one which lovers of literature will welcome.

* * *

SOME American Story Tellers"† by Frederic Taber Cooper, devotes some three hundred and fifty pages to a critical analysis of the books and methods of Marion Crawford, Robert Herrick, Ellen Glasgow, Robert W. Chambers, Gertrude Atherton, Winston Churchill, Kate Douglas Wiggin, David Graham Phillips, Frank Norris, "O. Henry," Owen Wister, Booth Tarkington, Edith Wharton and Ambrose Bierce, and contains fine portraits and more or less biographical information in each case. The enthusiastic reader of current literature will find in the book much to improve his own methods of critical analysis and to suggest ways of conveying condemnation of meritorious and "faky" construction and treatment, without exciting a personal quarrel. Generally, however, Mr. Cooper's arrows are tipped with balm, and the excellencies of the writer he is considering are given due commendation.

* * *

PSYCHOLOGY plays no small part in "One of Us,"* the story of a hunchback lad and the influences which make him successively a tramp musician, a jailbird, an expert machinist, a Latin quarter artist. Going minutely into all the details of his feelings and sufferings, he tells the story of his life, and his comments and deductions are as fascinating as the story, if not more so. There is a certain bitter, cynical, almost morbid mood displayed throughout the account, but the crippled boy is a lover of the beautiful, especially of beautiful women, and his simply-told tale is both novel and impressive.

EZRA BRUDNO
An interesting writer of psychological influence. His book, "One of Us," is an intimate, touching story of a life

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*"Mary, Queen of Scots." By Bjornstjerne Bjornson, translated by Augustus Sahlberg. Chicago: Specialty Syndicate Press. Price $1.00 net.

†"Some American Story Tellers." By Frederic Taber Cooper. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price $1.60 net.

"*One of Us." By Ezra Brudno. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THERE is an element of similitude between the posthumous book of Vaughan Kester, "The Just and the Unjust,"* and his former success, "The Prodigal Judge." While the plots are entirely different, the atmospheres are essentially the same.

A gambler, John North, is known to be in need of money. At that time a miserly old storekeeper is murdered and a ne'er-do-well hanger-on perjures himself to the extent of swearing that he saw North in the vicinity of the store after the hour the court believed the crime to have been committed. As a matter of fact, North is guiltless, but with the aid of a chain of circumstantial evidence he is adjudged guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

THE LATE VAUGHAN KESTER
Who died just after the publication of his great success, "The Prodigal Judge." His posthumous book, "The Just and the Unjust," has a similar atmosphere

As the plot unfolds, the son of the judge who presided at the trial of North confesses to the crime on his death-bed. It is by the narrow margin of ten minutes that North's life is saved.

A charming tale of the faithful love of a good woman runs through the story, lending greater interest to the book.

The story is written in the same pleasing style that made Mr. Kester's former book such a great success.

* * *

NEW editions of popular works keep pace with the political situation.

"Theodore Roosevelt, Citizen," * Jacob Riis' famous biography, first published in 1904, comes out in a new and neat popular fifty cent edition of four hundred and fifty pages in the blue and gold of the Macmillan Standard Library. As a biographical appreciation of a prominent American this book stands in the first rank of interesting biographies, and has sterling value as a book of reference and historical chronology.

* * *

IT is like drinking great draughts of cold clear water in a desert land to come across a clean, beautiful story of missionary life, labor, peril and adventure and full of human philosophy, love, passion and humor. Such a book is Rachel Capen Schauffler's "The Goodly Fellowship."†

Well written, with a well-balanced plot, natural and pleasing conversation and ideals of true womanly and manly labor, self-sacrifice and devotion to lofty and spiritual ideals, "The Goodly Fellowship" makes an interesting addition to the family library.

* * *

IN this attractive little booklet,‡ fetchingly illustrated by Mae Wilson Preston, Mr. Street declares in his preface that he has taken a friend's warning not to make the publication "guide booky," but entertaining and amusing. In this he has succeeded. There is also some useful information for the would-be seeker after gastronomic happiness in this story of Paris cafes, restaurants and boulevard eating houses. The book is printed and bound in such a manner as to make an appropriate gift for those who contemplate a visit to the French capital.

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*"The Just and the Unjust." By Vaughan Kester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price $1.25.

* "Theodore Roosevelt, Citizen." By Jacob A. Riis. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $.50 net.

†"The Goodly Fellowship." By Rachel Capen Schauffler. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price $1.25.

‡"Paris a La Carte." By Julian Street. New York: John Lane Company.

WM P CROCKER

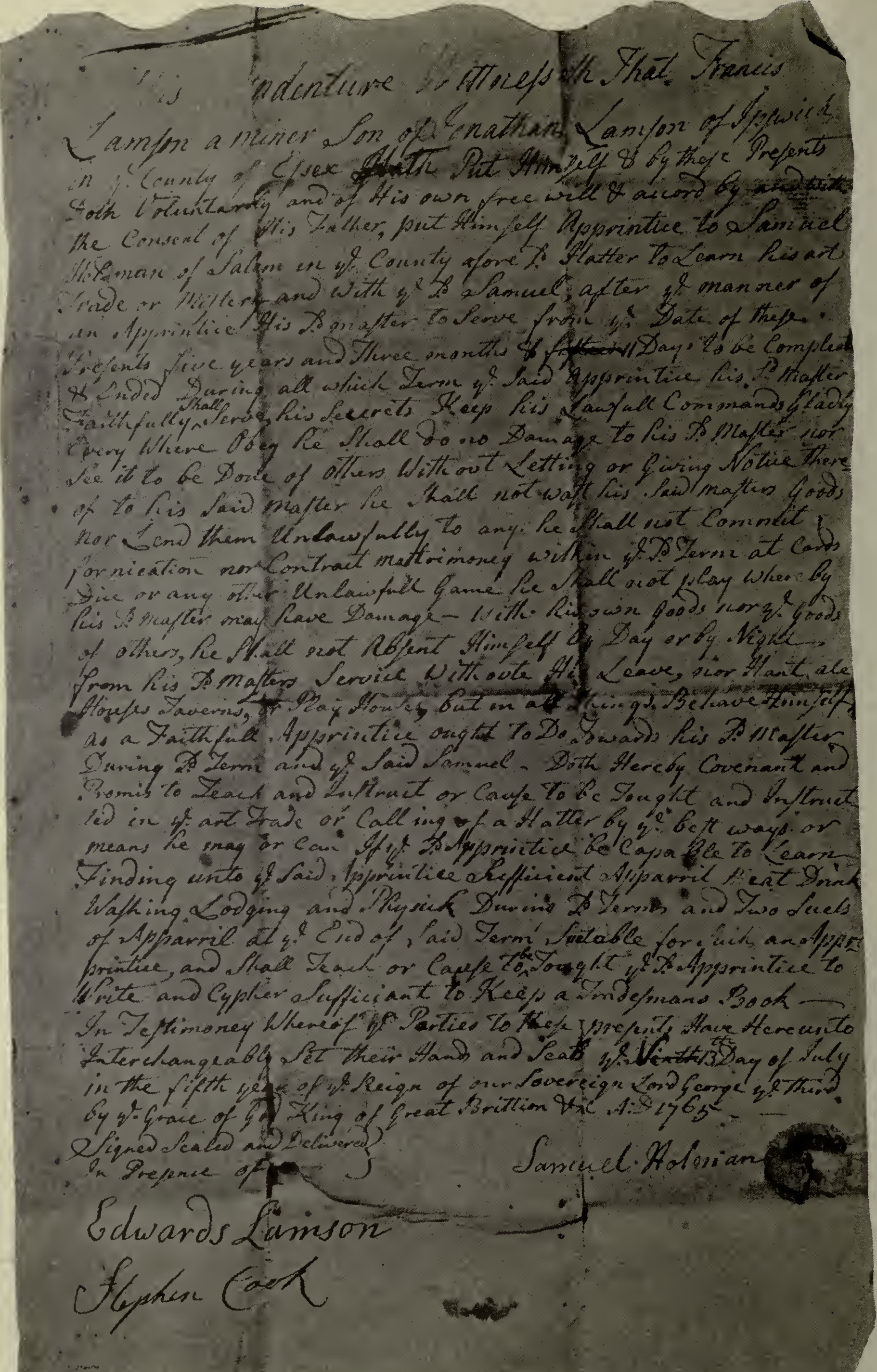
LET'S TALK IT OVER

EVER since we first began asking for favorite selections for HEART SONGS eight years ago, there has been a tremendous revival in the old songs and scarcely a musical programme of an orchestra in the restaurants and cabarets or a play is complete without some of the old songs being played. There is something tender and sweet in the remembrance it awakens, and the hold these simple melodies have on the people has baffled the wits of musical critics. It exists like love, life or light, without any reason, and is felt rather than seen. The story of how the old songs through some peculiar chance secured a hold on popular fancy, and maintained it, is most interesting. It explains why the interest increases every month in such a book as HEART SONGS, where twenty-five thousand people have expressed their preference for certain of the old songs. When the people join together in a song there must be unity, and there must be harmony and sentiment in all things that bring people close together. In the coming winter evenings the piano would seem quite incomplete without one of those books containing the old songs which every one can sing when the "regular concert" is over, for there are times when all of us feel like singing (even some who cannot sing) and no emotion so surely guarantees the unity of a neighborhood or nation as the feeling that they can join together in song.

A pathetic romance is usually associated with popular songs, and other curious and accidental incidents lead to the permanent success and popularity of a song. "The Cricket on the Hearth," written by the man who died at the workhouse, leaped into popularity with the play, "The Old Homestead."

The story of the life of Stephen Foster, who wrote "Old Kentucky Home," "Darling Nelly Gray," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "Gentle Annie," and "The Old Folks at Home," is that of a composer who peddled his manuscripts among the publishers. He became estranged from his family, living in cheap boarding houses on the Bowery in New York and often going about without a shirt, and his coat collar turned up to hide his lack of linen. His favorite haunt was a Third Avenue grocery and a "groggery" in the rear, and it was here that most of his songs were written. He often sat on a cracker barrel as he wrote, but in his coat pocket he invariably carried a photograph of his wife and in his maudlin moments he would sit on the curb of the pavement looking at the picture and weeping bitterly. He rose one night to get a drink of water and stumbling about in the dark dislodged a wash bowl from its stand, when it fell and broke. In some manner he fell, his neck striking the sharp, jagged side of the bowl. He was taken to the Bellevue Hospital where during the night he passed away.

The verses of "The Rosary," written by Robert Cameron Rogers, who recently died in Santa Barbara, California, caught the eyes of a woman friend of Ethelbert Nevin in a New York newspaper, who urged him to set them to music. Nevin committed the words to memory with his



This Indenture Witneſseth That Francis
Lamſon a minor Son of Jonathan Lamſon of Ipswich
in ye County of Eſsex ~~Hath~~ Put Himſelf & by theſe Preſents
Doth Voluntarily and of His own free will & accord by ~~and~~ with
the Conseat of His Father, put Himſelf Apprintice to Samuel
Holman of Salem in ye County afore Sd Hatter to Learn his art
Trade or Miſtery and with ye Sd Samuel, after ye manner of
an Apprintice His Sd maſter to Serve from ye Date of theſe
Preſents five years and Three months & ~~fifteen~~ 11 Days to be Compleat
& Ended During all which Term ye Said Apprintice his Sd Maſter
Faithfully Shall Serve, his Secrets Keep his Lawfull Commands Gladly
Every Where Obey he Shall do no Damage to his Sd Maſter nor
See it to be Done of others Without Letting or Giving Notice there
of to his Said maſter he Shall not waſt his Said maſters Goods
nor Lend them Unlawfully to any. he Shall not Commit
fornication nor Contract mattrimoney within ye Sd Term at Cards
Dice or any other Unlawfull Game he Shall not play where by
his Sd maſter may have Damage — With his own Goods nor ye Goods
of others, he Shall not Abſent Himſelf by Day or by Night
from his Sd Maſters Service Withoute His Leave, nor Hant ale
Houſes Taverns, or Play Houſes, but in all things Behave Himſelf
as a Faithfull Apprintice ought to Do towards his Sd Maſter
During Sd Term and ye Said Samuel — Doth Hereby Covenant and
Promis to Teach and Inſtruct or Cauſe to be Tought and Inſtruct
ted in ye art Trade or Calling of a Hatter by ye beſt ways or
means he may or Can If ye Sd Apprintice be Capable to Learn
Finding unto ye Said Apprintice Sufficient Apparril Meat Drink
Waſhing Lodging and Physick During Sd Term and Two Suets
of Apparril at ye End of Said Term Sutable for Such an Appr
printice, and Shall Teach or Cauſe to be Tought ye Sd Apprintice to
Write and Cypher Sufficiant to Keep a Tradeſmans Book —
In Teſtimoney Whereof ye Parties to theſe preſents Have Hereunto
Interchangeably Set their Hands and Seals ye ~~Ninth~~ 13th Day of July
in the fifth year of ye Reign of our Sovereign Lord George ye third
by ye Grace of God King of Great Brittian &c A.D 1765 —

Signed Sealed and Delivered
In Preſence of

Samuel Holman

Edwards Lamson

Stephen Cook

REPRODUCTION OF AN OLD-TIME INDENTURE, APPRENTICING FRANCIS LAMSON TO SAMUEL HOLMAN, A HATTER wife. The next day when he came home from his studio in Carnegie Hall he was in high spirits. He sat down at the piano and played the song to his wife and without mentioning a word she at once divined that the majestic mingling of major and minor chords told the story of "The Rosary." There were no changes made; he left it as he played it that night in his exultation, and left to the world one of its most popular songs.

There still lives in Shiocton, Wisconsin, the author of perhaps one of the most popular songs of the day, "Silver Threads Among the Gold." The music was written by H. P. Danks, who was attracted by the verse, and the author was paid the modest sum of three dollars by the composer. He had submitted five pieces for fifteen dollars and Danks selected "Silver Threads Among the Gold." The author, Mr. Eben E. Rexford, with whom NATIONAL and *News-Letter* readers are acquainted through his frequent contributions, has never received any further remuneration for the immense royalties on this popular song, which would have been nothing without the sentiment and words.

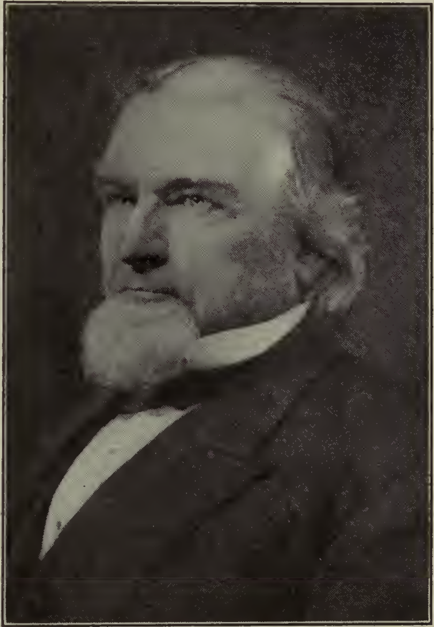
* * *

UNTIL early in the last century it was the custom to apprentice boys to tradesmen, merchants, farmers and others for the purpose of learning the trade, mystery or calling of the employer, and to secure for the apprentice home care and instruction in the rudimentary branches of learning. The indenture shown herewith was entered into by Francis Lamson, a minor, with Samuel Holman, a hatter, both of Ipswich, Massachusetts, and is signed only by Holman with two witnesses to his signature, as young Lamson could not make a valid written contract. The naïve, yet sensible and practical promises of this contract were generally honestly and liberally observed, the apprentice in most cases becoming one of the family and not infrequently succeeding the master in his business or becoming a partner, perhaps a son-in-law of his former master.

In the older states the children of the "Christian Indians" were thus indentured, and an "English Bible" and sometimes a sheep or two or heifer calf were often added to the two suits of "freedom clothes" which were due the apprentice at the close of the term of service.

* * *

FROM all parts of the country come orders for the State of Maine issue of the NATIONAL, published in October. The letters that accompany the requests reveal how much State of Maine men have accomplished and achieved in all parts of the republic and how warmly they respond to the "Back to Maine" sentiment. Many letters have requested us to devote an article to those State of Maine men and women who have achieved national prominence in other states of the Union, as well as those at home, showing that the greatest product of Maine is men and women. We can conceive of no more fitting introduction to such a series than a sketch of Governor Cadwallader C. Washburn, the founder of the famous Washburn-Crosby Mills in Minneapolis.



GOV. CADWALLADER C. WASHBURN
A Maine man and founder of the famous Washburn-Crosby flour mills in Minneapolis

As early as 1850, Governor Washburn made investments in Minneapolis. He foresaw its wonderful possibilities in its immense water power and in the primeval pine forests that impressed him that here was indeed a fitting arena for the full employment of the abilities and training of his youth and early manhood. He was always interested in Minnesota, and his first flour mill, the nucleus of the great Washburn-Crosby plant of today, was erected in 1870.

True to his State of Maine heritage of practical foresight joined to something very like inspiration almost amounting to prophecy, this mill was to him only the beginning of a great flouring centre to be developed in the middle West. In 1874, the original Washburn "A" mill, by far the largest flour mill ever attempted in the United States, was completed. After the great mill explosion of 1878 the Washburn mills were rebuilt on a much larger and a modern scale, and the co-partnership of Washburn, Crosby & Company, consisting of C. C. Washburn, Wm. H. Dunwoody, John Crosby and C. J. Martin, was formed, beginning business on February 1, 1879. This served but as an overture for the great grain development of the northwest. At this time definite information concerning the use of rollers for cracking wheat in process of milling as employed at Budapest, Hungary, had been secured. The Washburn Mills were the first American concern to introduce and employ the new process for milling hard wheat at Minneapolis. A mill of one hundred and twenty-five barrels capacity with grinding wholly done by rolls was built in the Washburn "C" Mill, later the entire "C" was changed, and the big Washburn "A" was completely fitted with rolls of the latest and best construction.

From that time until the present, with the exception of the introduction in 1883 of Mr. James S. Bell at the time of the death of John Crosby, the retirement of C. C. Washburn and the admission of John Washburn into the firm, the management of the mills has remained the same as when the revolution of making flour in America occurred.

In 1889 the co-partnership of Washburn, Crosby & Co., was changed to a corporation with a capital stock of $500,000, which in September, 1899, was increased to $1,200,000 and the entire milling plant purchased from the C. C. Washburn Flouring Co. Mills from which it had previously been leased by the Washburn-Crosby Company.

To care for the growing business, successive increases in capital stock occurred in 1903, 1907 and 1909, when the capital stock was raised to its present figure, $6,000,000. In 1898, the Minneapolis Mill was purchased, and in 1899 the Humboldt Mill was also added to the plant. In 1903, the company started the erection of a branch mill at Buffalo, New York, and in 1904 invaded the South with a modern mill at Louisville, Kentucky.

When the firm of the Washburn-Crosby Company took hold of the Washburn Mills, the capacity of the plant was less than 10,000 barrels per day. The actual present capacity of the mills is between 40,000 and 45,000 barrels per day, quite enough to feed a portion of the ninety millions in the United States.

Thus the aggressive and sturdy spirit of the State of Maine found fruition in this marvelous development of the wheat-growing, marketing and milling interests of the Northwest.

John Washburn, still associated as vice-president with the Company, was born at Hallowell, Maine, attended West Broom Seminary and Hallowell Classical Academy, completing his education at Bowdoin College, whose Alma Mater includes the names of many distinguished men, including the poet, Henry W. Longfellow. His father, Algernon S. Washburn, was a son of Israel Washburn and brother to W. D. Washburn. In fact, the Washburn family has been especially prominent, not only in Maine but in Wisconsin, Minnesota and other states.

John Washburn came to Minneapolis in 1880, and began his education in milling by practical and steady attendance to the milling department; from this he was promoted to the clerical department, and later took up the most important duty of buying wheat for the Washburn Mills. While thoroughly familiar with the milling company as a whole, he has become one of the best known experts on prices, markets, grades and quality of the grains from which flour is made.

Mr. Washburn was admitted to the firm of Washburn, Crosby & Company in 1887 and has ever since been a stockholder and officer in the corporation which succeeded to the business of the copartnership, and will perpetuate the name of Washburn in the industrial annals of the nation. Mr. Washburn is President of the St. Anthony Elevator Company, is an officer in the Royal Milling Company of Great Falls, Montana, Vice-President of the Minneapolis Trust Company and a director in other manufacturing and financial institutions.

Every time that a State of Maine man wants to think of something for which the Pine Tree State is famous, he mentions offhand "Gold Medal Flour" and the Washburn-Crosby Mills at Minneapolis. In recent years the quality and popularity of Washburn-Crosby "Gold Medal" Flour have been unparalleled in the history of flour exploitation. The name perhaps is a household word in a larger sense than that of any other food product, and this prominence is increased by the logical and psychological effect of the word "Eventually" in its advertising; for the firm have made famous "Eventually—Gold Medal Flour—Why not now?" The word in script type carries a significant message to the householders of the world—it seems to have a personal application and appeal to the thrifty home-keeping spirit of the State of Maine, which today pervades the nation.

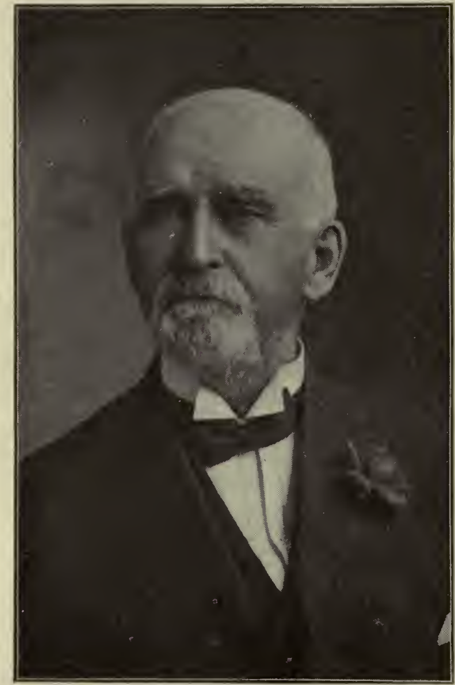
* * *

THE more one travels about the country, the more inspiring lessons in the lives of American business men are found. At Eau Claire, Wisconsin, I chanced to see Mr. O. H. Ingram on the day after he had celebrated his sixtieth wedding anniversary. There were flowers on the desk and as he sat there, I think I never saw a more nearly perfect picture of a man whose useful and active life is beautifully reflected in face and action. All about him were the tributes sent in by friends upon the happy occasion. There were flowers and letters and other mementoes, even to a box of apples from President James J. Hill of the Great Northern Railway.

Mr. Ingram is a sturdy, self-made American of the type pre-eminently identified with the development of the Middle West. As a young man he was engaged in the lumber business in New York State until he was eighteen or nineteen years old, when he went to Canada. There he was engaged to take charge of building several mills, the first on the Rideau Canal, about eighteen miles from Kingston, and a little later at Belleville, fifty miles west of Kingston. Even at that early age his work attracted favorable attention, and he was called to Ottawa to take charge of the building of a large mill, which after completion he was to run for a season. Following this experience he entered the employ of the largest lumber concern in the world, Gilmore and Company, who were very large operators in Canada and New Brunswick.

JOHN WASHBURN
Vice-president of the Washburn-Crosby mills

At this time he began to hear a good deal of the opportunities of the Chippewa River and soon he began logging operations with headquarters at Eau Claire, which has ever since been his home. From the first Mr. Ingram has been deeply in love with the beautiful city on the Chippewa, although his extensive lumbering operations have taken him far into the South and West. Soon after he came to Eau Claire Mr. Ingram was induced to become president of the state bank, which he later organized into a national bank, of which he was also president. He also served as president of the First National Bank of Rice Lake and of a small bank at Elk Mound, Wisconsin.



O. H. INGRAM
Of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, one of the pioneer lumber manufacturers of the West and South

His time was so fully occupied that Mr. Ingram resigned the presidency of the Eau Claire National Bank, but while absent on a trip in the interest of his extensive lumber interests, the Union National Bank of Eau Claire elected him as their president. When he returned home and learned what had taken place he consented to act as president only until "some good man" could be found to take his place. But the name of O. H. Ingram still appears on the letter heads of the Union National Bank as president, and they jokingly say in the offices there that the "good man" has never yet been found to succeed the first president.

The first lumber company that Mr. Ingram organized at Eau Claire was known as Dole, Ingram and Kennedy, later as the Ingram, Kennedy Company. Early it became a co-operative company, for Mr. Ingram interested his employes in becoming part owners and carried stock for them until they were able to pay for it themselves. A little later he organized the Empire Lumber Company, of which he was made president, and the Rice Lake Lumber Company of which he was also the presiding officer. He was an officer in the Chippewa Logging Company and upon the purchase of extensive property at Chippewa Falls he reorganized the Chippewa Lumber and Boom Company, of which he has since been vice-president.

Now his operations began to extend outside of the state of Wisconsin, and the Ingram Day Lumber Company of Mississippi appointed him as its president. At this time Mr. Ingram also took stock in several lumber companies in Louisiana. He has been and is now vice-president of one of the largest plants in the South.

When wonder was expressed that one man could successfully serve so many interests Mr. Ingram smilingly said, "All this time I have been striving to unload a good deal of the business I am interested in and I find it a very difficult thing to do. But I have succeeded in surrounding myself with good help, and they relieve me of a good deal of responsibility." Mr. Ingram is also assisted by his son, Mr. E. B. Ingram, who is managing many of the different institutions of which his father is the head.

What is more superb than the spirit displayed by many prominent Americans who devote their years of retirement to public matters, after they have fought the fight well in building up and developing their state and in creating large industrial operations. During his long service in the state of Wisconsin, Mr. Ingram dreamed of a fitting capitol for the state he loved so well and was induced to become one of the commissioners when the work was undertaken by the state. The first Wisconsin capitol commission was composed of seven members, among them the Governor and two judges of the Supreme Court. Later the commission was reduced to five members and Mr. Ingram has served as president since the work was instituted. In the square at Madison, the new capitol of Wisconsin stands a triumph of architecture and in its impressive outline will be a fitting home for the government of a great state. It is said by those who have seen the building, as far as it is completed, to be one of the finest state capitol buildings in the United States. It is built of granite from Bethel, Vermont, and much of the interior finish from stone found and quarried in Wisconsin.

PHOTOGRAPH OF O. H. INGRAM AT THE SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS WEDDING

The name of O. H. Ingram is indelibly marked in the progress and development of Wisconsin. In the span of his long and useful life, he has seen the wild, primeval forests of the north develop into thriving cities and farms. With all the rigor of the early pioneer, he has never once lost that confidence and intrepidity which has made development possible and which has converted the wilderness into busy centers of population where the hum of industry gives evidence of the real American spirit.

* * *

A LITTLE green-covered book of poems circulated by the American News Company, New York, has been steadily increasing its sales since its publication in 1911. It is called "The Fighting Race and other Poems and Ballads," and the author of the poetry is Joseph I. C. Clarke.

The frontispiece spiritedly illustrates the keynote of the little poem as experienced in the lines:

"Wherever fighting's the game,
Or a spice of danger in grown man's work,"
Said Kelly, "You'll find my name."

The prelude says sweetly and with that dainty minor undertone which is the supreme charm of true poetry:

If one of tender heart,
In turning o'er these leaflets of long years—
Some born in laughter, some all blurred with tears,
And wrought in climes and places far apart—
Shall haply find one haunting line
Touched e'er so little with the light divine,
Or thrilling with a joy intense,
Therein I'll find my recompense.

The poems that follow are subdivided into nine divisions, The "Songs of the Celt," ushered in with the spirited and characteristically Irish lyric beginning:

"Read out the names!" and Burke sat back,
And Kelly drooped his head,
While Shea—they call him Scholar Jack—
Went down the list of the dead.

There is more than a reminder of the love for the "dear ould sod" in "An Irish Easter Legend," and in the "Fore-Song of Malmorda." "Rough Rider 'Bucky' O'Neill" reminds us of the day when the men of the prairie and their congenial comrades

" . . . came with their bravest and best.
With a clatter of hoofs and a stormy hail;
Sinewy, lean and tall and brown;
Hunters and fighters and men of the trail,
From hills and plains, from college and town;
With the cowboy yell and the red man's whoop,
Sons of thunder and swingers of steel;
And, leading his own Arizona troop,
Rode glad and fearless 'Bucky' O'Neill!"

Pictures of Ireland end a series of under-questionings, with the prophecy,

'Tis not written that the Irish race forget,
Though the tossing seas between them roll and fret;
Yea, the children of the Gael
Turn to far-off Innisfail
And remember her, and hope for her, and pray
That her long, long night may blossom into day,
A many a time, a many a time.

To few has it been accorded to receive a more sweetly sad and yet resplendent tribute than that to "The Poet," John Boyle O'Reilly, which nobly ends:

O Mother Nature, take thy perfect son,
Whose life a psalm was, and whose lips thine pressed
And learned thy secrets; now the day is done
Lay him in peace upon thy mighty breast
His white brow twined with bay.

In his Songs of America, "George Washington" pays to the memory of the Father of his Country a tribute that too many would replace with utter dispraise or at the best with grudging eulogy, as cold and not half so sweet as ice water:

He won—and he laid down his stainless sword;
Supreme—he relinquished the ruler's seat,
Plain man in pure honor, who ruled and obeyed—
The kings of the earth are but dwarfs at his feet.

"Mother America" is also full of enthusiastic love of country and closes:

Mother, our love thy defender,
Mother, thy love our might;
Mother, thy glory our splendor,
Mother of freedom and light:
Mother America!"

"The Funeral of Grant," and "Tecumseh's Reveille," in memory of William T. Sherman, must become classics in our patriotic literature. "The Song of Old Glory," "The March of the Millions," every line of them has the ring of a war-trumpet that would warm the blood of an anchorite.

In the section of "Poems" is gathered the verse in more quiet moods, yet between the lines you find the spirit of "The Fighting Race." "Glints of Life," "The Second Marriage," and "The Chalice of Tears," are full of suggestive beauty, soul awakenings and the magic of dreams.

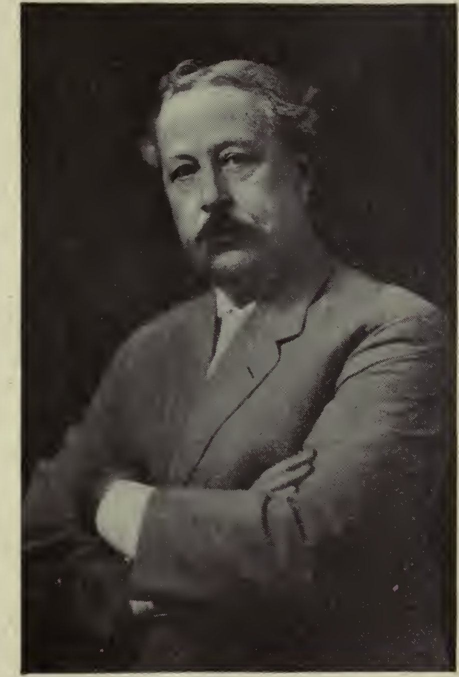
Who can conceive of an Irish poet who does not write "Lyrics," and here the lines on "Heartsease" have all the simple splendor and sweetness of the wild rose, with the tunefulness of MacDowell's masterly musical composition, "Forget-me-not"—then follows those stirring "Ballads of Battle," the gem of which is "Custer's Last Charge." "Manhattan: An Ode" will retain its charm after impressive historical chronicles are forgotten amid dusty tomes, and "Life's Love Knot" is the charming literary title under which a group of dainty love songs are clustered.

Joseph Ignatius Constantine Clarke was born in Kingstown, Ireland. His busy life as an editorial worker on the New York *Herald* and later on the *Criterion* covers an important span of recent history. Even the arduous duties of a commercial life have not trammelled the poetic, impassioned nature of the man. Whether as a poet or a playwright or the man of business, J. I. C. Clarke is always an impressive personality. Among his plays are "Robert Emmet—a Tragedy" and "Malmorda." He wrote the ode of the Hudson-Fulton celebration in 1909. He was president of the National Art Theatre Society; and director of the Society American Dramatists and Composers. Many young authors and poets will recall his early suggestions and counsel. His is one of those noble, great-hearted, thoroughly Celtic natures that attracts and warms the hearts of all who meet him. The collection of verse, "The Fighting Race," reveals him as he is, a philosopher, as well as a poet, one who loves his fellowmen and his race, and who glories in the emotions that are an enduring force in the world's progress.

* * *

THE time is approaching when tariff schedules and adjustments must be submitted to the acid test of "fair play," and tariff bills eliminated from political log-rolling. One of the most glaring and unfair phases of the tariff situation is the attitude of the newspapers on the paper tariff. When the Canadian Trust Reciprocity bill was passed, the reduction on paper and pulp went immediately into effect and still remains in effect, while the other reductions based upon Canada's acceptance remain untouched. It is quite natural that newspapers should make an effort to secure their own supplies at the lowest possible price, but this should not be done for the advantage of one industry to the disadvantage of any other. The invested capital of the pulp and paper industries of the country represents more than $400,000,000, with a product of nearly two and three-quarter millions a year. More than seventy-five thousand people find continuous and comparatively well-paid employment and this industry should not be inconsiderately disregarded. As paper manufacturers say, they are not so much concerned as to whether we have protection or free trade, but it does not seem fair that they should be compelled to sell in a free trade market and buy their supplies and material in a protected market. This unfairness is apparent to every one.

The proposition now is to repeal the Reciprocity bill and put a flat duty of two dollars per ton on paper not exceeding four cents per pound. This again shows how the newspapers are considered, as all newspapers come within the limit. Now if the bill were worded to make it two dollars per ton on paper not exceeding eighty dollars per ton, making it specific, there would be protection for all grades of paper instead of furnishing a slight protection on the cheaper grades. The rate of two dollars a ton make it a practical free trade basis for all grades of paper other than newspapers. The whole proposition resolves itself into one of "fair play." If free trade is deemed wise, then make it free on all materials that enter into the making of paper, but if protection is desired for one industry, have it equally and fairly protect all. Paper makers have not asked for special favors and they do not seek to have the government extend to them a consideration which is not enjoyed by every other citizen or business, but



JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE
Poet and playwright, whose book of verse entitled "The Fighting Race," has been a steady and popular seller

there is no industry in which the people are more vitally concerned than that of paper. The great cheapness of newspapers and magazines is only possible because of the low prices of stock, resulting from the development of the paper industry. As one prominent paper manufacturer said, "It seems curious that while protection is the recognized policy of the government, yet the paper industry should not be accorded equal consideration with cotton, woolen, sugar, iron and steel products."

The duty on pulp and paper importations has never been high. It began in 1789 with a duty of seven and one-half per cent ad valorem, which remained practically unchanged until 1862 when the Civil War required an increase of thirty-five per cent ad valorem. In 1883 it was reduced to fifteen per cent ad valorem, which continued until 1897 when the Dingley law lowered the rate. This continued in existence until 1909 when the Payne-Aldrich law became effective and now, after all these years, the situation is still uncertain. If some definite and permanent basis is agreed upon, American industries will have an opportunity to adjust themselves, but from administration to administration the battledore and shuttlecock policy continues.

* * *

NEVER before did I understand the art of printing so thoroughly as after listening, with the many students taking the post-graduate course in printing at the Harvard Summer School, to one of the inimitable lectures of Mr. Herbert L. Baker, of the C. B. Cottrell Company. The progress of modern printing was traced from the eighties.

"Perfected modern printing," said Mr. Baker, "is less than thirty years old. It really dates from the time in the early eighties, when means were found for etching cheaply with acids on metal what the engraver had previously cut slowly and expensively on wood. Quickly followed the 'half-tone' etching, which exactly reproduced the photograph for the first time in history. Then came the bewildering development of color printing and other processes innumerable. Along therewith came new inks, new papers, new machinery, in breath-taking succession. Rotary presses made possible fine illustrated magazines at a popular price, and a national periodical literature was born. With nationally circulated periodicals came nation-wide demand for advertised articles. This made necessary thousands of catalogues showing goods not everywhere in stock. Printing received a tremendous impetus and increased until it now ranks as the sixth great industry. Competition for trade has produced more and more expensive campaigns of advertising with printed matter in enormous editions. Special machinery has been devised to meet all the varying demands for printing and binding, in order to secure higher quality, and at the same time reduce the cost. One printing press concern alone has in its vaults, accumulated during the last twenty-five years, designs and drawings of improved machines which cost more than one and a half million dollars. And every department of printing machinery manufacture can tell similar tales. The process of development is still going on.

"But where to find the men to so manage these marvelous facilities as to get the most out of them and thereby translate them into terms of highest usefulness to humanity?

"Thirty years ago, the implements of printing were few and simple. There were only a few styles of type, only two or three types of presses; but a few varieties of paper and ink; work was mostly by hand, and the whole gamut of facilities and processes simple and easily learned. A boy had plenty of time to learn the entire trade, go into business, learn the business end by hard knocks, and win success before becoming gray. But now—well, a boy has not sufficient time to learn more than one small branch and become a specialist in one department. There is too much to learn for one to grow up through the practical departments of the business into the commercial end with hope of large success.

"And yet the commercial end requires trained men as never before. The growth of great printing and publishing concerns calls insistently for trained men to manage their manufacturing and business departments. They must perforce be bigger and broader men than those who have spent their school years in learning the rudiments of a trade. Here a new profession develops, one requiring just as big men and just as much training as any other profession—an "architect of the printing business," not laying brick or cutting stone, but knowing how to get practical results—a "musician" who knows the possibilities of all the instruments of the printing art and able to direct them into mighty business harmonies.

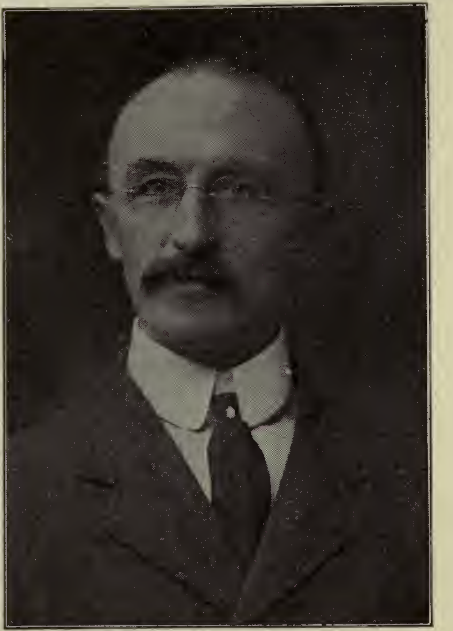
"Harvard College has lately added to its curriculum a course in printing to supply this need. Her printing students must know something of the practical work of printing, how it is done, what machinery is available, what each machine and each process is best fitted for, how to determine costs, how business is conducted, something of modern requirements and a glimmering of the means of supply—in short, a broad survey of the art as a whole, such as is utterly impossible to one whose attention is concentrated on narrow mechanical processes. This special training of minds already developed on broad general lines by a previous college course, will, under Harvard's tutelage, equip young men to enter executive positions on the business side of printing—useful assistants to owners and managers, with no limit to what they may achieve with the right energy and ambition."

No lectures have attracted more widespread attention to vocational work at Harvard College as those delivered by Mr. Baker, who is one of the best known printing experts in the country and knows every phase of the printing business, from the country printing office to the metropolitan daily or magazine. When the young men of the country can have the experiences of such experts as Mr. Baker clearly elucidated, it presages a future of more progress in the various trades and vocations.

* * *

OPTIMISM is a quality to be cherished; it is an oasis in the desert of worry and despair. The voice of the Optimist, heard above the numerous cries of discouragement, even hopelessness, over the outlook in the American cattle-raising industry, is, therefore, something to pause and listen to, giving heed and thought and grasping the cheer and logic to pass along.

Many are deploring the reduced production of cattle and the causes leading thereto; the conversion of the Western range territory into farming land, known to be the principal cause of cattle shortage, is regarded as a permanent detriment to the American cattle industry; the farmers have ceased raising live stock to any extent, and all things point to a dreary future for cattle-producing in the United States.


HERBERT L. BAKER
One of the best known printing experts in the country

That these misgivings are based on actual conditions holding little encouragement for an immediate relief of the cattle shortage is generally conceded. Twenty to thirty per cent of the ranches in the West have ceased producing cattle; farmers of the country, particularly in the corn belt, have discontinued raising live stock, resulting in a loss to the cattle market and a diminution of soil fertility, and cattle-raising by many is believed to have lost its importance as an industry.

What is to be the future of the cattle market, if this shrinkage in production continues? Where are we to get cattle to supply the demand for beef? are questions asked with lugubrious earnestness in all markets for weeks past.

Now comes the Optimist—one who has sat quietly by and watched conditions, who has studied all details of the present and prospects for the future before raising his voice in fear. He now bids his fellow cattle men see the proverbial silver lining to the cloud and cheer up. He does not deny that the cloud may continue for some little time to obscure the brightness of a sky of cattle-raising prosperity, but gradually, he predicts, that cloud will fade away and the silver lining will burst forth in all its glory.

And the time is not far distant, the Optimist believes, when the farmer of the West will be raising live stock, when a good many Western settlers will have revived cattle-raising on their smaller ranges, when live stock producing will have been resumed by farmers generally, even in the corn-growing states where this activity has passed into the limbo of almost forgotten things, and when the live stock industry that was a thing of pride to the country a few years ago will be lifted to its former affluence.

That there will soon be an awakening in the live stock industry of the United States is the prediction voiced by a number of Western cattle men who have recently come to Chicago after traveling over various sections of the country where in former years live stock was plentifully raised. The near future holds bright prospects for the live stock market, but in the popular vernacular, there is a "string" tied to this welcome prediction. The sentiment in favor of live stock raising, now growing among Western settlers and farmers throughout the country, must be encouraged; these settlers and farmers must be shown the profit there is in live stock raising from the net receipts at market, as well as from the fertilization of soil to be derived from raising live stock on the farm; they must be educated to know that they are doing themselves and the country a great injustice in not producing live stock and, therefore, lessening the richness of their farms and ultimately paying higher prices for beef and food products.

Without pressure being brought to bear on them, the interest of these farmers and settlers in live stock, now in its formative state, may not develop, and it is up to the live stock exchanges and agricultural colleges, as well as individuals and industrial concerns to promote this interest to the fullest extent. The prediction has been made that the profit in live stock raising has been seen and will be grasped by all agriculturists of the country.

In the southwest, only a few years ago, was located the famous breeding ground. The shipments to the grazing fields of the Northwest from this territory averaged from 500,000 to 700,000 cattle annually. This season no more than 50,000 head were shipped from this territory. Most of this land has been converted into farms, and much of it has been sold and now is under cultivation. The farmers have been successful, in a moderate way, in raising grain, fruits and vegetables, yet they realize the necessity of raising live stock on their farms to maintain fertility. Remembering the fame of this area for cattle-producing, they are said to be planning a revival of the cattle industry.

George Findlay, manager of a land syndicate that disposed of two million acres of land in this territory, is confident that in a few years we shall see much cattle produced by farmers of the former great Southwestern breeding ground.

"These farmers, the smallest of them, eventually will come to raising cattle," said Mr. Findlay. "Already they are talking about reviving the cattle industry of that territory. Of course, cattle-raising would take on a very different aspect from what it was. Then we had the wide open area, the vast, unbroken range; now we shall have the small farm or range, enclosed, each with its lot of cattle.

"The farmers there are a practical lot and know that soil fertility is the most important asset in their success; and they realize that in cattle-raising they will add to the fertility of their farms and at the same time make a nice profit in marketing the developed steer."

That the entire West will witness in a

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few years a revival of cattle-raising as of old, but in a different way, is the theory of E. F. Bacon, live stock agent of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

"I have studied the cattle-raising prospects in the West pretty thoroughly," said Mr. Bacon, "and I am convinced that in a few years every farmer and settler out there will be contrbiuting his share to the cattle markets. They are all coming to it. They know they can realize profit from cattle at the market and that they are improving their land all the time they are raising live stock."

John W. Moore, a veteran live stock commission man at the Chicago stock yards, who knows the West well, has great faith in the future of cattle production in this country.

"We are passing through a period of transition," he said. "The time is coming when there will be plenty of cattle. The farmers are going to devote their energies to the propagation of live stock. We shall have greater fertility and better times. In time we shall gather ourselves together and produce more live stock and retrieve the losses now being suffered. This is bound to come because the farmer is assured of good price for his cattle. The cattle-raiser must be convinced that he will profit by expanding his operations."

* * *

WHAT fascinating pages of history are revealed at the reunions of the old soldiers as they meet to hear and see and clasp the hands of the veterans who established the imperishable valor of American citizen soldiery.

At Kingston, New York, recently, occurred the annual reunion of the One Hundred and Twentieth New York State Volunteers. At this quaint, historic old Dutch town where the first Senate of the state of New York met in an old stone building, still standing, the regiment was mustered in.

Just fifty years had passed and it was the same kind of an August day as when those young, beardless boys marched off on their way to war under the leadership of Colonel George H. Sharpe.

MAJOR JAMES H. EVERETT, OF KINGSTON, NEW YORK
Who had charge of the annual reunion of the One Hundred and Twentieth New York State Volunteers

As the old soldiers gathered on the Senate House grounds under the command of Major J. H. Everett, who had charge of the celebration, as president of the Regimental Union, they mustered ninety-three out of the nine hundred and forty-one who responded to the roll-call on that memorable day fifty years ago.

A group picture was taken at the site of the regimental monument on the old Dutch church grounds. When the exer-

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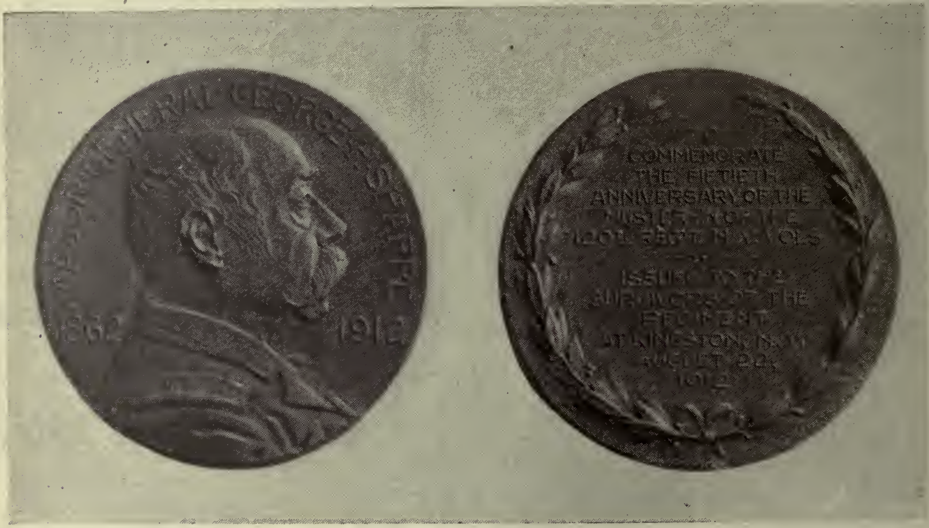
cises began, General Sickles, in whose corps the One Hundred and Twentieth Regiment served, was helped to the rostrum as the band played "Hail to the Chief" amid the cheers of the men who had fought under him at Gettysburg. The exercises were most impressive, and every feature of a high order. There was none of the palsy of age in that gathering. The old spirit was there, and "the boys" had a vigor and a vitality that might put their sons to shame. The whole occasion was full of patriotic fervor, and the old flag floating above the tree tops seemed more gloriously bright and precious than ever under the glowing sky.

The exercises began at two o'clock, after the old comrades and their wives had banqueted together at the tables set for two hundred, with a menu that little resembled their ancient war rations. The One Hundred and Twentieth Regiment lost many of its men in the Southern prisons, and a touching tribute was paid to these heroes, as well as to those who had fallen by chance of war, or the ravages of disease and exposure. There was no bitterness in any of the exercises, and a spirit of good will pervaded the large audience that gathered in honor of the boys of "Sixty-two." Handsome bronze medals, commemorative of the occasion, were presented to each of the survivors by the family of General Sharpe, and distributed by little Miss Katherine Sharpe, the only grandchild of the General.

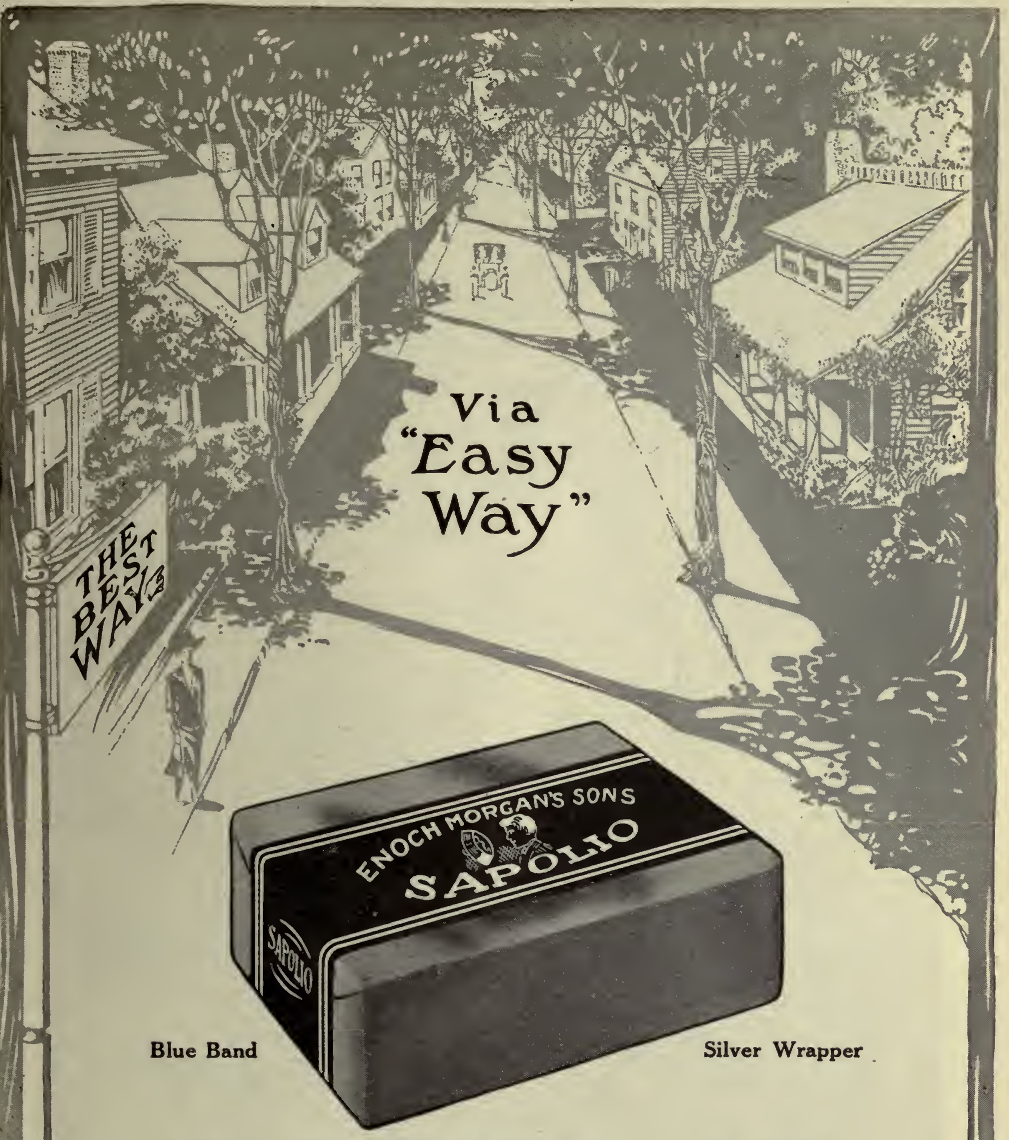
In his own happy and earnest way, with the old initiative force and heartiness of the time when he returned as Captain of Company K, Major J. H. Everett made the reunion a complete success and memorable in the history of his regiment and country. The songs of half a century ago served to revive the thrill of patriotic fervor that actuated the boys when they first marched away and kept time to the martial shrill and roll of the fife and drum.



MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE 120TH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS BY THE FAMILY OF GENERAL GEORGE H. SHARPE

There were many guests, but the hero of the occasion was the old corps commander who, despite his eighty-seven years, saluted and greeted his veteran soldiers in the old jaunty and dauntless air which had made him the pride of his corps and always beloved by his men. His reminiscences of old days and of his intimate personal relations with Lincoln were listened to with breathless interest.

Historic Kingston records in the fiftieth anniversary of the One Hundred and Twentieth New York Regiment of Infantry a page forever memorable in local and state history.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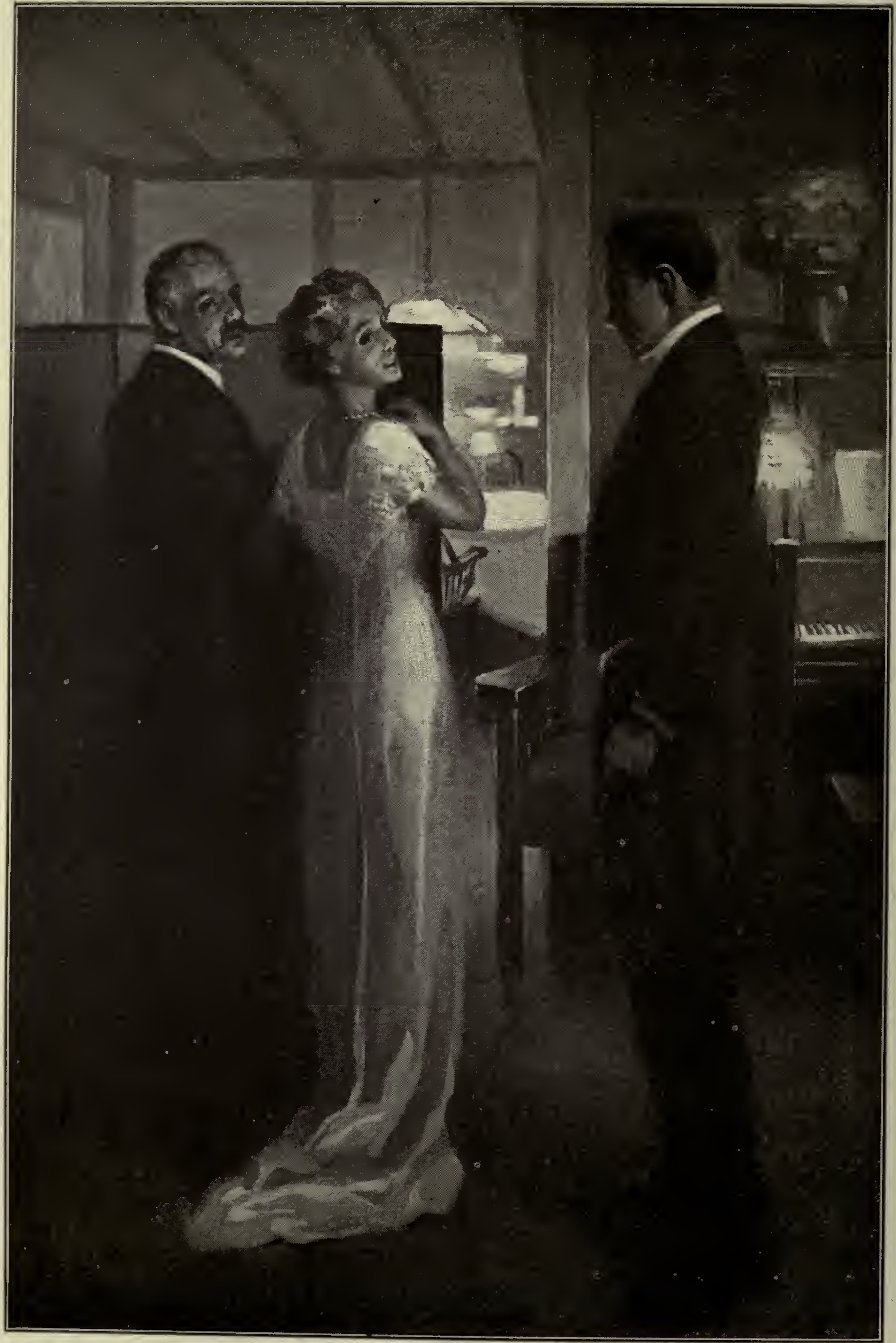
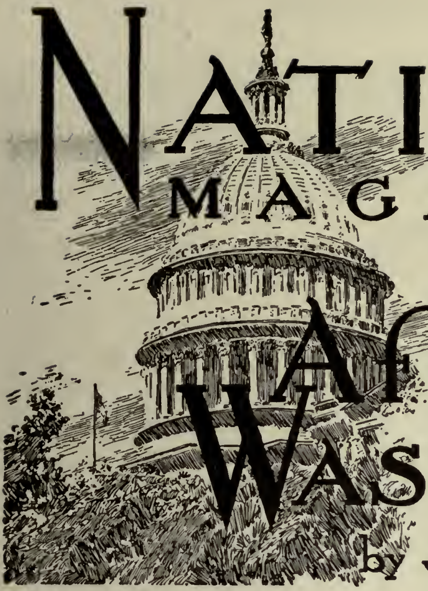


She tucked her hand into Danny's arm and led the way to the dining room. "I'm afraid," she called over her shoulder to her husband, "that the Countess is going to disappoint us"

("Two and a Pocket Handkerchief," page 561)

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1912



Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE first flurry of snow gently falling on Pennsylvania Avenue finds Congress assembling. The opening days of the session are mellowed by the approach of the holidays. There is a sort of tenderness in the farewells between the Congressmen who go back to "the loved ones at home" and the "newly-elected" of November, who are usually hastening to Washington early to prepare for taking their seats next December, unless they are called for an extra session.

The early days of the fall session have the President's message as a headliner, but are chiefly utilized as the "getting acquainted" period. Public men meet in the corridors of the White House and at the various departments and just talk matters over.

Senators gather in groups and take a side glance at the weather map as they walk to the marble room to meet their constituent guests. Congressmen pre-empt their favorite locations in the cloak-room. The country is outgrowing the tremors of the Presidential campaign, and insists on going right along and attending to its business, no matter what is exploding in the hearings and investigations under and around the dome on the hill.

* * * * *

AUTOMOBILE jaunting cars have again started in the Capitol tunnel. The hearings are continued and the gossips are busy as hidden and mysterious facts are revealed. Round trips in the subway, between the senate office buildings and the capitol and the congressional hearings, are becoming a distinctive phase of legislative work. The new office buildings are hives of business-like industry. The Congressman now goes forth to his work just as a business or professional man tackles his job. His office hours are as well observed as those of a hotel physician. His name is bravely engraved in brass on the door, with the modest and democratic title "Mr.," and the state from which he hails is placed before his name if on the House side, but the name alone if on the Senate side, where dignity impels simplicity.

At the White House the executive corps continue the "grind" and at the Capitol the judiciary file in and out day after day, after digesting law and facts, and analyzing and re-analyzing the words and phrases of the Constitution, which Gladstone called one of the greatest documents of the kind ever prepared. At least, the Supreme Court finds itself busy enough, dealing with problems pertaining to Constitutional law.

And the three co-ordinate branches of government are once more officially co-ordinating.

* * * * *

FOLLOWING a close canvass of the new Senate and House, the lament was heard that the art of oratory is fast falling into disuse. William Bourke Cockran of New York, with his flow of language, superb voice and vivid imagination, is pointed out as the last great orator of the House. There are very few now who are able to extort applause from hostile auditors as in the old days, but there are new ways of obtaining results. There are still men in the House who could deliver old-time orations, but they have long since realized that the telegraph and telephone, to say nothing of the dictaphone and typewriter, compel matter-of-fact and plain speaking in order to escape the hazard of ridicule and better still to obtain results.

* * * * *

THE one great New York holiday of the year was the review of the American fleet. One hundred and twenty-seven warships of the United States navy assembling in one harbor and aggregating nearly three-quarter of a million of tons was an impressive sight. All Broadway and many of the streets of New York were dotted with uniforms of the "Jackies" and marines who were ashore for a holiday, preparatory to this great review. The cruiser "Baltimore," which saw active service at Manila in the Spanish-American War, was the veteran war-boat, although built only in the eighties. The dreadnoughts, Utah and Florida, the most formidable vessels in American seas, were the pride of Rear-Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, Commander-in-chief of the fleet. The President reviewed the impressive column of steaming ironclads from the Mayflower, and the salutes in his honor are said to have been nearly continuous for two long hours.

* * * * *

WHEN I saw "Little Bobs," Lord Roberts, riding in the Coronation procession, he did not look his four-score years. Sixty-one summers have passed since he donned the uniform of an English soldier in the service of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. There is something in the hero of Pretoria that appeals to the English people, and the world at large. Although small in stature, Lord Roberts always insists upon riding a big horse, and has been styled by Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany "the ablest soldier of his times." In these piping times of peace he enjoys hunting or bicycling throughout the Ascot countryside, keeps in touch with the current events at his Club and is always greatly interested in American affairs. "Little Bobs" has declared that General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, is his beau ideal of a soldier. The little English General was born at Cawnpore, British India, during the reign of William IV, and was a lieutenant-general in Burma in 1886. His field marshal's commission bears the date of May 25, 1895. During the Boer War, against the advice of King Edward and Sir Campbell-Bannerman he resigned his post as chairman of the Imperial Defense Committee to go to the front in Africa and despite his age added further lustre to his fame as a soldier in the field. With a keen sense of humor, Lord Roberts keeps in the forefront in public life, without treading on partisan toes. He has written an autobiography dedicated to his wife. On his wedding tour the young Indian officer was commanded by Queen Victoria herself to present himself at Buckingham Palace to receive the coveted Victoria Cross and the events of his long service mentioned in his book cover comprehensively the most eventful military incidents of recent English history.

* * *

A PERNICIOUS habit of tacking riders on to appropriation bills is becoming intolerable. Publishers have awakened to find themselves harassed by the last shot of some retiring statesman in a rider on an appropriation bill which in effect becomes a law. Other business interests found that in spite of the evidence at hearings, bills are prepared and passed to secure popularity and "log roll." The proposition of President Taft to create a budget of public appropriations prepared on a business-like basis, the same as in other countries, is meeting with popular favor. It will eliminate considerable log-rolling, and give at least a business appearance to Uncle Sam's commercial operations.

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MR. CONSTANTIN BRUN
The new minister from Denmark, succeeding Count Moltke

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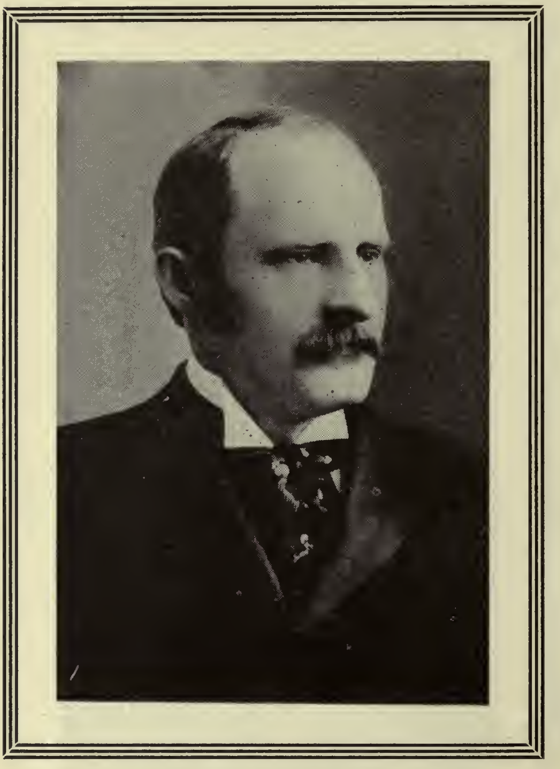
THE old picture of the pig in the cottage of the Irish laborer is fast becoming a mere cartoon of bygone conditions. Up to this year the government has built in the Emerald Isle nearly 40,000 cottages for laborers with 4,500 more in the process of construction. These cottages were built on loans amounting to nearly $40,000,000. In the County of Munster alone more than sixteen thousand cottages were built—modern cottages too, each of which was surrounded by one-half an acre plot of land. These are let to the laborers from twenty-four cents to thirty-six cents per week or $18.72 annually. This does not quite pay the interest on the loans, but the balance is generously paid for out of the tax rates. The idea is to encourage in every possible way the development and prosperity of those who are earning their livelihood from the soil, and to make good homes possible first on the same theory that a lumber camp or a railroad contractor or the Panama Canal construction must first consider the housing and living conditions of the workers.

If development continues at the present rate, there will be records of increased, improved and cultivated acreage in Ireland that will amaze even some of the growing, thriving states of the West. The experiment of the British government in Ireland is being watched with keen interest not only by other European nations but by far-sighted men in the United States, who realize that the welfare of those who till the soil is of paramount importance.



HON. JEFFERSON M. LEVY
Representative of the famous "Thirteenth District" of New York and the owner of "Monticello," the home of Thomas Jefferson

* * *

EVERY trade or profession is affected when black sheep are exposed. The wrongdoing of even one individual forms a cudgel for enemies against the men of the cloth or a profession. A lawyer, doctor, or editor goes wrong and his brothers feel it keenly. The finger of scorn against a trade or vocation is raised. In the horror over the detail of the New York case, we are apt to overlook the efficient service of thousands of policemen, who do not go wrong. Whatever may be said of the police of New York and other American cities in regard to "graft," their service to the public on congested thoroughfares, in protecting the people from reckless drivers, chauffeurs and motormen, is more acceptable than that of the London "Bobby," standing calmly in the centre of the "contending forces" of London, directing the storm of traffic as Neptune was said to control the waves, feeling more the importance of his position than the safety of the people. Officials at Scotland Yard, the centre of police operations, around which the detective stories cluster, blame the government, which they say fails to provide enough men for the extra service. One outspoken individual said that he saw no hopes "until a peer was killed" when action might be taken to protect the lives of untitled and commonplace pedestrians. The attack on Colonel Roosevelt calls attention to the fact that not all public officers, but individuals for public office, must be afforded secure police protection in a republic reeking with the passions of a political campaign.

* * * * *

IF there ever was a public man who devotedly reveres the name of Thomas Jefferson, it is Hon. Jefferson M. Levy, who represents the historic old Thirteenth District of New York, where his father and his uncle, Commodore Uriah P. Levy, were famous before him. Through a patriotic impulse and at the suggestion of Andrew Jackson, Commodore Levy purchased the birthplace of Thomas Jefferson, patron saint of the Democratic party, which has now passed on to Congressman Levy, and during the session of Congress he slips away from Washington to this quiet spot with a house party of friends. Some time he hopes to have this old farmhouse in Virginia made an appropriate shrine for the gathering of admirers of the immortal Jefferson. Mr. Levy has a most interesting collection of Jefferson mementoes and insists that the real appreciation of Jefferson's genius will become more marked in the next decade than has ever been known in our history.

WEST VIEW OF MONTICELLO, THE HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON
As restored by Commodore Uriah Phillips Levy and the present owner, Congressman Jefferson M. Levy. On the right side, with settee at foot, is Jefferson's favorite beech tree

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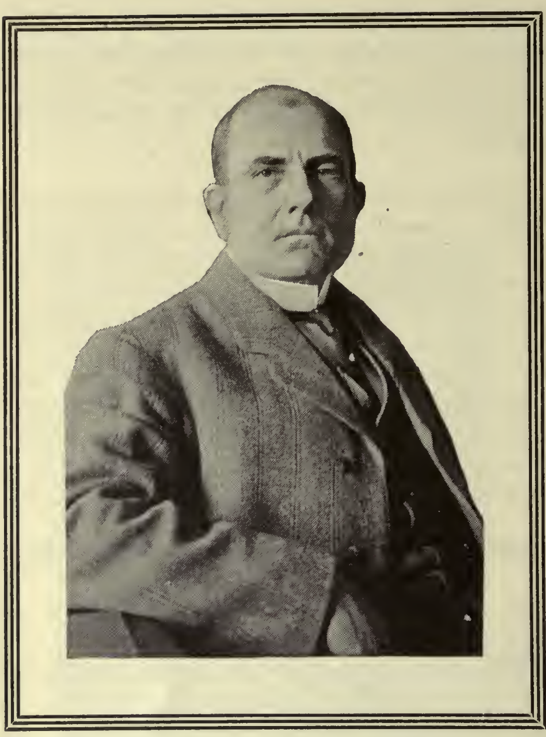
WHILE looking about in the office of the Commissary-General at Washington, a glimpse of the emergency ration provided for a soldier for twenty-four hours made me think of living on the tabloid plan. A tiny can no larger than a piece of kitchen soap contains the three meals, with the dinner (weighed on the apothecary's scales) tipping the scales at two and two-thirds ounces. In this way 90,000 hungry soldiers can be fed for a day.

Chocolate is the chief ingredient used in making up this food. This will be welcome news to the young lady with the chocolate appetite, who cannot resist stopping at every soda fountain for "hot chocolate" in the winter time. She now has the proof that the beverage is a real food and not altogether a luxury. Experiments with army rations are watched with interest by campers, hunters, explorers who take long trips into isolated places, and even by aviators.

The Japanese emergency ration is a can weighing thirteen and one-half ounces, containing meat preserved in the juice in which it was cooked. Another contains a square bundle in which three little cheese-cloth bags hold one-seventh of a quarter of rice dried, steamed and crushed and a little cube of salt. The German horses and army mules carry along their kit, containing thirteen pounds of oats and three and one-third pounds each of hay and straw for a day's rations, in tabloid form. The English are preparing a mixture of carrots, fresh raw meat, currants, sugar and cocoa-leaf, for their horses.



MAJOR HENRY LEONARD, U. S. M. C.

A worker in practical economics for military men. His plan to conduct a chain of co-operative stores along the line of the army and navy stores in London has the support of many military leaders

Some enthusiastic people declare that the general health of the country and the problem of the high cost of living might be readily met if we would only realize the uses and necessities of the emergency rations upon which Uncle Sam's soldier boys are compelled at times to live. But as yet the inventive genius who has boiled down a full-course dinner into a bite goes obscure and unheralded.

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AFTER experiencing another presidential campaign, Speaker Champ Clark has confessed that a sense of humor seems to be more hurtful than helpful to a man in public life. The successful nominee in Baltimore, Dr. Wilson, has never had a reputation for humor. Champ Clark possesses this "sense," which is called the American's saving grace, and he simply can't resist being humorous. His speeches are often inspired with the old-time fervor and he emits oratorical pyrotechnics even as Vesuvius on a rampage pours out lava.

WASHINGTON

RECEPTION ROOM IN CHAMP CLARK'S WASHINGTON HOME
The simplicity of the furnishings is characteristic of the Speaker

Speaker Clark is sometimes called the best beloved figure in public life. He is just one of the common people, and if he had been elected President he promised to drive down Pennsylvania Avenue with a span of Missouri mules. If there is any disappointment over the nomination, the Speaker has carefully kept it to himself. Born in old Kentucky, he has the real old-fashioned, patriotic spirit of the border that thrilled the blood of his ancestors, and his generosity toward his opponent has made him universally admired. In his public as well as his private life he has shown that hearty humaneness of the sort that led him years ago when an obscure prosecuting attorney, to free twenty-five young men in Pike County, who were tried before him, instead of sending them to the penitentiary. At the time he was severely criticized, but the records of these twenty-five young men are today a glory to Champ Clark's name and fame, to which even a presidency could add no lustre.

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A NEW joke has travelled all the way from Panama. President Taft and Colonel Goethals were standing on the summit of the great Gatun Dam and the Colonel was telling the President that the date of opening might possibly be in 1913 instead of the official date announced, January 1, 1915. The President, who has been personally acquainted with the details of the Panama Canal from its conception, expressed his surprise at the immensity of the dam. The special train carrying the President required three hours to get over the tracks overrunning the great fill.

"Why," exclaimed the President, "this is a mountain, not a dam."

"Well, we thought so at times," modestly replied the Colonel, "but we have never forgotten that it was a 'dam' big mountain that had to be moved just the same."

The Canal has assumed the appearance of a real waterway and makes a very different impression on the visitor now, from that produced on earlier tourists who traveled over the prism of the Canal and wondered where in the world it was going to be, not realizing that the workers were creating lakes as well as locks and ditches. Despite the heavy landslides of the rainy season, and the troublesome slopes of the mountain-cut at Culebra there is a feeling prevalent that before the close of 1913 Colonel Goethals will be able to present to Uncle Sam the completed inter-ocean Canal as a Christmas present.

* * * * *

BUMPER crops in Russia as well as in this country reveal also the natural effects of a damning prosperity. In the St. James the other day I met a tourist recently returned from Russia who gave some interesting sidelights on the conditions he had met in his travels: "There are farmers who won't drink out of the same cup, eat at the same table, live in the same village or hardly mingle peaceably with each other," he said. "There are Jews and Chinese who are as used to persecution and massacre as eels are used to skinning; Mohammedans who hate all Christians not of their fold; and there are other strange tribes whose peculiarities are hereditary and almost archaic beyond computation. There are tyrannies and abuses enough in Russia, but were these ever abated there would still remain tribal religious and local prejudices that will long prevent rapid development."

The harvests of Russia, he believed, indicate a season of plenty in that famine and plague devastated country. Government reports show that she has 749,947,000 bushels of wheat against the United States crop of 310,866,000 bushels of barley, 1,032,605,000 bushels of oats and 61,908,000 bushels of corn. That the Russian government has done much during the last decade to improve farming methods and to prevent poverty and suffering was declared by the American visitor. "And it has about as difficult and obstinate a mixed crowd to teach," he added, "as were ever got together into one place since the general misunderstanding at the Tower of Babel."

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THERE is a gleam of humor pervading nearly all human activities if you just watch for it. My friend from Italy is a fruit vender. He is as much a fixture on one of the prominent corners in Washington as any statue in the park. The corner would seem incomplete without his figure. He wears a perpetual smile and always has a friendly greeting for each of his many friends as he stands there day after day brushing up his fruit—always busy. When the Senators and Congressmen, Supreme Court Justices and men famous in public life pass his way, he receives many a kind word, complimenting the manner in which he handles his fruit—and there is a pleasure in hearing his hearty "gracios, signor!"

Like all enterprising merchants he has his sorrows. The boys insist on coming around the stand and handling the fruit, fingering it, turning it over and pinching it "to see whether it's ripe," and thumping the melons hard. This conflicted with Antonio's ideals of sanitation and neatness, and one day we were astonished to find a sign over his stand which told the story very succinctly. It read, "If you must pincha fruit, pincha de cocoanut." And the cocoanut was well in front. Several urchins stood scratching their heads as they re-read the scribbled words, wondering if "cocoanut" in this instance was to be taken in a Pickwickian sense.

MISS EMILY BEATTY
The daughter of the Commander of the Navy Yard. Miss Beatty made her debut last season and is especially popular in naval circles

* * *

NOW that the acrimonies of the presidential campaign have passed away, the files of recent newspapers show the cross-fire of campaign speeches. Except in rare instances the newspapers were not pronounced in aggressive attacks, and although some cynics would deplore the yellowness of Twentieth Century journalism, yet the old newspaper files of Washington's days reveal a political virulence that surpasses our most ochre-hued newspapers. One notable paper denounced Washington as "a faithless, unprincipled and aristocratic moderatist who would offer the liberties of his fellow-citizens on the altar of administration; and the sacred obligations of their country on the altar of treachery and dishonor." Compared to this, our campaign speeches are only echoes. Other writers insisted that the American nation had been debauched by Washington, and another speaker exclaims in ironical tones, "Let his conduct, then, be an example to future ages and let it serve as a warning."

His prophecy was true, for Washington certainly "was an example to future ages," and posterity has answered the hypercritics of those days when the father of his country was charged with political hypocrisy, as such critics of today will hereafter be judged. President Washington replied in a dignified manner, "I have a consolation within me of which no earthly effort can deprive me, and that is that neither ambition nor interested motives have influenced my conduct. The arrow of malevolence, however barbed and pointed, can never reach my most vulnerable part."

Hostile newspapers in those days referred to John Adams as a "hoary traitor" and as having "only completed the scene of ignominy which Mr. Washington had begun."

It is well that all these outbursts of passion and bitterness are eliminated when history is written. The unfair and unjust attacks made upon a president or presidential candidate seldom live in history and only reveal the bad temper and malevolence of the moment whose venom becomes ridiculous as time blunts its barbs of hatred.

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AN old soldier who is a familiar figure about War Department headquarters was found the other morning deep in an electrical magazine. "Well, Uncle," said a smart young clerk on his way through the corridor, "what's on the wire today?"

"Just the prophecy that all may live to be ninety years old," replied the old fellow testily," with the usual 'if' since Methuselah broke the age limit."

Recent developments in the curative employment of electricity before the New York Electrical Society by Dr. William Snow has revealed great success with the röntgen ray in the diagnosis and treatment of hitherto almost incurable conditions. The electrical expert said that deafness was hastened by blood pressure which could be controlled and lessened by electrical treatment and cases were detailed in which he had been able to reduce blood pressure, the one unfavorable symptom that is now looked upon with keen apprehension by life insurance examiners. Apoplexy, Bright's disease, hardening of the arteries and other ailments due to blood pressure, can be averted in a simple way, and the traditional allotment of human existence easily increased from seventy to ninety. The story of average mortality as portrayed through records of medical examinations for life insurance, shows how this and that phase is considered all important today. Existence of abnormal blood pressure is looked upon as a symptom of paramount importance.

One grim newspaper cynic has it that Noah was six hundred years old before he began to build the ark, and he knew how. The world has been dreaming of longevity ever since, but in these exhilarating days the blood pressure and the condition of the plumbing of the human anatomy is of preeminent importance.

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PLEASANT recollections of the Coronation of King Edward were recalled in seeing Mr. Joseph H. Choate, former American Ambassador to England, on Broadway in New York. Although past four-score years, he still takes that keen and lively interest in affairs which made his public career so successful. He is the personification of Browning's lines,

> "Grow old along with me,
> The best is yet to be—
> The last of life, for which the first is made."

During his term as ambassador in England, his addresses attracted worldwide attention, and those on Lincoln and President McKinley may well be accounted classics. When one realizes the ease and grace with which these addresses were made, there is no longer wonder that Ambassador Choate charmed our British cousins. He has received honorary degrees without number, starting with Harvard and including institutions of learning in all

HON. JOSEPH H. CHOATE
Formerly Ambassador to England. At the age of eighty he is "the grand old man" of American diplomacy

parts of the world, but the best fruitage of his busy life is revealed in eleven masterly essays delivered while in England.

In his address on Abraham Lincoln, he pointed out how "no man in public life was ever subjected to greater abuse than Abraham Lincoln," and in the Congressional Library in Washington there is a room filled with cartoons, songs, verses and stories of this character.

There never was a time in all his public career when the humor of Joseph H. Choate did not fairly gleam. On January 24th he will reach his eighty-first mile-stone and all that come within the radiance of his personality will feel like extending to the "grand old man of the American bar" hearty congratulations on that day.

WHILE visiting the site of the old home of Charles Sumner in Washington I was reminded that during the six weeks' vacation allotted him by the adjournment of Congress, in the late sixties, the Massachusetts Senator created the name "Alaska." He gathered together information of every kind for his great speech in the Senate and had become immersed in the story of the peninsula of the Arctics.

He wrote to Mr. John Bright and insisted that he "was controlled less by a desire for more territory than by a sense of the amity of Russia, manifested at the time of the Civil War and by an unwillingness to miss the opportunity of dismissing another European sovereign from our continent, predestined, as he believed, to become the broad, undivided home of the American people."

He pictured "Alaska" as he christened it, "without form and without light, without activity and without progress, the life being solitary and feeble." He estimated the number of Russians and half-breeds at about 2,500; the number of aborigines within the jurisdiction of the fur company at about eight thousand; and those outside between forty and fifty thousand, most of them being like our Indians. How little Sumner realized that this same Alaska purchased more as a price of peace would become the great bone of contention in undeveloped America in less than fifty years and the center of a "conservation storm." He insisted that "this treaty must not be a precedent for a system of indiscriminate and costly annexation." In reading carefully the incidents of those days one can discover the same bitter feuds that characterizes our present political life.

Great issues and great questions are evolved out of what begins merely as a personal quarrel between two prominent men. The friends of these men soon take sides, the feeling deepens and becomes more bitter, and before we are aware of it a War of the Roses is declared and the country itself is involved in factional strife, within parties, without parties, all along the line.

* * * * *

IT is interesting in these days to scan the price list of the Commissary Department of the Panama Canal. Our mouths water at the quotation of thirty-five cents for watermelons in the tropics, shipped from the South. There is venison for stews at six cents a pound; mutton cutlets at eighteen cents, cheaper than in Boston, and porterhouse steak at twenty cents a pound, to say nothing of butter at thirty-eight cents and sugar cured hams at twenty cents. No wonder the good housewives on the Isthmus are not worried when they can go shopping with commissary books, and have not even the trouble of waiting for change.

Doctor Rubner, of the University of Berlin, lecturing before the Hygienic Congress at Washington, said that cooking is a lost art among modern women, but is the big factor the world over in the problem of the high cost of living. He considers it one of the greatest problems confronting mankind, and insists that every large city should have a department clothed with plenary powers for supervising cooking as a matter of human welfare. It would pave the way for avoiding other extravagances of good food spoiled in cooking, or cooked so that insufficient nourishment is retained.

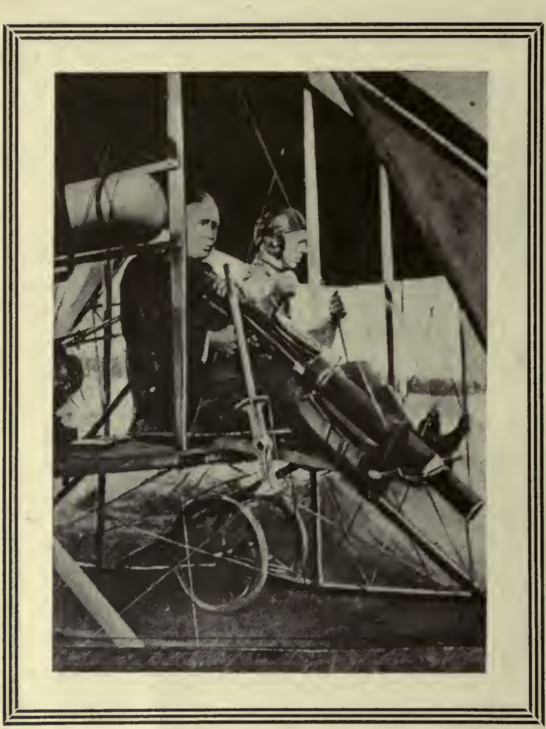
At this same Congress many old theories were exploded. Doctor Woods Hutchinson of New York says that "early to bed and early to rise" and going to bed with the hens is all right; but who wants to be a hen? If you go to

RACING IN THE NEW FLYING BOAT

Upper: Two flying boats and one standard aeroplane jockeying for position at the start of the race. *Middle:* Going at the rate of sixty miles an hour on the water. *Lower:* The finish of the race, in which the flying boat leads. Mr. Glenn Curtiss is in the first flying boat, Mr. Lincoln Beachey in the second and Mr. Francis Wildman is third in the standard hydro-aeroplane

bed with the hens, you will have the brain of a hen. This saying was but one of a continuous reversion of old ideas. It was stated that a child's faculty for play is God-given, and so is his hatred of school. "The child is father to the man" means that the child is older than the parent, racially speaking, for his primal instincts have been growing for eight or nine million years.

One suggestion was in favor of legislation that would make it compulsory for all women over eighteen years of age to receive instruction in caring for children. Dr. H. L. U. Shaw of Albany discussed the work of St. Margaret's Home for Foundlings in that city. He said the death rate of children had



OPERATING THE NEW AEROPLANE GUN
With this wonderful achievement of modern firearms, targets are riddled while flying sixty miles an hour

been reduced from forty-two to fifteen per cent where instruction had been given. One of the interesting speakers present was Dr. Simon Flexner, the wizard of the Rockefeller Institute, who discovered the anti-meningitis serum.

No one could look upon that gathering of medical men and not feel proud of the American physicians of today. Today doctors are employed to keep people well rather than to take care of them when ill. It may not seem customary or profitable, but that is the logical result of advance and progress in medical science.

One prominent Senator goes to see a physician every month on general principles. He is looked over and examined while there is a healthful twinkle in his eye, and he insists that an examination under normal conditions gets closer to Nature, which, if let alone and not interfered with, will solve many of the mysteries which centuries of research have failed to reveal, and effect cures which formerly have been credited to the magic of pills and potions, fads and fancies.

* * * * *

AMID one's memories of political conventions the old-fashioned state conventions always stand out prominently. The last Republican state convention of the Empire State, held at Saratoga, carried one back in memory to stirring days of New York politics when Roscoe Conkling and Thurlow Weed were in their prime. Saratoga has long been popular as the "Convention City," and a convention hall has been provided. The center of activity was at the historic United States Hotel, with its towering pillars surrounding the court-yard in which lofty elms grow, shading the rooms, called "cottages" instead of suites. Around the verandas of the hotel were plastered huge photographs of candidates, until it looked as if a bankrupt or fire sale was in progress—a sad-looking sequel to a lively summer season. The great, high ceilings and wide rooms of this famous old hostlery have witnessed many gay and fashionable gatherings. Here it was that the famous Saratoga trunk was first used, for holding loads of fine clothes to be displayed in the rooms and on the verandas while society was having its holiday.

For the first time in the history of political conventions the committee on

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MISS ALICE O'GORMAN
The daughter of Senator O'Gorman of New York, and one of the new favorites in the Congressional set

resolutions held an open meeting. They gathered in the parlor of the hotel. Senator White as chairman called for suggestions. There were brief, snappy discussions, and a member of the Civil Service caused a smile by declaring that he liked his job and wanted to keep it. He told about the forty years which he had given to the service of the state, and he believed that some provision should be made for him as a clerk, in old age. Among the committee present were Senator Elihu Root, Wm. Barnes, Jr., and Senator Stevens. The sub-committee meeting lasted all night where nine good men and true met in one of the "cottages" and proceeded to whip the platform into shape for the Convention on the following day. Editor John Sleicher of *Leslie's Weekly* was the Secretary of the Committee and happy, despite the avalanche of work thrust upon him. Public meetings for committees was a departure from the old-time procedure in response to progressive demands, but in the last analysis a few leaders were called upon to formulate and crystalize individual suggestions for the platform in the good old way, showing that even political platforms require craftsmanship and "know how."

MISS MARIE LOWE
A talented young actress who has been visiting in Washington

* * *

THE fact that silver has slowly but surely appreciated in price has not been unmarked by financiers and operators. The higher cost of living which some say is due to the great increase in gold productions is ever enlarging the demand for that enormous flood of small silver and copper which is the real basis of the business of the world. An increase of ten cents in the cost of the daily ration of food and clothing for each member of the population of the United States means the need of at least nine million dollars more of fractional currency, and the number of people that is largely increasing the daily expenditure has been greatly augmented in a decade. The jolly farmer goes merrily on getting better prices for his products and lands and investing his small change in city and state bonds.

Steamship, railroad and telegraphic lines have extended into the most remote and little known quarters of the world; trade and commerce have supplanted barter and it is only too evident that the consumption of silver money and nickel and copper tokens must soon break all previous records. A remembrance of Mr. Bryan's silver campaign of 1896 recalls the fact that gold and paper can never take the place of the humble metal for the reason that the natural desire of men of small means is to have money that can be expended anywhere without waiting for change. The average man seldom can hold a gold piece or a large bill for any appreciable period.

There are national and tribal traditions and customs that will for many years to come give silver and copper the preference as a circulating medium. This is the case in at least three great continents, Asia, Africa and South

America, where the growth of population and the development of trade are increasing at a phenomenal rate.

Much of this increase is supplied by European mints which have purchased sterling silver at fifty-five to sixty cents per ounce, charge a good profit to foreign purchases and like them pay it out to their own people on a basis of $1.29 per ounce, a very handsome margin for the governments with their mints running overtime.

* * * * *

MEETING the men of eminence of these days makes an interesting study in finding counterparts in history.

Leonardo da Vinci, born near Empola, Italy, in 1452, and best known as the great painter of the famous "Last Supper" and "Mona Lisa," was also a practical inventor and may be called the Edison of his day and country. His projects would fill volumes, but one admiring biographer has listed ten of his most important plans.

Da Vinci it was who suggested a system of wing dams starting down stream from the right bank of the Arno to divert the force of its current into a steadily deepening channel along the left bank, and a system of locks forming a navigable canal. This plan was successfully carried out two centuries after it was conceived by him.

He also proposed a train of double excavators, turning platforms and derricks for excavating canals, and depositing the earth on either side; and a system of iron levers and frames to prevent the escalade of a city wall, by throwing down the heaviest scaling ladders and their occupants.

1915
Panama Pacific
Universal
EXPOSITION
San Francisco

VICE-PRESIDENT ELECT MARSHALL
Selecting the site for Indiana's State Building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition

He advanced the project of raising water to any height by a train of Archimedean screws worked by a water wheel and invented a rapid fire machine consisting of four catapults or great crossbows automatically bent, loaded with sheaves of arrows, and discharged in as many minutes by a great treadwheel revolved by many men. Among his inventions also were a file-cutting machine automatically cutting and spacing the grooves as desired, double saws for cutting marble, practically the same as those still in use; a movable derrick with geared wheels and a turn-table much like those still used by small contractors and a powerful screw elevator for placing columns of stone and iron in position.

After reading this list over Colonel Goethals concluded that it was well da Vinci did not know about digging the Panama Canal, or it would not have waited for American enterprise.

Many other projects dealing with artillery, fortification, industrial and manufacturing improvements were also invented by this great genius of Italy, most of whose projects were fairly successful or have since been exploited by more modern "inventors."

* * * * *

HALE and hearty after the rigors of the presidential campaign, "Uncle Jim" Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, is as radiant and optimistic as when he took hold of Uncle Sam's seed bureau. He insisted that the star of the grain empire was moving steadily to the northwest, and after a careful analysis of surveys and explorations made during the year, he announces that there are one hundred million acres of land in Alaska that will some day take the foremost place in the grain-producing districts of the world. He insists that there is splendid land up there, and that the poeple are awakening to these possibilities.

Northern-grown seed from Norway and Sweden has been planted in Alaska, and results show that the lands are quite as productive as those of Scandinavia, and that Alaska is the future rival of the Canadian wheat fields. He feels that the time will come when the value of the golden grain of our most northern territory will far exceed the value of its gold production.

"A farm in Alaska" sounded like a joke in years past, but its value today is recognized in the world, anxiously searching for more grain lands.

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CONCENTRATING at the Weather Bureau offices, the spot in Washington where the "signs of the skies" of continents are read, one finds the old horoscope instinct very much alive. Continued favorable autumn weather ripening millions of pounds of cotton that might otherwise not be picked is one record eagerly watched. The "frost on the pumpkin" holds off, and allows the latest ears in the cornfields to ripen. The world's series of baseball games between the Giants and Red Sox were predicted on weather signs. County fairs, celebrations of all kinds are often dated according to the vaticinations of the Weather Department. The archaic mysteries of the almanac, and the quarter of the moon still influence certain observers of business and psychological conditions.

The Weather Bureau is becoming more important, not so much because of infallible weather predictions, as for its records of general averages on which probabilities may be based. Mr. Willis P. Moore of the Weather Bureau has "weathered" many a storm of disapproval, when predictions went awry, but he remains a weather scientist in every sense of the word. The supreme court of New York has lately rendered a decision, which determined the responsibility of the individual under certain adverse weather conditions, which is looked upon as a triumph for Weather Bureau records. An Italian banker was sued for five hundred dollars damages, owing to icy approaches to his premises. The records of the weather bureau showed that rain and sleet had fallen for two days before the accident and that the temperature was low enough to cause the mixture to congeal; consequently, on the day of the accident it was proven by the records of the weather bureau that icy sidewalks would have been unavoidable. The weather affects nearly every phase of human effort, and the evidence of interested witnesses falls before the immutable records of the weather bureau. The gigantic activities of a great nation are often dependent in the last analysis on phenomena, measured by simple mathematical calculations and matters of routine record of the weather, so that the time-honored tradition placing conversation about the weather only subordinate to courteous salutation is fully vindicated by modern science.

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STARTLING figures are shown indicating the amount and value of United States stamps used during the year. More than nine billion stamps have been sold, and the stamp collectors are still busy. As an evidence of prosperity it is interesting to note that there is a five dollar postage stamp, more than 11,500 of which were sold last year, and besides these more than eighty thousand of the one-dollar denomination.

It has been estimated that more than three million stamps per day were used by the people of the United States last year. As one French humorist remarked in England, "That shows that the American people are certainly used to licking." He thought he had sprung a real joke, but was surprised to hear the American's apt reply, "Yes, we lick the stamps to keep in trim for licking the other fellows." The American eagle screamed, the flag unfurled and the American complimented himself upon having patriotically vindicated the dignity of Uncle Sam by a pertinent allusion to an humble postage stamp.

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WITH a boiled egg Columbus answered to the charge that anybody could have discovered America, that while it was easy enough to stand an egg on end, when you are shown how, very few find it out for themselves. That modern "eggs is eggs" every day is demonstrated by the prices of warranted hen fruit tending toward still loftier heights. As a result cheap eggs and egg preparations are objects of legitimate suspicion. A vast amount of yolk and albumen is frozen or dried both at home and abroad for the use of the baker and confectioner, and devoured by a cake and pastry-living public, who are happily ignorant of the condition of the raw material and details of manufacture of the egg constituent. A problem is now presented the United States Agricultural Department as to when an "egg is an egg," and an investigation of certain abuses in this line of food preparations has resulted in the issue of two cautionary bulletins: "A Bacteriological Study of Shell Frozen and Dessicated Eggs" and "Practical Suggestions for the Preparation of Frozen and Dried Eggs." It is needless to say that serious abuses in marketing these articles of food and bakers' supplies are likely to lead to "grave complication" as the diplomats say, but in the meantime the American hen keeps busy, while the eagle screams if ambitious political leaders rend the air.

WITH the approach of the completion of the Panama Canal, the prospective revenue from tolls presents a new phase of Uncle Sam's budget, and makes a comparison of the revenues of other canals of keen interest. Suez canal receipts for 1911 aggregated $26,870,576, a gain of $843,656 over that of 1910; this in spite of a reduction of ten cents per ton in the tariff rate, justifying the proposed reduction of ten cents more per ton to take effect January 1, 1913, when the Panama Canal will be in a sense a completion. Vessels of all classes to the number of 4,969 with a net tonnage of 18,324,794 contributed this immense sum, $16,950,112 of which is to be divided among the parties in interest; about seventy-one per cent goes to the stockholders, fifteen per cent to the Egyptian Government, ten per cent to the founders of the company, two per cent to administration officers, and two per cent to the employees.

Rapidity of transit has also been largely increased. The Royal Yacht when going to and returning from India occupied only twelve and one-half and twelve hours respectively. This data will be the basis of an interesting comparison. Now that Congress has taken action on the subject of free tolls for American ships and precluding railroad owned vessels free passage, a start has been made in completing details for Canal Zone administration. With the control concentrated into the executive ability of a man like Colonel Goethals, the best years of whose life have been absorbed in the building of the canal, there ought to be no blunders made that will mar the operation of this great government project.

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THE sunny radiance of the life of the late James Schoolcraft Sherman was never more clearly revealed than on the day of his funeral. The special train to Utica included the President of the United States, justices of the Supreme Court, ambassadors, senators, congressmen and governors. Nearly every department of a great government sent its representatives to pay a personal tribute to James S. Sherman the man. At his home was evidenced the love of the man whose sunny smile and kindly greeting will never be forgotten by those who knew him. There was a simple and impressive service at the home, and at the bier President Taft with tears in his eyes looked his last upon the face of his friend and colleague. In the old Presbyterian Church with quaint vaulted ceiling and suspended Gothic arches, to a bower of floral beauty, amid the soft strains of the organ he had heard for many years, the remains of James S. Sherman were carried up the aisle. As the congregation arose, the lights were turned up and the strains of the beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light" were sung. The tribute from the Vice-President's old friend, Doctor Stryker of Hamilton College, was most touching in its simplicity and earnestness. As he uttered in trembling voice the words, "good-bye, good-bye," the chimes of a distant church and even the ring of street-car bells outside seemed to blend with the tolling of the bell. When the people arose to sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," it was not sung in sombre measure. Every voice in that church rang out with the refrain, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," as if declaring the triumph of victory over death—it was sung just as James Sherman would have had it.

The sparkling twinkle of the eyes, the ruddy glow of the cheek, and gentle, friendly greeting of the Vice-President will be missed in Washington, but his life work remains a rich heritage to the friends at hone. Roscoe Conkling

RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE

The British Ambassador to the United States, whose resignation has caused general regret at the capital

and W. H. Seward and the other distinguished men of the nation hailing from Utica were never quite so close and dear to the people at the old home as was James Schoolcraft Sherman. Every activity of the town ceased during the funeral hours. The street cars stopped for ten minutes, stores were closed, flags were draped and hung at half mast. Even the boot-blacks had evidence of their affections and sympathy on their stands. When the last words had been said at the bier the vehicles rolled again—halting at the bridges. The canal boats moved through the city streets in solemn procession and I could almost fancy the scene in "Idyls of the King" when the funereal bark in which the "dead steered by the dumb" made its slow way adown the river to the lofty towers of ancient Camelot.

James S. Sherman was loved by all who knew him, and even the bitter shafts of warfare never diminished his wholesomeness and sweetness. Even when promoted to the Presidency of the United States Senate he never forgot his colleagues of the House. A courteous gentleman, a true democrat, a citizen worth while, whose personal and public life have left an impress upon his times, he rounded out a career full of ripe honors, and the Nation mourned a Vice-President who brought happiness and honor to his exalted position.

The Warships on Parade

by Bennett Chapple

THE greatest amphitheater in the world for the mobilization and review of a huge fleet of warships is the Hudson River at New York City, although its natural advantages were never appreciated until the Hudson-Fulton celebration. Following that historic event, the assemblage of a huge fleet for the inspection and gratification of the nation at large has become a feature of universal interest.

Under a dome of bright blue sky, with perfect weather to display the lavish fall colorings of the Palisades, that like a scenic curtain formed a resplendent background for the ships, the mighty engines of death and destruction lost their forbidding mien, and blended into a gorgeous picture—a picture which spelled peace because of the sea-power that could command it.

Seven miles of Riverside Park and Drive shore-line with its terraced steps and sloping banks were black with humanity, feasting their eyes upon the scene. And what a scene it was! Swinging silently at anchor, and sensitive to the gentle touch of the tide, the battleships evoked a totally different inspiration from that which comes from viewing a great government building or work. Their massive hulls and military masts; signal flags and thronging crews, the huge cannon and turrets, and above all the flag of the republic, fired the imagination, assisted by the universal impulse to become fascinated with anything that floats.

At night the scene took on a brilliancy like the blaze of sparkling pendants against a curtain of black. Each ship was outlined in electric lights, and the splendid iron-clads lay on the black bosom of the water like their miniatures in a splendid pyrotechnic masterpiece—an illumination that outlined and transfigured a battle-line of phantom warships from the mouth of the Hudson to far beyond Spuyten Duyvil creek.

New York City is a wonderful "show town." It loves excitement, it loves "thrills," and it needs to furnish two hundred and fifty thousand transients each day something new to see. Equal to the emergency and opportunity, millions of people lined the shores or boarded the launches to "see the fleet" during the week of the great naval exhibition.

The naval parade on Saturday formally opened the show. All along Broadway, from the landing place at 129th Street to 59th Street, and thence down Fifth Avenue, the public selected vantage places on the tops of porches, roofs and other accessible spots to get a good view. Irrepressible boys "shinnied" up the lamp posts to get an unrestricted vision of the approach of the seamen and marines of the great fleet. And there they came, twenty thousand strong, the greatest muster of sailors and marines that ever marched in parade. The bright red uniforms of the division bands contrasted strongly with the blue and white columns of seamen advancing with the quick, elastic step and swinging arms of the American man-of-war's-man. What a clean-looking lot of youngsters they were! Fluttering handkerchiefs and tiny flags waved by enthusiastic young ladies greeted them on every side, while they called aloud "Bravo, Boys!" The flower of American manhood was there.

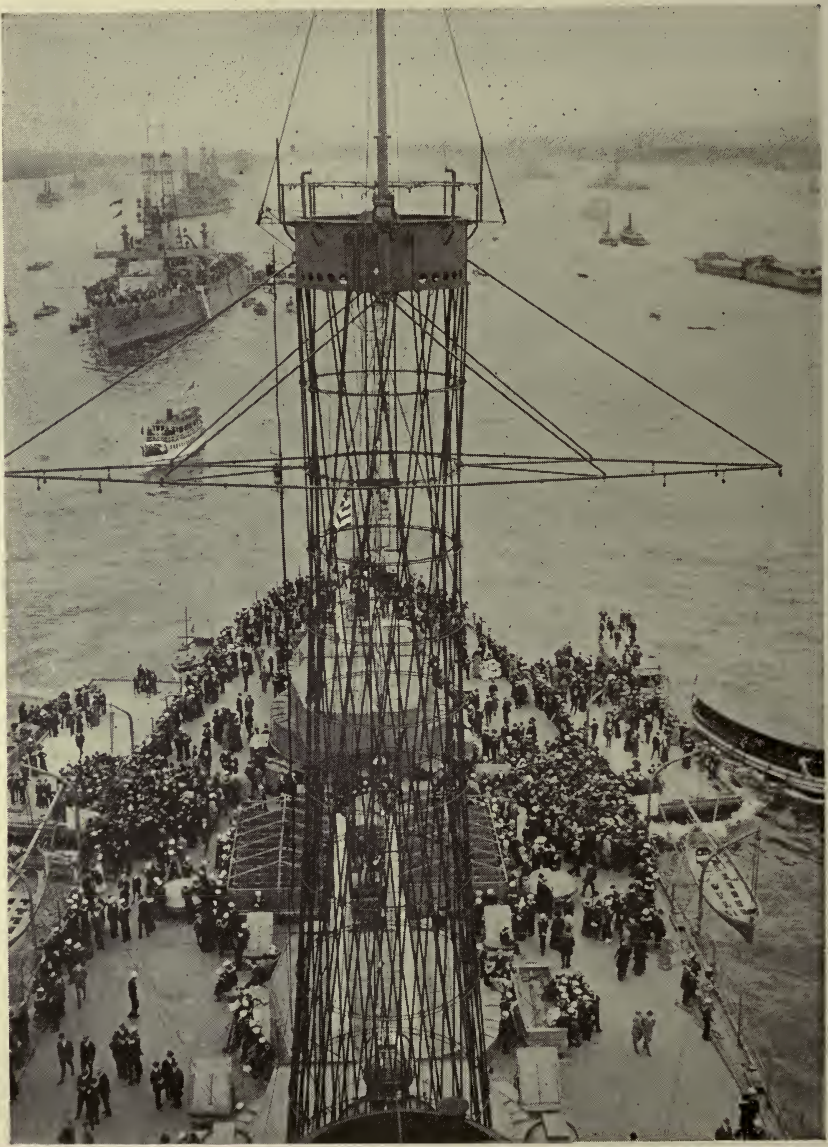
Sunday, the day of rest, is "visiting day" in New York. The great warships, too, kept open house for the public, and everybody who was fortunate enough to know one of the forty-eight thousand sailor-lads had a special pass to go to his boat. Those who were privileged to know an officer exhibited their card with the same degree of pride as the small boy with a free circus ticket. All day long the tiny

THE YACHT MAYFLOWER, WITH PRESIDENT TAFT ON BOARD REVIEWING THE FLEET

launches plowed their way back and forth from the shores to the ships, filled with friends intent upon visiting the jackies in their home, the ship, where eager eyes and inquisitive noses were poked into every nook and corner, and a thousand questions were being asked and answered. It was a jolly outing for all who on that day enjoyed the hospitality of the great fleet, and as they descended the iron stairway along the ship's side to the launches for the return trip, it was only after an enthusiastic promise to "come again."

The review of the fleet by Secretary of the Navy George von L. Meyer, was scheduled for early Monday morning. Promptly at the appointed time, the Dolphin, carrying the Secretary and his distinguished guests, started on its journey to encircle the fleet, followed by the Nashville, bearing a contingent of reporters and special writers, and excursion boats loaded to the gunwales with sightseers. No sooner did the Dolphin pass the first battleship than the salute to the Secretary of the Navy boomed forth, to be taken up by each ship successively as the Dolphin passed. In the afternoon, with barely more than the traditional twenty minutes for lunch, President Taft in the Mayflower took his place at the head of the line and reviewed the fleet, and the guns boomed forth again, this time in a presidential salute, as the beautiful lines of the presidential yacht, glistening in the sun, approached. The shores on both sides were black with the multitudes of people gathered to witness the review, and the puffing of smoke and the crash of guns presented a very realistic sham battle to the onlookers as far as noise was concerned.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the supreme and most interesting event connected with the mobilization of the fleet was its departure, for it enabled the public to see the great battleships plowing through the waves under their own steam, with flags flying and cannons roaring. Early on the morning of Tuesday, which was to witness its departure, the little cockleshell launches of the fleet were flying hither and thither in eager preparation. From the dock at Forty-second Street they scurried along with shrill saucy whistles of "Toot! Toot!" carrying distinguished visitors to the



FIGHTING MAST OF THE BATTLESHIP ARKANSAS, AND VISITORS ON THE FORWARD DECK

Mayflower and Dolphin. A strong wind was lashing the river into foam, and into these billows the little launches plunged, while barefooted sailor boys climbed back and forth along the sides, in the performance of their duties. The covered hoods were some protection, but the spray and wind showed no mercy to the tall silk tiles that convention decreed at such a time, and many a distinguished head was bared without intent or purpose.

Every available excursion boat in New

NIGHT ILLUMINATION OF FLEET AND RIVERSIDE DRIVE

York harbor was commissioned to bear its load of interested spectators to a position along the line of departure. The alarm-clocks in suburban towns were set at an early hour, in order that choice locations on board the boats might be pre-empted by those sagacious enough, although it did not always work to advantage. Some there were who chose the bow of the boat and held the coveted position for hours in the biting wind, only to find after dropping anchor that the tide carried the stern of the boat into the ideal position. But such are the vicissitudes of the eager sight-seer.

By order of the harbor master, all traffic of ferry boats and barges stopped between the hours of 10.30 and 12 noon, and shortly before the hour indicated, President Taft in the Mayflower took his position just opposite Bedloe's Island and the Statue of Liberty. Lying next in order were the Dolphin, the Nashville, and the Hendrick Hudson, the latter being a chartered boat for the guests of Mayor Gaynor and the City of New York. Extending further down the harbor, and marking the channel were all kinds and descriptions of excursion boats with flags flying from every mast-head. The crowds were jolly and good-natured. The fascinating moving picture of New York's busy harbor was a sight in itself. The swift tides presented a problem to each captain to find his berth alongside the course without running afoul of the sister-ships.

Soon two low, long, slim, eel-like torpedo boats headed down the course, darting here and there, stopping to order this captain to move back a bit, ordering that one to straighten the line; and when all was in readiness, both scudded back to their respective positions, one on either side of the President's yacht, to see that no unwary tug slipped through to mar the review.

"Hoist anchors!" The signal flew from battleship to battleship and together like clockwork the greatest armada of modern time got under way. As the first battleship passed, the flag was dipped to the President, who stood with head uncovered on the bridge of the Mayflower. Then followed

A flash—a puff of smoke—*boom!*

PARADE OF NAVAL FORCES PASSING THE LIBRARY ON ITS WAY DOWN FIFTH AVENUE

Twenty-one guns from each battleship fired at intervals of one second. No sooner did one cease firing than another came into position and took it up. As far as the eye could see the great ships were coming at equal intervals apart and at a pace that sent big, curling waves of foam to either side of the sharp prows. In fact, the foam was visible before the ship itself, and in the dull gray haze their approach was like that of great white gulls flying low on the water, for the outline of the ship, due to its dull slate color, was not discernible at a great distance. But this impression soon changed as each huge bulk loomed in sight and crossing directly in front of the famed "sky line" of New York with its towering buildings, these mighty engines of war emphasized the realization that their concentrated fire would in one short half hour crumble those gigantic buildings into dust.

Battleships, gunboats, scout cruisers, cruisers, torpedo boat destroyers, torpedo boats and submarines passed in review, one hundred and twenty-three in all, representing three-fourths of the fighting naval strength of the nation. As the submarines passed with their gallant sailors standing on their narrow decks with feet awash in the sea, there was a cheer mingled with a sigh, for it marked the end of the greatest naval review in history. And then as the last ship passed from sight, the beholders fancied that even the Goddess of Liberty stood with arm uplifted waving adieu.

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The final chapter in the great naval show in New York harbor was the launching of the battleship New York, the largest sea-fighter in the world. More than fifty thousand people assembled at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, who, with President Taft and many prominent governmental and city officials, joined in a mighty cheer as the giant ship slid gracefully, rapidly, majestically into the sea.

The sister ships of the navy yard were gay with flags and bunting, and the marine bands enlivened the occasion with splendid renditions, finally starting up the familiar strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March, significant of the wedding of the great war ship with the seas.

On the christening stand before and under the great gray iron cliff of the massive prow were gathered the President and his aunt, and the daughter of Congressman Calder, dressed in white, stood ready to grasp the silver filigreed bottle of champagne that hung by a silken cord from the forecastle down to the very end of the great massive beak of the ship. Patting its surface like the nose of a faithful horse, the fair priestess of the baptism breathed a whispered prayer for the safe launching of the huge iron-clad. Others with lead pencils and chalk marked their initials, which, tiny as they seemed, would long figure in their memories of the occasion. As the signal lever was turned, and without the usual din of splitting and sawing out the great supporting blocks, the giant ship without a quiver slowly and then faster and faster, as the gaily decorated flask shivered against its bow, slid down the ways into the still haven amid the cheers of assembled thousands.

Oil and Acid

by Will Levington Comfort

Author of "Routledge Rides Alone," "Fate Knocks at the Door," etc.

No prophet is greater than a man's mother.

The Way to Heaven is always against the crowd.

The more a man knows the more he will believe.

If something hits you from the inside that a thing isn't good to do, don't hurry about doing it. If you wouldn't do it when the person you like best in the world is watching, it isn't a good thing to do alone.

Physical heroism is cheap—the cheapest utility of the nations—but it is not without inspiration to watch.

Women who men avoid for being strong-minded are apt to be the strongest in their affections. You can prove this by the sons of clinging vines.

A man's courage may be just his cowardice running forward under the fear of scorn from his fellows.

A Young Life that Inspired

A Father's Tribute to His Son's Completed Life

[*Note.*—On the afternoon of Thursday, September 5, 1912, Rufus Fearing, only son of Charles G. Dawes, met death while bathing in Lake Geneva. Word that he had been drowned was sent to his father in Chicago about six o'clock Thursday evening. Securing a special train and a pulmotor, Mr. and Mrs. Dawes covered the ninety miles to Lake Geneva in time, probably, to have saved the young man had his death occurred from drowning, but it was found to have been caused, or at least induced, by heart failure. Efforts to revive him were continued until Thursday midnight, but were unavailing.

Funeral services were held at the home in Evanston, Sunday afternoon, attended by many hundreds of the sorrowing friends of Rufus Fearing and his stricken parents.

With bared heads and hearts submerged in sympathy which could find no adequate expression, more than fifteen hundred persons heard the solemn, though inspiring words of tribute to a young man whose truly noble qualities of manhood and whose exemplary life had, even at such an early period in his career, left a deep and lasting impression upon all around him.

This tribute, showing as it does that while Rufus Fearing Dawes was yet at the threshold of adult manhood, his life, though brief, was of such completeness as to have exerted an imperishable influence upon those with whom he had been in contact, and to have left a remarkable record of real achievement—this tribute, which wells unbidden and insistent from the father who had watched and understood, should be an inspiration to boys and young men everywhere, and may well be read with profit by those of maturer years.

That Rufus Fearing Dawes should have accomplished so much in the brief span of life accorded him, and that he should have left in the hearts of parents and friends the feeling that he had already contributed to the benefit of mankind by his works, is evidence that other young men, by cultivating a high sense of honor and obligation to the world, by clean thoughts and correct habits of living, by industry in self-improvement, and by tender thoughtfulness of others, may leave behind them, no matter when Providence may see fit to terminate their earthly activities, something of the same brilliant record as this young man left, and win from saddened and loving hearts a similar tribute to their deeds and worth.—*Editor.*]

ONE of the most remarkable tributes ever paid by a father to his son was that of Charles G. Dawes, president of the Central Trust Company of Illinois, to the brave life and faithful service of his only boy, the late Rufus Fearing Dawes, who in the strength of his young manhood and the promise of all that knowledge, health, ability, character and purpose can bestow, was accidentally drowned in Lake Geneva.

The following philosophic yet loving and Christian tribute to this son, the pride and hope of his life, so suddenly taken from him, is one of the most remarkable papers ever written, and should have a place forever amid the eulogies which recognize that a brief life may be as complete and inspiring as one which is spent in the Master's vineyard until the sun goes down:

The most of those here assembled are the personal friends and acquaintances of my dear son. So far as the outer world is concerned, his promising life, cut off so early, must ever be wrapped in obscurity. But I, his father, owe him one last and solemn duty to project the high lesson of his life, as far as lies within my power, by using this last assemblage of his friends when their minds and grieving hearts will the more indelibly receive the final impressions of his memory.

Rufus' business career covered his last four summer vacations, dedicated voluntarily by him to preparation for his life's work. Passionately fond of sports and social recreation, to which the college work of the balance of the year legitimately entitled him, he gave them up and spent in the comparative solitude of a small engineering corps in western South Dakota his summer vacation of four years ago. Here he lived uncomplainingly a life of terrible hardship without my knowledge until it was over.

Every man in the corps went down with malignant typhoid fever. Rufus was the last man up, and for days, while suffering with the fever himself, took charge of and ministered to the balance of the camp, finally succeeding in moving them to a place of comparative comfort. He then temporarily collapsed, only to pull himself together again, and alone and sorely stricken, to set out on the long journey home. It is hard to speak of the sufferings of the fifty-mile wagon trip to the railroad station, of his long wait there, of the terrible railroad trip home when he was unable to sleep or eat, and of his final arrival, which was our first knowledge of his trouble.

For weeks without a word of complaint he fought the fight of life and death, and then when relief and apparent convalescence came, it was only to usher in a relapse for as long and severe a second attack. Gaunt and haggard, yet happy and cheerful, he finally left the sickroom. He saved out of his compensation for his surveying work over and above his expenses the sum of $60.

Of his own initiative and without suggestion, he devoted this money to the following purposes. He made a close contract with his friends in the wholesale department of Jevne & Co. for twenty baskets of provisions at $1 each, which on Christmas Day he personally delivered at the houses of the poor. Of the remaining $40 he expended $20 for a Christmas present for his sister and kept $20 for his personal use.

The next summer, with a friend, he went to Seattle and took a position in the gas company in which my brothers and I are interested. The superintendent, who is one of our personal friends, endeavored to persuade the lads to accept salaries large enough to enable them to live at the best hotel, but Rufus and Melvin declined upon the score that their services would not fairly command the sum offered, took a lesser one, and secured board and lodging elsewhere for $25 per month each. The next summer vacation Rufus spent in the wholesale plumbing establishment of his close friend, Donald Raymond. With his characteristic masterfulness, he announced to Donald that he would fix his own salary at $60 per month, which he believed he would earn in the sales department. In this place each month he turned profits into the firm amounting to two or three times his own salary.

This present summer he spent in the gas works at Chicago Heights under the tutelage of his friends, Walter F. Booth and Verne Cutler. During the hot summer days, with the temperature 110 degrees Fahrenheit in the gas house, Rufus Fearing learned to make gas. He also mastered gas analysis, and in the last week of his work was given charge of the entire plant.

The last two weeks of this present vacation, which proved to be the last two of his life, he gave up to recreation with the great nervous energy with which he did everything.

But I pass now to the more important things. My boy was only in the beginning of his business career, while the career of which I am to speak is complete. The Lord gave him ample time to fully and wholly complete it. The truly great character must unite unusual strength and determination with great gentleness. My boy was imperious. He recognized no superior on earth, and yet was the tender and intimate friend of the weak and humble. I have taken him with me among the greatest in the nation, and looked in vain for any evidence in him of awe or even curiosity. He has taken me, asking me to help them, among the poor and lowly of earth.

He loved his friends and but recently told his mother that our house was all through the coming years to be the stopping place for his college friends passing through the city. How grateful our lonely hearts will be to them now if they will only accept this invitation and sleep in his room and fill for a little time the empty chair.

He commenced early in life to set himself against the crowd, for no man rises to real prestige who follows it. Of his own initiative he joined the church. For a long time he taught a Bible class of boys at Bethesda Mission. He did not smoke, nor swear, nor drink. He was absolutely clean. Yet in his stern opposition to the drift, he mingled tolerance in just that quality which contributed to real power to be used in opposition, and for that purpose alone. He organized systematically rescue squads for weaker boys at college who were wavering before the strong but evil leadership. Against the boy who sought to lead astray the weaker, he set his face like steel.

Like every born leader, he had his many warm friends; but if Rufus Fearing ever had a bitter enemy, I have yet to hear of him. His kindness, sincerity and good humor disarmed hatred. I never saw him angry. In twenty years he never gave me just cause for serious reproach.

He was absolutely natural in any environment, great or humble. He was extremely ambitious. He was extremely proud. Upon one occasion, years ago, when I mistakenly reproached him, he patiently explained my mistake and then peremptorily demanded and received an apology from me.

I have noticed that one of the characteristics of the thoroughbred is the refusal to accept or recognize a handicap which he always regards as a self-confession of inferiority. The man who accepts a handicap is beaten before the race commences. In any matter to which Rufus Fearing set himself seriously, he saw no possible measure of his full abilities or efforts except in the leading contestant. He recognized no victory in a second or third prize.

It was not altogether modesty which kept him so silent about his marked achievements, but because a high average of proficiency which left the field far behind only brought him into closer self-comparison with the few winners. The natural leader in life, while he keeps his head, keeps his eyes only on the runners in front and not on the multitude behind. This is why the truly great are so often humble.

His mother and I never knew until we read it in the year book of Rufus' athletic successes at Lawrenceville or that he was captain of the fencing team at Princeton, or that he had this or that distinction. He never talked about his achievements in any line of work, study or recreation for the reason that he himself never regarded them as important or worth while. But with almost reckless intrepidity he sought in his friendly conflicts a contact with any exceptional individual he could find.

In the fact that this contact meant comparison, he saw only the opportunity for taking his own full measurement, even though

THE LATE RUFUS FEARING DAWES

it might prove disappointing or defeat prove bitter.

But under these continuing and often disappointing contests, moral, physical and mental, there worked out under the inexorable laws of human nature a splendid and complete young Christian gentleman. And the lesson of this complete life is that this can be done by a young man without his being a prig, without his failing to be a good fellow, without his bending to debasing environment.

My boy lived long enough to "win out." Whatever the years would have added would be only material. In a man's character is his real career. He died suddenly in the midst of happiness. He died with his high ideals unlowered. He died with all the noble illusions of a high-minded youth, undisturbed and undispelled. He died without having lost ambition, with his eyes fixed on the high mountains of life, where beyond any question he would have climbed had he lived.

But, dear young friends of my boy, he had already climbed the high and rough ways which lead up the steep mountain of character. He stood there firmly at the top. Mistake not. It was no easy victory. Material achievement may be both; but no moral victory is ever easy or ever accidental.

But yesterday, strong and joyous in the full might and swing of buoyant youth, surrounded by loving friends, the sun of his happiness high in the sky, Rufus Fearing was mercifully spared the sight of grim death, whose unseen hand was even then upon his shoulder. But had this happy boy turned and seen him beckoning him away from the dear ones —from home—from his parents and his sister—from the great battlefield of life with its fine victories to be won, you know and I know that, without complaint, clear-eyed, unafraid, in simple, unquestioning faith, with hope and trust in his Lord, my dear son would quietly have followed into the darkness of the shadow.

BETTER THINGS

By J. ANDREW BOYD

BETTER to be the singer of a song
That may stir up some other heart to sing
And send the echo all life's way along,
Than to wear the robe and diadem of king.

Better to speak a helpful, cheery word
To some faint heart bowed down with load of care,
Who will be cheered, as with the song of bird,
Than to the wealth of Indies be the heir.

Better to greet some lone one with a smile
And send him on the way with joyous heart,
Forgetting all life's bitterness the while,
Than with the mammon seekers have a part.

Better to help the weary and the weak
And ease the burden under which they groan,
Than be with those who only pleasures seek
And turn deaf ears to every piteous moan.

Then give the cup of water in His name,
The naked clothe, the hungry ones appease,
Though men know not, the Master will acclaim
In Heaven the deed ye did for "one of these."

JACK LONDON

Cub of the Slums, Hero of Adventure, Literary Master and Social Philosopher

by George Wharton James

PART I

AT THE beginning of this year (1912), Jack London was thirty-six years old. In those thirty-six years he has managed to crowd the experiences of a country lad on a farm, a street newsboy, a schoolboy, a member of a street-gang, a boy Socialist street orator, a voracious reader of books from the public library, an oyster bed patrol to catch oyster pirates, a longshoreman, a salmon fisher, able to sail any kind of a rude vessel on the none too smooth waters of San Francisco Bay, a sailor before the mast, a seal hunter in the Behring Sea, a legitimate mutineer on board the sealing schooner, a member of the Henry Clay debating club, a strenuous advocate of the Socialist Labor party, a student in the Oakland high school, a freshman in the State University at Berkeley, a gold seeker in the Klondike, a driver of wolf-dogs over the snows of the frozen North, stricken with scurvy, one of three who embarked in an open boat and rode nineteen hundred miles in nineteen days down the Yukon to the Behring Sea, an orphan compelled to support his widowed mother and a six-year-old nephew, a short story writer, a war correspondent, a novelist, the owner of a magnificent estate of over a thousand acres, the builder of the "Snark," which he navigated through the Pacific and the South Seas to Australia, and taught himself navigation while in actual charge of the "Snark" on the high seas; the planter of two hundred thousand eucalyptus trees on his estate; the engineer and constructor of miles of horse trails or bridle-paths through the trees, on the hillsides and in the canyons of his estate; and now the builder of one of the most striking, individualistic, comfortable and endurable home mansions ever erected on the American continent. He has a list of thirty-one books to his credit, seven of them novels, one of them being one of the most popular books of its time and still selling by the thousand, another a book of social studies of the underworld of London that ranks with General Booth's "Submerged Tenth," Jacob Riis' "How the Other Half Lives," William T. Stead's "If Christ Came to Chicago," and surpasses them all in the vivid intensity of its descriptions and the fierce passion for the downtrodden that it displays. His "War of the Classes," "The Iron Heel," and "Revolution" are bold and fearless presentations of his views on

JACK LONDON WHILE ON THE SNARK TRIP

present-day social conditions, and what they are inevitably leading to, unless the leaders of the capitalistic class become more human and humane in dealing with the working classes. His "Before Adam," by far the best and most comprehensive of all the books on the subject, whether written by English, French, German or American, sets before the reader a clear and scientifically deduced conception of the upgrowth of the human race prior to the historic era when Adam and Eve appear.

His books have been translated into German, French, Swedish, Norwegian, Italian, Spanish, and Russian, and wherever men think and talk and read, Jack London and his stories, his novels, his social theories are talked about, praised, abused, lauded, and discussed. In Sweden he is the most popular foreign author. There California is known as Jack-London-Land.

Who, then, shall say that he has not lived? For good or evil he has made a profound impression upon his generation. Hundreds of thousands of words have been written, pro and con, about him and his work by critics of every school, country and type. Thousands buy and read his books and swear by him and his ideas; other thousands borrow and read and fiercely assail him.

Hence it seems to me it cannot fail to be more than usually interesting to take a close look at the man, seen through the eyes of one who is proud to call him friend, and who thinks he knows and understands him as well as any other living man.

One day while being favored by Luther Burbank to watch him at work in his "proving gardens," he explained that often one particular seed out of a batch grown under exactly the same conditions, would develop into something so much ahead of the others as to be startling in its advancement. To watch for and capture these naturally developed and superior types was one of the most interesting and important phases of his great work.

Remembering this, and recalling London's vast and varied achievements with his rude early environment, I asked him one day: "Where did you come from? What are you the product of?" and here is his answer:

"Have you ever thought that in ten generations of my ancestors 1,022 people happened to concentrate in some fashion on the small piece of protoplasm that was to eventuate in me. All the potentialities of these 1,022 people were favorable in my direction. I was born normal, healthy in body and mind. Many a life has been ruined by inheriting a tendency to a weak stomach, or liver, or lungs. In my case all were perfectly strong and vigorous. Then, too, you know that in a row of beans all grown from the same seed, you will find one pod that surpasses all the others, and in that pod one bean that you may call 'the king bean.' It is so in humanity. All the accidents of environment favor the particular bean; they all favored me. Most people look upon the conditions of my early life as anything but favorable, but as I look back I am simply amazed at my chances, at the way opportunity has favored me. As a child I was very much alone. Had I been as other children, 'blessed' with brothers and sisters and plenty of playmates, I should have been mentally occupied, grown up as the rest of my class grew, become a laborer and been content. But I was alone. Very much so. This fostered contemplation. I well remember how I used to look upon my mother. To me she was a wonderful woman, with all power over my destiny. She had wisdom and knowledge, as well as power in her hands. Her word was my law. But one day she punished me for something of which I was not guilty. The poor woman had a hard life, and all her energies were spent in chasing the dollar that she might feed and clothe us, and she was worn out, nervous, irritable, and therefore disinclined to take the time and energy necessary to investigate. So I was punished unjustly. Of course I cried and felt the injustice. Now had I had companions, it would not have been long before I should have found them, or they me, and we should have engaged in some fun or frolic, and my attention would have been diverted. I should soon have 'laughed and forgot.' But it was not so. I thought, and thought, and thought, and my brooded thought soon incubated. I began to see differently. I began to measure. I saw that my mother was not as large as I had thought. Her infallibility was destroyed. She had seen all there was to see. Her knowledge was limited, and therefore she was unjust. I can well remember that I absolved her from any deliberate intention to hurt me, but henceforth I decided for myself as to the right and wrong of things.

"This contemplative spirit was fed by the accidents of the environment of childhood. I was born in San Francisco January 12, 1876, and for the first three and a half years lived in Oakland. Then my father took a truck farm (which is now a pottery) in Alameda, and I was there until I was seven years old. It was on my birthday that we moved. I can remember the picture as if it were but yesterday. We had horses and a farm wagon, and onto that we piled all our household belongings, all hands climbing up on the top of the load, and, with the cow tied behind, we moved 'bag and baggage,' to the coast in San Mateo county, six miles beyond Colina. It was a treeless, bleak, barren and foggy region, yet as far as I was concerned, fate favored me. The only other people of the neighborhood were Italians and Irish. Ours was the only 'American' family. I had no companions. I went to the regular, old-fashioned country school, where three or four of us sat on the same bench, and were 'licked' as regularly as could be, 'good or bad.' My spirit of contemplation was fostered here, for I had no companions. I was a solitary and lonely child. Yet I was a social youngster and always got along well with other children. I was healthy, hearty, normal and therefore happy, but I can now see that I lived a dual life. My outward life was that of the everyday poor man's son in the public school: rough-and-tumble, happy-go-lucky, jostled by a score, a hundred, rough elements. Within myself I was reflective, contemplative, apart from the kinetic forces around me.

"From here we moved, in less than a year, to Livermore, where I lived until I was nine years old. We had a rude kind of a truck farm, and I was the chore boy. How I hated my life there. The soil had no attractions for me. I had to get out early in the frosty mornings and I suffered from chilblains. Everything was squalid and sordid, and I hungered for meat, which I seldom got. I took a violent prejudice—nay, it was almost a hatred—to country life at this time, that later I had to overcome. All this tended to drive me into myself and added to my inward powers of contemplation.

"Then we moved to Oakland, where my real, active life began. I had to fish for myself and largely take care of myself."

Certainly he had if the following story, related by Ninetta Payne, the aunt and foster-mother of Charmian, his wife, be true:

"After school hours he sold newspapers on the streets, and not infrequently did battle to establish his right to route. An instance of the kind, told by an old neighbor of the Londons, is illustrative not only of Jack's grit and courage at thirteen, but of a certain phlegm and philosophic justice in his father. Jack had borne innumerable affronts from a sixteen-year-old boy until patience was exhausted and he resolved to fight it out. Accordingly at their next encounter the two fell to blows, Jack, cool and determined, as one predestined to conquer, and his antagonist swelling with the surface pride and arrogance of the bully. For more than two hours they stuck to it manfully, neither winning a serious advantage over the other. The neighbor watcher thought it time to put a stop to the pummeling and ran to the London cottage, where she found the old man sunning himself on the doorstep.

" 'O Mr. London,' she cried, 'Jack's been fighting for hours! Do come and stop it!'

"He composedly returned, 'Is my boy fighting fair?'

" 'Yes, sir, he is.'

"He nodded, his pleased eyes twinkling: 'An' t'other one—is *he* fighting fair?'

" 'Yes—leastwise it looks so.'

" 'Well, let 'em alone. There don't seem no call to interfere.'

"That this placidity did not argue indifference was seen by the father's appearing a few minutes later on the field of action. He did nothing, however; only pulled steadily at his pipe and looked on, one of a motley ring of spectators. Jack's opponent was getting winded and bethought him of a subterfuge. He gave a blow and then threw himself on the ground, knowing that Jack would not hit him when he was down. The latter saw his little game, and when it was thrice repeated, struck low, with a telling punch on the chin of his falling adversary.

"There was a yell of 'Foul blow!' from the two younger brothers of the vanquished pugilist, and the elder, an overgrown boy of fifteen, sprang red-hot into the circle and demanded satisfaction. Jack, panting and holding to his swollen wrist (that last blow of his had strained the tendons), pranced into position and fired back the answer, 'Come on! I'll lick you, too!'

"It was observed that his father forgot to smoke during the spirited tussle that ensued, though he said never a word, even when Jack, dripping gore and sweat, drew off victorious from his prostrate foe only to face the third brother, a lad of his own age. Him he downed with a single thrust of his fist, for his blood was up and he felt cordial to himself and invincibly confident in his strength to overcome a host of irate brothers.

"Then it was that John London, bright of eye and smiling, took a gentle grip of his son's arm and marched him in triumph from the field.

"Between school hours and work Jack found time to pore over books of history, poetry and fiction, and to nurse the secret wish to become a writer. He was graduated from the Oakland grammar school at fourteen and a few months later drifted into an adventurous life 'long shore. Here he shared the industries and pastimes of the marine population huddled along the water-front, taking his chances at salmon-fishing, oyster-pirating, schooner-sailing, and other bay-faring ventures, never holding himself aloof when comrades were awake, but when they slept turning to his book with the avidity of a mind athirst for knowledge."

Yet in spite of his general camaraderie he was a solitary youth. Speaking again of this mental and spiritual isolation from his fellows at this time, London said:

"I belonged to a 'street gang' in West Oakland, as rough and tough a crowd as you'll find in any city in the country. Yet while I always got along well with the crowd—I was sociable and held up my end when it came to doing anything—I was never in the center of things; I was always alone, in a corner, as it were.

"Then it was that I learned to hate the city. I suppose my father and mother looked upon it as childish prejudice, but I clearly saw the futility of life in such a herd. I was oppressed with a deadly oppression as I saw that all the people, rich and poor alike, were merely mad creatures, chasing phantoms. Now and again my inner thoughts were so intense that I could not keep them to myself. My sympathies and emotions were so aroused that I would talk out to a few of the gang that which surged, boiled and seethed within me. There was nothing of the preacher about me, but a spirit of rebellion against the hypnotism that had fallen upon the poor. They had it in their own hands to remedy the evils that beset them, yet they were obsessed by the idea that their lot was God-ordained, fixed, immovable. How that cursed idea used to irritate me. How it fired my tongue. The boys would listen open-mouthed and wide-eyed, but few of them catching even a glimmer of the thoughts that were surging through me. Then men would be attracted to the little crowd of boys, hearing the tense, fierce voice assailing them. Thus, little by little, I was led on—urged at the same time by the voice within—to harangue the crowds on Oakland streets and became known as the Boy Socialist.

"Doubtless it was all crude and rude, illogical and inconsequential, but it was the most serious matter to me, and has had much to do with shaping my later thought and life. At the same time the hopelessness of arousing my own class so smote me, and the heartlessness of the moneyed class so wounded me that I begged and urged my father and mother to let me go to sea.

"Accordingly when I was seventeen, in the fall of 1893, I was allowed to ship before the mast on a sailing schooner which cruised to Japan and up the North Coast to the Russian side of the Behring Sea. We touched at Yokohama, and I got my first seductive taste of the Orient. We stayed in Japan three weeks. While we were on the high seas the captain tried to pay the crew in foreign coin. We refused to take it, as there was a discount on it which meant considerable loss to us. He insisted. We rebelled and for a time had a real mutiny on board, and if the captain hadn't finally given in, there's no knowing what might have happened to me, as I was just as forward in protesting as any of the others, though I was the youngest sailor aboard."

MRS. LONDON AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE

That Jack not only resented injustice from the captain, but from his messmates. the following incident, related by Mrs, Eames, clearly shows:

"Our sailor man one day sat on his bunk weaving a mat of rope-yarn when he was gruffly accosted by a burly Swede taking his turn at 'peggy-day' (a fo'castle term, signifying a sailor's day for cleaning off the meals, washing up the dishes, and filling the slush-lamps), a part of which disagreeable tasks the man evidently hoped to bulldoze the green hand into doing for him.

" 'Here, you landlubber,' he bawled with an oath, 'fill up the molasses. You eat the most of it!'

"Jack, usually the most amiable of the hands, bristled at his roughness; besides, he had vivid memories of his first and only attempt to eat the black, viscous stuff booked 'molasses' on the fo'castle bill of fare, and so indignantly denied the charge.

" 'I never taste it. 'Tain't fit for a hog. It's your day to grub, so do it yourself.'

"Not a messmate within hearing of the altercation but pictured disaster to this beardless, undersized boy.

"Jack's defiant glance again dropped to his mat, and he quietly went on twisting the yarn. At this the sailor, both arms heaped with dishes, swore the harder and threatened blood-curdling consequences if he were not obeyed, but Jack kept silent, his supple hands nimbly intent on the rope strands, though the tail of his eye took note of his enemy.

"Another threat, met by exasperating indifference, and the incensed Swede dropped the coffee-pot to give a back-handed slap on the boy's curled mouth. The instant after iron-hard knuckles struck squarely between the sailor's eyes, followed by the crash of crockery. The Swede, choking with rage, made a lunge at Jack with a sledge-hammer fist, but the latter dodged, and like a flash vaulted to the ruffian's back, his fingers knitting in the fellow's throat-pipes. He bellowed and charged like a mad bull, and with every frenzied jump, Jack's head was a battering ram against the deck beams. Down crashed the slush-lamp and the lookers-on drew up their feet in the bunks to make room for the show; they saw what the Swede did not—that Jack was getting the worst of it. His eyes bulged horribly and his face streamed blood, but he only dug his fingers deeper into that flesh-padded larynx and yelled through his shut teeth, 'Will you promise to let me alone? Eh—will you promise?'

"The Swede, tortured and purple in the face, gurgled an assent, and when that viselike grip on his throat loosened, reeled and stumbled to his knees like a felled bullock. The sailors, jamming their way through a wild clutter of food and broken dishes, crowded around the jubilant hero of the hour with friendly offers of assistance and a noticeable increase of respect in their tone and manner. Thence on Jack had his 'peggy-day' like the rest, his mates risking no further attempt to take advantage of his youth and inexperience."

On his return to California he felt, more than ever before, his need for study. He joined the "Henry Clay Debating Society," and entered into its work with a fierce zest that his companions were unable to understand. Reflection while doing solitary duties on the high seas had led him to see also that he had better seek to know the ideas of the leading men of thought. Surely somewhere he would find the explanation of the inconsistencies and inhumanities of life. As he himself says in his "What Life Means to Me":

"I had been born in the working class, and I was now, at the age of eighteen, beneath the point at which I had started. I was down in the cellar of society, down in the subterranean depths of misery about which it is neither nice nor proper to speak. I was in the pit, the abyss, the human cesspool, the shambles and the charnel house of our civilization. This is the part of the edifice of society that society chooses to ignore. Lack of space compels me here to ignore it, and I shall say only that the things I there saw gave me a terrible scare.

"I was scared into thinking. I saw the naked simplicities of the complicated civilization in which I lived. Life was a matter of food and shelter. In order to get food and shelter men sold things. The merchant sold shoes, the politician sold his manhood, and the representative of the people, with exceptions, of course, sold his trust; while nearly all sold their honor. All things were commodities, all people bought and sold. The one commodity that labor had to sell was muscle. The honor of labor had no price in the marketplace. Labor had muscle and muscle alone, to sell.

"But there was a difference, a vital difference. Shoes and trust and honor had a way of renewing themselves. They were imperishable stocks. Muscle, on the other hand, did not renew. As the shoe merchant sold shoes, he continued to replenish his stock. But there was no way of replenishing the laborer's stock of muscle. The more he sold of his muscle, the less of it remained to him. It was his one commodity, and each day his stock of it diminished. In the end, if he did not die before, he sold out and put up his shutters. He was a muscle bankrupt, and nothing remained to him but to go down into the cellar of society and perish miserably.

"I learned, further, that brain was likewise a commodity. It, too, was different from muscle. A brain seller was only at his prime when he was fifty or sixty years old, and his wares were fetching higher prices than ever. But a laborer was worked out or broken down at forty-five or fifty. I had been in the cellar of society, and I did not like the place as a habitation. The pipes and drains were unsanitary, and the air was bad to breathe. If I could not live on the parlor floor of society, I could, at any rate, have a try at the attic. It was true the diet there was slim, but the air at least was pure. So I resolved to sell no more muscle and to become a vender of brains.

"Then began a frantic pursuit of knowledge. While thus equipping myself to become a brain merchant, it was inevitable that I should delve into sociology. There I found, in a certain class of books, scientifically formulated, the simple sociological concepts I had already worked out for myself. Other and greater minds, before I was born, had worked out all that I had thought, and a vast deal more. I discovered that I was a Socialist."

He had long been a Socialist without knowing it, but now he was conscious of his real affiliations. This led him into a singular experience. The "Henry Clay" had planned for an open debate in which London was to take an important part. When the time arrived Jack was nowhere to be found. Coxey had left Oakland a few days before with his army of the unemployed. The sudden impulse had thereupon seized Jack to follow. The result of this experience has been told with graphic power by London in his "The Road." I suppose no book of his has been so severely criticized as this. It has been stated again and again that he took this trip for the purpose of making sociological studies. The fact is he was a mere lad, worked to death, because he was forced to do the work of men to earn enough to keep the family going. He had no idea at the time of making an investigation or writing so far as "The Road" was concerned. Curiosity, adventure, freedom—all these, but study, as Professor Wyckoff did, never entered his imagination.

JACK LONDON AT THE TIME HE BEGAN TO WRITE

When he discovered his gift of writing, here, however, was a wonderful mine of personal material ready made to his hand. It had never before been handled as he could handle it. For the first time he exposes the innermost life of the tramp.

In effect he says: "This I was, and what I was the . . . hundreds of thousands of tramps and hoboes that daily walk this country *are*." His is no fancy picture. It is a stern setting forth of facts, and whether I approve of London's method of getting the facts or not, I have sense enough to perceive the importance of them to me and to every other decent and law-abiding citizen. Here is this vast army of lying, thieving, prowling, festering man-stuff. What are we doing, intelligently and wisely, to break it up and change its individual elements into useful citizenship? Personally I am grateful to London for giving me the inner facts, and I will not quarrel with his conscience if he is able to reconcile it with doing what he did *on my behalf.*

There is more, however, to the book than I have here indicated. As a reviewer in the *Los Angeles Times* wrote:

"The book is valuable also in other ways. London is a powerful and virile writer, and he has both material and manner in the present case. The chapter telling how a tramp steals a ride on a railway train is as thrilling and breath-bating as a fragment from Dumas—it is a veritable novel of adventure put in a score of pages. London's record of his experiences in the penitentiary is another chapter, where the material of a report on prison conditions, a melodrama, and a novel are condensed into a sharp, incisive short story, all done with fine literary skill."

That penitentiary experience is one that every true American ought to read and ponder. We pride ourselves on our Constitution and our deference to law. London shows that the tramp has no rights according to the Constitution, and that the law is ruthlessly trampled upon by men who are sworn to uphold it. He was arrested, thrust into prison, brought before a magistrate, refused his inherent right to plead guilty or not guilty, compelled by threats of severer punishment to keep silent while he was being sentenced contrary to law, and then illegally, by brute force, exactly as if he were in Russia and being sent to the mines of Siberia, was marched to the State penitentiary and compelled to serve out his sentence.

Personally I have no hesitation in saying that the Court which so sentenced him and the officers who knowingly carried out the sentence are more dangerous to this country and subversive of its high ideals than all the tramps and hoboes that can be found in a day's journey.

To London, however, this was but one more experience, adding to his store of knowledge and giving more grist for the literary mill that he felt sure at some time soon would be set in motion. He returned to California mainly on the brake-beam route of the Canadian Pacific. Arrived here, he plunged into securing an education with his characteristic energy and determination. But his tramp experiences had not lessened his zeal on behalf of "his class." More than ever he resolved to help ameliorate their hard condition. Like William Morris, and fired with the same passion for humanity, he placed himself at the disposal of the Socialist Labor Party and they sent him here and there to speak on their behalf. Fearless and bold to the last degree, he refused to obey the policeman set to enforce a newly-passed ordinance prohibiting public speaking on the streets. He was arrested. But when the case came to trial he defended himself with such dignity and logic that he was immediately acquitted.

This, however, was only a part of his life. His deepest need and cry now was for an education. And how earnest he was to secure it. For awhile he attended the high school in Oakland; then, to hurry up matters, took a three months' course at Anderson's Academy. But the private school was both too tedious and too expensive, so he determined to prepare himself for the university by private study. In "Martin Eden" he thus tells of his reply when urged to go to a night school:

"It seems so babyish for me to be going to night school. But I wouldn't mind that if I thought it would pay. But I don't think it will pay. I can do the work quicker than they can teach me. It would be a loss of time, etc. . . . I have a feeling that I am a natural student. I can study by myself. I take to it kindly, like a duck to water. You see yourself what I did with grammar. And I've learned much of other things—you would never dream how much."

With all his preparation for the University, the pressure of life and its needs was so great that he was able only to attend during his freshman year. It was during this time that he began to attend socialistic meetings in San Francisco and came in personal contact with some of the leaders. In "What Life Means to Me" he tells of his experiences: "Here I found keen-flashing intellects and brilliant wits; for here I met strong and alert-brained, withal horny-handed members of the working class; unfrocked preachers too wide in their Christianity for any congregation of Mammon worshippers; professors broken in the wheel of university subservience to the ruling class and flung out because they were quick with knowledge which they strove to apply to the affairs of mankind.

"Here I found also warm faith in the human, glowing idealism, sweetness of unselfishness, renunciation and martyrdom—all the splendid, stinging things of the spirit. Here life was clean, noble and alive. Here life rehabilitated itself, became wonderful and glorious; and I was glad to be alive. I was in touch with great souls who exalted flesh and spirit over dollars and cents; and to whom the thin wail of the starved slum-child meant more than all the pomp and circumstance of commercial expansion and world-empire. All about me were nobleness of purpose and heroism of effort, and all my days and nights were sunshine and starshine, all fire and dew, with before my eyes, ever burning and blazing, the Holy Grail, Christ's own Grail, the warm human, long-suffering and maltreated, but to be rescued and saved at the last."

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In "Martin Eden" he tells us somewhat more in detail one of his first meetings with the Socialist leaders. The "Brissenden" of "Martin Eden" is based upon George Sterling, the poet, who in those days was warmly stirred with earnest desire to help improve the condition of his fellow-men. With him he visited some of the leaders in San Francisco. Here is part of London's description of that meeting:

"At first the conversation was desultory. Nevertheless Martin could not fail to appreciate the keen play of their minds. They were men with opinions, though the opinions often clashed, and, though they were witty and clever, they were not superficial. He swiftly saw, no matter upon what they talked, that each man applied the correlation of knowledge and had also a deep-seated and unified conception of society and the Cosmos. Nobody manufactured their opinions for them; they were all rebels of one variety or another, and their lips were strangers to platitudes. Never had Martin, at the Morses', heard so amazing a range of topics discussed. There seemed no limit save time to the things they were alive to. The talk wandered from Mrs. Humphry Ward's new book to Shaw's latest play, through the future of the drama to reminiscences of Mansfield. They appreciated or sneered at the morning editorials, jumped from labor conditions in New Zealand, to Henry James and Brander Matthews, passed on to the German designs in the Far East and the economic aspects of the Yellow Peril, wrangled over the German elections and Bebel's last speech, and settled down to local politics, the latest plans and scandals in the union labor party administration, and the wires that were pulled to bring about the Coast Seamen's strike. Martin was struck by the inside knowledge they possessed. They knew what was never printed in the newspapers—the wires and strings and the hidden hands that made the puppets dance. To Martin's surprise, the girl, Mary, joined in the conversation, displaying an intelligence he had never encountered in the few women he had met. They talked together on Swinburne and Rossetti, after which she led him beyond his depths into the by-paths of French literature. His revenge came when she defended Maeterlinck and he brought into action the carefully-thought-out thesis of 'The Shame of the Sun.'

"Several other men had dropped in, and the air was thick with tobacco smoke, when Brissenden waved the red flag.

" 'Here's fresh meat for your axe, Kreis,' he said, 'a rose-white youth with the ardor of a lover for Herbert Spencer. Make a Haeckelite of him—if you can.'

"Kreis seemed to wake up and flash like some metallic, magnetic thing, while Norton looked at Martin sympathetically, with a sweet, girlish smile, as much as to say that he would be amply protected.

"Kreis began directly on Martin, but step by step Norton interfered, until he and Kreis were off and away in a personal battle. Martin listened and fain would have rubbed his eyes. It was impossible that this should be, much less in the labor ghetto south of Market. The books were alive in these men. They talked with fire and enthusiasm, the intellectual stimulant stirring them as he had seen drink and anger stir other men. What he heard was no longer the philosophy of the dry, printed word, written by half-mythical demigods like Kant and Spencer. It was living philosophy, with warm, red blood, incarnated in these two men till its very features worked with excitement. Now and again other men joined in, and all followed the discussion with cigarettes going out in their hands and with alert, intent faces.

"Idealism had never attracted Martin, but the exposition it now received at the hands of Norton was a revelation. The logical plausibility of it, that made an appeal to his intellect, seemed missed by Kreis and Hamilton, who sneered at Norton as a metaphysician, and who, in turn, sneered back at them as metaphysicians. *Phenomenon* and *noumenon* were bandied back and forth. They charged him with attempting to explain consciousness by itself. He charged them with word-jugglery, with reasoning from words to theory instead of from facts to theory. At this they were aghast. It was the cardinal tenet of their mode of reasoning to start with the facts and to give names to the facts.

"When Norton wandered into the intricacies of Kant, Kreis reminded him that all good little German philosophies when they died went to Oxford. A little later Norton reminded them of Hamilton's Law of Parsimony, the application of which they immediately claimed for every reasoning process of theirs. And Martin hugged his knees and exulted in it all. But Norton was no Spencerian, and he, too, strove for Martin's philosophic soul, talking as much at him as to his two opponents.

" 'You know Berkeley has never been answered,' he said, looking directly at Martin. 'Herbert Spencer came the nearest, which was not very near. Even the staunchest of Spencer's followers will not go farther. I was reading an essay of Saleeby's the other day, and the best Saleeby could say was that Herbert Spencer *nearly* succeeded in answering Berkeley.'

" 'You know what Hume said?' Hamilton asked. Norton nodded, but Hamilton gave it for the benefit of the rest. 'He said that Berkeley's arguments admit of no answer and produce no conviction.'

" 'In his, Hume's mind,' was the reply. 'And Hume's mind was the same as yours, with this difference: he was wise enough to admit there was no answering Berkeley.'

"Norton was sensitive and excitable, though he never lost his head, while Kreis and Hamilton were like a pair of cold-blooded savages, seeking out tender places to prod and poke. As the evening grew late, Norton, smarting under the repeated charges of being a metaphysician, clutching his chair to keep from jumping to his feet, his gray eyes snapping and his girlish face grown harsh and sure, made a grand attack upon their position.

" 'All right, you Haeckelites, I may reason like a medicine man, but, pray, how do you reason? You have nothing to stand on, you unscientific dogmatists, with your positive science which you are always lugging about into places it has no right to be. Long before the school of materialistic monism arose, the ground was removed so that there could be no foundation. Locke was the man, John Locke. Two hundred years ago—more than that, even—in his "Essay concerning the Human Understanding," he proved the non-existence of innate ideas. The best of it is that that is precisely what you claim. Tonight, again and again, you have asserted the non-existence of innate ideas.'

" 'And what does that mean? It means that you can never know ultimate reality. Your brains are empty when you are born. Appearances, or phenomena, are all the content your minds can receive from your five senses. Then noumena, which are not in your minds when you are born, have no way of getting in—'

" 'I deny—' Kreis started to interrupt.

" 'You wait till I'm done,' Norton shouted. 'You can know only that much of the play and interplay of force and matter as impinges in one way or another on your senses. You see, I am willing to admit, for the sake of the argument, that matter exists; and what I am about to do is to efface you by your own argument. I can't do it any other way, for you are both congenitally unable to understand a philosophic abstraction.

" 'And now, what do you know of matter, according to your own positive science? You know it only by its phenomena, its appearances. You are aware only of its changes, or of such changes in it as cause changes in your consciousness. Positive science deals only with phenomena, yet you are foolish enough to strive to be ontologists and to deal with noumena. Yet, by the very definition of positive science, science is concerned only with appearances. As somebody has said, phenomenal knowledge cannot transcend phenomena.

" 'You cannot answer Berkeley, even if you have annihilated Kant, and yet, perforce, you assume that Berkeley is wrong when you affirm that science proves the non-existence of God, or, as much to the point, the existence of matter. You know I granted the reality of matter only in order to make myself intelligible to your understanding. Be positive scientists, if you please, but ontology has no place in positive science, so leave it alone. Spencer is right in his agnosticism, but if Spencer—'

"But it was time to catch the last ferry-boat to Oakland, and Brissenden and Martin slipped out, leaving Norton still talking and Kreis and Hamilton waiting to pounce on him like a pair of hounds as soon as he finished.

" 'You have given me a glimpse of fairyland,' Martin said on the ferry-boat. 'It makes life worth while to meet people like that. My mind is all worked up. I never appreciated idealism before. Yet

I can't accept it. I know that I shall always be a realist. I am so made, I guess. But I'd like to have made a reply to Kreis and Hamilton, and I think I'd have had a word or two for Norton. I didn't see that Spencer was damaged any. I'm as excited as a child on its first visit to the circus. I see I must read up some more. I'm going to get hold of Saleeby. I still think Spencer is unassailable, and next time I'm going to take a hand myself.'

"But Brissenden, breathing painfully, had dropped off to sleep, his chin buried in a scarf and resting on his sunken chest, his body wrapped in the long overcoat and shaking to the vibration of the propellers."

While still at the University the Klondike gold excitement struck San Francisco. London was one of the first to yield to the lure. As Mrs. Eames writes: "He was among the few doughty argonauts who at this season made it over the Chilcoot Pass, the great majority waiting for spring. As charges were forty-three cents per pound for carrying supplies a distance of thirty miles, from salt water to fresh, he packed his thousand-pound outfit, holding his own with the strongest and most experienced in the party.

"And here in this still white world of the North, where nature makes the most of every vital throb that resists her cold, and man learns the awful significance and emphasis of Arctic life and action, young London came consciously into his heritage. He would write of these—the terrorizing of an Alaskan landscape, its great peaks bulging with century-piled snows, its woods rigid, tense, and voiced by the frost like strained catgut; the fierce howls of starving wolf-dogs; the tracks of the dog-teams marking the lonely trail; but more than all else, the human at the North Pole.

"Thus it would seem that his actual development as a writer began on the trail, though at the time he set no word to paper, not even jottings by the way in a notebook. A tireless brooding on the wish to write shaped his impulse to definite purpose, but outwardly he continued to share the interests and labors of his companion prospectors.

"After a year spent in that weirdly picturesque but hazardous life, he succumbed to scurvy, and, impatient of the delay of homebound steamers, he and two camp-mates decided to embark in an open boat for the Behring Sea. The three accordingly made the start midway in June, and the voyage turned out to be a memorably novel and perilous one—nineteen hundred miles of river in nineteen days!"

* * *

It was on his return from the Klondike that he found himself as a literary artist. He wrote an Alaskan story entitled "The Man on Trail," and sent it to the *Overland Monthly*. Its vivid and picturesque realism won it immediate acceptance, and soon thereafter the author, "a young man, plainly dressed, of modest and even boyish appearance," entered the editor's sanctum with a second story, "The White Silence."

In less than six months his fame was made. As he says in "What Life Means to Me": "As a brain-merchant I was a success. Society opened its portals to me. I entered right in on the parlor floor. I sat down to dinner with the masters of society and with the wives and daughters of the masters of society. The women were gowned beautifully, I admit; but to my naïve surprise I discovered that they were of the same clay as all the rest of the women I had known down below in the cellar. 'The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady were sisters under their skins'—and gowns."

From that day to this his power and popularity have never waned. Granted that some books and stories are less powerful than others—that is merely to acknowledge that he is human and is not always at the supreme height of invention and creation. But certainly his last volume of South Sea stories, published under the title, "A Son of the Sun," shows no diminution of power either in observation, reflection or word picturing.

In appearance London is a stockily-built fellow, with small hands and feet, standing five feet eight inches high, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds stripped, with a flexible mouth over a strong, resolute chin. He has the look of an athlete, and his broad shoulders and aggressive movements clearly suggest that he is prepared physically to force his way through the crowd, taking his share of the jostle and giving as good or better than he takes. While not defiant of his fellows, he quietly enjoys the comments sometimes made on his appearance. On one occasion I stood by him and we distinctly heard a passerby exclaim: "That's Jack London. He looks like a prize-fighter, doesn't he?" Jack looked at me and winked a clear wink of appreciation of the honor thus conferred upon him. In the copy of "The Game" which he described and sent to me he wrote: "I'd rather be champion of the world than President of the United States." One of his proud moments was when, in Quito, Ecuador, he was mistaken by a group of small Spaniards for a bull fighter.

He believes fully in keeping his physical frame in order. He is essentially a physical culturist. He swims, rows, canoes, fences, boxes, swings a sledge, throws a hammer, runs, and rides horseback fifty miles a day if necessary. A year ago I called on him when he had just returned from a three months' driving trip, where he tooled a coach, with four-in-hand, over the steep and rough mountainous roads of California and Oregon. Baring his arm he bade me feel his muscles—biceps and lower arm—as he relaxed and then tightened them. They were like living steel.

He sleeps in an open-air porch with lights, books and writing material always at hand. Directly he awakens he begins either to read or make notes, always using a pencil for his writing. When breakfast time comes, if he has any intimate friends as guests whom he cares to meet, he rises and eats and chats with them for half an hour or so. His breakfasts are very simple. After breakfast he retires to his library, and nothing is allowed to disturb him until he has completed his daily "stint." This is never less than one thousand words, and he generally keeps at it until noon, making his work as perfect as possible and outlining what he will undertake on the following day. He never rewrites. In all my many visits to him I have never known him to deviate from his regular routine but once, and that was on the occasion of the visit of my Boston friend.

Many people, like myself, have wondered where he obtains all his infinite variety of plots for his short stories and novels. Month after month, year after year, he pours forth his stream of short stories, all of them good, though some are better than others. Not one, however, fails in human interest; it may not please you, but it grips you, fascinates you, compels you. For it is human, powerful and full of a robust life.

Where does he get the germ of these stories? Where do they come from? Are they pure pieces of fiction, or cleverly disguised stories of fact? If the former, one wonders at the fecundity of his brain; it becomes one of the marvels of genius; if the latter, one wonders equally at the marvellous genius of his observation.

JACK LONDON AT THE TIME HE LECTURED AT YALE UNIVERSITY

That his imagination is a fertile and brilliant one there can be no question, and undoubtedly such a virile and creative mind as his finds far less difficulty in the construction of plots than most writers do. But here is an illustration which he himself gave to me, of his method of taking a dramatic episode that had come to his attention and weaving an apparently entirely different story from it. We were talking upon this subject, and he took down from his book shelf "Wigwam and War Path," by A. B. Meacham. Mr. Meacham was superintendent of Indian affairs and chairman of the Modoc Peace Commission of which General Canby and Dr. Thomas were also members. It will be remembered that the Modoc Indians of the Klamath region in Southern Oregon and Northern California had long been insolent and on the war path. Meacham shows that their insolence and hostility were gendered by the wicked, cruel and murderous conduct of unprincipled white men. There had been several conflicts between the whites and the Indians, and finally it was decided to appoint a Peace Commission. One of Meacham's good friends was Frank Riddle, who, having married a Modoc wife, who was known as Tobey, was allowed to sit in council with the Indians. Tobey, though an Indian, was a woman of natural refinement, high integrity and deep devotion. She was loyalty itself. Having bestowed her friendship upon Mr. Meacham nothing could prevail upon her to betray him. Consequently when she learned that the leaders of the Modocs contemplated the treacherous murder of the members of the Peace Commission, she stealthily went by night and gave warning to Mr. Meacham, though she was well aware that by this act she signed her own death warrant. For she knew the Indians would reason the matter out, and, if their plans were foiled, would know that someone had betrayed them, and that she was the only one who would be guilty of treachery to her own race. "Now," said Mr. London, "look at that woman! She was loyal to Mr. Meacham in spite of the fact that he was hated by her people. He was a representative of the whites who in every way had injured her own tribe. Yet she gave him a devotion that she knew would certainly bring a vindictive death upon herself.

"I intend to use that woman as the main character of a strong story. I do not know where I will place her, but in the South Seas, in the frozen North, in the sunny South, in Australia, somewhere, somehow, I am going to use that woman."

In "Martin Eden" he sets this idea before his reader in his own way, as follows:

"Martin began, that morning, a story which he had sketched out a number of weeks before and which ever since had been worrying him with its insistent clamor to be created.

"Apparently it was to be a rattling sea story, a tale of twentieth-century adventure and romance, handling real characters, in a real world, under real conditions. But beneath the swing and go of the story was to be something else—something that the superficial reader would never discern and which, on the other hand, would not diminish in any way the interest and enjoyment for such a reader. It was this, and not the mere story, that impelled Martin to write it. For that matter, it was always the great, universal motif that suggested plots to him. After having found such a motif, he cast about for the particular persons and particular location in time and space wherewith and wherein to utter the universal thing."

* * *

While London is essentially and primarily an artist in his literary work, he is also a profound philosopher and humanitarian. Hence everything he writes has a distinct purpose. That purpose may not always be apparent to the careless and casual observer, but it is there, all the same. I doubt if he ever wrote a single thing in which some philosophy is not clearly taught or some humanizing influence deliberately interwoven. "The Call of the Wild" is a clear lesson in "reversion to type," for London is a firm believer in the doctrine of evolution. At least he accepts it as the best workable theory at present advanced by the scientists to account for the upward and onreaching tendencies of mankind. On the other hand "White Fang" is a marvellous story of the controlling and modifying influences—the civilizing and uplifting power—of love and tenderness, of the real spirit of humanity. "Burning Daylight" contains a dozen lessons. It shows how any great-minded man can become a "master of finances" if he wishes to so limit himself, and then, with graphic power, it shows how such a one gradually becomes absorbed in his business until he is a mere money-getting machine. The fact that the hero, in spite of his millions, could not win his typewriter to marry him is London's defense of the "workers" against a too-sweeping charge of money-hunger or unworthy cupidity, while his hero's return to sanity (as he regards it) comes when he deliberately throws away his wealth—that which has demoralized him and keeps him from winning the woman of his affections—and retires, a poor man, to the simple life of a rancher in the beautiful Sonoma Valley.

"Before Adam" is a scientific treatise in popular form on pre-Adamic evolution, and "Martin Eden" is a studied incitement to the highest achievement.

His various "Social Studies" are important philosophical and sociological presentments, set forth with a soul asurge and a brain afire with the rights of the common man. However much we may differ from London we cannot deny the fiery power, the tremendous forcefulness of what he says, and the graphic intensity of his convictions. "The Iron Heel" is a lesson and a warning, based upon historic studies, and he is a short-sighted reader of the analyses of the causes of the decline of other nations who pooh-hoohs the solemn and portentous prophecies of this book. The imaginary horrors depicted are to be averted only by changing our mental attitude toward certain of the social and economic problems of the day.

* * *

All his short stories have also a fine purpose. Take his story of "The Nature Man." How full it is of the healthful and curative powers of pure air, pure, fresh vegetable and fruit food, the sunlight and a natural life. All the Naturopaths combined never wrote as strong a plea for their theories as this story presents.

In speaking with London one day about this phase of his work he exclaimed, "Certainly! I no more believe in the 'art for art's sake' theory than I believe that a human and humane motive justifies an inartistic telling of a story. I believe there are saints in slime as well as saints in heaven, and it depends how the slime saints are treated—upon their environment—as to whether they will ever leave the slime or not. People find fault with me for my 'disgusting realism.' Life is full of disgusting realism. I know men and women as they are—millions of them yet in the slime stage. But I am an evolutionist, therefore a broad optimist, hence my love for the human (in the slime though he be) comes from my knowing him as he is and seeing the divine possibilities ahead of him. That's the whole motive of my 'White Fang.' Every atom of organic life is plastic. The finest specimens now in existence were once all pulpy infants capable of being moulded this way or that. Let the pressure be one way and we have atavism—the reversion to the wild; the other the domestication, civilization. I have always been impressed with the awful plasticity of life and I feel that I can never lay enough stress upon the marvellous power and influence of environment."

In spite, therefore, of the superficial criticisms London's work has encountered, I venture the prediction that this feature will more and more receive recognition, until he will be regarded not only as a master writer of fiction, but as a keen philosopher, ruggedly, but none the less earnestly, bent on helping upward and forward his fellow-men.

I suppose after "The Call of the Wild," "Martin Eden" is one of the most popular of London's books. This was originally published in the *Pacific Monthly*, a western magazine formerly published at Portland, but now absorbed by the *Sunset* at San Francisco.

The manuscript of this novel had rather an interesting history. London had had some dispute with the former editor of the *Pacific Monthly*, and he had vowed that they should never have anything more from his pen. Soon after his departure on the "Snark" voyage, his business agent happening to meet a representative of the *Pacific Monthly* in San Francisco, told him what a great story "Martin Eden" was and suggested that it would make a first-class serial which he could use for pushing up the circulation of his magazine. He asked the price and rather gasped when told that the serial rights would cost $9,000. He then asked how much a week's option would cost. "Five hundred dollars," was the reply. He signed a check for this amount and took the manuscript. Before the end of the week he met the agent in San Francisco and paid her the $9,000 for. the story. It certainly made a great impression and was doubtless well worth the amount.

The unconventionality, the simplicity, the daring and the absolute audacity of Jack London, which in an academically trained man might be considered unpardonable and appalling egotism, is best illustrated in this wonderful book of veiled biography. Where else before has a man so dared to reveal himself before the world? Even Rousseau in his "Confessions," Jean Paul Richter in his varied books upon himself, Goethe in "Wilhelm," never so freely, so fully, so explicitly analyzed themselves, their ambitions, motives, and inner characters as has Jack London in "Martin Eden." And it is more in the concluding chapters, where, with an artistry that is perfect in its illusion of simplicity and naïveté he analyzes his successes and the effect they have upon the world at large, upon editors and publishers, upon his loving but ignorant sister and her irretrievably vulgar and commercial husband, upon the father and mother of the girl he loved, and finally upon her (all fictitious characters, of course) that he reveals the independence of his genius, the solitariness of his methods and the influence of this shut-off Western World upon his soul.

* * *

Let me here interject a few words to those literary aspirants who are finding difficulty in getting their efforts accepted by editors, and who imagine that Jack London leaped instantly into fame at his first endeavors. There never was a greater mistake made than this supposition. For years prior to the success of his Alaska stories he had been bombarding the magazines, just as he relates the story in "Martin Eden." First he tried poetry, but it all came back. He varied the forms, tried everything from couplets and limericks to sonnets and blank verse, but all were equally ineffective. Then he wrote plays, two-act, three-act and four-act, but they had no better success. Then he tried the "society stunt," both in prose and verse, but he failed to catch the proper swing. Next he wrote Emersonian essays, and thundering philippics after Carlyle, occasionally varying his efforts with historic sketches and descriptions. But all alike failed, and a less resolute being would have been utterly and completely discouraged. This made his triumph all the more wonderful when it did come, especially as he seemed to leap into fame at a single bound.

London is most systematic in his method of work. "He devotes himself to his labors with care and precision, coining his time with miserly stint and observing a method of collecting and classification as amusing as it is effective. Across an angle of his study he stretches what he calls his 'clothes-line,' a wire on which are strung batches of excerpts and notes fastened on by clothes' pins, the kind with a wire spring. A hastily scribbled thought and an extract bearing upon the same theme are duly clamped in their proper place, and the 'clothes-line' usually dangles a dozen or more of these bunched tatters of literature.

"His plan of reading has also a like simplicity, with a hazard at economy of vital force. He does not read books consecutively, but collectively. A dozen volumes are selected on divers subjects—science, philosophy, fiction, et cetera, and arranged with regard to their relative profundity. Then he begins with the weightiest matter, reads it until his brain is a trifle wearied, when he lays the work aside for one requiring less effort, and so on all down the graded list, until at one sitting he has delved into each, always bringing up finally with the novel or poetry as the wine and walnuts of his literary feast."

London has been fiercely criticized and assailed for his intense and vivid pictures of the primitive, the rude, the savage, the uncontrolled in man. Some have said he has wildly exaggerated, others that nothing is gained by making such record, even if true. I take issue with both kinds of critics. It is impossible to exaggerate what man has done and the how of its doing. No man's imagination can go beyond what man has actually done. As

London himself says in his "Burning Daylight," after describing a Klondike carouse on his hero's birthday, "Men have so behaved since the world began, feasting, fighting, and carousing, whether in the dark cave-mouth, or by the fire of the squatting place, in the palaces of imperial Rome and the rock strongholds of robber barons, or in the sky-aspiring hotels of modern times and in the boozing dens of sailor-town."

It was not until I read London's stories on the Alaska Indians that my entire heart warmed thoroughly toward him. For thirty years I have studied the Indians of the Southwest, and by intimate association I have come to know them and love them. I have always resented what to me was a wicked and cruel attitude of certain Americans who declare "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." I have learned to appreciate their true worth, and to know the beauty and grandeur of their character when rightly understood.

As I read London's stories under the general title of "Children of the Frost," I saw that he had gained the same opinion of the Indians that I had. He had penetrated below the rude exterior to the manhood within, and I have no hesitancy whatever in stating my belief that as a true interpreter of the Indian, Jack London deserves to rank with Fenimore Cooper, Major J. W. Powell, Lieutenant F. H. Cushing, Dr. J. W. Fewks, and Frederick W. Starr, whom I regard as the greatest ethnologists America has yet produced.

In one of our conversations the question arose as to which of his stories I liked best. I immediately turned the question upon him and asked, "Which do you like best?" He laughingly replied, "Guess." I replied, "I venture to assert that I cannot only guess accurately, but that my judgment will be different from that of any critic who has yet ventured such an opinion upon your work." Then picking up this book, I opened to the last story in it, entitled "The League of the Old Men," and exclaimed: "There is your best story. In it you have expressed the cry of an expiring people, and I know you could not have written it had you not felt it to the very depths."

Tears sprang into his eyes, and reaching out his hand he gave me a warm handclasp and said, "You are right. Yet fewer people have seemed to appreciate that story than any story I have written, and my publishers report that a less number of that volume have been sold than any other of my books."

(*To be continued*)

LOVE

(A Mother-Revery)

IT shone as on the portal of my life—
Oh, dear the troth, the chimes, the trembling bride!—
Then swiftly as a sunbeam in its flight
Downleaping through that way where dwelleth light,
So darted it, impellent Love divine,
Adown far-deep into my woman's shrine,
Attuning heart of me—God-given guest—
As with a song: endeared, betrothed, possessed,
Beloved: the luminant of noon of life
But casts its deeper glow at eventide.

—*Harrold Skinner.*

The Songs that Mammy Sang Me

By William Edward Ross

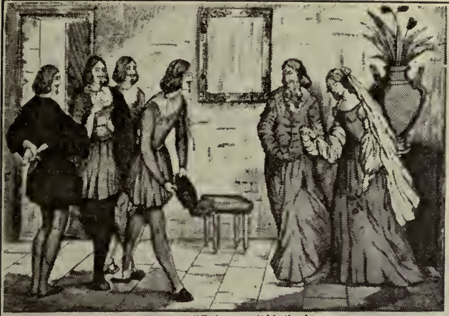
WHEN the hearth fire roars and the winds loudly scold,
And I muse in my armchair o'er stories untold,
It is then once again with my head on her knee,
That I hear the old songs that my mammy sang me:
"The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well."

What a fund of devotion her songs would impart
How they rang full of joy from the depths of her heart;
As I peer in the vaults oped by memory's key
I list once again to the songs she sang me:
"My bonnie lies over the ocean,
My bonnie lies over the sea,
My bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh, bring back my bonnie to me."

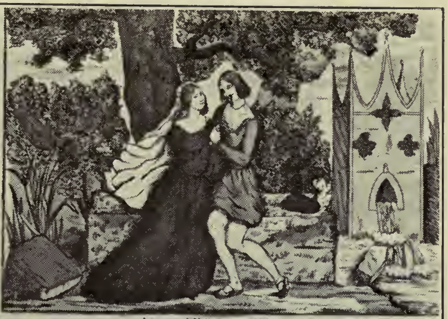
As the fragrance of roses remains in the dale,
When the blossoms have long since succumbed to the gale,
So the songs that in childhood my mammy sang me
Have enthralled me in bondage no power can free:
"Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go;
Though the heart beats weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old sweet song."

Though her voice often quavered, its tremulous tone
Was endowed with a beauty and charm all its own;
And she sang the old songs as they ne'er have been sung—
Through the passage of time have their melodies rung:
"Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

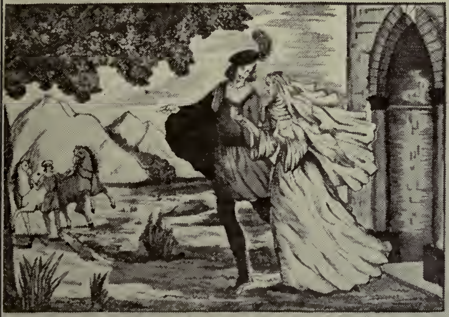
How I love those old songs, love them each, one and all,
And the spirit of each holds me close in its thrall;
But the song of them all that is dearest to me
Is the last song she sang e'er her spirit soared free:
"In the sweet by-and-by, we shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by-and-by, we shall meet on that beautiful shore."



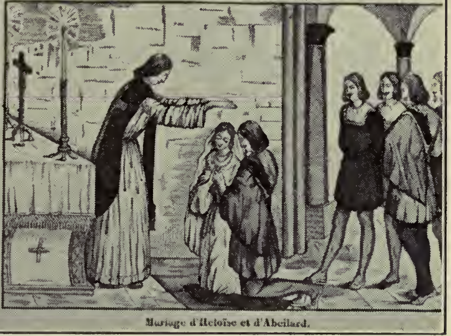
Entrevue d'Héloïse et d'Abeilard.



Amours d'Héloïse et d'Abeilard.



Fuite d'Héloïse avec Abeilard.



Mariage d'Héloïse et d'Abeilard.

The Battlefield of Love

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

THE world's great battlefields are always shrines for the tourists. Waterloo is yearly visited by thousands of travelers, and pilgrimages are continually made in our own land to Bunker Hill, Yorktown and Gettysburg.

When I went to France it was my desire to visit another great battlefield, a field where waged a strife that has resounded through centuries—that remarkable strife between religion and human passion, in the hearts of Abelard and Heloise.

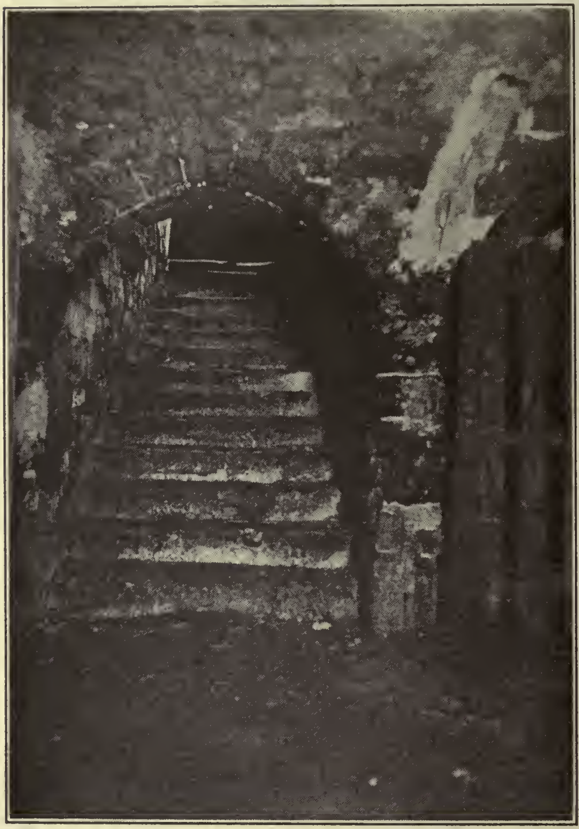
Guide books point only to the tomb of Pere Lachaise as all that survives of philosopher and pupil, lover and maid, husband and wife, monk and nun; but it was my good fortune to learn more of the lives of this ill-fated pair than the translated volumes of their letters relate; and to see more of the places and objects associated with their names, than the tomb at Pere Lachaise.

Guided through the mazes of the cemetery to the tomb of the immortal lovers, by Mr. Charles Moonen, whose card and conversation proclaimed him "Homme des lettres," while he acted as professional guide, I learned an interesting fact.

"At Argenteuil," said Mr. Moonen, "you will find the old convent still standing, though no longer a convent, where Heloise received her first communion, and to which she returned afterward to take the vows for life."

So to Argenteuil the next day was the pilgrimage made; at first to meet with many discouragements and baffling contradictions from residents of that ancient and historic environ of Paris, for Heloise lived long ago—and while poets, and the savants, and the bookworms, and the dreamers of Argenteuil may all know her domicile, it was not my good fortune to meet any of them that first hour.

Argenteuil, in truth, is more famed for its excellent asparagus, than for its lovers of romantic history. But, at last, a gentle-faced nun, telling her beads as she walked before a church door, directed me aright.



OLD STONE STAIRCASE IN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE
Convent of Argenteuil, through which Abelard used to come secretly to meet Heloise

"It is number 70, Boulevard Heloise, madame, and a private residence," she said. "Here in this church you will find some of the sacred relics taken from the convent when Heloise and her sisters in Christ were forced to leave and go to the Paraclet. You must come and see them another day; we have service now, and they could not be shown."

Driving along the boulevard in the glorious sunshine, the story of Heloise came back to me, in all its force; that old story of mad love, sad suffering, and life-long sorrow.

Heloise had been sent to the convent of Argenteuil for the rudiments of her education, by her uncle, the Canon Fulbert. She had returned to his home (now No. 11 Quai aux Fleurs—where an inscription over the door commemorates the fact), a brilliant, beautiful young creature, who was famed for her intellect and learning, while still in the first flush of girlhood. Canon Fulbert was proud of her attainments; and prouder still when she expressed a wish to study the philosophy of the great Abelard, then in the height of his fame, and chief of the school of Paris, the nucleus of what is known today as the great Sorbonne. Abelard was thirty-seven, Heloise a little more than half that age, perhaps; and one does not even need to recall the fact that the eleventh century was an era of licentiousness, to understand how Abelard, in his intimate association with his beautiful pupil, stood in danger of falling from his pinnacle of religious power. The Canon Fulbert, believing in the prudence and wisdom of his niece (as men believe only and always in their own), and having faith in the sincerity of Abelard's ideals, permitted the philosopher to become a member of his household in order to give Heloise the full benefit of his instruction.

Not only was Abelard given the privilege of teaching the beautiful girl, but he was authorized to chastise her if she became indifferent or negligent. In his letter to a friend long afterward Abelard wrote:

"We were under one roof, and we became one heart. Under the pretext of study we gave ourselves utterly to love. We opened our books, but there were more kisses than explanations, and our eyes sought each other rather than the texts.

Yet, sometimes, to still further deceive the uncle, I chastised Heloise as a bad pupil, but the blows were those of love, not of anger. As I grew more and more drunken with passion, I cared less and less for my school and my studies. It was a violent effort for me to go about my duties. I lost all inspiration. I could only speak to my students from memory, repeating old lessons, and when I undertook to write I produced only love verses."

Today when a priest or a monk becomes obsessed with a woman's charms he marries her, and is excommunicated from the church, and after a little time ceases to be remembered by the public. The world has grown too busy and humanity too broad, to persecute the backslider.

Father Hyacinth was but a passing figure in the court of Church *vs.* Cupid. But in 1119 such was the state of public sentiment that the incontinence of a great church dignitary might easily be condoned, if it was not bruited abroad; but his marriage was looked upon in the light of an everlasting disgrace, and an unpardonable sin. One familiar with the history of that period realizes the truth of this statement.

So Heloise regarded it; and so vast and overwhelming was her devotion to Abelard that she violently opposed any suggestion of a marriage, even after her flight to Brittany, where, at the home of Abelard's sister, she gave birth to a son, Astrolabius. She replied thus to Abelard, when he came to inform her that he had promised her uncle to make her his wife:

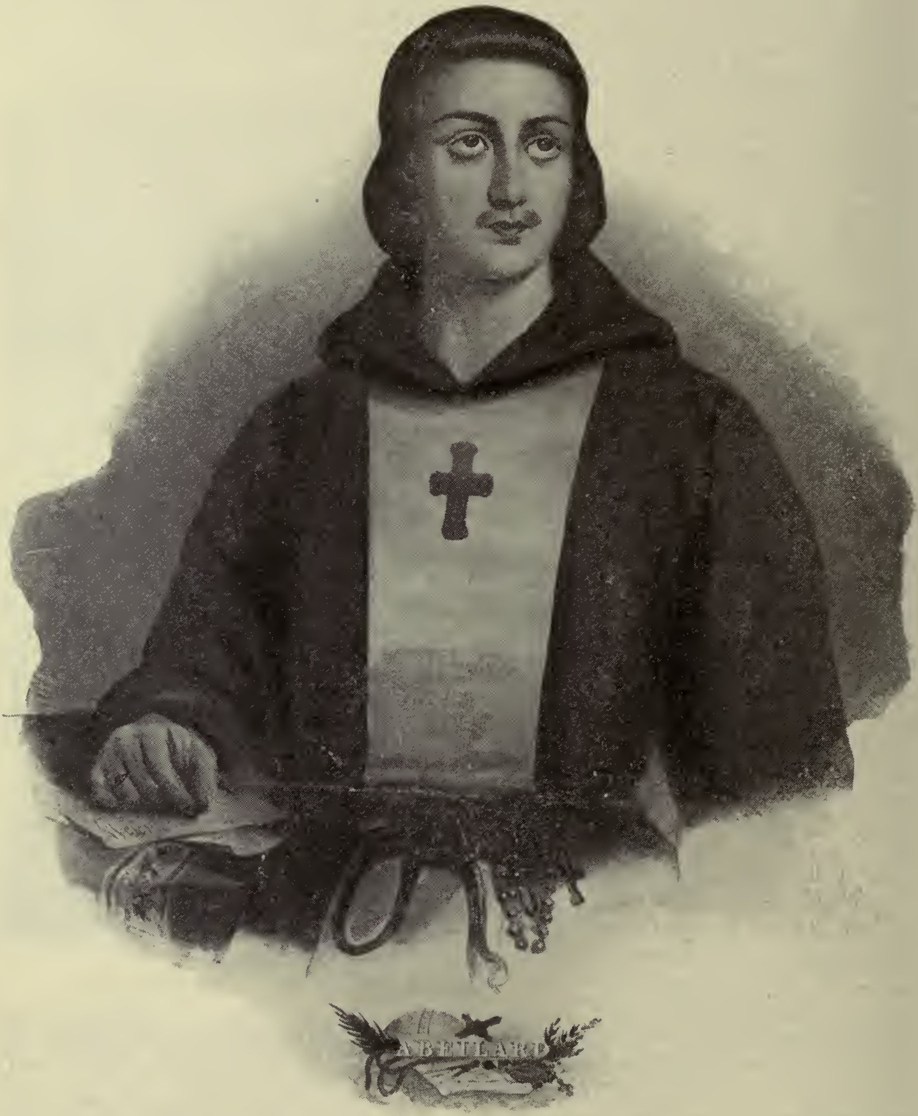
"It is a dishonor for you to marry; think of the prejudice you will arouse in the church—what tears you will cost philosophy. How deplorable to see a man, created for the whole world, serving one woman."

Then this remarkable young woman quoted her lover all the passages prejudicial to marriage in the Bible and other books, and cited the words of Cicero, who declared that he could not at "one time attend to a woman and philosophy."

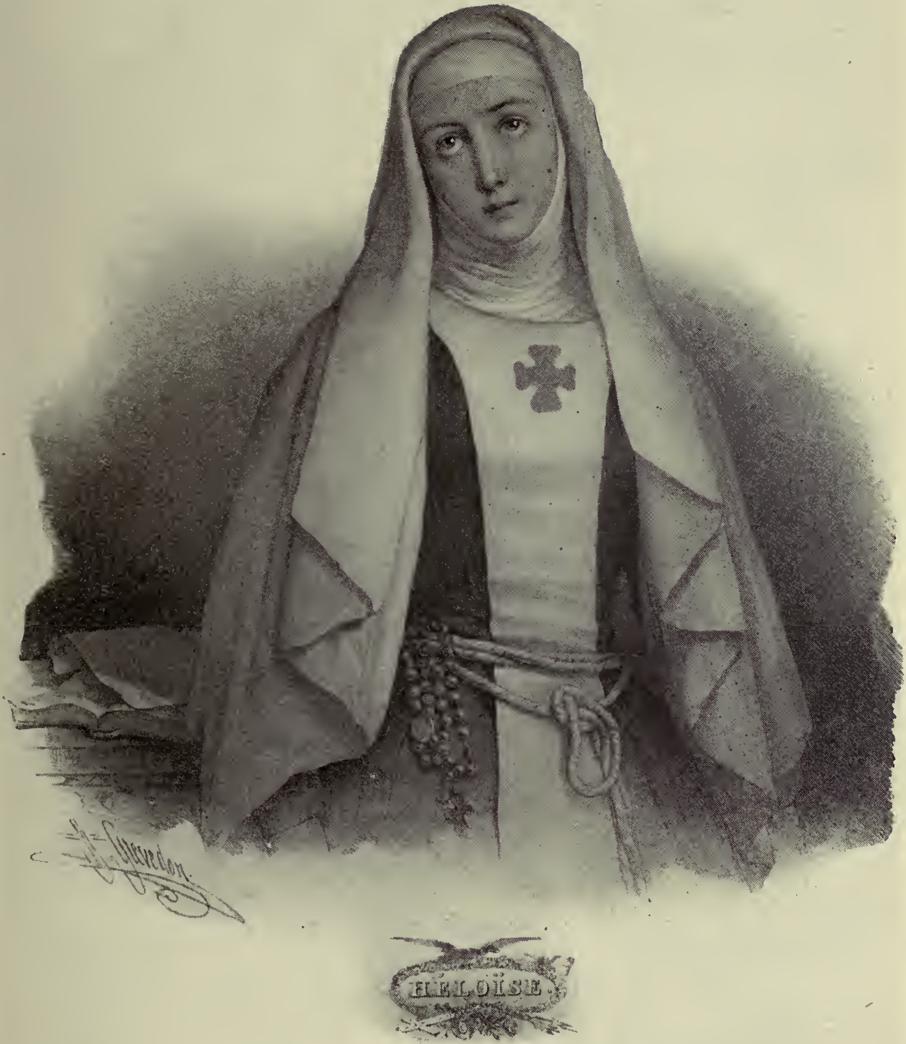
"Think of the discomfort and annoyances of having a nurse and a child in the house when you are meditating on philosophy; or, when you are inspired to write, the interruptions of domestic life will destroy your work. Let us remain as we are—lovers," she said. "The world will forgive our love, but it would never forgive our marriage. It would understand how I led you to forget your vows of continence, but would not pardon me for letting you break your vow of celibacy."

Nevertheless, Abelard, held by his promise to Fulbert, made Heloise his wife. She returned to Paris with her uncle after

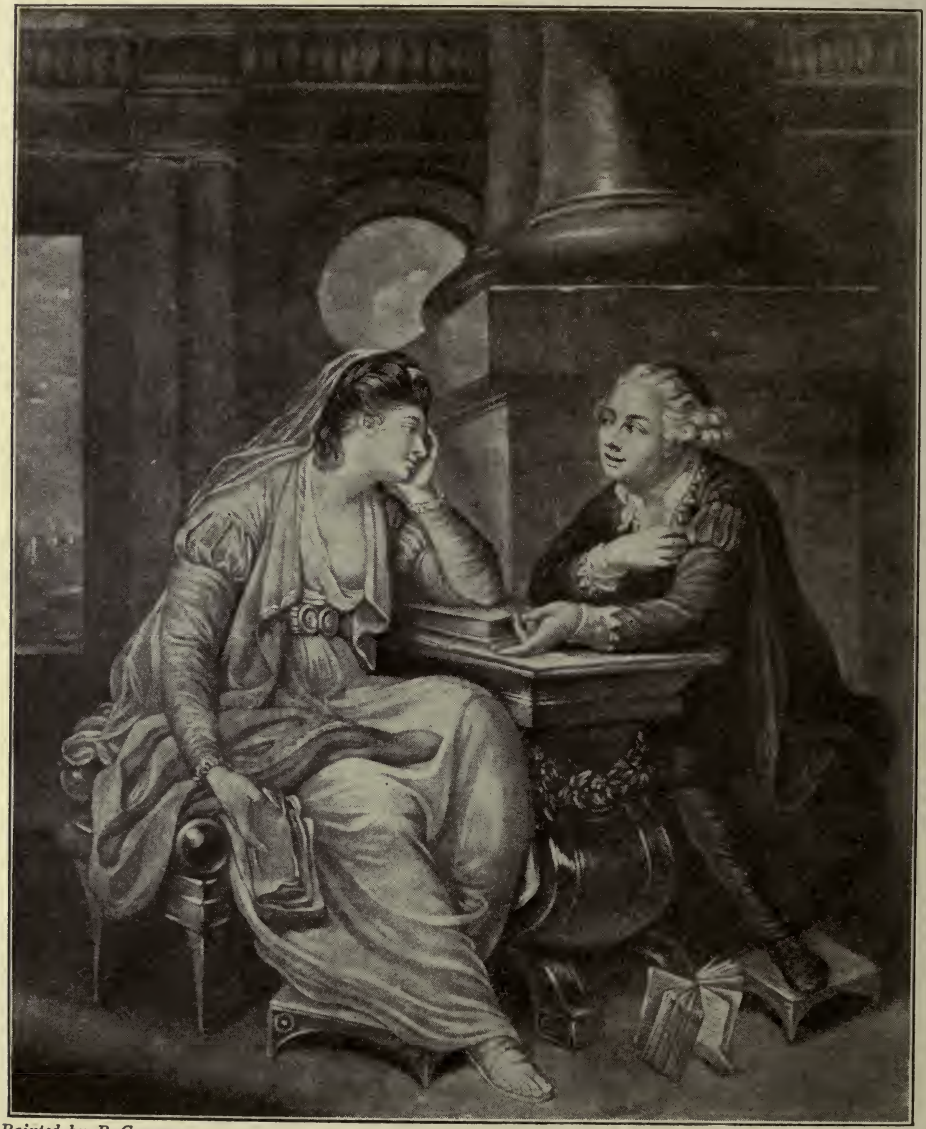
THE OLD CONVENT
At Argenteuil, France, where Heloise took the veil



ABELARD, FROM THE PAINTING BY G. GREVEDON


Grevedon
HELOÏSE

HELOISE, FROM THE PAINTING BY G. GREVEDON the ceremony, and Fulbert, despite his promise of keeping the marriage secret, announced it to the world. Heloise promptly denied it, knowing that public sentiment would condemn the legal part of his dereliction, while it would condone his amatory sin. So enraged was the uncle by her denials that he subjected the poor girl to the greatest abuses. Abelard, informed of the situation, sent Heloise to the convent of Argenteuil, and there she donned the robe of the sisters, with the exception of the veil, and lived ostensibly the religious life of the holy sisters.



Painted by R. Cosway *Engraved by J. R. Smith*

ABELARD AND HELOISE

Published first, June, 1774, by W. Humphrey, Gerard Street, Soho

But the letters of Abelard—the unexpurgated editions—tell us that the love life of the pair was not interrupted by

REFECTORY IN THE OLD CONVENT AT ARGENTEUIL
Spoken of in Abelard's letter to Heloise

the convent or the robe. There was a secret passage to the convent, and through this passage Abelard was admitted to his wife. Sixteen years afterward he writes—in answer to her complaint of all they had been forced to suffer: "Do we not deserve our suffering? Did I not secretly visit you at Argenteuil after our marriage? Even in the refectory, sacred to the Holy Virgin, did I not so far forget God as to clasp you unresisting in my arms? That profanation alone merited all we have since endured."

But the love life of Abelard and Heloise at Argenteuil was of brief duration. Secret as they believed their meetings, the story reached the ears of Canon Fulbert, and roused him to fury; robbed of his niece, who in turn was robbed of her good name by Abelard, Canon Fulbert planned a horrible revenge.

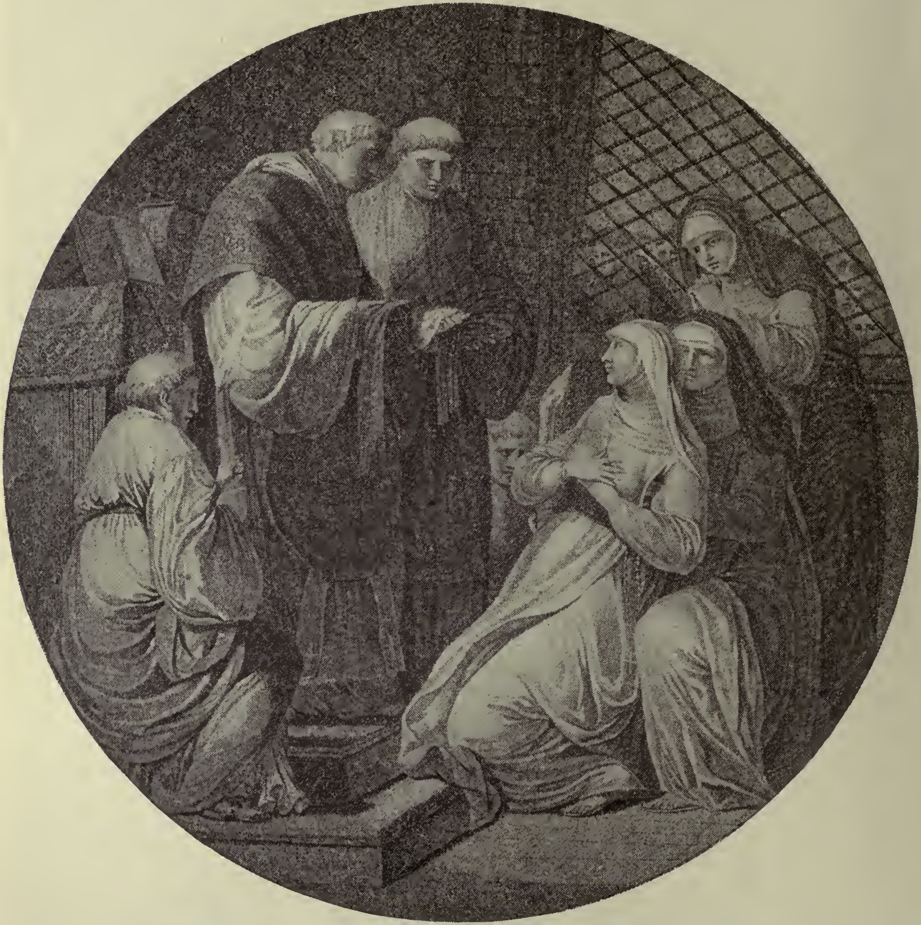
THE SLEEPING ROOM OF HELOISE
In the old Convent at Argenteuil, France. The Confessional was formerly at the right of window, indicated by X

Then followed the terrible tragedy, its parallel unknown in all the annals of history. The Canon Fulbert, with his confederates, inflicted incredible mutilations upon Abelard—injuries worse than death; and shortly afterward Abelard entered the monastery of St. Denis, and Heloise, at his wish, took the veil for life in the convent of Argenteuil.

And now here was I approaching that very convent, no longer a convent but an ordinary Parisian house set back in a court, and bearing the placard, "A Louer." A pretty concierge walked in the garden, and when I explained my errand, her face lighted with sympathy, and taking down a bunch of keys from a nail on the inner wall, she unlocked the door of a room opening upon a small enclosed garden. "This," she said, "was the sleeping-room of Heloise. Her bed stood in that alcove. By the window was once a door which led to the confessional, and outside was her garden where she walked."

It was overwhelming—the thought of it all. Here Heloise had first studied, a happy, brilliant, carefree girl. Here she had returned after her marriage to escape the cruelty of her uncle, and here had she taken her vows for life in the bloom of her youth, saying as she accepted the veil which shut her in forever from the world, "Criminal that I was, to bring such misfortune on thee: receive now my expiation, in this chastisement which I must forever bear." Even in that solemn hour, it was her devotion to Abelard, not to heaven, which engaged her thought. It was many years before her heart was given to God.

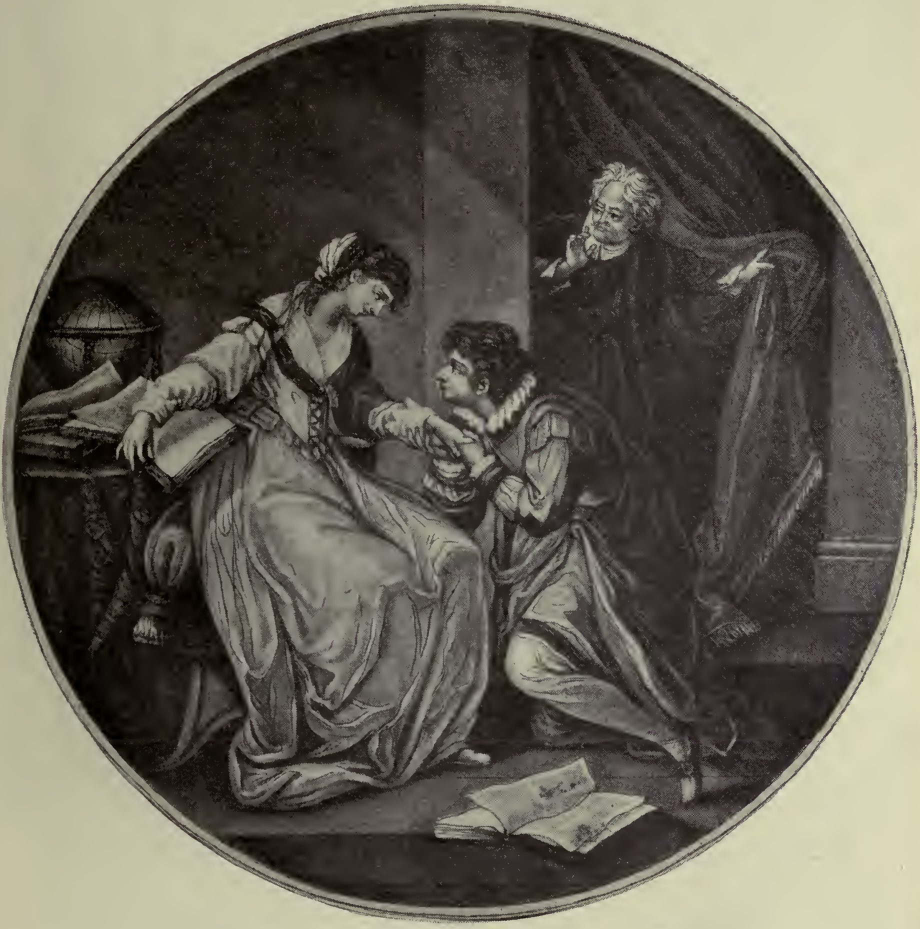
Later I visited the convent again with



HELOISE RECEIVING THE VEIL FROM THE HANDS OF ABELARD

"Thrice happy if this veil, by hallowing thy vows
The bandage could replace which presses on thy brows!"

a photographer, and was shown, by Mr. Jules Provin, its owner, the subterranean passage through which Abelard used to make his secret entrance, and the old worn stone staircase which his impatient feet trod. This passage, now partly walled up, to form a cellar, used to extend through to the Seine, which is only a short distance from the convent. Mr. Provin assured me that Abelard made his entrance by boat, and showed me in the roof of the cellar a hook, which had probably served as an anchorage for tying the bark of Cupid.

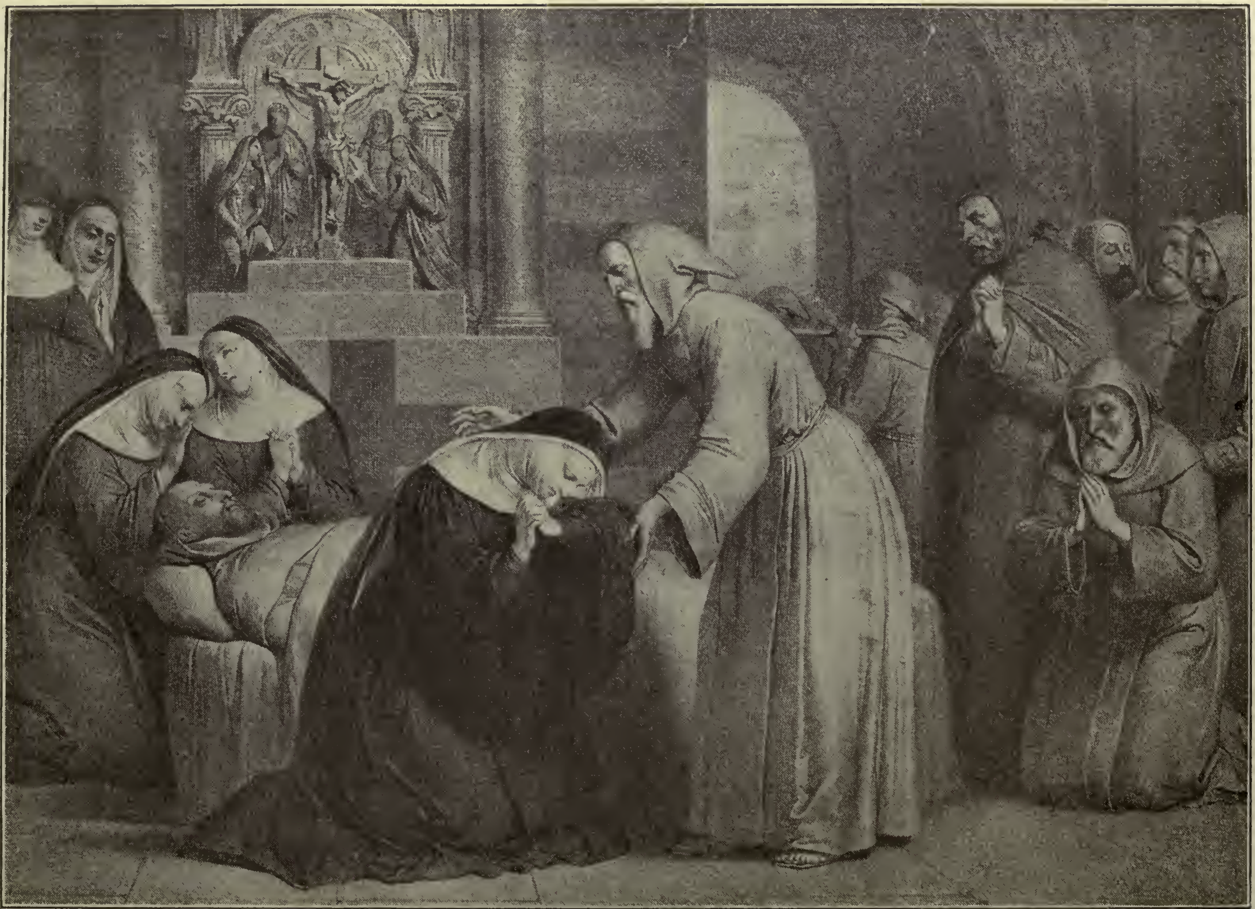


ABELARD AND HELOISE SURPRISED BY FULBERT

Mr. Provin did not seem to realize the fortune lying unused in his grasp. He desired to rent his property—for something less than four hundred dollars a year, but could not believe that by making its history known and turning it into a goal for tourists, charging a franc entrance fee, he would soon be independent for life.

Argenteuil is only twenty minutes from Paris, and thousands of tourists would gladly journey thither and pay their franc, did the guide-books direct them to the old convent, where began that long martyrdom of Heloise, that terrible life of solitude and suffering for which she was so unfitted; that crucifixion of the passionate woman on the altar of the (for many years) indifferent recluse.

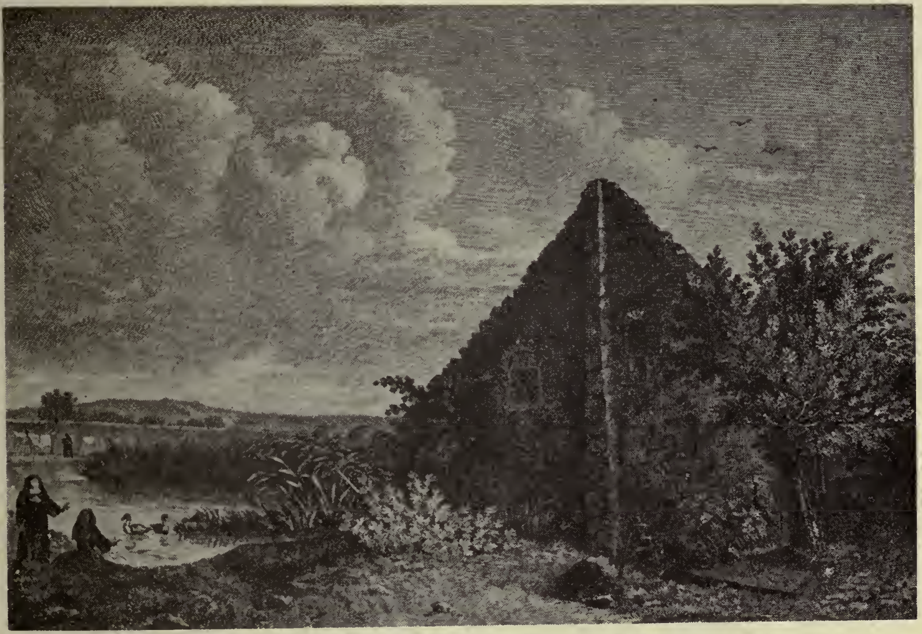
Sixteen years afterward she wrote to Abelard, "I took the veil to obey you—not to please God."



Overwhelmed by grief, Abelard died in the midst of the greatest suffering, at the age of sixty-three years, at the priory of St. Marcel, at Chalons on the Seine. Heloise, as Abelard had always desired her to do, begged the Abbot of Chiny for the body of her husband, in order to have it buried at Paraclet. The sixteenth of November it was received there with the funeral honors due the founder of that holy place. Twenty-one years after, May 17, 1164, and, like Abelard, in her sixty-third year, Heloise was placed in the same tomb, near her husband, who, it is said, opened his arms and pressed her to his breast, so giving to posterity a striking example of the faithfulness of his conjugal love even after death

It was not from this convent that the immortal letters of Heloise were written. Just how long she remained at Argenteuil is not clearly defined.

One historian tells us that the convent brought great scandal upon itself by the misconduct of some of its inmates, and that all were driven forth one night by an infuriated abbot. This might be the truth—for there is nothing more contagious than passion—and the example of Abelard and Heloise was more conducive to the propagation of human love than religious fervor, and the age was one of license.


RUINS OF ABELARD'S ORATORY IN THE INTERIOR OF THE ABBEY OF PARACLET

Abelard, himself, speaks of Abbot Suger, the abbot of St. Denis, as responsible for the violent expulsion of the nuns with Heloise as their superior, and claims that it was wholly a matter relating to the rights of a property-holder, who unduly put in force the law of eviction. At all events, Heloise and her sisters were subjected to great poverty and hardship for some time after the eviction—until Abelard came to the rescue and settled them in the Paraclet, at Nogent-sur-Seine where Heloise lived as Mother Abbess until her death in 1164.

It was from the Paraclet the famous letters of Heloise were written. There Abelard's body was brought after his death at the Priory of St. Marcel in 1142, and there Heloise was buried beside him twenty-two years later. No stone remains of the Paraclet; it was destroyed in 1800, and the tomb and its contents conveyed to Pere Lachaise.

It is believed that Abelard and Heloise never met after she took the veil, save during the public ceremonies attending the dedication of the Paraclet to her service.

Any other impression falls to the ground as improbable, after perusing the letters of Heloise written long years after she became a nun—letters which are reproaches for his absence and silence, during all these years—and wild petitions for his favor and affection; letters filled with burning memories of a love that would not die—and with passionate pleas for some word of recognition from the man for whom she had sacrificed honor, name, liberty and the world, in the morning of life.

Abelard traveled and gave discourses at various periods after he took the monastic vows.

Heloise wrote a book of rules for the women of the convents, which was blessed by the court of Rome, and entered into the constitution of all the monasteries of the time. She was famed for her erudition and her wisdom during her era. But it is by her letters to Abelard that she is remembered, because those letters reveal the heart of a woman endowed with the rare quality of loving with absolute abandon, unselfishness and loyalty, and of consecrating her life to the memory of that love.

It proves how much greater is a lover than a philosopher, when we realize what a renowned man was Abelard in his day, yet how utterly he is forgotten save as the lover of Heloise. He was the first orator, the first philosopher, the first poet, and one of the first musicians of the twelfth century. He was so broad and so brilliant and so courageous in his ideas that he brought a revolution into the religious world and antagonized the entire tradition-bound clergy. He was persecuted in consequence, but his name grew in glory, and his school of philosophy, the first to teach the liberty of human thought, could not accommodate his vast audiences, and he was obliged to address them in the open air.

It is no wonder that this man seemed to Heloise, then seventeen years of age, a veritable god, or that she forgot the world in his love. And so great was that love, that it alone, of all Abelard's glory, is remembered today.

Philosophies change—religions alter—creeds die—the minds of men are revolutionized on these subjects, but love lives on, and passion endures—the same yesterday, today, and forever in the human heart. Only he who loves is immortal.

GRIEF

THE first great grief that comes into a life
Falls heavy on the heart unused to pain;
But when each day brings greater care and strife
And life endures, we hope again.

Then, looking back to pain from which we shrank,
To stony ways we walked with bleeding feet,
So bitter now the cup, that what we drank
In other days, would now seem sweet.

—"*Songs of Cy Warman.*"

ASTROLABIUS

(The child of Abelard and Heloise)

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

While history gives us almost detailed accounts of the lives of Abelard and Heloise, the utmost mystery and silence enshroud the child of this remarkable pair. We know that he was born in Brittany, at the home of Abelard's sister, whither Heloise fled with her lover after her approaching maternity was known to her uncle. From that hour we have no data concerning the child until twenty years afterward, when Heloise writes to the Abbot of Cluny, "For the love of God and me, remember my son Astrolabius; if you can, procure him a living, from the bishop of Rome, or some other prelate." The Abbot answered: "For Astrolabius whom I adopt because he is your son, be assured as soon as it is in my power I will do all I can to place him in some great church. For your sake my best endeavors shall be exerted." Then a complete veil of oblivion drops over the fate of Astrolabius.

WRENCHED from a passing comet in its flight,
  By that great force of two mad hearts aflame,
  A soul incarnate, back to earth you came,
To glow like star-dust for a little night.
Deep shadows hide you wholly from our sight;
  The centuries leave nothing but your name,
  Tinged with the luster of a splendid shame,
That blazed oblivion with rebellious light.

The mighty passion that became your cause,
  Still burns its lengthening path across the years;
  We feel its raptures, and we see its tears
And ponder on its retributive laws.
  Time keeps that deathless story ever new;
  Yet finds no answer, when we ask of you.

II

At Argenteuil I saw the lonely cell
  Where Heloise dreamed through her broken rest,
  That baby lips pulled at her undried breast.
It needed but my woman's heart to tell
Of those long vigils and the tears that fell
  When aching arms reached out in fruitless quest,
  As after flight, wings brood an empty nest.
(So well I know that sorrow, ah, so well.)

Across the centuries there comes no sound
  Of that vast anguish; not one sigh or word
  Or echo of the mother loss has stirred
The sea of silence, lasting and profound.
  Yet to each heart, that once has felt this grief,
  Sad Memory restores Time's missing leaf.

III

But what of you? Who took the mother's place
  When sweet expanding love its object sought?
  Was there a voice to tell her tragic lot,
And did you ever look upon her face?
Was yours a cloistered seeking after grace?
  Or in the flame of adolescent thought
  Were Abelard's departed passions caught
To burn again in you and leave their trace?

Conceived in nature's bold, primordial way
  (As in their revolutions, suns create),
  You came to earth, a soul immaculate,
Baptized in fire, with some great part to play.
  What was that part, and wherefore hid from us,
  Immortal mystery, Astrolabius?

number of resolutions of a purely political nature, in so far as carrying them out is concerned. They don't want to vote, but they want to unite with the Federal government in erecting a monument to mark the completion of the Panama Canal, and building a national highway that shall extend from ocean to ocean, and they call on the President to so reorganize the Department of Agriculture as to insure the better enforcement of the Pure Food and Drugs Act, and they want conservation of natural scenery and federal aid for the vocational training of children, enforcement of "white slave" laws, removal of all legal disabilities on women not imposed on men, a uniform marriage and divorce law, and they congratulate the President on his appointment of Miss Julia Lathrop as head of the Children's Bureau.

Practically all the reforms in our conditions of life that women want are political in the last analysis. Public health, morals, education are in the hands of elective officers, and there are just two ways to reach them.

So much for national politics. In state politics they want various laws in connection with the school systems, training for defective children, expert instruction in sex hygiene in Normal schools, and the abolition of prison contract labor; and they desire women police in all the larger cities of the country. No wonder they protested against the comic supplement. Some enterprising cartoonist might make a picture of them playing blind man's buff and almost drowning in the pool of politics because they are unwilling, or unable, to see the ballot box afloat on the ark of safety.

Practically all the reforms in our conditions of life that women want are political in the last analysis. Public health, morals, education are in the hands of elective officers, and there are just two ways to reach them: one is the direct way and the other the indirect, and history proves that the arch enemy of this Republic has been the indirect influence that waits in lobbies, haunts back stairs and by ways that are dark and tricks that are too frequently successful corrupts or befools the public servant. The self-respecting woman cannot afford to use these methods, and she will not when she realizes that there is a better, surer way.

The main thing is to show her the way, and this is the work the suffrage leaders should set about, yes, even before they try to convert the men of their communities. Men are lax in their use of the ballot, and the women will be also unless they are roused to a full realization of the power it bestows, and the time to arouse them is before they get the franchise, because nothing else will do half so much to make their getting it certain. Nobody thinks women haven't the necessary intelligence to vote, but in a state where only from thirty to fifty per cent of the men care to vote, it is no wonder that they don't believe the women would be any more alive to their civic duties.

Immediately after the close of the Ohio campaign a brilliant young Australian, who never knew what it meant to be disfranchised until she came to this great Republic, said to me, "Now we shall have to begin all over again, and take all our time and strength and money and use them in this absurd suffrage campaigning. When you think of all there is to be done, the scores of directions in which we should be busy, doesn't it seem inconceivably stupid and silly that we should have to use all our efforts in getting the means to work with, for we know that we must have the ballot in order to accomplish the great things that are before us."

"Votes for Women" are defeated by the thousands of women who would consider it "womanly" to dig the Panama Canal with an iron spoon, because they are accustomed to the spoon.

If women are to do the great and splendid work they have already undertaken, they must come to know that votes for women mean votes for better schools, cleaner streets, purer morals and higher ideals.

An Unsuspected Parallel

by Lilian Ducey

Author of "Tangles," etc.

MISS BURNETT laughed. Then she looked eloquent apology at the man, only to find that he himself was beaming from amusement.

"Why! This makes the third or fourth time of asking!" she twinkled.

"To be exact, the fourth," said he, in no way abashed or disconcerted. "Once in this room, the evening of my return from Europe; once while waiting for our train in New York; and again the other morning, walking to the station here in Burley."

"I'm sure it is very, very kind of you."

"To ask for what I want?"

"Oh! But do you really want *me?* Somehow I doubt you." A charming flare of pink warmed her cheeks even while her eyes rippled.

"Indeed I do," the man smiled to himself. "So come—be a sensible girl and say yes to a very sensible proposition to a very sensible man. Just think how ridiculous it is for a woman like you, brought up as you have been, to—to have to go to New York day after day to earn her own living. It hurts me."

A short silence overtook the conversation at this crisis. The girl broke it by smiling pleasantly into his eyes and saying:

"But I am working because I want to. And I do not have to marry to escape it either, for here is this dear old godmother of mine who insists on my living with her and who is more than willing to support me. Only I can't—I just can't accept charity! And it would be charity. I must—now that father is dead and the money gone—work for my independence and self-respect. And I'm not a very young girl, but a woman of twenty-five who sees things in their true light. So I mean to continue working, in spite of the fondest of godmothers and the most quixotic of—"

"Don't!" The man put up a hand. "Don't apply that term to me—a plain, unromantic business man." The last was said with quiet humor.

The girl laughed easily. Days of careless frivolling had taught her many things. And then there was something so genuinely big about this man, she felt in no way afraid of being misunderstood.

"Oh, I will acknowledge it is a temptation—your money," she admitted. "It—really it dazzles me! The wife of Mr. Blake Kern, the wealthiest man in Burley, would be a rather enviable person."

"Well, then—say yes," he urged. "Say yes,—and— Why, we'll live happily ever after, as the saying goes. And I really believe we would. I can't explain why I feel so, but I am quite sure of it."

The girl's face lit up with a sudden whimsical smile at the assurance of his tone. "If you only could communicate some of that certainty to me," she challenged. "*I* can't see it at all—happiness without love. And I don't love you, and you don't love me."

"Oh, but we will," he put in swiftly.

"No." It was a long drawn-out denial, but she added quickly, "Still if one could love to order, I would set about the task immediately. Because I'd really *like* to say yes. That is, part of me would—the materialist. The other part—the idealist—still believes, or rather wants to believe, that Prince Charmings roam the earth, each searching out his individual princess."

In laughing perplexity the man shook his head. "They don't. Believe me, they don't. So will you? Will you marry me?"

From beneath the girl's lashes shot a swift, inquiring glance. Whereas he had been laughing, the last was said with such intensity as to startle her.

"*Will you?*" he spoke again, and his hand capped hers as it lay in her lap.

Surprised out of her laughing humor, the girl grew suddenly grave.

"Mr. Kern," she said after a little reflective silence, "I cannot understand your attitude toward me at all. In the first place we have never been on friendly terms. You are a man who has only traveled in a man's world. And I haven't met you socially at all. In fact we have never had more than a bowing acquaintance. Then you go to Europe. You come back. In the meantime my father has lost his money and died. And the very day you arrive you call on me and ask me to marry you. Why?"

"Why?" He repeated her question with puzzled, laughing eyes.

"Yes—why?"

"Humph!" he mused, an eloquent monosyllable. "I—well to be honest with you, I haven't been able to answer that question satisfactorily to myself as yet. But I knew your father very well. And the very first piece of news that was offered me coming from the city—someone on the train spoke of it—was that your father had failed, and that his death had forced you into the laboring world. I never remember feeling so pained about anything in my life."

This time it was the woman's turn to look puzzled. "And do you always," she questioned, "rush to the aid of damsels in financial distress?"

And when he made no reply she filled in the pause. "I suppose you could think of no other way—"

"But it seemed such a good way," he flashed one of his smiles of humor at her as he interrupted. Then his eyes grew suddenly tender. "And the very minute I thought of it," he went on, "I had the most astounding feeling come over me. Truly it seemed a more brilliant idea than one which would have cornered cotton."

There was no resisting his half-laughing seriousness. With mischief in her eyes she laughed back.

"And you know no more about women than to think you can ask a girl who barely knows you to marry you, fully expecting her to say yes?"

The man leaned nearer. This time he possessed himself of her two hands and pressed them warmly. "Now, that is the queerest part," he smiled. "I can't understand it myself. It's true I'm not used to dealing with women, but I should have thought of that. Put it down to my ignorance in affairs of the heart. It was really the business mind of a man of forty that drove me to you so precipitately." He paused.

"And then, on the other hand, it wasn't either," he went on quickly. "Because I remember distinctly, while on my way to you, of having a dozen or more memory pictures of you spring into consciousness. I remembered how you looked one winter all in fur, going to the high school. We weren't even on bowing terms then, but of course I knew you on account of your father. Next came a season or two later when I noted that you were grown up. You had a gray suit that year and wore a plain sailor hat. Another picture of you was in the lobby of a theater in New York. I happened to be there, too. And the Rollins—you had gone with them—offered me a seat in their car. I'll never forget that ride to Burley. I never had such an overwhelming desire to make friends with a girl in my life. And Rollins talked the stock market every blessed minute, until I felt like pitching him out of the car. Do you by any chance remember that night?"

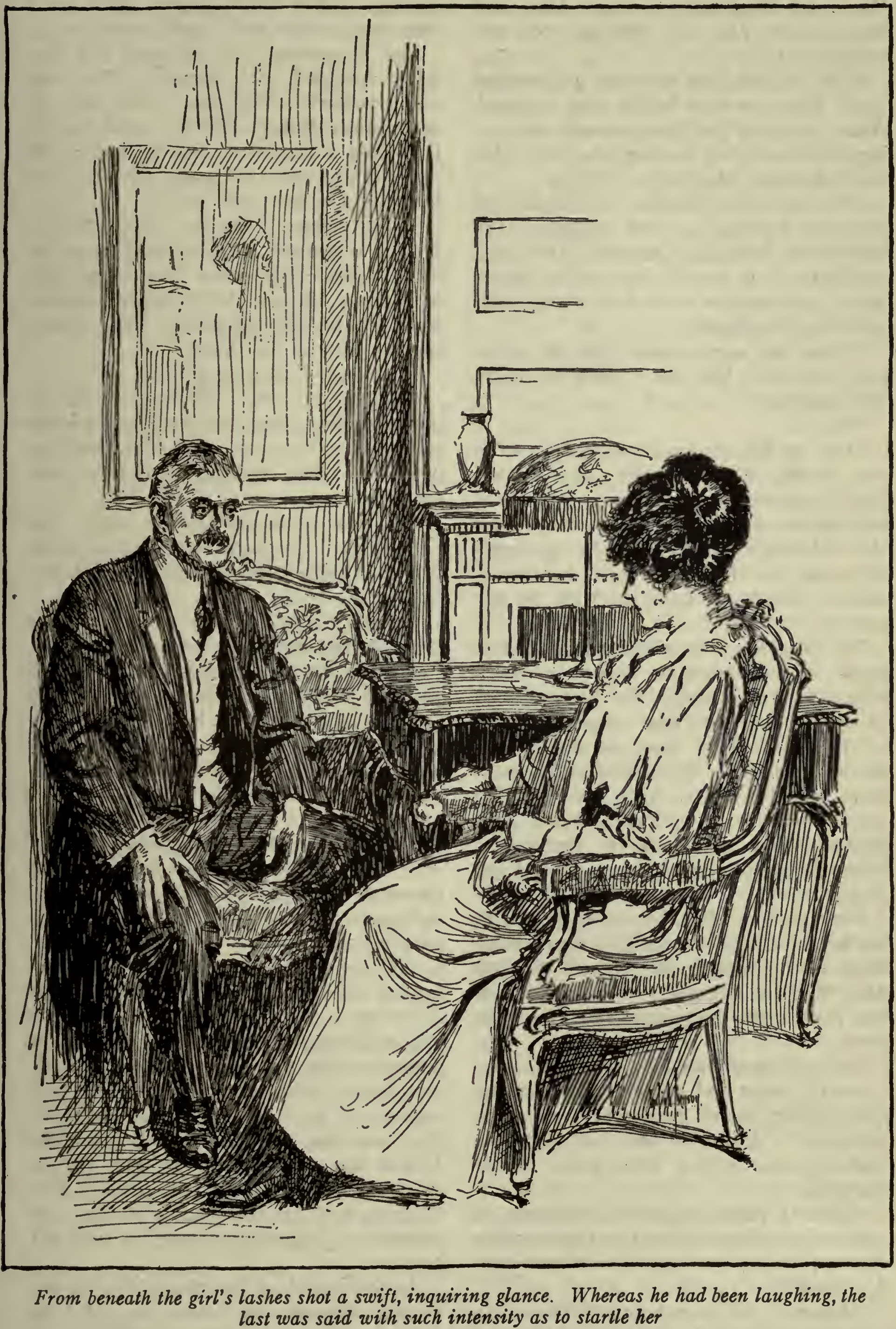
He paused for her to answer.

"Yes, I do," she laughed. "I remember it very distinctly. But the impression I got was more that you saw me only because I happened to be in your line of vision. I never felt so overlooked in my life."

"And then came a summer when you had a blue dress the very color of your eyes and slippers to match," he swept her with a soft look. "And a winter when you had a set of furs—hat, coat and muff to match. They were gray."

"Last year," she interpolated.

"Well—" he smiled—"there isn't another woman in God's world of whom I



From beneath the girl's lashes shot a swift, inquiring glance. Whereas he had been laughing, the last was said with such intensity as to startle her have such kinetoscopic views. Now isn't *that* queer? *Isn't* it? Perhaps you can explain it all."

With a queer little smile the girl mocked him. Her eyes were bright with mischief. After a pause just long enough to give significance to her answer, she said with low laughter: "Love."

"So you think it's that?" The flash of her eyes kindled a spark in his. "I'm inclined to believe so myself. That is, I would be, if it wasn't too utterly impossible for a man to be in love about eight years and not know it."

"Then my explanation falls to pieces and you don't love me," she gave back, still mocking.

"But—"

"Oh, no buts," she commanded. "No buts at all. We don't either of us love—and that is reason enough why we should not marry. So now that we have threshed this subject to the bottom, let us forget all about it. Let's not ever mention it again. Besides, I mean to wait for my prince!"

Her laughing humor kept up without a break, even though her voice carried a hint of finality with it. But he continued to smile at her with frank cheerfulness.

"You don't know me," he said slowly, "if you think—" He paused and drew a long breath, then with commanding power beneath a whimsical mien said lightly: "You are going to marry me, Grace Burnett. On that one point I am decided."

She laughed. But her color rose with her laughter, and it was with a very visible show of relief that she turned to little Mrs. Withers, the godmother with whom she lived, who had just come into the room.

She was a merry old lady, this godmother—keen of sight and keener still of tongue, with a spicy humor mellowed by age and sympathy. And now she took them in, nodding and smiling with quick understanding.

"I see I chose the wrong moment. I could shake myself. But I was quite inside the door when you said—*what you said*, Mr. Kern."

"Auntie! So you heard!" The girl's voice was unsteady with laughter and chiding. "But what do you think of a man who makes such lordly assertions?"

For a moment the withered old face fairly sparkled with humor. Then she said oracularly: "My dear, those were the very words Robert Withers used to me. I laughed at him also. But he won in the end. And—well, he made me the best husband a woman ever had."

Dead silence followed this remark. During it the old lady pattered from the room again. But when they were once more alone, the man let his smile broaden, while in accompaniment a low, tender rumble grew in his throat.

"You see—" he said softly.

"Nothing at all." Her eyes met his unfalteringly, a long level look that seemed to be trying to grasp again their previous mockery. But failing, she rose with quick decision.

"In spite of you and Auntie—and—and everything," she went on, "I must insist that this subject be dropped, Mr. Kern. Otherwise—"

"Don't say it!" He rose also. "Just as it stands that 'otherwise' is enough. I see I've made a mistake. After all, a girl isn't the stock market. My infallible business methods don't help me in a case of this kind. Shall we call a truce? At least there isn't any reason why we shouldn't be friends. Is there?" He held out his hand. "I am going now."

Without the least hesitation, smiling once more, she shook hands warmly. "Of course we can be friends," she said heartily, and again they looked at each other with laughing eyes.

"Of course we can be friends," he repeated after her, imitating her tone with a nicety. But underlying the words was a richness of mockery, a humor, that seemed to stir the pulse of the girl to sudden daring. She gave him a glance—just a sweep of her lashes from narrowed lids, that was the very essence of coquetry. It had the effect of making him take a swift impulsive movement toward her. "At any rate, for the present we can," he amended. The next moment he had left her.

As the sound of the closed door reverberated through the house, the old lady came into the room again. Curious as an old mother hen was she, as she beamed and twinkled—waiting. There was no resisting her, and when the girl caught the sunshine of the wrinkled smile, she gave a little, defiant toss of her head.

"Why is it, Auntie," she smiled the disarming smile of one trying to divert another's mind and lead it into less disturbing channels, "that one feels so at home with Mr. Kern, but the minute he disappears he grows formidable? I can't understand it."

The old head nodded sagely.

"It is his accomplishments one thinks of in his absence," she answered slowly. "We all admire success and do it honor. He is a very prince among men. Everybody in Burley is proud to say that Mr. Blake Kern is of our town. But when in his presence he quite makes one forget he is so wonderful. Then he is just a man —bigger and better than most men. He will make a splendid husband, my dear."

The last was said emphatically, each word emphasized by a brisk nod. And the girl's cheeks glowed from the sudden rising warmth of her blood.

"It's too utterly ridiculous, Auntie!" was the rather pointed comment she made.

"Don't you love him—enough?" The old face bent nearer.

"I don't love him *at all*," was the swift retort. "Why, how could I?"

"Are you sure?"

The girl laughed—a happy laugh of derision.

"Quite sure. Quite too sure," she said, and got to her feet, walking over to the divan.

Here, with another laugh, she stretched herself, head pillowed among the cushions. "Really, Auntie," she went on, "if I only had the tiniest, faintest spark of love within me to build with, I'd fan it into a flame. Why, just imagine what it means to have Mr. Blake Kern propose to one! Imagine what it would be like to have a husband with his wealth!"

The old lady moved nearer and seated herself so that she might see every passing emotion on the youthful face. For a minute their eyes met in a long, smiling glance. Then out of the silence the girl said gravely:

"I am ashamed, Auntie—of myself. I —I didn't know I had that trait in me. I hadn't any idea a man with money would be such a temptation. And I have always admired Laura and Jim so for making Love give them all that they desired from life, that I thought I was made of the same unselfish quality. For it is a temptation—his money. A great one. Of course if he wasn't so pleasant, so really likable, I presume then there would be less allurement to it. As it is, its face value is actually raised by his personality."

"Eh?" It almost seemed as if the old ears pointed themselves. But the girl evidently had not realized the astounding statement she had made. Quite oblivious, she rambled on.

"He was talking, Auntie—about remembering me as far back as when I went to the high school. Well, I can remember him also. And I remember how I always determined just how early or late I was by the place on Broad Street where I passed him. And once when a stray snowball struck me in the eye, he gave me his handkerchief. It is queer he didn't remember that. I really should have returned the handkerchief, but it's quite yellow with age now."

There was a pause, while the girl gazed remotely, eyes fixed on the ceiling. Presently she gave a low, little laugh as at some reminiscence.

"When I graduated, Auntie," she continued, "he sent me an armful of white roses from his gardens—I never saw such roses! He and father were having business dealings at the time. And you know father! I supposed he talked so much and so boastfully about his girl being valedictorian that Mr. Kern was forced to take note. Well, I have the card yet that came with them. How perfectly silly a girl in her teens can be!"

By way of answer the old lady's face lit up with a little secret smile. "And then?" she urged.

"Well the next time I recall him most distinctly is a time he also remembers. He came home from the theater with us—Mr. and Mrs. Rollins and he and I, in the Rollins' car. I considered myself quite a woman then and was never given so little consideration in my life. I can still feel the sting of wounded vanity when I think of that ride. In these last few years we have met very rarely. Still, he is a person one can't know and then forget. He has such a vivid, genial personality, he impresses one. And when he swings along the street and gives you one of those quick, smiling greetings, it almost seems as if he were shouting at you: 'Isn't it a great, glorious thing to be alive?' I have never before met anyone so electrifying. No wonder he has made his way in the world! No wonder he is an acknowledged leader."

Followed this little outburst a long silence, which the old lady took no means to break.

The girl continued to gaze ceilingward, but the sparkles on her face as she mused gave way to a waking thoughtfulness and soft perplexity. She was giving the evening past a leisurely contemplation, and out of her dreaming grew a curious wonder. How simple and pleasant the perspective of just allowing oneself to drift into a sheltered harbor? Especially when the harbor was such a friendly, cheerful and altogether likable port. What constituted love—true love? And how did people determine whether they really loved?

This last question she asked herself again and again, until with the repetition tiny furrows of irritation grew on her brow. Not even ordering it from her mind had any effect. Still it persisted. And at last she swept it all from her with a sudden burst of gaiety.

"Auntie," she laughed—and her voice lilted and sang with the joyousness of youth, "aren't you glad sometimes that you are high and dry on the sands of Time? Life isn't a puzzle any more, for you have solved it. You've learned the relative value of the things that are and the things that count. And the things that are not don't bother you. If you've ever counted the cost of mistakes and paid in full, it doesn't show through your calm content. Truly, Auntie, I envy you."

She left for bed with that little pleasantry. But the next morning she showed again that in the labyrinths of her reasoning the question of love still went begging. Blushing a trifle, she opened the subject without preface or preamble.

"Of course there have been others, Auntie, as you know. I mean men who have asked me to marry them. I was very positive each time that marriage with them held forth no allure. Now do you think—might it be that not being positive is equivalent to—to— Well, do you think I might be caring somewhat—all the time, and not realize it?"

"For Mr. Kern?" The old eyes twinkled.

"Mr. Kern—yes." At the teasing, a wilful, uncertain radiance flew into her face. Then as the old lady's eyes continued to search hers in raillery, she covered her face with her hands for a laughing moment.

"Don't answer, Auntie!" Her voice fluted and sang. "At my age to be so silly! I don't care for him, and I know I don't. It is some sort of a mental and moral myopia that is keeping his wealth before me. And I'd better cure myself immediately."

She rose as she finished laughing, hurried to the side of her godmother, and giving her a swift, tender kiss, swept away to her day's work in the city, with the firm intention of putting all nonsense from her.

And her intention was further firmly established by Mr. Blake Kern himself. As a matter of fact he left her no grounds to think of him as any different than as he had represented himself—a plain, unromantic, business man. Precipitately, he went to Europe. There he remained.

He had gone without seeing her or even sending a message, and his stay was marked with the same wordlessness. It was a curious mode of procedure. And while she would not acknowledge even to herself that she cared, it made her ponder on the self-sufficiency of men and wonder as to what the things were that really counted to them. Apparently, asking a woman's hand in marriage was not of any momentous import, but touched their lives only negligibly.

As the time went by she concluded that some business scheme had driven thoughts of her from his mind. She felt vaguely angry in consequence. When a cablegram, informing her that he was returning, reached her after three whole months, she crumpled the news and tossed it from her with a little gesture of decision.

It was all right for her to be doubtful of caring and uncertain as to her desires, but for the case to be reversed was not to be tolerated. She was piqued over the way he had acted, and she frankly acknowledged it to herself. So after a careful investigation of the marine news, she timed herself to visit her friend Laura Carson in the city.

Laura was poor—undeniably poor. And it always filled Miss Burnett with wonder and admiration at the happy home she and her young husband with their three babies made out of five city rooms. Like children, playing at house, they seemed. And yet it was a busy little mother who, without a maid, cared for such a family. Miss Burnett appreciated this, so instead of making of herself the ordinary visitor demanding attention, she had long ago established a precedent whereby her presence was hailed as the harbinger of an evening's vacation for the young parents. And they had a little tin savings bank that was known as the Burnett vacation fund, where odd pennies, saved carfare and such, were dropped against the time when Grace should show her smiling face in their doorway. So now, as always, they greeted her with joy.

"Oh! How I've wanted to see 'A Woman's World!'" exclaimed the youthful matron. "Grace, you're a darling! It's the last night for it, too. And if we can only get tickets. Jimsy, run right down town, and I'll save your dessert for you until you get back. Only *don't* come back without them!"

Jimsy ran, while with soft accusing hands Grace Burnett caught his wife by the shoulders. "Why didn't you send for me, Laura? Haven't I told you I would come any time at all?"

"And act as my nurse maid! You!—Grace Burnett! I'd like to catch myself," and with haughty invincibility she drew herself up, then gurgled, "but of course, since you're here!"

There was scrambling to get dressed. Even the infants assisted them, searching for collar buttons on hands and knees. Afterwards, for full five minutes before departure, kisses rained as for an ocean voyage. Not until the door closed on the two was the equilibrium restored. Then Miss Burnett searched out her emergency wardrobe that always hung in readiness—a dainty silken negligee—and she was ready for the fray.

Some there are who might consider Miss Burnett a martyr. She wasn't. Sometimes she thought that hers was the greater lark and not the young parents. She enjoyed getting three happy babies ready for bed, cuddling them close as she undressed them. The pressure of each warm little body against her arm, the childhood scent from each silken head against her breast made her throb with a holy joy. And the kisses they had for Auntie were as nectar and ambrosia.

Not until the last pair of lashes lay drooping on rosy cheeks, and she had tucked out all draughts to her yearning satisfaction did she leave them. Even then it was a wrench, but there were dishes that waited—for the morning, as Laura always insisted, but which she invariably washed and cleared away.

She was still humming a slumber song, though ready to plunge her hands into the dish water, when the door bell pealed. The sudden ring, so unexpected, startled her. Some visitor, no doubt, although Laura and Jim had but few, except those from Burley who continued to keep up their friendship for them. She felt that she would rather have had her evening alone. The solitude, alone with the children—always these evenings seemed to give her a clearer conception of life and the things that counted in living. And then the opening door disclosed the beaming face of Mr. Blake Kern.

"Good evening!" Eager, triumphant, a laugh running through his voice, came the greeting. "Mrs. Withers told me where I would find you. How do you do?"

It was scarcely a moment for even unvoiced recriminations. Before he had entered, the room grew electrified from his vital, happy atmosphere. His whole-souled cheeriness was contagious. And she put her hand in his laughingly.

"In lieu of the fact that the present owners of this fairyland are absent," she twinkled, "will you not accept my invitation to come in?"

"I will." Laughter hid in his eyes as he tried to look solemn. "As a matter of fact, only barred doors and dragons would keep me out."

And he looked about as he entered for a place to lay his coat and hat. Whereupon, with a charming little housekeepy air that harmonized with her gingham apron and silken frippery, she took them from him.

"This is Laura Rollins' home," she explained. "She is a cousin of Jackson Rollins. But perhaps you don't remember her. She married James Carson. That was five years ago, and they left Burley immediately. In search of fortune, as Jim said."

"Two young turtle doves, rich in love, but without a penny between them—that is the way Mrs. Withers characterized them," he put in with a laugh. "And so you play fairy nurse maid? She told me that also. And that you like the task. Won't you assign me a part in this paradise?"

She considered him for a moment, two white hands smoothing her gingham apron. There was sardonic raillery in her eyes and a wilfully teasing pucker to her brows. "The nurse maid," she offered, "has been transformed into a dishwasher. At the present moment no other position is open except that of assistant with the towel. How would that suit Mr. Blake Kern of Wall Street?"

The man laughed heartily in appreciation. But he would not allow her to withdraw her suggestion, although in all sincerity she offered him magazines and papers. Nor would he allow her to postpone the dishwashing rite until after he had gone. In the end, after much futile argument on her part, she was compelled to envelope him with an apron. Curious how stupid the most intelligent of men could act when it came to slipping an apron over his head and tying the strings behind!

With laughing quip and jest the work then proceeded. And yet, every time the girl's eyes met those of her able assistant they seemed to glow into hers with a gleam that was deeper than merriment, more significant than any surface happiness. At last, in spite of her natural poise, she began to grow disconcerted. And when a sleepy whimper sounded from a far room she welcomed the diversion.

Quickly she flew to the call, divesting herself of her apron as she went. The man followed her, but more leisurely. He came on tiptoe, almost as if he knew the prescribed mode of locomotion for such an occasion. When he saw the three little white cribs, he paused as one stops before some shrine, and drew a deep breath.

But the girl had suddenly forgotten her diffidence in admiration of the baby. Covers partly kicked away, his little bare feet showed pink and alabaster, and with a little mute gesture she beckoned the man closer.

"They always make me think of anemones—those tiny toes," she whispered with a hushed laugh, as she tucked the covers in place again. "Isn't he a darling? See his dimpled fists, and the curling eyelashes." Then she led the way to the others. Baby Grace's clustering ringlets lay like golden filigree upon the white pillow, and as if she must call attention to all these wonders, she slipped her finger slowly through a curl. Before Jim, Jr.'s crib she paused. His sturdy four-year-old body occupied almost all of its allotted space. "And they are as dear and good as they are pretty," she went on in a confidential whisper. "Really this *is* a veritable fairyland, in spite of its unpretentiousness. Though the only fault to be found with it is that it is in the city. But they can't help it—the poor dears. It costs so much to live these days. But if Jimsy has his salary raised the first of the year, they will use the advance for his commutation and live somewhere else. I can't wait until those curly heads can have the freedom of a yard. And I do so hope they can come back to Burley. But of course the rents are so high there, and it costs so much to commute that I'm afraid they may not be able to manage it."

She finished with a little sigh. In her interest in the narrative she had quite forgotten the man. And suddenly, as she remembered, a flooding color washed over her. With a swift change to formality she ushered him out of that little haven of home and into the living room. And there, having seated herself, she placed before him a most approved topic of conversation—one direct question as to which of the season's dramas he preferred.

But instead of answering, he looked at her in utter silence for a moment. It was a long, steady gaze from deep eyes. "I wonder—if you have any idea—what you have been doing to me," he spoke at last, and although his voice was low and very tender, it carried a sweeping rhythm that made the little room pulsate. "After all, I have been in love—all these years, and without realizing it. Queer that such a thing could be possible! If I had seen more of you perhaps— But being so busy, somehow the warm, personal need of a woman in my life was quite eclipsed. And weighing the things that count, it is these friends of yours who are rich with the wealth of the world. I haven't anything, unless—"

He filled in the pause with such an earnest look of love and supplication that the girl's eyes grew misty from the sight. And she thought that she even beheld in them a veiled apology for the tardiness of his discovery in the matter of his affections. It gave her an indescribable feeling of wanting to make up to him for all he had missed out of life. But not loving him, how could she? And with a little sigh she crushed the longing. But the ache of it persisted and crept into her voice as she explained why she could not marry him.

"Then you don't think that you, too, might be loving—just as I have been—and without knowing it?" he asked gently, searching her face.

For just a moment his question seemed to take her off her guard. For just a moment, though.

"No." Her answer was positive, if a trifle hesitant. "I'm quite too sure. I—in fact I considered that very supposition—before. But it was your wealth that was blinding me to the truth. That and the fact that I really like you. But liking isn't loving."

"Sometimes it is," he persisted, and now a little sparkle shone in the eyes that held hers. "Witness myself." Then he grew sober again. "Is there anyone else—any man that you care more for?"

"No. No, indeed," she made haste to reply, as if this meager admission should serve as compensation.

"Or ever have cared more for?"

She shook her head this time—a very decided negative.

"Then perhaps if you see more of me," he offered, frank blue eyes entreating. And with a most engaging impulsiveness that was almost boylike he continued, "I'd like to show you just how good I'd be to you. I tell you, you must love me. Why, it just has to be. Because I intend to marry you, Grace Burnett."

At this last masterly assertion the girl's lips curved with a smile of memory. Seriousness dropped from her, and rippling eyes challenged his.

"You said that before—and then you went to Europe for three months." If she thought to see him taken back, her expectation passed unfulfilled.

"So I did," he answered at once. "And I didn't even write you or explain. Shall I tell you why? It was because I went to be operated upon—a slight growth in the throat. But you see it might have been a serious thing—that is the growth—only it wasn't. And until the test was made, not even the surgeon knew. Under the circumstances I thought it best to do as I did."

"Oh!" She gave him a swift scrutiny from eyes dark with thought, then suddenly the whole expression of her face changed. Quick lights ran in it that seemed to tell of some secret joy and she added contritely, "I'm so sorry."

"For me—or for having misjudged me?" he retorted with a look that seemed to meet her thought half way.

"Both," she replied promptly, though the color warmed her cheeks. And just that moment Laura's laugh sounded in the hall. On her perturbation it fell like some blessed staying hand. She was glad of the moment's respite in which mind might subjugate a heart that had begun to race rather madly. For she suddenly found herself afraid and uncertain. Somewhere in the mazes of their talk she had lost herself and the very identity of her own feelings and desires. Flushed and eager, she greeted Laura and Jim.

Mrs. Carson, as she took in the girl and her visitor in one quick glance, smiled a little. But otherwise if she felt any surprise at seeing Mr. Kern in their modest little home, it did not show above her perfect breeding. Just gracious host and hostess, she and Jimsy warmed to this visitor from their home town. And when he rose to go, they cordially invited him to come again.

"I will. I must," the big man responded. "I've just got to see those little tykes in there with their eyes open. And the little girl—such a curly head as she is." Then he turned to Jimsy. "I tell you, Mr. Carson, you are the very button on the cap of fortune."

"Then I suppose you'd call me the tassel," laughed Laura.

"M—yes. Useless but ornamental," quizzed her husband with an air of large masculine indulgence that only emphasized his pride. And from the room beyond where Miss Burnett had disappeared in quest of Mr. Kern's hat and coat, came the laughing addendum:

"Be sure she will make him suffer for every letter of that 'useless' after you have gone, Mr. Kern."

"I should hope so," returned the man, sweeping husband and wife with rippling eyes. And quickly with a mumbled apology and the remark that he did not want to trouble Miss Burnett too much, he followed that young person.

She was standing with his overcoat on her arm, ready to return. But with three swift steps he was at her side, barring the way, and as he saw the surge of color that swept into her face he smiled slightly.

"Hold it for me to put on—won't you, please?" he broke the palpitating silence. "I want to see what it's like." And as she did so: "I believe wives do that for their husbands once in a while. Don't they? And then what do husbands do?"

She did not answer him, just stood very still. And although she must have known what he meant, for what happened next she was not quite prepared. He took her in his arms, held her close. With sudden amazement she searched his face so near, so near her own. The next moment he had kissed her. And that he did again.

Just for a second then they gazed into each other's eyes. The stillness was of that static quality that waits upon great truths. And she never moved from the curve of his shoulder.

"Why, you do—" he whispered exultantly. "You do! Bless you." And following another moment of intense stillness: "It's been a truly sleeping princess. Of all the wonderful, wonderful ways of things. And I'm the prince—in spite of all I once said. Do you remember—Grace?" His tone fluted over her name in soft caressing, and he waited.

But the girl quite suddenly remembered other things also. Clearly from the other room she heard voices—and coughs, not due to colds. She drew from him lingeringly, sweeping him with a blushing look of appeal as she did so.

"They've—they've probably heard you —every word," she breathed.

At that the man only laughed—a laugh of such utter happiness and joy and deep content as wanted the whole wide world to know. "And they'll understand—be sure of that," he whispered back. "Isn't this fairyland? It's we who have been a pair of unsuspecting humdrum mortals."

And opportunely in Laura's voice a whisper floated to them: "Well, I can't wish them anything better, Jimsy, than that they'll be as happy as we."

HYACINTHS

PINK and lavender and white,
Cool and moist and crisply sweet,
In a garden by the wall
Where the warmest sunbeams fall
Where the showers and soft winds meet,
Pink and lavender and white;
Dainty, fragile flower of Spring,
Sweetest of earth's blossoming.

—*Jessie Davies Willdy.*

A Beat in the Mail

By

Fred Dennett

THE *Mail* had a peculiar "beat" in the edition of October 10, 1904. It was nothing for the *Mail* to publish exclusive stories, but the way in which this one was secured was decidedly out of the common. It directly affected the lives of at least four people; indirectly, who can estimate? For there is the whole staff of the *Mail* and the constituents of the Third Congressional District. The tale really starts from the day that Carter first entered the *Mail* office.

"Old Man" Warren was then the managing editor. He had been trained in the rough and ready school of journalism; was a strong lover and a good hater; despised a dude, and was a little suspicious of a college education. "Made a man finicky," he said. "The first principle for a newspaper man to follow is—get the news at all costs, and never let the other fellow get ahead of you; don't get 'scooped!' Your college man is apt to be too nice; debates on methods, while the other fellow acts. Oh! I don't like 'em."

He had a motto which he used to instill into the minds of all new-comers in the office. The boys had had it engrossed on the bottom of the large photo of the "Old Man," which hung in the editorial office—"The welfare of the paper first, that of yourself and family afterward." The boys refused to accept this at first, but it had become a part of the traditions of the office, and they came to take a pride in it. The old members of the staff enjoyed a certain grim pleasure in dinning it into the ears, and occasionally pounding it into the heads of the cubs. The principle became a policy of the office. About this time Carter appeared on the horizon.

The "Old Man" was at his busiest; his blue pencil was flying with a rapidity and force calculated to strike terror into the heart of a new reporter; it was not an ordinary blue pencil, but was a sort of grease paint crayon; when he marked anything Warren liked to do it with enforcement. He had finished reading one piece of copy, "O. K.'d" it and was reaching out his left hand for another wad, when he noticed that someone was standing in front of his desk.

"What d'you want?"

"I have a letter for you, sir."

"Well, throw it here."

The letter was handed him respectfully; the "Old Man" paused in his work long enough to glance at the signature, and then reluctantly suspended, leaning back in his chair to read. The signature was that of one of the largest advertisers on the *Mail*. Though he hated to halt at that busy time of the evening, the "Old Man" realized that the letter demanded a careful perusal..

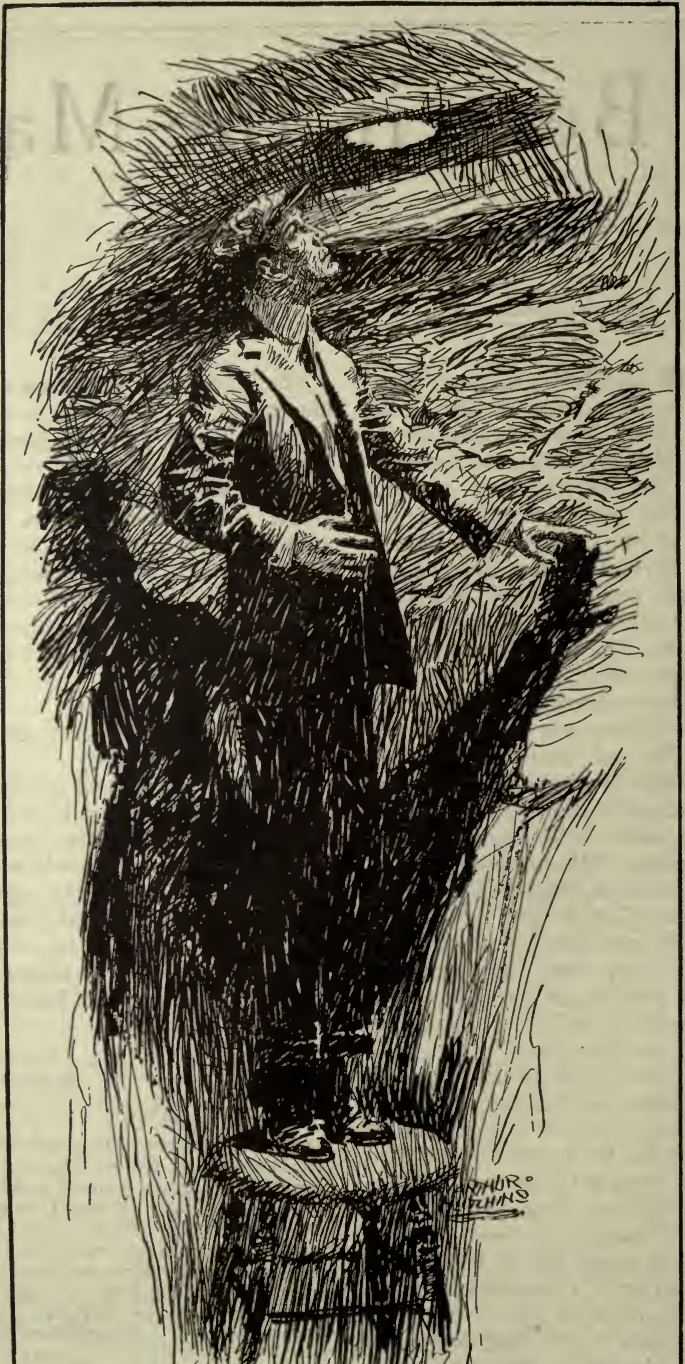
Office of Tipton & Company,.
March 14, 1892.

Peter Warren, Esq.,
Mail Office, City.

My dear Warren:—This will introduce to you Bernard R. Carter, the son of a very dear friend of mine, whom I would go out of my way to oblige. Young Carter is a Harvard graduate; he wants to enter journalism. I am sending him to you as the best man in my list of friends to furnish him the means of satisfying his ambition. I shall deem it a personal favor if you will give him a chance on the *Mail*. Yours sincerely,

PETER TIPTON.

Peter Tipton was the senior partner in the firm of Tipton and Company, who ran the largest line of advertising in the *Mail*. Moreover Warren knew that when Peter



"*Climbed on a high stool on the top of a counter and found I could hear very well*" asked for anything—which was seldom—he wanted it. The "Old Man" growled to himself. It would never do to turn Tipton down; better temporize.

"Want a show on the *Mail?*"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'm very busy just now; couldn't you come tomorrow about two?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right."

The "Old Man" glanced long enough at the boy to notice that he had a pair of gray eyes; a square chin, a good face and head, and an athletic frame; but his trousers were turned up the regulation London width, and his clothes were inclined to be dudish.

"Too bad; probably would have made a good man if this darned college craze had not got hold of him or his parents. He'd be 'Patient Penelope'-ing women; 'fidus Achates'-ing men; scribbling about Scylla and Charybdis, and Augean stables. Probably took a course in 'journalism'—pshaw—and has acquired a style of educated naturalness totally devoid of nature and individuality. Well, Tipton no doubt gave him a letter to the *Press*, and Sanders'll take him; just like Sanders. He'll probably fit in as society editor in place of Searley. I'm rid of him without offending Tipton, thanks be to the prophets."

The "Old Man" had forgotten all about the episode and when Carter turned up promptly at two, he was surprised and disappointed.

"You're Tipton's man?"

"Yes, sir. You told me to report at two."

"So I did; so I did. Do you know what it is to be a reporter or a newspaper man—up at all hours, no regular time to yourself, no possibility to make engagements, darned poor pay, and lots of hard knocks? Probably have to forget all you've learnt, and acquire a lot of new knowledge. In fact, young man," and Warren grew impressive and earnest, "a newspaper man has no home save his paper, no time that he can call his own; he is the best friend the people have, and is at the same time the most abused, and he often has to sacrifice his own personal feelings in consideration of the welfare of the paper. Don't try it, young man, don't try it."

Carter had glanced around the room while he was waiting for the "Old Man" to notice him and had seen the photo.

"Yes, sir, I know; the welfare of the paper first, that of yourself and family afterward."

The "Old Man" looked at him curiously, but the gray eyes were steady and sober, and there was not a suspicion of a smile about the firm lines of the mouth.

Perhaps he might do. Just then the turned-up pants attracted the "Old Man's" attention. No, he would not do, but he could not be turned down; that would make Tipton angry. There was need for more diplomacy. Warren concluded that he would give the boy an assignment, which he felt sure would sicken him of newspaper life. Three of the old hands had tried it; the last received rather rough usage.

"Well, there is something you might try this afternoon. Millville is about eight miles out of town. The hands in the woolen mills have been on a strike for the last four weeks; they hold meetings every Saturday night; they will have one this evening. It will be held in the old Johnson store building, second floor; there is no one occupying the store room on the first just now; believe there are some goods waiting removal; we want an account of what they do in the meeting. I might as well tell you that the strikers guard the building very closely during meeting hours. Moulder tried to hide in the store last week, but they searched the room before the meeting and found him; treated him rather rough; then they placed a guard round so that he could not get back. You can try it if you want to."

"Very well."

"That job will sicken him in good shape. —If those pants had not been turned up—" cogitated Warren as Carter left the room.

About twelve that night a disheveled figure slunk into the editorial room, and took a seat at a vacant table. After about half an hour's steady writing, the bunch of copy was placed on the "Old Man's" desk. Warren started to read it, working the blue pencil less and less as he became more interested.

"Is that all straight?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you get it? Treated you

rather badly, eh?" The "Old Man" smiled rather grimly, as he glanced at the suit covered with dirt; coat dripping with wet, and saw the general absence of trimness so apparent in the early day.

"No, sir; they did not catch me."

"Well, how did you get—that way?"

Carter looked down at his suit with a surprised look; he had not noticed the disorder. He flushed.

"Excuse me, sir, I must apologize for coming in in this state."

The "Old Man" laid back and roared.

"Don't apologize, boy. Tell me where the dirt comes from."

"I suspect—that it is the potatoes."

"Potatoes! What on earth were you doing with potatoes?"

"Well, sir; you told me I had to get the news. I went to Millville directly after leaving you; found the store-room locked; I, I—sized up the lock, and came back to town for keys which I—thought would fit it. I know it was not exactly the right thing to do," this in mistaken answer to a surprised look from Warren, "but you told me that I had to get that news for the paper, and my old professor told me that I never would acquire that 'nicety of refinement generally coincident with a classical education.' I got in the store room; remembered what you said about Moulder; found the trap door to the cellar; went down and discovered a big pile of potatoes stored there, with some loose boards lying round; took the boards, and fixed up a corner in the cellar, piling the potatoes all around me; hid there; the store-room was searched, I was not discovered; later I climbed up; saw a light shining through a hole in the ceiling; it was where the stove pipe is run in the winter to the drum in the upper room; climbed on a high stool on the top of a counter, and found I could hear very well, and see enough to jot down a few shorthand notes. I got all the motions and most of the substance of what they were talking about. It's there."

"But how did you get wet?"

"Oh," ruefully, "some fool upset the bucket of drinking water; it poured through the hole and as I could not move I got most of it down my neck."

"Never mind, my boy, you won out."

This was Carter's first beat. The *Mail* next morning came out with a full account of the proposed move of the strikers. The latter were so astonished at the revelation that they became disconcerted. The employers took advantage of the dismay. The strike was ended, and the *Mail* received some handsome advertisements from the Mills, which had up to that time patronized the *Daily Press.*

Carter was put on the force and stayed.

II

Warren, busily and roughly engaged in his work, showed no signs of a tender side to his nature. He had his code of business principles; lived up to them, and instilled them into the minds of the youngsters growing up in the office. The domestic side of his life he kept to himself. His wife was dead; she had left him a young daughter, who by nature was the antipodes of her stern and rigorous father. It seemed as if the office repression of the gentler side of his character had the effect of causing it to be predominant in his home life. He "got rid of his meanness at the office," as Kathleen used to tell him. She knew, for if ever a spoilt daughter existed, it was the fair-haired, blue-eyed little girl of Warren. A stricter bringing up would have been better for her, but the "Old Man" could not bear to be cross to the one being left to remind him of his loved wife. So Kathleen grew up to be a wilful, spoilt beauty. She recognized that her "Daddie" had to stay at the office most of the time; it was so and had to be so; and as long as he gave her all the time he had to spare, she could not, and did not complain. That was, however, the limit of her forbearance. With everyone else she was most exacting, and like a spoilt child, could brook no opposition. The Lord made her pretty and winsome, but had not rounded out her character by making her reasonable, and, if there is anything on this earth that causes, or has caused, more trouble than a woman of this natural endowment, writers of fiction and fact, in poetry and prose, have not discovered it.

Carter had become one of the most reliable men on the staff of the *Mail.* He could hardly be classed as a brilliant writer, but he had a bull-dog tenacity of purpose which stood him in good stead in the pursuit of news; he rarely failed when he once started on the trail. He was a gentlemanly young fellow, and men liked and trusted him; he secured many leads owing to the knowledge which men had that he would not betray a confidence if entrusted with one. In this way he was given general outlines in business and political affairs which enabled him to forecast with precision. He knew where to strike, when he wanted to write an effective "story."

Warren liked him, and no man had imbibed the "Old Man's" code of principles more thoroughly than Carter. The paper was all in all to him; it was characteristic of his purposeful and single-minded nature to set one aim above all others; with him it was the success of the *Mail;* he would have given his life for it.

Of course he fell in love with Kathleen. It could not have been otherwise. Two such opposite characters, physically and mentally, had a natural attraction—the one for the other; the love was all the fiercer on account of the only characteristic which they had in common—strength of will. It does not need a soothsayer to prophesy what will happen when dark hair and gray eyes in a good-looking man are brought into frequent company with blonde hair and blue eyes in a winsome lassie; especially when the man is deliberate, forceful and single-minded, and all a man, and the girl is light-hearted, fascinating, just a little scheming and—all a woman.

Butterflies like to flit from flower to flower, when the sun is shining and the sky is blue, but a broad oak limb is a welcome shelter, when the storm gathers and rain falls.

The storm came when Warren died suddenly, and Kathleen was left without a relative to take care of her.

Carter was chosen to take Warren's place and became the "Old Man." Kathleen fled to the shelter of his strong arms.

She felt sure that her love was strong enough to stand the inconveniences attendant upon being the bride of a newspaper man on a morning paper. There are only seven evenings in the week and when the husband is busy on each one, there is bound to come a strong test in the love of the bride, who likes festivities and whose natures craves gayeties. Kathleen had had all of her father's life at home; it did not occur that there would be much difference, if she had as much of her husband's. But while Miss Warren could always command a "beau" whenever she wanted one for evening parties, it was different with Mrs. Carter. "It would not look well for a married woman, and a bride at that, to be seen out with a man who was not her husband."

At first she did not mind; her father was recently dead; Bernard gave her all his spare time and there were many and novel duties to attend to. But time brought a change, for when the little one had come—and gone—time hung most heavily on her hands. The evenings grew long and dreary. Nowhere in particular to go, for one cannot talk to women all the time! Just haunting memories of a little companion, who should have been there—but was not; a little pair of shoes rubbed smooth round the tops, where loving hands so often held them, instead of being peep-holed at the toes, where baby's kicks should have worn them.

A butterfly can give up its life and die, when its usefulness is finished, but if it has no usefulness to fulfill and its life is prolonged, it has to search out the sunshine and the flowers, and fly from the one to the other in its aimless, drifting fashion.

It was a very busy fall. There was a bitter campaign on, and the industrial world was in a generally upset condition. Carter recognized that Kathleen was listless and realized that he had not the time to take her out as much as he should. An old-time friend, with society leanings, was called into service and Kathleen was escorted to parties by a man other than her husband—"just as if I were a young girl instead of a married woman of twenty-five."

The butterfly flitted; the flower grew interesting and interested, and Kathleen and her husband drifted.

Carter was told about it, but laughed. "Kathleen—Warren's child; oh, rubbish." Why, she knew of his great love for her, and understood how things were. She was too sensible to expect him to neglect his work.

If she could have realized just when the Rubicon was being crossed, she would have flown to him and compelled his attention; made him save her; but when an unquiet thought prompted her to speak on one occasion, he happened to be very busily engaged and did not, to her sensitive mind, seem to respond as readily as he should. So she shrank away and thought herself repulsed.

III

There had been a rush week at the office. Carter had run down to his flat for dinner at six, prior to putting in a long night at work. He felt particularly happy; the campaign would end in a few days; he had steered the ship through many and difficult channels, and everything pointed to the success of the men and principles which the *Mail* championed.

"Oh, Kathleen!"

"Missus said has 'ow she wouldn't be 'ome to dinner, sur," said the latest importation, who presided over the kitchen of the Carter household.

"What time did she go out?"

"Two o'clock, sur."

Carter was sorry; the tension of the fight was relaxing; he felt as if he were just emerging from a month of clouds and mist. He had not been feeling very well of late. Dr. Morton had told him that he must take a rest. "Your nerve force is almost exhausted, Mr. Carter," the physician had said, "strain it very much more and—something will snap." He had not worried his wife by telling her.

He wanted Kathleen. There was news for her. The *Mail* Publishing Company was going to organize a subsidiary company to issue an evening paper. He was to be in full charge and was to have a generous quota of the stock. The new work would allow him his evenings for Kathleen, and before the change was made he would have an opportunity to take the needed vacation. They would go on a trip. She certainly had had a lonesome time of it.

He ran to his room to prepare for the evening meal. He snatched up the brush; a little note fell off the back. Ah! she had left a message, bless her.

He read it.

"H'I'm going out, sur."

"All right."

Was that his voice? Carter had an indistinct idea that he had had dinner or something or other; he had pretended to eat.

What was it that had happened? He wanted to think. He had been married; he was sure of that! Yes; the baby had died; yes, the sorrow of it! But this note from Kathleen—his Kathleen.

She did not love him? She had gone away? What did it mean? If she was not here, there was no home; but then he had something to do; of course; the boys expected him back at the office. There was the telephone; he would call up Rutter, and tell him to go ahead with the work.

"Hello, Central."

He wondered how many miles away Central was; sound carried at the rate of so many feet per second; it seemed to take a long time to hear from Central; there was a moaning, rolling sound in his ears; the Exchange must have been moved across the river; it was not less than fifty miles off. He commenced figuring. At last the voice reached him from Central; it took a long time.

"Main 1227."

"Hello, is that you, Rutter? This is Carter. Ben Carter—Didn't know my voice? Well, the wire is running through the water now—eh?—Oh! of course, that's a joke.—No, I'm not feeling well. Can you manage? Yes? I'll 'phone later —So 'long."

Rutter had not recognized his voice. Carter did not recognize himself. Then there was something missing—Kathleen—That could not change his voice. Yes, if this changed his life, it would change his voice. Of course; what a fool he was; but then he never had been good at algebra and finding missing quantities; classics had been his forte; though his old professor had always said that he 'never would acquire that nicety of refinement generally coincident with a classical education.' Whom had he told that to? Warren, Kathleen's father; "The welfare of the paper first, that of yourself and family afterward." Good God! There was the paper, and the *Press*. This trouble would get out—of course—he was well known—and the *Press* would get it. Who in thunder was doing this sort of work for the *Mail?* They were not attending to these things properly since he had left. There ought to have been someone to see the husband by this time. The husband! That was he!

It was just about a year ago that he had written up the Chambers case; he had known Chambers and his wife.. But it seemed an impersonal matter then; a newspaper story.

He remembered how Kathleen had taken issue with him when the story appeared—rather unusual for Kathleen, he had thought—but she and Olivia Chambers had been friends at school, and Kathleen dreaded the effect of newspaper publicity on her dainty, shrinking little chum. She had even begged him to suppress the story, though none knew better than "Old Man" Warren's daughter the newspaper value of the sensational Chambers case. Chambers was a politician; the campaign for Congress had kept him away from home. Carter had known, too, that he was drinking heavily—ah, that was one thing Kathleen could not say of *him!* She could not seek the protection of another man, as they said Olivia Chambers had done, because she feared her husband. But Kathleen had never spoken of that—"Olivia had rather be beaten," she had cried, "than be neglected!"

Neglected! Ah, that was it. And so she had gone away! "The welfare of the paper first, that of yourself and family afterward." And it was his duty to see that the *Mail* never got scooped. Of course! he was the "Old Man" and the responsibility was on his shoulders. Now steady!

Was that rain? Had Kathleen taken wraps? Her face had ached last night; her pretty face! She had soothed it with laudanum—yes, laudanum soothed pain. Now he was in pain; somewhere inside him; would laudanum stop that, too?

Ah! there was the bottle! Should he apply the lotion to his pain? But that would make another item for the papers, and Rutter was awfully slow sometimes. The *Press* might hear it and the *Mail* would be scooped; then what would Warren say? Kathleen's father—he'd tell Kathleen that Carter had failed. Kathleen! that circle again. What was it Warren taught? "The welfare of the paper first, that of yourself and family afterward." and "all men are items, merely material for newspaper stories." It was getting plainer now. His head was hot, but he saw what he must do. If he could only steady himself.

The old trick came back. He had often steadied himself in the midst of the whirl of work and excitement by putting his thoughts on paper. He commenced to write; guided by force of habit, he told the story. He was writing about an incident which did not affect him personally; he had become a "newspaper item."

He finished the story. Could he send it? The boys would keep the matter from the *Mail* out of regard for him, even if they learnt it, unless he directed otherwise. But the evening papers! They would tell the story; tell it brutally, sensationally, reflect on Kathleen—his story excused her—perhaps print some frightful caricature of her—conveying a wrong impression which could never be corrected—poor child! It was his fault, not hers, his neglect, not her faithlessness; and, and—the *Mail* would be scooped; and too the *Mail* always, God bless it, told the truth; it feared nothing, but it wasn't yellow. Moreover the responsibility was on him; he was the "Old Man," and there was the *Mail* motto.

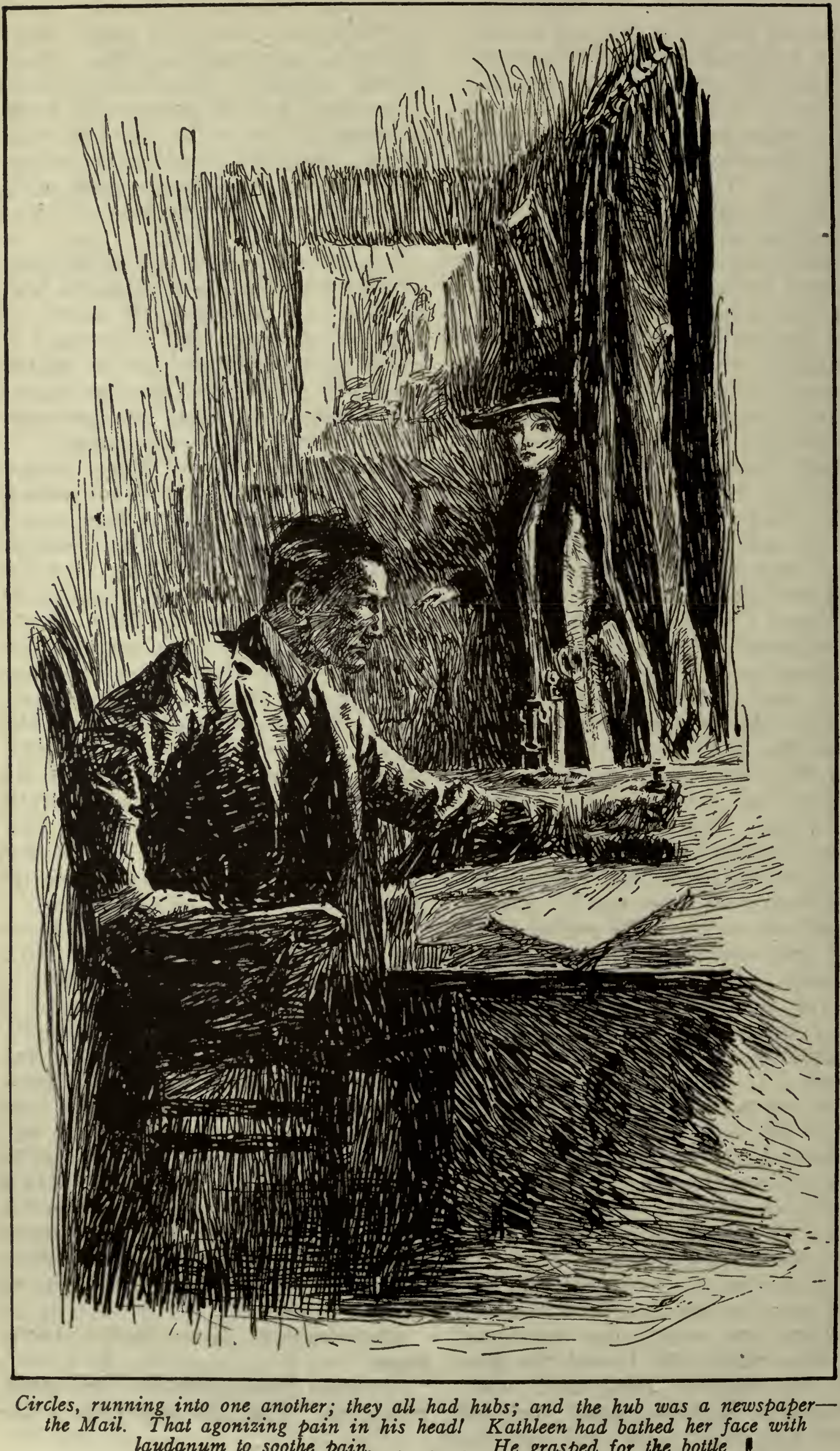
He made up his mind. He would send the story. He could not read it in print, but then—would he not escape that?

He took up the telephone.

"Is that you, Rutter? I'm on to an important piece of news. Hold last two columns on first page. Send young Thornwall up here at 1.30. Tell him I have something here that he must keep very quiet about and not tell anyone what he sees or hears until he sees you. Make that clear to him; very clear. You will find a key to the front door of my rooms in the little right hand drawer of my desk. Give it to Thornwall, and tell him to go straight to the den."

That was right; it was his duty to the paper.

The keen tension relaxed. The spring rebounded. That shooting pain in the



Circles, running into one another; they all had hubs; and the hub was a newspaper—the Mail. That agonizing pain in his head! Kathleen had bathed her face with laudanum to soothe pain. . . . He grasped for the bottle head! "Kathleen! O Kathleen, you might have known; and never doubted my love for you." Was he going mad? Mad! There was the circle again! Circles, one running into the other; they all had hubs; and the hub was a newspaper—the *Mail.* That agonizing pain in his head!

Kathleen had bathed her face with laudanum to soothe pain . . He grasped for the bottle.

"*Ben!*"

There was the vision of a pale face, of eyes that were blanched in horror. He felt a cool hand on his forehead.

* * *

At 1.30 young Thornwall came whistling up to the door. He opened it and went straight to the den. A single light burned on the center table, and a figure in white was bent far over it, feverishly turning the pages of a manuscript.

"Oh," stammered the reporter in confusion, "I thought Mr. Carter was here! Oh, did I frighten you, Mrs. Carter?"

Kathleen dropped the sheets of manuscript. A shiver passed through her frame. The whole world had changed. She was possessed of a mad desire to shriek out. But repression came at a vital moment to the daughter of Old Man Warren.

"Good evening, Mr. Thornwall," she said. She did not know her own voice. Yes, the world—the whole world had changed. She shuddered. But here was this boy from the *Mail.* "Mr. Carter is asleep," she whispered, nodding toward the couch across the room. "The campaign has exhausted him."

The reporter opened his eyes. "Why," he gasped, "he telephoned Rutter he had a double-column lead and they're waiting to go to press."

Kathleen looked aghast at the manuscript before her. Could that be the double-column lead? And then the daughter of Old Man Warren did some rapid thinking.

"The story is here," she said, picking up the sheets casually. "Mr. Carter wrote it hurriedly—it's quite, *quite* inside information, you know, and he asked me to read it before I gave it to you. Now there is one thing that a man can't write as well as a woman, Mr. Thornwall,"—her words came slowly, but her mind worked like chain lightning—"and that's the story of a reconciliation. I want to write this one myself — if you will help me. The head must simply say 'The Chambers Reconciled.'" She spoke the words with emphasis and turned slightly as a gasp emitted from the divan.

"The Chambers reconciled!" cried the boy. "Why, Mrs. Carter, that will mean—why, you know, popular sentiment was all that was ruining Chambers, and now—"

"And now we hope," finished Kathleen, smiling, "that he and Mrs. Chambers will have their second honeymoon in Washington. Shall I give you the story, Mr. Thornwall?"

The hall clock struck two as Kathleen accompanied the reporter to the door. Quietly she slipped back into the den. Carter sat before the fireplace, head bent.

"Ben!" she whispered.

"O Kathleen!"

* * *

A belated and somewhat informal breakfast was being served in the Carter household when Carter went into the hall, in answer to a persistent jangling of the telephone bell.

"Rutter says, Kathleen," he announced a few minutes later, "that the Chambers story is the biggest beat this year. The papers all over the state have gone wild.

"And the impudent pup had the presumption to tell me," he went on, smiling, "that if my wife would write more 'live copy' like that, we'd put the *Press* out of business.

"And I told him," he crossed to her and took both her hands in his—"that neither I nor my wife cared a hang for the *Press*—no, nor for the *Mail* either, if he pleased, and that we were going to Europe by the next boat.

"But before we go, Kathleen," he finished seriously, "we are going to take down that motto in the office that says, 'The welfare of the paper—'"

But Kathleen put a protesting hand over his mouth.

Playing Her Part

by

Harold Strong Latham

Author of "The Broken Pinion"

THERE was a gentle tap at the door, an apologetic, hesitating tap, which, receiving no response, gave way to more determined knocking.

"It's only Ferguson, Vera. I want to see you." The voice was soft and kind and as it reached the ears of the woman who sat huddled up in the chair it produced the desired effect. She rose slowly, as if very tired, and stopping only to dab with her handkerchief at the corners of her eyes crossed to the door and opened it.

A man of striking appearance stood on the threshold, the kind of man one thinks of when one sees a vast estate of cotton fields surrounding an immense white-pillared mansion. He was tall, very tall and straight; his hair, bushy and white, his eyebrows coal black. It was not his physical characteristics which held the eye so much as the kindly expression which lit up his face, an expression which was in fact as much a part of him, as material a thing, as his high brow and square shoulders.

He bent a trifle in a somewhat stiff but very dignified manner as Vera held out her hand. Distinctly he was a gentleman of the old school.

"Ah! I knew it!" he said, when he had accepted her invitation to be seated. "You have been crying. I saw it coming on at rehearsal this afternoon."

His companion looked away, winking hard and made no attempt to deny the charge. The old man leaned forward and took her hand.

"What is it?" he asked softly.

At this the woman gave way.

"It's old age," she cried out harshly. "See the wrinkles here and here and the gray in my hair and my figure—no longer girlish. That's what's the trouble. I want my youth. I'm afraid—to grow old—afraid."

"My dear Vera, you're not old—" he began mildly.

"What's the use of our pretending? Do you think I'd let them know out there how old I am? No, never, but in here, to you, Fergie, I can talk. I'm forty tomorrow. It wasn't so bad when I was in the thirties, but forty—oh, it's old—old, old for an actress who hasn't made a name." Her voice broke and she covered her face with her hands again.

"You have been fortunate as the world goes," Ferguson put in mildly. "And happy, too, haven't you?"

"As the world goes—that's good!" There was bitterness in her words.

"As the world goes!" She swept the room with a motion of her hand. "Look at the wealth around you," she cried. "A few knickknacks, several thousand dollars in the bank." She shrugged her shoulders. "Happy? Yes, when I don't dream of what I want to be, but like the pendulum of the clock just keep swaying back and forth. Stock work in the summer, small parts in the winter, back and forth, back and forth, never a chance to show what I can do in a really big scene."

"That is the lot of the many," Ferguson ventured.

"I know, I know, of course," Vera replied, "but I had hoped, kept myself alive by hoping, and now I feel that hope is dying. Who ever heard of an actress scoring her first success after she had passed her fortieth year?"

"They don't all talk as frankly as you have," Ferguson rallied. "Who can say as to the age at which success is oftenest won by woman?"

For just a fleeting second she caught his mood, a smile hovering on her lips, but it was soon gone.

"I'm sick of it," she went on—"sick of cheap boarding-houses like this, sick of the theatre, sick of playing old woman parts when my heart longs for something bigger, and most of all, sick of life. For just two cents I'd end it."

"You have a good part in the new play. It should go well," Ferguson encouraged.

"It's an old woman's part," Vera rejoined snappishly, "and I tell you I'm tired of acting old people and tired of growing old. I hate age."

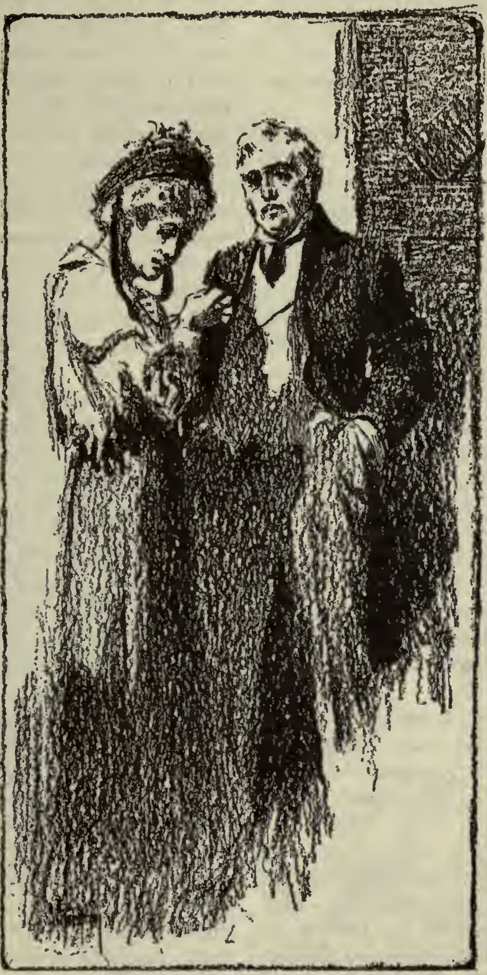
Ferguson rose and walked the length of the room and returning stopped in front of her. "I came here," he said "to ask a favor of you, a favor in the granting of which I believe you will benefit. I want you to make a call, just a social call on a little lady friend of mine. Will you do it?"

"Since you ask me, yes."

"Thank you.

"Her name is—well, no matter what. I call her Auntie Rose, just because it fits. You'll see why when you meet her." He stopped, and his eyes took on a far-away expression.

"When I was young I dreamed dreams—such dreams as yours, I imagine," he resumed in low tones. "I was going to be a writer. I had some success too, a few stories in the magazines and a book long since forgotten. These things were but forerunners of a great disappointment. They fired my hopes and made me believe that something really worth while was in store, but it did not come. I could not make a living by my pen and finally, forced to earn money, for I was very poor, I obtained a small part in a second-rate stock company. Not that I was interested particularly in the theatre, for I had given it hardly a thought up to that time, but it seemed to me that it offered the excitement I craved. I was in the depths of despair and ready for any sort of distraction. Deviltry—wine, women and song—was what I wanted."



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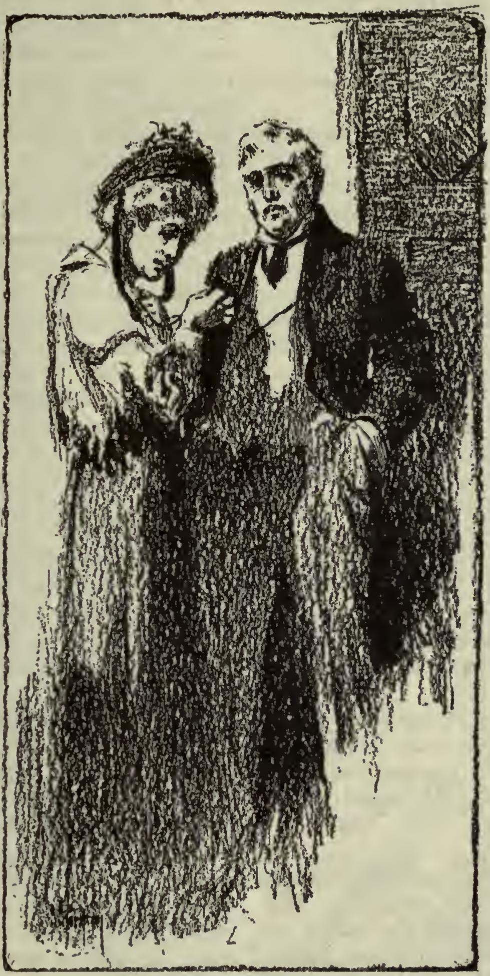

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He looked squarely at the woman. "You're a good woman, Vera, you're *clean*, your ideas are right, but you're passing through the valley of despondency just now and that's why I want you to see Auntie Rose. She's through with paint and powder and the calcium, and she's never been nearer Broadway than Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. When will you go? You must go before our opening night," he concluded decisively.

"That only leaves me tomorrow." She repressed an inclination to laugh at his insistency. "Very well. I'll go in the morning. Perhaps it will be a good tonic for the great event of the evening."

"I am glad. I hoped you would go. Here is her address." He took a card out of his pocket and gave it to her. "She'll be ready for you after eight-thirty. I—I saw her this afternoon and I told her you were coming."

He stooped over and taking the woman's hand raised it to his lips. "Please sit right still. It will do you good to think and rest. Goodbye." He passed slowly out of the room.

II

After riding for what seemed an interminable time in a car which, at first crowded had, as it neared the end of its route, become almost deserted, Vera heard her street called. She had begun to fear that the conductor had forgotten her, for unfamiliar with the outskirts of the city, she had been obliged to rely upon him for direction and the journey had taken much longer than she had supposed it would. She found herself as she followed his orders to "walk up there, and turn to the left and keep going" in what was to her the country. She drew a deep breath—she could not remember when she had last been away from the noisy roar of traffic and the hurry of many people.

"Auntie Rose," she mused. "It's the kind of a place I should expect a person with such a name to live in." Big trees, rich with foliage beginning to be colored by the first chill of Autumn, in irregular line on the street side of the walk, were faced by houses years old, rambling in shape and surrounded by immense lawns not too well kept. There was nothing new about the locality; everything showed age and there was a soothing quality about it. The house bearing the number for which Vera was looking she found to be much like the others, a trifle smaller and more compact perhaps. A woodbine, dyed a gorgeous red, nearly covered the porch which was built around the front door and seemed to shed a wholesome cordiality by its warm and cheery look.

"I am Vera Delamour, and I came to see—" she hesitated a moment, and the girl who had answered her ring smiled helpfully.

"Yes, I know," she said. "Please come in."

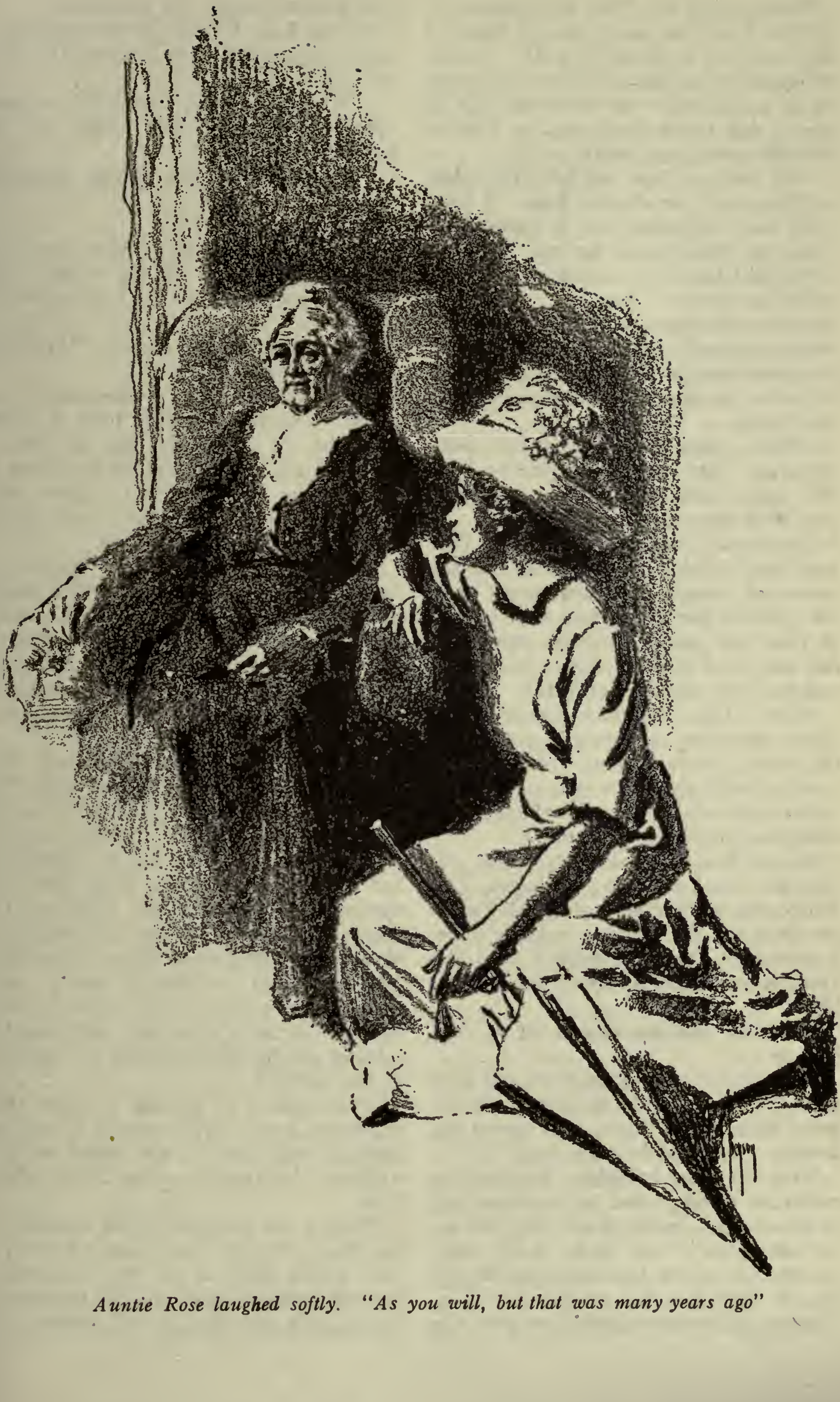
Vera followed the maid through the shadowy hall and up the broad stairs.

"Miss Delamour," she announced, pausing on the threshold of a sunlit chamber.

"Come right in, my dear," a pleasant voice invited. "I have been waiting for you."

Standing by a chair at the far end of the room was a little woman with rosy cheeks and white hair. Vera caught her breath at first sight of her—she was so fragile, so wistfully pretty. For a minute, entranced by the beauty of the picture, Vera remained motionless; she was almost afraid to speak for fear that her voice might scatter the illusion she thought she saw. An odor of lavender was in the air, which, with the queer old mahogany furnishings and oddly fashioned ornaments, served to set the room off by itself. Surely the figure standing awaiting by the chair, gowned quaintly after the fashion of other times, was not of this world. With a brave effort Vera shut her eyes and opening them suddenly looked to see if anything had vanished. Just then the pleasant voice which had asked her in again broke the heavy silence.

"Miss Delamour—Vera—are you there? You must excuse me for not coming to you. I am nearly blind."



Auntie Rose laughed softly. "As you will, but that was many years ago"

With a little cry Vera ran forward.

"Oh, I did not know, Auntie Rose. I may call you that, may I not?" Indeed it seemed to her that no other name could be so appropriate—her loveliness was so like a full blown rose, pink and white with the petals just ready to fall.

"He told you that, did he? Yes, dear, you may call me Auntie Rose. I have been such to many and it pleases me. Now, my child, let me see you."

The girl knelt by the side of the soft-cushioned rocker. The look which was bent upon her was long and searching, and before the mild gray eyes had faltered the brown head of the younger woman was buried in the lap of Auntie Rose and she was crying.

"There, there, my dear, I had quite forgotten. My mind had gone back to the happy days when I was your age. You must pardon my rude stare.

"And now," she continued when Vera rose and, kissing the forehead of the actress of yesteryear, seated herself on a low stool by her side—"you must tell me of your new part. Ferguson says it's a fine one, and I suppose you are excited, for tonight's the premiere, isn't it?"

"Yes," Vera assented unenthusiastically, "but I'm not excited, not at all. Oh, how I wish I were. And I don't want to talk about the play—I'd much rather talk about you and Fergie and when you two played together."

Auntie Rose laughed softly. "As you will, but that was many years ago, and Binnie, that's what we used to call Ferguson then, has since become a great actor. I remember when he couldn't read the most serious line without making you laugh."

"And he owes his success all to you, he tells me."

"Oh, pshaw! oh, pshaw!" the old lady denied, though plainly pleased. "He's a great flatterer, is Binnie. He earned his success. He's had to work hard."

"But he's never forgotten. Auntie Rose marks the turning point in his career, and he wants her to mark mine. Oh, I'm so, so unhappy—" Vera broke down completely. In a few passionate words she poured forth her tale of lost ambition. "I'm an old woman doomed to play the part before others," she concluded.

Auntie Rose listened without saying a word, patting the bent head lightly with her hand.

"Tell me," Vera demanded almost fiercely, "what is it that makes you so happy?"

"My memories," Auntie Rose answered quietly.

"Your memories?"

"Yes, my memories. They are the friends which people this big house; they make up my life, now that I cannot leave this room."

"Oh," Vera almost gasped. "And are you really happy?"

"I am really happy. Sometimes I am asked by exuberant young folks if I get lonesome. I can always say no, for at my will I can have around me whomever I wish, young or old, light or grave, and when I'm tired I can send them away without hurting their feelings."

"This is the woman," Vera thought to herself, "whose only triumphs were those of the so-called 'popular theatre'; who probably had never played before anything more aristocratic than a dollar audience and yet though the success she must have dreamed of had never been realized, she was not bitter."

"Regret," Auntie Rose continued, her voice taking on a more serious tone, "is the only thing that may spoil it. I don't mean the little sorrows, the little aggravations which are the lot of everyone, but the decisive moments in life and the moments which affect the happiness of others—if we steer surely and squarely ahead, increasing years bring increasing joys, and what we thought was an unweatherable gale we see through the light of our later experience was merely a lot of playful white-caps on the surface of the waters."

"I suppose I'm passing through the whitecaps now. I—I thought it was a tempest and that I was going to be wrecked," Vera said, carrying on the metaphor.

"You've got the blues, plain matter-of-fact blues," Auntie Rose rejoined brightly, "and you're going to get over them and see how foolish it all is, and the next time anyone tells you that an old actress has nothing to live for or you feel a little bit that way yourself, just say—'*you lie.*' There's really a great deal of refreshment to be obtained from those two words. A person feels a lot better, ready for almost any kind of a struggle if he can only say: '*you lie!*'—though of course it isn't the most lady-like expression." She laughed at her own philosophy.

"So just say it right out: 'you lie!' An old actress has everything to live for if she's abided by the motto—live so that you won't regret—for of all people in the world, her memories are the richest, the best and the most varied company."

"Thank you, Auntie Rose. You've helped a lot," Vera said simply.

"I hope I have, I like to help."

They talked on for an hour or more, bits of reminiscence, comment on current plays and actresses, confessions, intimate personal affairs, all mingling together with that delightful abandon which is noticeable where there are those who understand each other perfectly. When at last, pleading an early rehearsal, Vera rose to go, there was the look of conquest in her eyes.

III

Vera did not realize how much there was in her part until that night. She had put only a half-hearted interest into her work, vaguely classifying the role with the other thankless ones of the same kind which she had personated. She had failed to see that in Mother Appleby there were certain universal traits which, if presented with sympathy, were sure to make the character appealing. As she went through her lines at the final rehearsal it flashed upon her that she was misinterpreting their meaning. The idea persisted and finally when she had made her exit in the last act, she sought an out-of-the-way corner of the stage and hurriedly turned the pages of her prompt book. When she had gone over the three acts carefully and had found no inconsistencies in her new conception she made a sudden resolution.

"I'll do it," she said aloud and with that darted across the stage toward her dressing room.

"Vera," a voice called just as she reached the door. She turned. It was Ferguson, still in his make-up of a prosperous banker.

"I have something for you." He reached into his pocket and took out a tiny gold locket on a chain. Opening it he held it out to her.

"Oh!" Vera exclaimed, "Auntie Rose! How lovely. Just as dainty as she is. And it's for me?"

"Yes. I want you to wear it tonight, as a sort of charm, you know."

Vera took the miniature and looked long at the artist's work, wonderful in its soft coloring.

"Oh, I shall love to have it," she said. "How can I ever thank you enough?"

"By doing your best tonight," Ferguson answered as he walked away.

Vera checked the reply that was on her lips. Entering her room she sat down at the dresser and spreading her copy of the play out before her she began to study it feverishly.

Vera's last doubt as to the correctness of her new interpretation vanished, when, but a little while later, she began the delineation of Mother Appleby before an audience, which was unusual in size and enthusiasm. She had little to do in the first act, but as she sounded the keynote of the character—love, mother-love, deep and abiding—she felt something snap within her. A refreshing faith in herself, a faith she had not known for weeks, came over her and she knew that she was right. To make others realize the beauty of the old lady; to melt the hearts of any in that great stretch on the other side of the footlights who might be hardened by disappointment; to make them shed tears and thereby be comforted, as her heart had been comforted; to pass on some of the vision of the godliness of old age which she had seen that morning, became her passionate desire.

Her opportunity came in the last act. The scene was a short one, a mother's plea for an erring son, a theme as old as mothers and sons. There was no violent outburst, no emotional frenzy; instead a voice of musical sweetness, a mother's voice in the making of which hope, tears, joy and sorrow all had a part. Tremblingly, haltingly, briefly, she plead for her stage child as a real mother would have done. Just as Auntie Rose, despite shame and disgrace, would have fought steadfastly for one she loved, so Vera fought in make-believe. There was none of the defiance which had marked her previous reading—a rendering as correct perhaps as the new one and which had at rehearsals passed the scrutiny of the ever-watchful but not too-discriminating stage director—but in its place was love, unwavering mother love, crushed for the moment, but sure to rise stronger than ever.

When she had finished speaking she walked slowly across the room, pausing at the door before she passed out to throw upon the man in whose hands the fate of her son lay a look of entreaty which said even more than her words.

"Great, woman! Great!" the stage manager ejaculated delightedly as he rushed up to Vera. "You certainly got the audience that time. They were deuced quiet. Your exit was tremendous—much better than that head in the air style you've given us. Why didn't you put that feeling into it before?"

"Because I didn't *feel* that way," Vera answered, "and I thought that defiance was the proper interpretation."

"What's the matter? Have you fallen in love, that you're so changed?"

"Yes, in love with an old woman," was Vera's wholly unintelligible reply.

When the curtain fell, the applause was prolonged and insistent. Again and again the star and her leading man responded to the call of the audience and finally the whole company came out and bowed, but still the noise continued.

"I believe it's Vera they want," Ferguson mildly suggested as he heard above the racket a name that sounded undeniably like Delamour. Others heard it too and several of them, seizing Vera, fairly dragged her before the footlights where they left her solitary, embarrassed, but happy, a clamor louder than before proving beyond a doubt that it was to her the hundreds of unknowns wished to pay homage. They were only quieted and willing to go away after Vera, in a few jumbled phrases and a voice that she hardly recognized as her own, thanked them.

As she came off the stage Ferguson held out his hand.

"I'm so glad," he said simply, "I—I thought that you would understand."

"And you sent me to Auntie Rose to teach me a lesson—Binnie?"

"Yes. I was sure of its effect and I wanted you to make a go of this part."

Vera's eyes shone. "I never—never never *loved* before," she said, her heart too full for further words.

"But you've made a hit, girl, do you realize it? Tomorrow you'll see your name in big letters in the critic's column and there'll be a lot of praise and prophecy."

"Of course I'm happy over that, so happy I could—squeal, Fergie. I've never had anything like it happen to me before but it isn't everything, after all. There's something else happened, something which I can only guess at. I'm no longer haunted by that fearful dread of old age."

"And this change had been wrought," Ferguson spoke musingly, "by one little woman whose life is bounded by the four walls of a room. It's marvelous what a personality can do."

"Oh, but you're wrong. True, her life is spent in one spot, but her influence goes out. She's still playing her part." Vera smiled as she spoke and her fingers sought the locket which hung from a chain around her neck. Opening it she stared hard at the miniature.

"Still playing her part," she repeated. "It's an old woman's part, too, and in the center of the stage. If to grow old is to grow like you, it isn't terrible, it's beautiful!" she whispered—forgetful of Ferguson, of the vast black auditorium, of the stage hands noisily working around her. "I'm going to try to be like you," she said almost as if uttering a prayer of consecration. She pressed the picture to her lips and there was a smile of transfiguration on her face as she kissed it.

Larger Usefulness *for* Our Schools

by

Frank P. Walsh

THE schoolhouse should be the open forum for the discussion of all questions affecting the public welfare. The ballot box should be placed in the same spot, so that the people could repair to that identical center to record the result of their deliberations.

The main objection to the direct primary wherever instituted has been that the cost is so great. The country has been scandalized lately by enormous expenditures of certain Senatorial candidates. One of the principal items of expense is for hall rent. With the schools open to the candidates of all parties, this would be eliminated at once. Then, with a strict Corrupt Practice Act, limiting campaign expenditures, and providing for the printing of brief statements and arguments of candidates at public expense, the direct primary could be tested strictly upon its merits.

It is ridiculous to expect a government of the people when they have no place, as at present, to transact their business. Some person or persons have been pretending to furnish us a government *for* the people; the social center movement will give us a government *by* the people.

Meetings in schoolhouses all over the land would mean a permanent primary. When the tariff question is under discussion in Congress next winter, our representatives would be advised over night whether the people meant revision downward or upward. By this means the business men of a community would always be in touch upon commercial and industrial conditions.

Capital and labor would have a common ground of meeting, from which would come a clearer understanding of the rights and duties of each. Workmen's Compensation Acts, Child Labor Laws, Acts Restricting Hours of Labor, and otherwise touching the industrial and social relations of the community, would thus have the prestige of an enlightened, workable and working democracy behind them.

Questions of taxation, affecting all elements of the body politic, would be discussed and understood, and the worker and capitalist would there receive reports from their servants as to the conduct of their public affairs: how the taxes collected from them are being expended; whether or not favoritism, or worse, is practiced in the letting of public contracts. Millions of dollars are invested in school buildings. They are occupied less than one-fifth of the time. The conduct of the schools themselves would always be under scrutiny by the grown-ups in the social center.

Statistics show that school teachers, for ability required and time of preparation, are the poorest paid of all public servants. Their salaries, more than any others, have failed to keep pace with the increased cost of living. This policy would elevate the teaching profession.

An expert sociologist and teacher of civics should be a part of the staff of every school. He would lead in discussion; prepare a budget of business for both children and adults, and teach the old and young to look after their own business.

It is ridiculous to expect a government of the people when they have no place, as at present, to transact their business. Some person or persons have been pretending to furnish us a government *for* the people; the social center movement will give us a government *by* the people. This sort of government would be the strongest upon the earth, for it would be built upon knowledge, and begin its life in the very roots of the community.

The employer in our center could meet and become acquainted with his future employee, and so could the seeker for work meet and know the employer—a free employment agency. The laboring men could meet in a clean and wholesome atmosphere, instead of the back room or stuffy hall over a saloon. Leave producers and laborers free to work out their own questions of organization, co-operative production and distribution, by common understanding, and they will secure more practical benefit for themselves than could be enacted into law for them by the combined effort of all the social reformers of the world, no matter how well intentioned. It would be democracy working from all corners to a common center. In these meetings the various groups of our citizens would be getting finely drilled in the very way to best prepare them for handling the government in a true democracy. Questions of operation and control of public utilities, urban and interurban transportation, supply of light and water, all strongly bearing upon our domestic life, would be matters of everyday discussion, upon which not only men and women, but growing children as well, would be informed. As has been so well said: "There has been too much mysticism about such affairs. The perpetuity of a free state, after all, depends upon the knowledge of each independent voter."

The schoolhouse is the natural home of democracy—let us move in and begin business right away! As a logical sequence, the polling places should be in the schools whenever possible. Comptroller Metz, while approving the general plan, is quoted as saying he fears that in some way the building might be misused or harmed by the crowds incident to the ordinary polling booth. Los Angeles, a city of four hundred thousand inhabitants, one of the most cosmopolitan in the world, as typically American as New York, with proportionally the same cleanliness and filth, virtue and baseness, has tried it. It distinctly raised the tone of the electing business. The people voted in the spirit of the school instead of the old surroundings. The truth is, the American people can discharge this, their loftiest public duty, in a clean, high-mannered fashion. The use of the schools in Los Angeles saves the community $7,500 a year. Experts have figured that a like use of the schools in New York would save the people the vast sum of $75,000, so that truth and economy are with us.

The schoolhouse is the natural home of democracy—let us move in and begin business right away! As a logical sequence, the polling places should be in the schools.

The three leading candidates for President declared for the principle in this campaign. Governor Wilson, however, was the pioneer in the movement. He threw the weight of his influence for it in a masterly speech at Madison, Wisconsin, a year ago. This, too, is the first time the open school has been made a distinct part of a political propaganda, by the creation of a Social Center Bureau by one of the great political parties, following the ringing declaration of Vice-chairman William G. McAdoo, endorsing the plan, and appealing to the country for its adoption.

The fundamental character of the new crusade was found in the declaration of Governor Wilson in his Madison speech:

"What I see in the movement is a recovery of the constructive and creative genius of the American people."

A Victorious Defeat

By

Robert R. Updegraff

ON Tuesday morning the General had come tottering up the walk leading to the office. In his left hand he was holding tightly his wrapped copy of the *Ardee County Citizen* and a letter from his son Charlie, who lived in New York. In his other hand he held his cane.

I could have told that he had these things without having looked out of the window. The *Citizen* always came on Tuesday morning. So did the letter from Charlie. And the General always carried a cane. So there you are. There was nothing strange about it. The General was simply returning from his morning visit to the post-office.

But the fact that he had turned into the walk leading to my office and print-shop—the office of the *Dealsville Weekly Digest*—was what made me get up hurriedly and walk to the door to meet him. Ordinarily he never stopped at the *Digest* office in the morning.

When I opened the door the General was half-way up the walk. He looked up and smiled bravely, but there were tears in his eyes.

"I—I—I was just coming in to tell you that I couldn't come up this afternoon," he said, drying a tear that had trickled down his cheek.

"Why, I'm sorry, General. What is the trouble?" I asked.

"My wife is ill," he said simply. "I must stay at home with her." And then, as if fearing to trust himself with further speech, he turned and hobbled down the walk.

I went back into the office and sat for a full minute watching the General through the open window until he turned the corner of Main Street. Then I sat and studied the big ink-spot on the top of my desk. No, that ink-spot never would be washed off. It helped me write the editorials for the *Digest*. It kept me human. It reminded me of devotion, of patriotism, of duty. It helped to keep my heart in tune with those of my fellows. Twice since that spot had been there had one of the townsmen stopped in to tell me that my editorials had been improving lately, that they were more gripping. Of course, they never suspected that the ink-spot had anything to do with it. No one did. I didn't myself—at first.

The General had made that spot. He had smashed my ink bottle with his cane. You see, it was the General's custom to stop in at the office every afternoon—that is, every afternoon excepting Fridays—to talk things over with me. Now you may have suspected already that talking things over with the General meant listening to the General tell about the war. It was seldom that I had a chance to say anything. But I didn't mind. Listening to the General was real missionary work, and I figured from the first that if I didn't have the money to send to home missionary societies, and such things, even if I wanted to, I could do one piece of missionary work in making that old gentleman happy in his old age.

I guess I was the only one in town who ever paid any respectful attention to the General. Everyone else spoke of him as General Bore because he insisted on talking Civil War to everyone who would listen to him. But I learned a lot from the General. And the General loved me. I know that because I loved the General. Why, I had slept out on the battlefield with him nights innumerable—and felt him toss around in the blanket we were sharing together, vainly trying to coax sleep when his mind was on fire with plans for the next day's battle. I had ridden on his horse with him through many a terrific encounter, with bullets whizzing around my head and bloody stains all over my hands. I had tasted the joy of victory and the bitterness of defeat. I had smelled the smell of burning powder and of roasting human flesh. I had waded Antietam Creek with him until I had felt that I must go home and put on some dry clothes. In short, I had fought the whole Civil War with the General right there in my own office, with my battered flat-top desk as the battleground.

I knew just how General Burnside maneuvered his army in that memorable battle of Fredericksburg. It had all been fought out on the top of my desk. And the battle of Bull Run—that was the most realistic one of all! That was the time the General got so wrought up and so all-absorbed that he actually thought the ink-bottle, which was doing duty as the opposing General, was the General himself, and he brought his cane down on him with such force that the bottle was smashed to pieces, leaving a large black spot to mark his grave. So you see that spot represents to me the climax of human emotions and patriotism. That is why I leave it there.

There was just one battle that the General never would fight with me. That one never was mentioned at our meetings. It seems that at that battle the General was just about to order a brilliant move, comprehending the whole army under his command, which he was sure would have crushed the enemy right there and then, and thus shortened the war by many months. You see, we are all crazy about some one thing, and that was the General's off spot. I don't believe the battle really amounted to much, but the General firmly believed it to be the most important one of the war—because he was in command, I guess. Anyway, at the height of the battle, when they were charging up a hill, a messenger brought a dispatch, it is said, ordering him to hand over his command to another general temporarily. The other general came up the next minute, and the poor fellow had to ride to the rear and see the battle lost. He had never got over the humiliation of that. It was never mentioned to anyone. What I am telling you about it I learned for the most part from the town folks. It seems that a good many years before, at a reunion of the old guard, the General had made a stirring speech in which he told about the whole battle, in an attempt to set himself right before his comrades. It was a never-to-be-forgotten meeting. Those who attended said that the General's speech was the most dramatic thing to which they ever had listened. The General seemed to be on fire. He was fierce, and he was gentle, all at the same time. He brought tears to the listener's eyes at first, and then he plunged their hearts into tears. It was the most wonderful speech that ever had been made in Ardee County. After it was over the General went to his home and was confined to his bed for three weeks.

No one ever dared to refer to that meeting in the presence of the General. Gradually it was forgotten, and the General became old and forgetful. The people, poor misguided things, began to regard him as a nuisance. They avoided him.

When I first came to town and bought out the *Digest* I had to have some one to tell me the history of the town and all about its growth and development before I could get the real atmosphere of the place so that I could edit the paper intelligently. In the General I found a willing and dependable fund of information. No one will ever know how much he helped me in editing that paper. It makes me feel sort of good inside every time I think that the school reform propaganda, which the town hailed with delight as the progressive move of the new editor of the *Digest*, was a child of the General's mind. He laid out the whole campaign and I simply let him use the *Digest* as a speaking tube. Of course I put the thing into words, but the idea was the General's. The town folks will never know it, though, for the General said I mustn't tell because they wouldn't respect it if they knew he was behind it. I positively wept when he said that. So did the General. But later he smiled and said it was all right. He was the most forgiving old soul!

Finally it got so that the General came in every afternoon. He always brought me two or three local items, and once in a while he would write up a bit of the town history and bring it in for me to use some week when local stuff was scarce.

As time went on he fell to talking more and more about the war during his daily visits. When the General talked you simply had to listen. It did take a good deal of my time, but I didn't mind that so much, excepting on Friday afternoons when the paper went to press and things were more or less rushed around the office. I finally had to ask the General if he wouldn't omit the Friday visit on that account. He sort of smiled kindly and said he guessed he had better. But that didn't interfere with the other days. He came every afternoon about two o'clock, and I was always—or nearly always—glad to see him.

But he never came in the morning. That, as I have said before, was the reason I was surprised when he came up the walk that Tuesday morning. I had known for some time that the General's wife was ill—she had a cancer—but the doctor had kept it from him just as long as he could. But on this morning it was evident that she was worse, and the General had had his eyes opened. The dear old fellow wanted me to know that it was duty only that kept him away, so he had come in on his way home to tell me.

He didn't come at all on Wednesday. Thursday passed and no word from him. I was simply lost afternoons without him. Once or twice I had tried to lay out and fight a battle on the top of my desk all alone. I knew well enough what position the Indiana troops occupied, and that the whole Tennessee army was right over by that glass paper weight, ready to move at a minute's notice. I could bring the Massachusetts boys on their long forced march through the woods past that copy book. But I'll be hanged if I could put any real *fight* into the battles. They were *flat* somehow. Finally I had to give it up and simply set myself to wait for the return of the General.

He came quite unexpectedly. On Friday afternoon—the forbidden day—when I was re-writing an obituary notice that old Bill Cripps was waiting for out in the print-shop, in came the General, feebly leaning on his cane at every step. I grabbed a pile of papers from the only other chair in the place and pulled it up near the desk for him.

"How is your wife?" I asked solicitously, as he sank into the chair.

His eyes filled with tears. "She isn't any better," he said, shaking his head sadly. "The doctor says it's—it's—*cancer*," he whispered, drawing his chair close up to me as if he feared someone might hear. Then he seemed to forget all about it and he sat for two or three minutes in sort of an abstract reverie.

I snatched the opportunity to continue on the obituary notice. Before I could finish it the General looked at me sharply and asked abruptly, "Did I ever tell you about the battle of R———?"

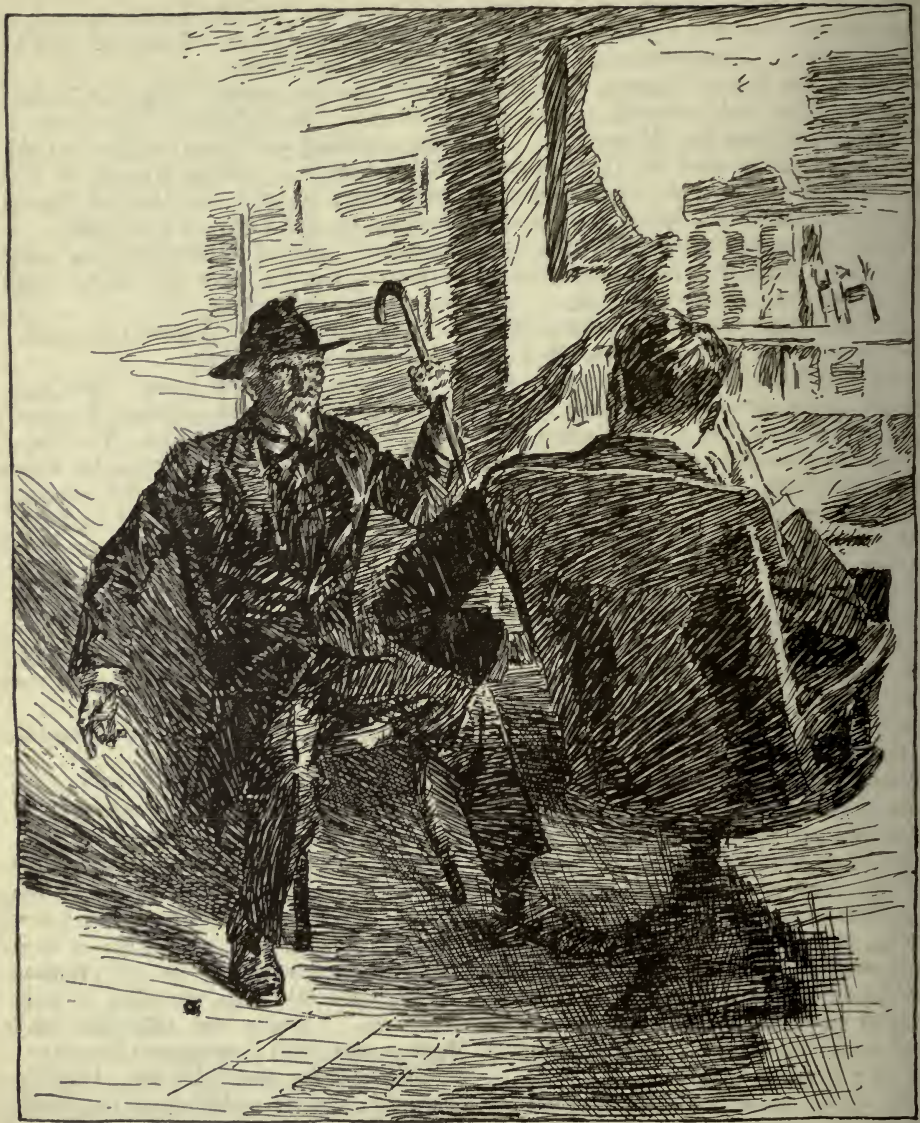
"I believe not, General," I said absently, still intent on the obituary.

Then he hitched his chair around to the end of the desk and began to talk rapidly, staring out of the open window.

"You see, my command that day extended over that whole section of the army. I was at the head. When I saw that the enemy was making plans to—you're not following me," he cried, turning to me with the most appealing look in his eyes. "You're not following me," he repeated, with a suspicion of a sob.

That was too much for me. I simply dropped my pencil and followed the general.

"You see," he said, with the most peaceful expression on his face, now that he had my undivided attention, "I," and his chest swelled out with pardonable pride, "I was at the head of that whole section of the army that day. I saw just what the position of the enemy was and just what they were planning to do. I saw that—that—th—with one blow I—I could change the whole course of the war." And then he launched into a long and tremendously thrilling account of things leading up to this battle.



He held out his hand as if to take the message—the message that was to take his command away from him at the moment of victory

I couldn't begin to tell it to you as the General told it. He was simply on fire that afternoon. I never saw a man so completely alive in the past and still living in the present as was the General. His eyes were fairly flaming with the picture he was painting. His words were short and sharp, and every word was a description in itself. He was in the thick of the battle again. He was once more mounted on his faithful old horse, now many years dead. His finger trembled pitifully as he pointed out the different positions of the infantry and artillery.

At first I didn't realize that it was the forbidden battle that he was describing, the story of which had never but once before been told. But presently it dawned upon me. I didn't have the heart to stop him and tell him that this was publication day and that the obituary notice simply had to be finished so it could get onto the press. He was so utterly oblivious to his surroundings that I thought maybe I could pick up my pencil and go on without being noticed. I tried it. For a minute he didn't notice it. Then he turned his keen eyes on me, and oh, the look of reproach that they bore! I never shall forget it!

"You're not following me," he murmured heartbrokenly.

"Got that 'obit' ready? The paper's way late now," called out the devil, hurrying into the room, his face covered with ink and his apron smeared with the paste he had been mixing for the wrappers. Then he caught the look in the General's eyes and he stopped. I silently waved him out of the room. I was going to see that battle through if the *Dealsville Weekly Digest* never came out for the week ending September 28. I learned afterward that the devil watched the battle through a crack in the door panel.

The General saw that I was going to follow him again, so once more he mounted his horse and we were again in the midst of the battle. The way the bullets flew was something frightful. You see, the enemy was entrenched on top of a hill, and the General was getting ready to storm the hill, having very cleverly thrown part of his force around to take them in the rear, and thus cut off their retreat. One company was already charging up the hill, and the General was just coming up himself with another directly behind a company of artillery.

"See! See!" cried the General, pointing out the window, "there go the Massachusetts artillery boys!"

I must confess it looked to me strangely like R. F. D. Wagon No. 3, with Bill Arbuckle sitting back smoking his old corncob pipe, wending its way slowly up the hill, pulled by Bill's faithful old mare Bess. That is, it did at first, for it reminded me that the *Digest* had lost the mail.

But when the General pointed to it with that crooked, trembling finger of his, it turned a whole company of artillery and went storming up that hill like a tornado let loose! The dust flew up from the horses' feet! The wheels of the gun-carriages rumbled over the rocky hillside and creaked as they swung around in position to fire! The flag waved defiantly in the breeze! Foam streamed from the horses' mouths! Their backs were a perfect lather!

There were horrible cries of agony, terrific concussions of cannon, awful moans of dying men!

Now we were getting right into the thick of the fight! At every step our horse's feet sank into human flesh! Ugh! Men lay dead on the ground like a carpet! It was awful! It was seventy times hell! Men cursed and swore; they prayed and blasphemed in the same breath!

On rode the General and I, right into the thick of the fight.

The General was a young officer once more. He whispered and yelled in turn. He shook his crooked index finger at the window, as if calling for a fresh supply of courage for his men. The din was awful! We could scarcely hear—I didn't suspect at the time that it was merely the old drum cylinder running off the papers without Mrs. Baker's obituary notice. But we were winning! Just one more flank move and we would have them entirely surrounded!

Grabbing a pencil, the General made as to dash off an order to the reserve regiments.

Then his voice began to break. "That was just the position we were in—just one more move and they would have been ours—when an aide came up and handed me a message from headquarters—" He held out his hand as if to take the message—the message that was to take his command away from him at the moment of victory.

Neither of us had noticed that while the General had been talking a little boy had come in—the little son of the General's next-door neighbor. Evidently he, too, had been transfixed by the description of the battle. But when the General held out his hand as if to take the message from the aide, the little fellow seemed to remember why he had come, for he placed a slip of paper in the General's outstretched hand.

"A message," continued the General, speaking in a shrill voice, and at the same time opening the paper which the boy had handed him, "a message that—" he read the message on the slip of paper, just as he had done on that field of battle so many years before, only a little more laboriously, for his eyes were failing.

Then he stopped and closed his eyes very easily, as if accepting with resignation the order of his superior.

No one moved for a minute, and then I reached down and picked up the paper which had fluttered to the floor. It bore a simple message from his daughter. His wife had been called to report to the Great General. The General had gone, too.

Somehow, I always have been glad the General never finished that story. He was spared the humiliation of telling me of that awful message depriving him of his command. And as I sit here looking at that ink-spot I feel glad—sort of a solemn glad—that I didn't desert the General in his last battle—a defeat that ended in victory!

CONSOLATION

By RALPH M. THOMSON

POOR, dear, you say—
Ah, yes, it may be true
This Christmas finds us not so well to do
As in days past; perhaps we may not own
Quite all we did in ages long since flown,
When Life seemed kinder in her roughest way
Than she has been for many a dreary day;
We may not now be able to invest
In little things, as when we were more blest;
It may bring sorrow that we are denied;
Grief may pursue us fully panoplied;
But recollect, though deep be this distress,
That some there are who have, child, even less!

Fate is unkind—
What if the trees are bare,
And shiver in an icy atmosphere;
If stripped of all their autumn tinted leaves
Each lonely sapling in the forest grieves?
What if the daisies that on yesterday
Waltzed with the winds, have passed unsung away,
Leaving the earth that smiles when they were born
An heritage of woe, and heart forlorn?
Think of the crepe upon the rich man's door—
Of countless pilgrims gone, to come no more;
And then, remember that, despite Dame Ill,
We live, and, comrade, have each other still!

The Little War God

by

Lewis E. MacBrayne

THE powerful French car had traveled fifty miles since leaving Boston, without sighting an outpost of either the Blue or the Red army, and its lone occupant—not counting, of course, the chocolate-brown chauffeur in faultless livery—was beginning to grow impatient as she consulted her road map once more. And then the automobile shot into the little town of West Boxford, and came unexpectedly upon a council of war at the crossroads.

"Peter, there they are!" she cried. "Slow down and see what they are."

"They seem to be generals, ma'am," the chauffeur replied politely. "Those with white bands on their hats are the regular army umpires."

There were gathered at the crossroads a group of men, several in brilliant dress uniform, the others in the olive drab of field service, listening to one of the umpires of the war game, who had unfolded a map. Three cars by the roadside and a half dozen horses held by colored orderlies suggested the manner by which they had met, and as Alta Lenning drew nearer she recognized the governor and his staff, one of whom she knew.

"Stop the car, Peter," she commanded. "I want to ask a question."

Her acquaintance on the staff, a very good looking bachelor colonel, hastened to help her alight. A stout, bearded man, in field uniform, but with no designating band upon his hat, looked up with a frown, which disappeared at sight of Alta Lenning. She was very good to look upon, being of the thoroughbred type of girl that he understood and appreciated.

"I'm interrupting," she said, pausing half out of the car. "I didn't suppose that we were going to run into real generals."

The colonel smiled. "You recognized him? Commander of the Department of the East. The regulars are really running the whole show this year, and we staff members are the spectators. Let me present you to the governor. He knows your brother."

The governor was politely waiting, and received her genially. He introduced her in turn to the bearded general, who indicated the little red and blue pennants on her car and remarked, "You have friends in both armies?"

"I have a brother in the Reds," she replied.

"And a cousin with the Blues?" he said, banteringly.

"I have no friends in the Blue army, and I hope it will be beaten out of its boots," she answered with spirit.

The staff smiled, and the regular who had been standing patiently with the outspread map awoke to an interest in her.

"We shall see," the General observed enigmatically, and requested the umpire with the map to proceed with his statement. The group became attentive once more as he continued:

"The problem of the Blue army for three days has been to cover the river in its rear, and thus prevent the passage of the Reds into New Hampshire. The base has been changed three times to block the Red advance. These movements have brought the two armies into closer touch, though the fighting up to date has been limited to cavalry skirmishes. This morning the Red army moved forward from Middleton, the Blue from North Andover. [He indicated the points upon the map.] Their roads, you note, converge here. Both bodies of cavalry were sent out to feel the position of the enemy. Otherwise neither brigade commander knows the destination of his opponent."

"So we are in position for the fight here?" inquired the Governor.

"It is a question of generalship," the umpire replied with a smile. "A number of things are possible."

"How exciting," said Alta Lenning.

"The cavalry skirmishes, from all accounts, have been one-sided," observed a staff member. "Major Burrows seems to have put it all over the Red troopers."

"Major Burrows—" Red danger signals appeared in Miss Lenning's cheeks. She looked at the speaker helplessly, but he had not addressed the words to her at all. Suppose, though, that somebody should know?

"I am going back to my car," she said hurriedly. "Thank you, your excellency, for allowing me to attend the council of war. No, colonel, it is only a step, and I don't want my machine caught on the firing line."

She smiled her adieu to the general and withdrew gracefully, but with the danger signals still flaring. The one subject that she could not endure to hear discussed today was Major Burrows.

Peter backed the car off the highway under her direction. The colored orderlies were bringing up the horses to the group that she had just left, and a moment later the regulars went riding off in the direction of the Andover turnpike. There passed over their heads, also from that direction, a flock of crows, calling loudly in their flight. Peter noted them and said, "The advance will come from that direction, mam."

She scanned the highway eagerly, but saw nothing. The village of West Boxford, beyond the cross-roads, was still dozing through the summer forenoon. It was known there only as a remote fact that the governor had mobilized the National Guard of the state, and from last accounts the contending forces were many miles away. The men were in the fields, the women in their gardens or occupied with household duties.

A colored orderly came riding back from the Andover turnpike and dismounting before the governor, gave a report. Was it the Blue or the Red army that he had sighted, Alta Lenning wondered; and on the impulse of the moment she tore the blue pennant from the car and crumpled it in her hand. Only a few hours before she had instructed her chauffeur to tie it on, opposite the pennant of her brother's army, just to show the world that her quarrel with Major Burrows, and the breaking of their engagement on the night before the cavalry started for the rendezvous had not made the slightest difference to her. Was that not the reason, indeed, why she had come over the road today, just to show herself to the First Corps and the Battery men whom she knew and danced with, and sometimes flirted with in town?

"They're coming, mam," said Peter.

She ceased dreaming and gave her mind to the matter before her. A single olive-clad figure was plodding cautiously up the highway, his rifle slung across his left arm, ready for action; his hat, with its conspicuous blue band, pushed back from his forehead. As he caught sight of the group at the cross-roads he raised his right hand in signal to a group of stragglers far behind him, and sprang lightly into the bushes. From there she saw him work his way cautiously until he had a better view of the men by the roadside. The sight reassured him, and with another wave of his hand he resumed the march until he gained the protection of a stone wall commanding the cross-roads.

The group that followed hurried to his support, and disclosed half a hundred similar stragglers now coming into view, marching at ease and without drumbeat.

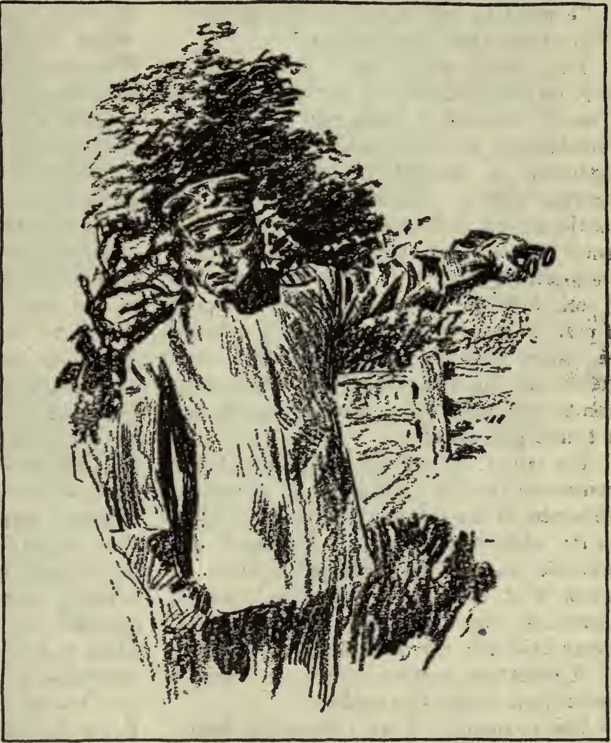
"What an inspiring army!" she said scornfully, and to the regular army general who had come up the road to watch the proceedings behind the wall she flung the challenge, "I don't call that much of an enemy. Can't your regulars teach them how to march, general?"

He chuckled at the uncalled-for defiance of her attitude. "My dear young woman, this is only the advance of the column," he told her. "The men behind the wall there constitute the first point of contact with the enemy. We call them a 'point,' for short. This is their supporting company. They are now reconnoitering the cross-roads to protect themselves against surprise."

She watched the captain in command sending out small scouting parties to beat up the country in two directions. The greater part of his force was held in position behind the walls; and ere she was aware of it, the highway was filled with marching men and their support--infantry, artillery, signal corps men, ambulances—all pushing forward without the martial strain of band or the cheering call of bugle; half the National Guard of the state, playing its annual war game with as much sporting spirit as at home it backed its favorite ball team.

She forgot her taunt of a few moments ago as she recognized in the dusty, sunburned figures men in the crack First and Second Corps whom she had seen under different circumstances at home. Their reputation there was largely sustained by their dances and the light operas that they presented to fashionable audiences from time to time. It had never occurred to her that their uniform carried any greater obligation to the state or nation, or that the National Guard really constituted the second line of defence in time of war. Her quarrel with Major Burrows, indeed, had begun over his refusal to absent himself from the maneuvers for two days in accordance with other plans that she had made for him. His rather curt reply to the suggestion had seemed to her unreasonable, and she had taunted him with being a tin soldier, and taking himself too seriously. Now she regretted the whole scene, even while recognizing the impossibility of marrying a man who did not understand a woman better.

The marching column had halted under arms. A scout on a motorcycle shot like a meteor from the Middleton road, and was seeking the brigade commander. The latter had paused to exchange greetings with the governor, and turned to receive the scout's report.



She watched the captain in command sending out small scouting parties to beat up the country in two directions

She became curious to know what it was about, and sent Peter to make inquiries. He had a politic way of gaining information that she had turned to practical use ere this. Now he consorted with men in authority and returned with the statement that the Red cavalry had been whipped again and ruled out of action for the day, and that the Blue troopers had gone forth to attempt to check the Red infantry advance until their own army was safely through West Boxford.

"I don't believe a word of it," she declared hotly. "And as for Major Burrows being able to stop the infantry—"

"He may not stop them, mam," Peter suggested hopefully.

"He may be defeated, you mean?"

"It might be possible."

"I want to see it done!" she declared. "Go down that road, Peter."

They sped along the highway for a mile or more, through a thinly settled but friendly country. Here and there were farmhouses set in front of corn fields; orchards of ancient planting but still bearing fruit; meadows in which the cattle grazed lazily near the brooks. The road showed the signs of innumerable hoof-prints, but only the man at the wheel, able to read such signs, observed them. It was he who discovered a solitary horseman near the junction of the roads ahead, and he dropped to half speed when the trooper held up a warning hand, like a traffic policeman.

The road by which they had come continued on to Middleton; a second deflected to the left but ran nearly parallel to it; while a third turned sharply to the left and was lost in a wooded hollow. A stone wall, screened by flaming sumacs, faced all three highways, on rising land. Peter held the car, irresolute.

"I must ask you to turn back," said a voice from behind the bushes.

Alta recognized it with fluttering heart. "You will go on, Peter, straight ahead," she ordered.

"I regret the necessity of informing you that we have temporarily discontinued traffic over that road," the voice continued in even tones.

"And suppose you have," she fairly screamed. "I go wherever it pleases me."

"We are expecting an advance up the road at any moment. It is important not to warn the enemy. You must take your car back from the cross-roads."

She faced him, the screen of red bushes between them. He was upon the other side of the wall, a pair of field glasses in his hands, and he looked very tall and commanding in his close-fitting service uniform, but his face was white and drawn, and his whole attitude suggested that he was holding himself in with an effort.

"Do you mean to insinuate that I would carry news to the Red army?" She knew in her heart that she must fight him or capitulate, and she did not intend to surrender.

"Your car carries the Red flag," Major Burrows replied briefly.

She looked at the pennant aghast. Had she not removed its companion the situation would have enabled her to make a quick retort. Now, in desperation she stammered, "Peter—Peter—"

"You will take the car back at once, Peter," said the major in a tone of authority. "If the lady is interested in seeing the fight there is a good point of observation on the knoll over there to the right, in our rear."

He no longer regarded her. It was much as though she had been a disobedient child, to be spoken to only over the head of her nurse. "Oh, I hate you," she flung at him. "You make me think of Chantecler, crowing there all alone because the sun is up!"

Every sumac bush seemed to titter at this, while the old stone wall shook with suppressed merriment. She had really believed him all alone, but now she discovered, to her consternation, that the place was alive with armed men, cleverly concealed behind wall and bushes. There was no sound of protest from her when Peter backed the car away from the dreadful spot of her humiliation.

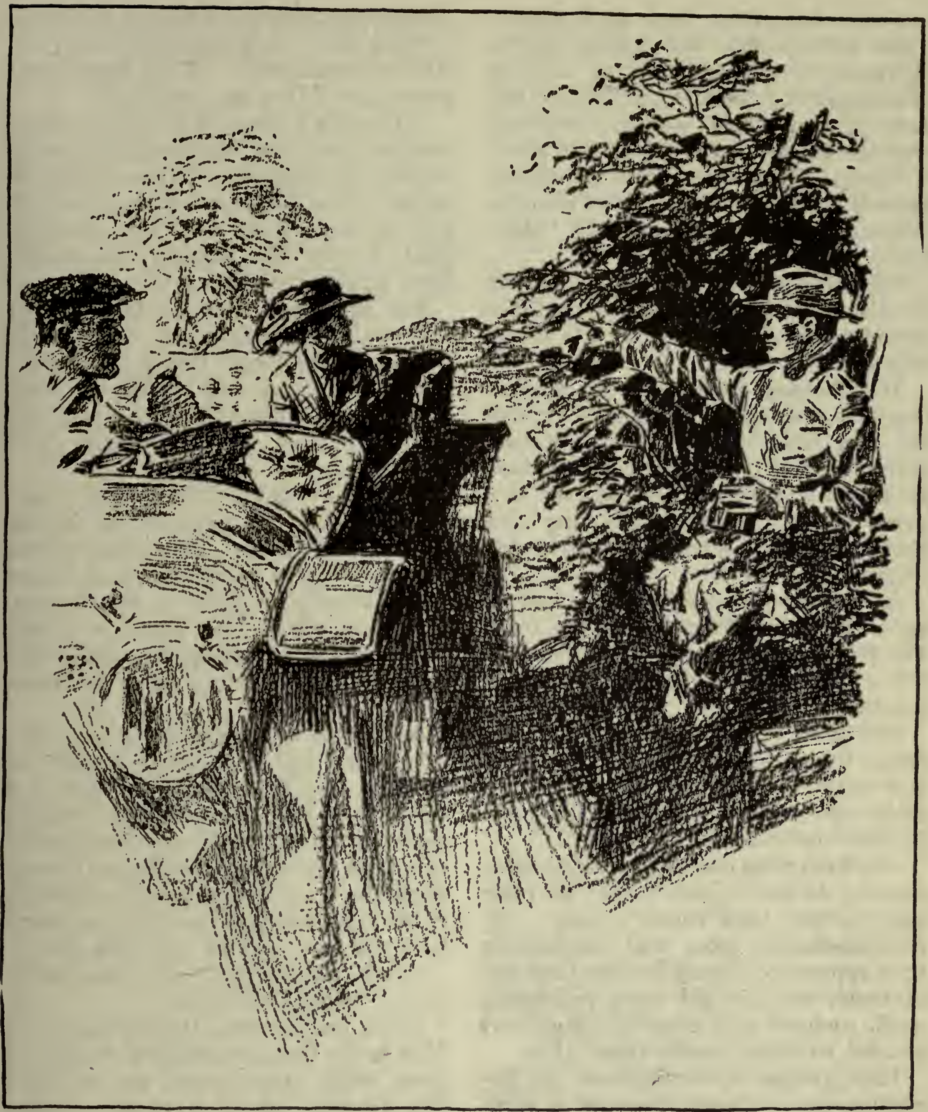
But once back on the highway by which they had come, out of sight of Major Burrows and his men, she was possessed with a compelling curiosity to await what was about to happen; to witness, if possible, the discomfiture of the Blue cavalry.

"Peter, you—you would like to see the fight," she said, seeking an excuse. "Weren't you a regular once?"

"Until Brownsville, mam," he replied, with a terse note in his voice.

"Do you think that we could see anything from here?"

"The major spoke of the knoll over there, mam. It commands a view of all three roads."



"You will take the car back at once, Peter," said the major in a tone of authority. "If the lady is interested in seeing the fight there is a good point of observation on the knoll over there to the right"

"Run the car into the field, then, and we will watch them."

They were silent observers of the scene for several minutes. Once a farm wagon clattered along to the angle of country roads, where it was halted and sent back, to the open amazement of the drowsy driver. Birds ran in and out of the thickets, bees hummed over the clover in the meadows, a little dog from a red farmhouse chased a butterfly up the road past the sumac bushes and did not scent danger there.

"And is real war like this, Peter?" she asked at length. "On such a day as this do men really lie in wait to kill as though they were shooting ducks?"

"In Luzon they shot two of our men as we were kneeling at a brook to drink," said Peter. "There had been no water in twenty-five miles. Look there, mam!"

She saw the first Red coming up the highway, an infantryman, the advance of a supporting detail behind him. They were pushing along jauntily, confident that the enemy was in retreat far ahead of them. They were within a hundred yards of the flaming sumac bushes when the clear, incisive command rang out, "Make ready. Fire!"

The volley belched out from behind the stone wall—a ripping, smokeless challenge as unexpected as the springing of a hidden trap would have been.

Alta Lenning forgot for the moment that the cartridges were blanks, or that the men who dropped by the roadside were merely following tactic instructions. It seemed to her that they had been shot down without warning, and her face blanched as a second and third volley followed the first.

An officer with a white band about his hat came riding hurriedly to the front. The Red advance disappeared from view. For a moment there was the serenity of the countryside again.

"See them over there, behind the farmhouse, Peter," she cried excitedly. "There is a whole company crossing over to the other road. They will catch the Blues on the other side."

The Reds were now beyond their cover, crossing the field. They sought the other highway and their enemy's flank. The harmless-looking stone wall commanding their approach suddenly screamed and spit at them, and did not cease its menace until, confused and uncertain, they were ordered to retreat under cover again.

Peter grinned with enjoyment, his face reminiscent. "Caught them in a cross-fire, ma'am," he explained. "The major had a platoon down there to support his main position. He has them bothered now. They can't see the horses and think they have walked into the infantry."

The advance was checked, awaiting its reinforcements. A whole regiment was brought up, its mounted staff scanning the country ahead with field glasses. Skirmish lines began to spread out in extended order, and to work forward cautiously, and under cover of them, companies began to defile to the right and the left, disappearing behind a screen of woodland.

"Why don't they come on," she complained impatiently. "They might rush the cavalry if they only knew it."

"They don't know it," Peter replied, standing erect now, his lean figure unconsciously at attention. "There might be artillery over the brow of the next hill. Any of these walls may hide trenches. That is why the regulars are making them support their attack in force."

The firing was renewed from behind both walls, so rapidly and continuously that again she forgot that it was only a war in play. A rush down the main highway was checked, and again the umpires ordered the Red infantry back to their support.

"If only we could tell them what to do," she said aloud. "If they could get up here and see what we see." No partisan college man could have wished his rival beaten more earnestly than she at that moment longed to witness the defeat of Major Burrows and his troopers. She would have led the cheering at a successful charge.

And slowly but surely the flanking companies that had been sent out began to envelop the Blue position. The half troop that had delivered the cross-fire earlier in the fight was withdrawn hastily, as a strong force came creeping up through the fields on the other side of that highway. A whole semicircle of meadows and woodland was now barking with rifle fire.

"Here they come," she cried exultantly. "Here they come!"

Firing and cheering, the Reds came on. Men broke from the thickets, leaped the stone walls, swept across the highways. The piercing call of a whistle sounded again and again from behind the red sumac bushes as Major Burrows sought to convey to his men the order to cease firing.

Peter turned a grinning face. "There they go," he said, indicating the woodland road that wound around to the left of the cavalry position.

The dip in the road, visible from the knoll, but screened from observation of the attacking party, was filled with horses, and as she looked, Major Burrows' troopers, who had withdrawn under cover of the wall and bushes, swung into their saddles, and the picture dissolved into an empty highway again.

The Reds captured an empty position and scrambled on in search of a retreat not to be overtaken on any turnpike by which the cavalry had originally come.

The main column, in heavy marching order, came up to the angle of roads and halted until another attack should develop ahead. Majors chafed at the delay and wondered why somebody hadn't better ordered the campaign. Recruits, serving their first year of enlistment, who had not yet been allowed to fire their first blank cartridge, panted in the dust and pondered how many miles it was to the wagon train. And a commanding general bit his moustache angrily because his own cavalry had not kept him better informed.

Alta Lenning returned to her car, and Peter steered for West Boxford, at leisurely speed and with an eye open for signs of the Blue cavalry. The marching column had vanished when they reached the crossroads again, and an excited farmer told them that it was back in the hills, and gave them the wrong directions for finding it. She did not offer a protest when the chauffeur took his own course; he was her father's trusted man, and it was her hobby to take the car out on long runs into unexplored country. Lovers' quarrels are quite likely to impress the parties most concerned with the belief that the world has been shaken to its foundation. It had been shaken for her, and she was waiting to see it fall. Any road that led away from Major Burrows was to be desired now, and one was as good as another. It would do no harm to continue on until they came to the boulevard that ran to the sea, and so return to Boston by another route.

In the Georgetown hills they found the Blue army already in camp. The last shelter tents were going up in the company streets. The smoke was rising from many cooking fires. The signal corps had rigged its wireless pole. Bales of hay had been broken open for the feeding of the artillery horses. All this on a hillside, with corn fields above and a green orchard in the valley below.

They were by no means the only camp followers. News that the Blue army had reached its new base had brought from an unseen city beyond a score of cars, which now blocked the highway, though nobody knew the cause of the congestion ahead.

Near where her own automobile was forced to stop, a staff officer had reined in his horse beside a touring car that she had seen earlier in the morning at the cross roads. In a moment she became conscious that their conversation was distinctly audible, and that they were not aware of her near presence.

"And Burrows had no support?"

"No; only his two cavalry troops. They had a whole regiment in action against him, and were going to bring up their guns. He held them long enough to allow the Blue army to get into position up here, and the Reds have been forced to seek a camp site in the valley."

A hearty laugh followed the recital. "Good old Burrows," said one of the men from division headquarters. "What has galvanized him this week? He has taken the whole campaign as seriously as grim war."

The mounted staff officer spoke in a lower voice, not audible to her. The division headquarters man responded heartily:

"What? Cupid turned into a little war god? Believe me, the days of romance are not over when a man who has been jilted by his sweetheart goes tearing through the countryside like a tornado, ready to fight with anything that innocently gets in his way. Somebody ought to give this story to the General."

"The old man has it already. He was immensely pleased and is going down the road to meet Burrows. He says that if the major wants to go into the regular army as a cavalry lieutenant, he may be able to accommodate him. They are short of officers in the Philippines, and the West Point supply isn't equal to the demand."

An overloaded transport truck in the road ahead pulled itself out of the way, and the waiting cars began to climb the hill. Alta Lenning sat dumb and chilled, half frozen in the gay sunshine.

"Peter," she whispered at length, "do they ever do that; take men from the militia into the regular service?"

"Sometimes, mam."

She hesitated a moment longer. "Could we get there ahead of the general, Peter?"

"We can try, mam," the chauffeur responded.

At an infantry outpost of the Blues they came upon a steel blue car in which sat the bearded general in olive drab uniform. He was making inquiries, and the officer in command was giving him the desired information. Far ahead of them, the highway being straight and the view unobstructed, Peter caught sight of the cavalry returning to camp, the troop pennants fluttering above the compact mass of horsemen. He let the car out to the speed of an express train.

The advancing column changed its formation, opening a lane with a double line of horsemen on either side. Through it the French car passed at suddenly lowered speed, Peter alert for further orders.

Alta Lenning had caught one glimpse of Major Burrows, turning a white and wistful face to him; then for mile after mile the highway seemed filled with curious cavalrymen, whose sabres clanked like bells out of tune, and whose bodies undulated gently with their horses in an unending sea of drab billows. It seemed an interminable time when she was finally free of them and caught sight of the green meadows once more.

She closed her eyes and her mind seemed to be swaying in a world of mocking troopers. This was the parting of the ways; the final lane that would have no turning. Tears welled against her closed lids, while her ears seemed to deceive her with the haunting sound of a pursuing, clanging saber. The very car seemed to be slipping from beneath her.

She opened her eyes to find that Peter had dismounted. "Dropped the drip pan, mam," he said contritely, and ran back on the highway.

The hard breathing of a horse was just behind her, and somebody swung himself out of the saddle and threw an impulsive arm about her.

"Jack!" she cried, and their quarrel was ended.

"I couldn't stand that look in your face, dear girl," he told her. "I want you to forgive me."

"I want to be forgiven myself," she pleaded. "I've been following you around all the morning—but—but you were too busy."

He laughed happily. "I was somewhat occupied," he admitted. "It was my thoughts, though, that chiefly harassed me. You can't imagine how much good it did me to buck up against that Red infantry."

"And I was hoping all the time that you would be beaten, I was so angry; and if you had been, I should have gone back to Boston without seeing you again."

A warning horn sounded; the steel blue car was approaching. Alta Lenning went into a sudden panic. "Oh, Jack, the general is coming—"

Major Burrows came stiffly to salute as the general's car stopped by the roadside. Miss Lenning's cheeks were as crimson as the leaves of the sumach.

"Very well handled, major," said the general. "Your side has scored the points for day. I came down to congratulate you."

"Thank you, sir," the major responded heartily.

The general looked beyond him. "Friends in both armies now?" he inquired with a quiet note of humor in his voice.

"Yes, indeed, general," Miss Lenning replied.

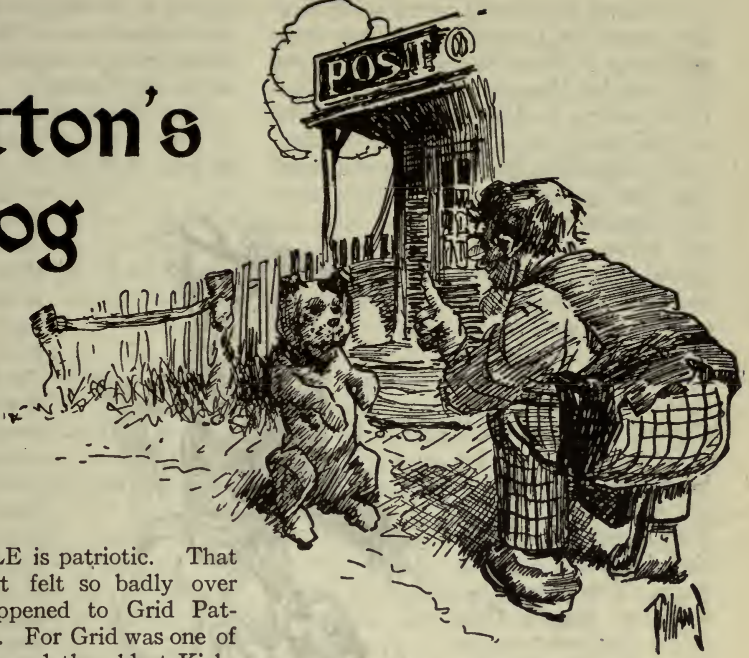
"No disappointment over the discomfiture of the Reds?"

"None at all. You see, I have just surrendered to the major here." She looked at the general searchingly, relying on his intuition.

His face betrayed nothing, but he gave a signal to his driver, and the steel blue car sped swiftly on its way.

Grid Patton's Dog

By John Nicholas Beffel



PLUMVILLE is patriotic. That is why it felt so badly over what happened to Grid Patton's dog. For Grid was one of Plumville's pioneers and the oldest Kickapoo County veteran of the Civil War, and he had a cousin in Kansas who used to know Bill Taft and James Whitcomb Riley when they were knee-high to a centipede. And with the same hands that had carried a musket in the Rebellion, Grid had trained the dog to do more tricks than one could reasonably expect to see this side of the bungalow in which Herrmann, the great magician, lives or did reside when he *was* alive.

Grid's dog was named Star Boarder. He wasn't a collie nor a spaniel nor a bloodhound nor a poodle nor any of the breeds that take blue ribbons at the bench shows, but he was a kind of variegated dog. Lyman Quill, Plumville's philosopher-in-chief, used to say that Star Boarder knew more than the candy-butcher on the four-o'clock train.

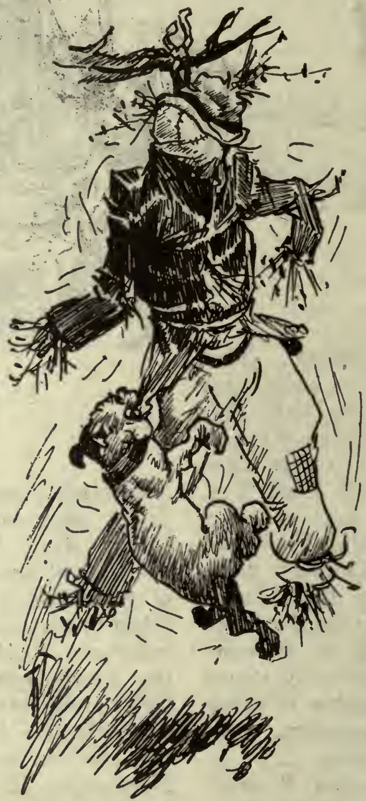
Grid spent most of his time, when he wasn't acting as postmaster of Plumville, in teaching his dog new tricks. He had acquired Star Boarder in exchange for a Waterbury watch and a Sumner's History of the Civil War and some gold mining stock.

Maybe if Grid's cousin had never known Bill Taft and if Grid had never been made postmaster and if the United States government hadn't been so particular about its cash balances, this story might never have been told. If all of these things were not cold facts, it might be that Star Boarder would be living today and would be doing tricks to amuse the psychological students who make their headquarters in the editorial rooms of the *Weekly Bumble Bee* and play solitaire on the molasses barrels in Archie Marshall's store. But I guess it had to be.

Long before tragedy came to Plumville, and caused the flag on the fire-engine house to be hung at half-mast, Lyman Quill warned Grid that he'd better not teach Star Boarder too many things, or some day he'd get to know too much and something serious would happen to him, just as Steve Craven got his chin bent when he came home from college and thought he knew enough to box six rounds with California Frank, who conducts the soup-house upstairs over McCoy's jewelry store.

But Grid had protested that the postmaster of Plumville knew what he was about, or William Howard Taft wouldn't have given him the job. And Grid kept on teaching the playful canine to do feats that were forty ways better than those performed in Signor Sorrento's Great and Unparalleled Dog and Pony Shows, which raised canvas in Marty McGettrick's lot east of the ice house the summer before.

When Star Boarder was three months old, Grid had succeeded in teaching him to eat meat, and before a year had passed the dog could jump through paper-covered hoops and potato barrels and mirrors and the glass windows in the basement of the Baptist Church. And Star Boarder could stand on his head and bark in tune with Joe Hogan when Joe played the Gymnasium March on a mouth organ. Two months before the tragedy Grid held a stop watch on the dog while Star Boarder hung for seventeen minutes straight to the coat-tails of an effigy of an itinerant gentleman who absconded with Bill Westcott's watch after representing himself to be a brother of Shorty McNamara, of Muscatine, Iowa, who played second base for the Twentieth Century baseball team when they walloped all the courage out of the Remorsetown Reds in the post-season series.



Star Boarder hung for seventeen minutes straight to the coat tails of an effigy of an itinerant gentleman

But the best thing that Star Boarder did was to *carry things*. He had wonderful teeth, and when he got a grip on anything or anybody he'd never loosen it until Grid or some other member of the Patton family said "Let go!" With infinite patience and with never a harsh word Grid had taught the dog to carry his newspaper from Devaney's store to his residence on Remorsetown Road. And, too, Star Boarder would carry home to Mrs. Patton a basket containing the pork sausage for Grid's dinner, without so much as displaying signs of envy if the faithful canine himself was awarded merely with a vegetarian diet and home-made dog-biscuits.

When Independence Day loomed up on July Fourth, Star Boarder played a leading part in the seventeenth annual exhibition drill of the George Washington Volunteer Fire Company, of which Grid was captain. It was a heroic life-saving act in which Star Boarder participated. The Volunteers set fire to Henry Nusbaum's old house over on Crotty avenue, which wasn't any good any more because some unknown parties had stolen all the windows and doors out of it on the night of May first. A beautiful girl was imprisoned on the top floor of the house—the beautiful girl was really Mart Stevens, the grocer, in disguise—and when the flames seemed about to envelop the fair prisoner "she" leaned out of the window and screamed for help in a shrill and desperate falsetto voice.

Grid Patton was the hero designed to rescue the beautiful one. Here is where Star Boarder came in. He was down below tugging at a leash held by Charlie Broderick and waiting impatiently for his cue. As previously planned, Grid dashed up a ladder and climbed into the window. But before he could get out again with the fainting person in his arms, the smoke had become so thick that it blinded and choked him. This, too, had been planned beforehand.

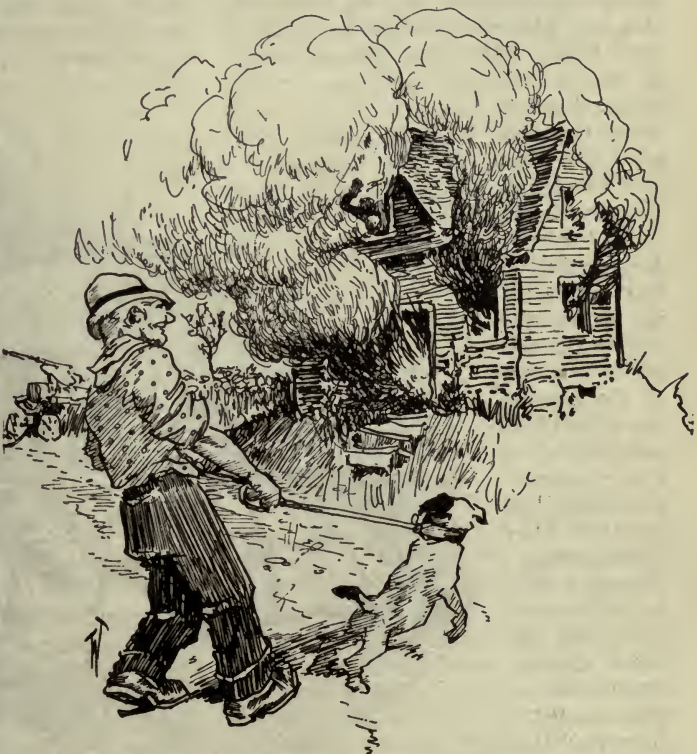
The sight of Grid lurching heavily against the side of the window and groping feebly for a hold on the quaking walls was the signal for Star Boarder to act. A small case containing stimulants was attached to the dog's collar, and the animal fastened his teeth into the end of the rope which had been suspended by a pulley from the roof of the burning house. Then the gallant fireman on the ground quickly hoisted the wonderful dog up to the window where Grid was fighting for air. The stimulants were delivered to Grid, as planned, just in time to enable him to resuscitate himself, and he climbed down the ladder with his charge amid cheers from fourteen hundred lusty throats. A moment later Star Boarder was let down to earth.

Plumville went wild over Star Boarder that day. Nothing was too good for him. The Dennis Heaton Indoor Yacht Club put Grid and the dog in Johnny Higgins' finest open-air carriage, and held a parade in honor of the postmaster and Star Boarder. The Plumville Cornet Band, directed by Attorney Tim Kelly, led the parade, with Grid's carriage immediately in its wake, and the musical organization played a march called "Every Dog Has its Day," which Mr. Kelly had composed especially for the occasion.

That night a banquet was held in honor of Grid and Star Boarder by the East Side Driving Park Association, and addresses were delivered by M. Joseph MacEvoy, the druggist, and Hon. Steve Comegys, a Southern planter, who had come clear from East Liverpool, Georgia, to attend the firemen's festivities. The Hon. Mr. Comegys spoke on "The Value of Trained Dogs of War," and recited some of his own narrow escapes from being scalped by the Indians who occasionally interrupted the Mexican war back in the forties. Mr. MacEvoy gave a glowing discourse on "Man's Best Friend," and strongly advocated a reduction in the tariff on dog-biscuits. A collection was taken up, the proceeds of which were sent by the treasurer to Chicago to purchase a hand-engraved silver dollar for Star Boarder.

The next day the newspapers at Lottawan, the county seat, published pictures of the dog and Grid, accompanied by three column interviews in which the postmaster of Plumville recited the methods he had employed in educating "the most wonderful dog in the world." The Ladies' Aid Society held a sewing bee to provide funds for a sterling silver medal for Star Boarder and passed resolutions of commendation which were sent to President Taft marked "Personal." Lydia Vanderpool Scaggs took occasion to read a poem written by herself on "The Dazzling Destiny of the Dog."

A week went by with no diminution of the glory that hovered over Star Boarder and Grid, and the postmaster bought a new straw hat with a monogram inside



Star Boarder was down below, tugging at a leash held by Charlie Broderick and had Hank Wilson paint the front steps of his residence. Mrs. Patton, too, came forth with a new gown she had bought in the city and was proud of the fact that Star Boarder had carried the package containing the dress home from the post-office.

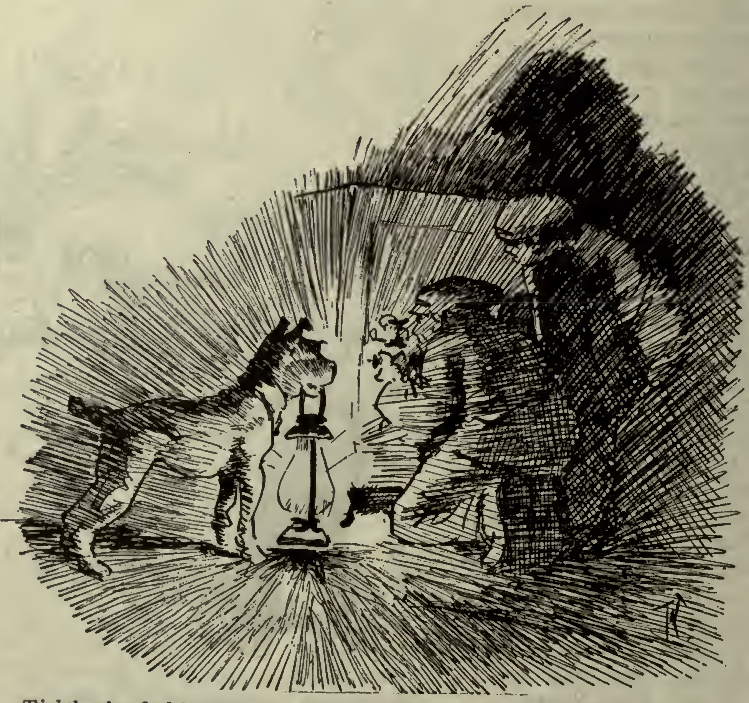
No one suspected that within ten days after the great Independence Day celebration would fall the blow that was to be the death warrant for Grid Patton's dog. Grid himself went home on the eve of the tragedy feeling at peace with the world. He remembered afterward that Star Boarder was a bit restless on the way home, but he saw nothing significant in that. And at nine o'clock, when he said "good-night" to the dog, he was answered by the good-natured bark that always came from the summer kitchen, where a barricaded door and barred windows kept the dog secure from molestation by a designing and untrustworthy world.

How Star Boarder got out of the summer kitchen is a mystery that the best detectives in Kickapoo County, including J. Bert Rood, never were able to fathom. In the investigation that followed the tragedy, the bars and the barricade were found undisturbed. Apparently no human hand had invaded the stoutly guarded night-quarters of the greatest dog on earth. It seemed as if some supernatural power had spirited Star Boarder away—through a solid wall of brick.

But the details of the tragedy—which are brief—are yet to be told. Pat Budge, the night chief of police, walked past the post-office at 2:37 a. m. on the twelfth of July. He heard a faint noise within, and, peering through the window, saw a flicker of light in the rear of the office, near Grid Patton's desk. He watched for a moment, and observed two safe-blowers drilling a hole into the United States government's safe. And what did Budge see two feet away? Star Boarder, and tightly clenched between the teeth of the dog was the handle of the lantern that illuminated the scene!

High-class legal counsel got the safe-blowers off with five years each in the penitentiary, but the powers-that-be in Washington were merciless. They ordered that Star Boarder be shot at sunrise on the first sunny day.

That is why there is a black wreath over the head barber's chair in each of the tonsorial parlors in Plumville, and that is why Grid Patton says if he ever loses his government job he'll start up a rival post-office and inaugurate a vigorous price-cutting campaign to get the entire Kickapoo County's trade in postage stamps.



Tightly clenched between the teeth of the dog was the handle of the lantern that illuminated the scene!

THE GRUDGE

by Jennie Harris Oliver, *author of* "Cherries"

BRUCE AMBERLY clattered down the long, rickety stairway of his gin. Dodging into the engine room, he took a peep at the furnace, and dodging out again, slammed to the seed-house door; then stepping into the office he straightened his tie and slipped into his best coat.

Across the deep red sand of the road, his boarding-place—a blaze of light—was hilarious with a "play-party"; one of those occasions when grownups divide their age in half and caper in a manner they blush to remember. Ordinarily Amberly would not have left his gin on a night-run, but Lorena Thurston was at the party. Amberly had just seen her come up the road with her twin brother, Loren, and he could not miss this chance to get some inkling of the strange wall of silence looming between himself and the girl who had promised to marry him.

At the last moment Amberly was panic-stricken for fear she would leave before he could get there. Not that it was like him—such hilarity, and with mountains of cotton on the yard; but someone *might* drop a word. He flushed hotly, remembering how she had turned him down publicly twenty-four hours after their engagement. How he had called repeatedly without being able to see her; how she had returned, unopened, his letters. Somebody or something had conspired against him. All Bear Creek was watching; Amberly knew that, and his pride was up. He had listened, unobserved, to the planning of the party. The argument in favor of it had been crude but friendly.

"At a dance, nobody can't tell nothin' about nobody. If a girl don't want to dance, can't nobody make her; but a play-party's different. It's a cinch somethin' crooked's happened. Two weeks straight she comes to revival meetin' with him and takes his arm goin' home. Then, all of a sudden she done what we seen—come to meetin' with her brother, and cuts Amberly dead on the way out. 'Nd *he* don't know what's up, no more'n we do. Goes around lookin' like a little boy that's worked all night on a sum and has to rub it all out in the morning.

"Now what's the matter with Amberly? He's darnation good lookin'. He's well off. Hain't no man ever give a fairer price for cotton. What's Lory Thurston of a sudden got ag'in him?"

That was what Amberly wanted to know. That was why for two mortal hours, while his gin hummed reproachfully across the sandy way, he pranced about in the rollicking games, without getting any closer to the mystery than a stiffly-extended arm's length. Feeling more like a fool than ever before in his life, he finally found himself "redeeming a forfeit" by kneeling before each girl in the room, and with raised, bent fingers, repeating this doggerel:

"Down on my bend-aws,
Up with my scratch-claws—"

Provoking a girl to laughter, it was his privilege to kiss her.

Notwithstanding his heart was doing tragic duty when at last he reached Lorena, so ridiculous were his claw-like fingers, so droll his voice, that she promptly laughed—a contagious ripple of pure amusement. That is, she laughed with the scarlet lips that nature had kinked in a merry mood. Her eyes—blue, lustrous and silkily-fringed—protested, commanded Amberly not to exact the penalty.

"Tell me what I want to know, then," said Amberly.

The girl looked away in a swift appeal around the room. It was of no use—she was alone. It was the game. Fear of weakening made her frantic. Springing under Amberly's suddenly-extended arm, and eluding the clutch of those who sought to interfere, she fled from the room and from the house—the enemy in pursuit.

It was an Indian summer night—starlit. The scent of alfalfa clover mingled with the honeyed wine of blackhaw and persimmon, distilled in the mist wavering up from the nearby Branch. A whippoorwill gave short-breathed commands from a shadowy tangle of plum-trees. Amberly, tingling with the whisper of triumph, doubled among the shrubbery and along the orchard aisles; seeing just beyond the tantalizing flutter of light drapery.

Against a just-built and not-reckoned-with barbed wire fence, Lorena brought up at last, stubbornly white, breathless, her dress torn jaggedly. Seizing her upflung arm, Amberly caught full the flash of her eyes in the dimness. There was no pleading now—there was straight battle. He spoke quietly:

"Miss Thurston, this acting the harlequin is not to my taste, but it was the only way to get near you. I've got to know why you turned me down."

"And I refuse to tell you."

"You were not in earnest any time?"

"Whatever I was, I despise you now, and that's final."

Amberly studied her uncompromising little face. "Then why did you laugh?" he said.

The girl's red lips twitched. "If you could have seen yourself—" she paused, angrily suppressing the smile.

"Well," continued Amberly, goaded by despair, "you should play fair if at all. If I'm only the clown in your game, you got to play it through. I'm going to make you!"

Lorena trembled. She lifted a swift palm against Amberly's breast, but thrilling at the loved contact, snatched it away. She looked uneasily about the orchard, and beyond, at the suddenly silent house where the throng of conspirators awaited the fruits of the chase. Beyond that was the gin high against the fringy cottonwoods, teeming with life, throbbing in its steam-filled arteries, bright with a sudden explosion and burst of crimson flame. Three sharp whistles shivered the air, and the girl's dark eyes flashed back to Amberly.

"Your gin is on fire," she told him with what sounded like triumph. "*Now* will you go?"

II

By the time Amberly could reach his plant, the flames, originating in the saws that chew the lint from the seed, were bursting from the mouth of the packer and zithering up the lint-lining of the walls—encircling, flash after flash, the entire room in a belt of fine fire. The machinery had ground to a standstill, and workmen fought from open barrels of water, steam in the lint-flue, wet sacking—any way that could be devised. It was soon over and not much damage done, other than the snapping of the owner's last chance for reconciliation with the girl he loved.

Throughout the memorable season that followed, he and all Bear Creek continued to speculate on the mystery of Lorena Thurston's sudden hostility. Sometimes Bear Creek sounded the girl's brother, gaining nothing but a guileless look and the drawling denial of any knowledge in the matter.

Of course it were useless to ask Loren Thurston anything. He was too indolent to see what went on under his very nose. He was too lazy to comb his own hair. He was like his sister only in the lavish beauty of snowy skin, pink cheeks, blue-black hair, and eyes so azure they were purple.

Lorena taught school. Lorena planted, "chopped" and picked cotton to pay doctor bills and defray the funeral expenses of "Old Jim," their father. Loren curled his giant frame in a quiet corner like a luxurious young hound dog, and dreamed his way through stacks of paper-backed poison; or needing slight exercise, faded around among the frequenters of the joint store and postoffice, where lazy negroes slouched, incipient bootleggers plied their wares, and really-hardened sinners listened for the rattle of the sheriff's buggy on the bridge over the Branch.

When not there, occasionally he was fishing on a big lightning-felled tree back of the gin. People seeing him there opined grinningly that some day he would fall into the Branch and never know it until he waked up, drowned.

Loren Thurston was like his father—he would never amount to anything; but *Lorena*—proud, hard-working Lorena—it was with her best interest at heart that the neighbors hoped to see her married to the new cotton king, Bruce Amberly.

Failing in this, they fell back blankly, and finally told each other that "Lory" must have had some *good reason* for quitting him as she did. There must be something sly and mean about him. What did they really know about the *man*, Bruce Amberly?

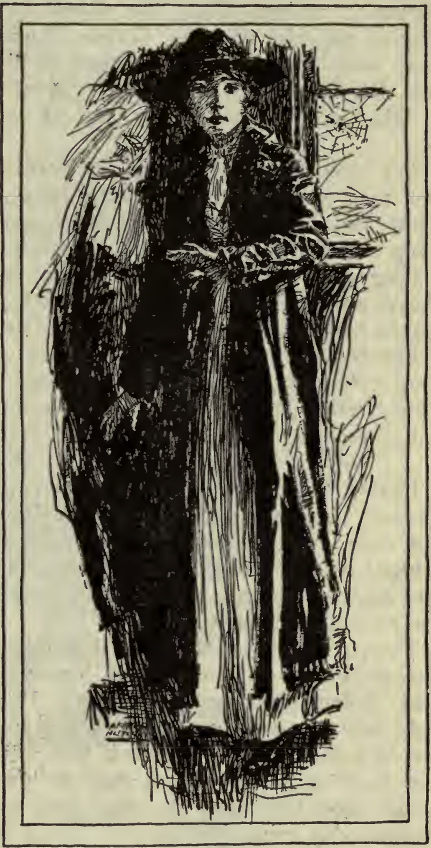
Bear Creek gradually cooled toward the one whose cause they had at first gone out of their way to espouse. He was not invited out so much, and when he was, it was with the certainty that Lorena Thurston would be protected from him.

Added to this was a series of accidents, originating, as had the first one, in the gin-saws. Hardly a day passed without delay; a burned hand or scorched eyelashes and the blackening of someone's cotton. Within a month of the party, there grew a deep furrow down the middle of Amberly's smooth brow, and his nice brown eyes acquired a baffled, hunted expression. Always, now, when not prodding into loads of cotton before his office scales, he was upstairs alertly watching the fated product on its way to the outgoing tramway.

Drift after drift it eddied up the suction pipe, released its seed in the iron teeth of the ginstands, whirled down the mouth of the packer and out upon the revolving platform—huge cakes that went tumbling down the tram to make room for other cakes behind. At any minute flame might leap up. Sooner or later the gin itself would go, and with it the plausibility of erecting the new plant of corrugated iron that had been his plan when locating in Bear Creek "Bottoms." Even now workmen were becoming rebellious, and patrons speculating upon longer roads over which to haul their raw cotton.

There was no denying it—an invisible, unaccountable something dogged the plant of Lorena's discarded suitor. At last came a day when Bruce had to ride many miles to raise a crew, and that day the gin stood idle, while a sulky recruit, at double pay, weighed cotton and tended the office.

About dark the boss rode back, figuring on an all-night run, and crossing the bridge, his alert eye, looking for trouble, caught a faint glimmer of light in the supposedly-deserted workroom. Leaping from his horse, Amberly trod softly the long, rickety stairway, and pausing in the doorway, stood blinking—straining his vision forward through the dimness.



As the lithe figure suddenly strained back the slouch hat slipped rakishly, revealing Lorena Thurston; and, leveled along the length of his arm, the defiance of cool, splendid eyes

The scene was dismal with the eerie creak of the wind-tortured dome, the pat-pat of bloated, beady-eyed rats in the fine dust, the circling whisper of bat wings over his head. A tumbled mass of cotton was under that overflow, and a figure in slicker and slouch hat stooped there—*doing what?*

In a bound Amberly had the prowler by the arm and had yanked it upright. "Steady here, you young limb of Satan," he gritted, "I've caught you right at it. Oh, no—you *don't!*"

As the lithe figure, feigning compliance, suddenly strained back, the slouch hat slipped rakishly, revealing Lorena Thurston; and, leveled along the length of his arm, the defiance of cool, splendid eyes!

"My God!" cried Amberly, and let her go.

For some time after her rapid retreat, the man stood gazing vacantly down. Then hearing the tramp of workmen, filing across the bridge, and the engineer getting up steam below, he siezed a scoop-shovel and pitched the cotton with what else he had discovered, out of the window.

For besides cotton, there had been a heap of cartridges, flints and matches—enough to have blown the plant into atoms. A half hour later the run was on.

III

During the prosperous days that now dawned, Amberly met Lorena Thurston but once, and that was on the narrow bridge over the Branch. Under the cover and surprise of dusk, neither could avoid the awkward moment.

The girl's face was thin, but it flaunted the vivid flag of enmity, and her eyes held defiance rather than guilt. Her right arm, Amberly noticed with a start, was in a sling. He wondered if that fact had to do with the broken stair he had found upon the night she had tried to complete his ruin.

It seemed to Amberly he grew old struggling with the problem. He had prided himself that he knew blue blood, even in the daughter of "that worthless old cuss," that sly, incomprehensible emigrant from the mountains, James Thurston! Some men, after such evidence of heredity, would have dismissed the whole thing and turned their attention elsewhere. Amberly wished that he could be that sensible.

The cotton season drew to a close with the merging of a pleasant, open winter into balmy spring. The Branch widened, and the scent of burning brush haunted the air. One evening as Amberly pottered alone about the yard, he came upon Loren Thurston, hunched upon a bale of cotton, elbows on his knees, his inscrutable face clamped by his hands.

Usually too indolent to reply when spoken to, the boy broke the record by calling across the top of intervening bales: "O Amberly!"

Bruce hesitated, frowning, then moved around, and the speaker did not stand on ceremony, now that he had opened his mouth.

"Lory's going away," he said.

The pulse in Amberly's throat leaped; but he replied coldly, "Well!"

The younger man devoured his companion with narrowed eyes. "She's never coming back," he said.

Amberly rested his thin, capable hand on the bale of cotton. "Speak out!" His voice was hard.

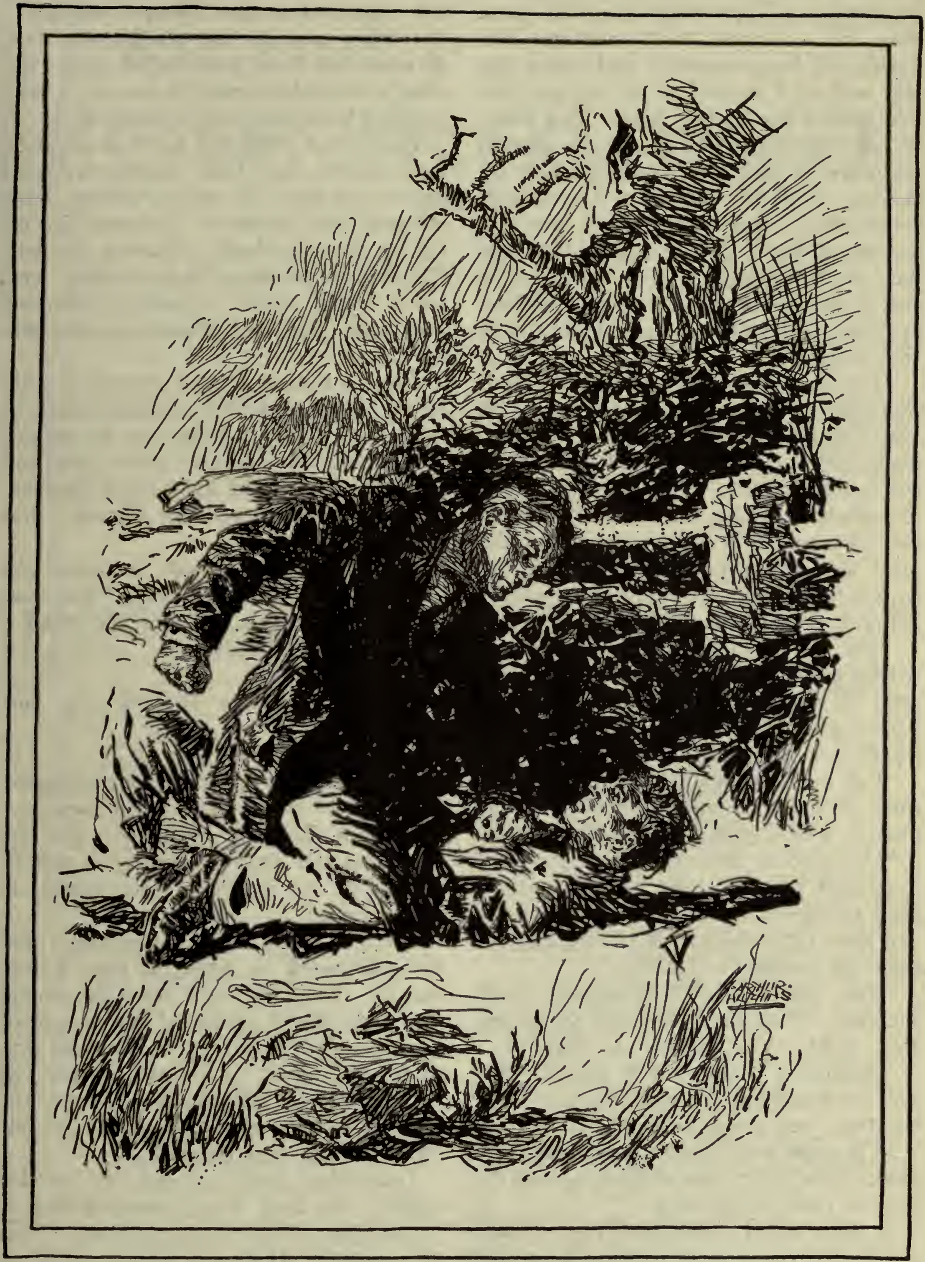
"I will!" Loren's reply was low, but furious. "I hate you, Amberly. I've always hated you. 'Twa'n't Lory had a grudge against you—'twas *me*. You stand for what I've always feared—work; *hard, bone work!*"

He sat up and rested his two hands on his knees, closing them tight. A moment he gazed down at them and then back at Amberly. "I've laid awake nights and sweat, thinking what it must be to get up before daylight and hike out to the screech of a whistle. To be prodded and prodded all day long by someone behind. My father never did a hard day's work in his life and I'm the same breed, only worse. Lory's like mother.

"I hung around and saw you kiss her that last night you brought her home, and I told her you bragged about it at the store next day."

He paused, apparently fascinated by the hand that had gripped deep into the cotton near his own. He had seen that same hand and its mate unaided, load a six-hundred pound bale of cotton. He trembled at the indomitable energy of a man with such hands.

"Lory wouldn't agree not to ask you about it," he went on, at last, "and we've squabbled ever since. I didn't see any way to get rid of you but to drive you out.



"I wouldn't have struck you after you were down," said Amberly, "had you fought like a man. It was the beast I was after"

I put that junk in the cotton. I slipped away the night of that party, and did the first trick. I knew what you had come there for. I knew that sometime you would get Lory cornered and make her tell, and so I studied it all out on that tree behind the suction pipe. You know its only about ten feet away. It came to me how I'd hoodooed school-teachers by flipping chalk the length of the schoolhouse while I was studying like fury. It was plumb easy. I used match-heads and they stuck like glue to the cotton. One out of four or five always made a ruction up there. I could fish and look stupid and watch it.

"You hung on and Lory and I squabbled. The day you rode out for a crew I climbed over the engine-room roof and doctored the overflow right. I noticed you ginned the overflow first. Then Lory made me so furious I told her about it. *You found her.* She meant to get out enough of the junk to catch your eye, and leave the lantern for a signal. Of course she wouldn't tell on me when you sneaked up on her.

"She fell through your blamed old rickety gin steps that night, and broke her arm. It was so bad she couldn't finish her school, and she couldn't pick cotton. She couldn't do anything but mope around.

"I've held out against her as long as I can. Rather than drive her away—" he paused, with a gulp, but ended furiously:

"I've give in, Amberly. You can take Lory and pay the bills; but you don't need to expect to run me. I'll go to the pen first. I've thought it all out, and I'll take my medicine—that way!"

"You young devil!" Amberly spoke huskily. "You knew she came to the gin that night! You *let* her—do that!"

"Because I couldn't help myself. She had me locked in the smokehouse. Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I'll show you," flashed Amberly, and struck him a flat-handed blow across the smooth pink of his cheek.

It was a signal to the primitive. Almost before the young giant realized what had happened, he was fighting back with all his ferocious strength; lunging his untried bulk upon Amberly and feeling the enemy's slenderness slip from his grasp like water.

Back and forth among the cotton bales they swayed and writhed, fighting tooth and nail; coats torn, heads bare, their hair plastered to their damp foreheads—Amberly's game to tire out the mountain of unskilled flesh that hated him; the other's to get his opponent in a great bear hug and crush him into submission.

Time after time the boy's huge arms shot around, and their captive wriggled like an eel from the circle, baffling brute strength with litheness. A sharp blow on the lip, from Amberly, hastened the end. Flinging up an incautious, shielding arm, Loren felt it seized grippingly, stumbled backward, and fell sprawling, Amberly on top.

Even in falling, he had grasped for the other man's neck—to strangle him; to snap the life out of him; but he missed, and under the rain of blows that fell without mercy upon his bulging muscles, the young coward presently muttered that it was enough.

"I wouldn't have struck you after you were down," said Amberly, "had you fought like a man. It was the beast I was after. Whipped?"

"Looks like it."

"I'm now and for all time, the best man?"

"I told you I was whipped."

"All right. So much for your insolence. For the old score—you've got to pay—*and it won't be in the pen either.* You and Lory and the mother—our home will be the same; but you'll do your share! Is it a bargain?"

Loren did not reply immediately, and the boss bided his time, his knee resting heavily. From his length upon the ground the fallen giant's awakened gaze wandered past the bending face to the dimming sky, where the spirit of evening trailed its violet robes. In that moment of moments, it was as if he saw his idle past, in visible form bidding him farewell.

Tears—his first—over-ran his swollen cheeks; but they were redeeming waters; the emotion that separates the man from the animal. His eyes turned again to Amberly, softened at the friendly look that met them, and his lips formed one word. It was enough. Ten minutes later they were walking down the road toward the new life—and *Lorena.*

Two and a Pocket Handkerchief

(A Serial)

by Josephine Page Wright

SYNOPSIS—Wayne Harding, a wealthy young New Yorker, who loses his fortune and the hand of the society woman who was to be his wife, seeks refuge on a California ranch, the legacy of his mother. He finds there the care taker and his pretty, self-possessed daughter Marian. Shortly after Wayne's arrival the caretaker dies, and rather than see Marian homeless, Wayne makes a quixotic offer of marriage. Reluctantly he takes up the ranch work previously performed by Marian's father. A letter comes from the father of his former fiancee, asking him to return to New York, but Marian is injured by a Mexican fugitive. Danny, an old neighbor, summons Dr. Ord, who commands Wayne to take the greatest care of Marian.

CHAPTER VII

"DO you think," ventured Marian, a few days later at the breakfast table, "that I am quite well again?"

"I should like to think so," Harding replied, "inasmuch as you are doing the work of several men and women."

"When I was ill," she continued, "I promised not to bother about the letter. But now I want to talk about it."

"What letter?" he asked, puzzled.

"The letter from New York. The letter from her," timidly.

Wayne laughed. "It wasn't from her and it wasn't worth talking about. I haven't thought of it for weeks."

Marian looked disappointed. "I felt sure it was an opportunity for you to return East. My illness held you here. Is it too late?"

"It is too late, but not in the way you guess. Do you want me to go back?"

"If you are happier there," she answered, as though that were a matter of course. "You are hungry for New York and the old life. I see it in your daily life, not because of what you say but in spite of it."

Wayne buttered a muffin and sought an answer to the charge that would be at once honest and satisfying to her.

"I believe," he said finally, "that I am not hungry for New York or for the old life. But there are games we played there, childish games that bored me prodigiously then. They appeal to memory sometimes."

Marian's eyes brightened. "I know," she nodded, "the opera, dinner parties, carriages and pretty clothes."

"I am not altogether exiled now from pretty clothes," he smiled, as he bestowed a look of frank admiration upon her house gown. "But to be perfectly honest I should like to ride over a paved street in a limousine to an opera dinner party."

Late that afternoon Wayne, coming up the canyon from the settlement on the bay, overtook Danny, a new and resplendent Danny.

"I'm going to a New York dinner party at Mrs. Harding's. Didn't have a swallow-tail. But this ain't so bad."

He paused and revolved slowly in the middle of the road for Wayne's benefit. He was certainly less picturesque in his black suit, stiff white linen and low tan shoes. Nevertheless, Danny was himself and evidently having a good time.

When they reached the house there were evidences everywhere of unusual happenings. The rooms were gorgeous with flowers, the dining room table was screened from view. In the kitchen was a bewildering array of cut glass and china.

Marian called from her room a welcome to her guest and directions to Wayne.

"Danny, I told you not to come so early. But wait in the living room until your hostess comes to receive you." And then to Wayne, "Your bath is ready, and your evening clothes are on your bed ready for you."

At six there swept into the living room a type of woman the little bungalow had never known. She was the definition of a society woman. The cut of her low dinner gown, the poise of her magnificent body, the tilt of her aristocratic head, the curve of her bare white arm seemed attributes of character rather than affectations of dress and manner.

Danny, for the first time in his loquacious life was dumb. Standing on the threshold, Wayne studied this woman who was his wife and who was, nevertheless, a stranger to him, with the eyes of impartial criticism. And he found no flaw. He entered the room gravely and greeted Marian with formal courtesy. But it was to Danny that he directed his first remark.

"Mr. Moore, someone has told me that your California chameleons do not change their color."

"Mr. Harding," returned Danny stiffly, "it's a damn lie."

The little Japanese boy who had helped Wayne during Marian's illness, was in the kitchen putting on the starched linen coat of service. Marian lighted the hooded candles on the dining table and slipped back to the gentlemen of her party.

She tucked her hand into Danny's arm and led the way to the dining room. "I'm afraid," she called over her shoulder to her husband, "that the Countess is going to disappoint us."

Wayne looked inquiringly at the fourth place. And she continued, "I had hoped that Danny would be equal to the creation of a partner, but for some reason his faculties seem benumbed."

Perhaps it was for Danny's sake that she dropped her pose and began the dinner with jovial informality. She was Marian, an approachable Marian but very wonderful and brilliant and alluring.

As the fish was set before them there arose from the canyon a cry of blended distress and indignation. "Wayne Harding, Wayne Harding."

Wayne rose from the table and hurried to the cypress hedge. He could see nothing, but the calls continued and into them there was creeping the suggestion of anger. It was not difficult to locate them now and Wayne walked to the edge of a crevasse that paralleled the canyon road. Wedged between the walls was a young man, very dirty, very breathless and very much excited.

Harding extricated the unfortunate and brought him to the level of the ground.

"Well, Jack the Giant Killer, have you got these confounded traps dug all around your precious ranch?" spluttered Billy Hariston as he emerged. "What kind of greeting do you call this for an old friend who has come across the continent to hunt you up and deliver a message from your sweetheart?"

"Billy?" asked Wayne, a little startled at the identity of his visitor. He led the newcomer, who limped slightly and continued to take an inventory of his bones, up the gravel path. As they entered the circle of light that came from the windows of the bungalow, Billy drew back in amazement.

"In the name of Cabrillo," he gasped, "what are you doing among the cliff dwellings in the habiliments of civilization?"

"My wife," replied Wayne with unassumed dignity, "is giving a dinner party." And he led his guest, protesting, dazed and dirty, into the presence of Marian.

After Billy had brushed from his clothes, and washed his face and hands from the marks of his accident, after Marian had pinned up the rent in the legs of his trousers and, by her remarkable tact, put him at his ease, Billy took the Countess' place at the table and entered at once into the spirit of the feast.

"Well, Wayne," he announced cheerfully, "New York is all there but you and me. Father wondered why you never answered his letter. When he sent me out here to grow up a bit before I settle down he told me to look you up. We all missed you back there, father and I and—"

"And what about your sister?" inquired

Wayne politely, seeing that Billy hesitated.

The boy nodded an assent and began an attack on his salad, glad to dismiss the subject.

"Great country, this out here. Rather disappointed, you know, not to find you on the plains. Hoped you were cow-boying."

Wayne laughed. "I haven't been on a horse's back since I came west. Plow horses are not exactly polo ponies."

"You don't plough?" his incredulous guest asked. "You know I can't quite fancy you anything of a farmer."

"He isn't anything of a farmer," interpolated Danny. "He isn't a speck more of a farmer than I am a New York business man. I lived there once seven months and then I came back west because I felt a mask sprouting on my temples and I was afraid I'd have to wear the damn thing all my life. They're fashionable back there, but it's hard to learn to breathe through them unless you're raised to it."

"It's hard to breathe through them sometimes, when you are raised to it," supplemented Billy. "I chucked mine the other side of Raton Pass."

Wayne shook his head. "Don't flatter yourself, Billy, that you've changed. You were always in cap and bells."

Marian gave the signal to withdraw. They went out into the moonlight. Billy appropriated the hammock and rolled a cigarette. Danny filled the old briar he carried in his pocket and stared at the stars. Wayne forgot the cigar in his fingers, in study of the beautiful woman at his side.

To him she was a tantalizing enigma, from the rapid changes on her expressive face to the elusive dimple on her bare white arm. That arm was about the pillar at his side. He sat on the railing of the steps and his eyes were very near the teasing dimple. Suddenly he stooped and kissed the firm, warm flesh. He felt it stiffen at his touch and he felt the rebuke.

"Danny, must you go? Haven't we had a splendid time?" Marian was saying. "Danny isn't a night hawk like you, Mr. Harding and Billy."

After she had shaken hands with Danny she begged permission to withdraw and prepare for the entertainment of their unexpected guest. Wayne, who knew that the guest chamber was always in readiness, realized that it was a pretense and that in offering his wife the first caress, he had deeply offended her.

Billy chattered on of the changes of scenes and peoples and conditions in New York. Wayne's thoughts had never been farther from the eastern metropolis. The boy in the hammock could evoke no sigh of enthusiasm or even interest from his silent host.

"Oh, I say, Wayne," accused Billy, "You're not the same man when Mrs. Harding is gone. Awfully devoted? All that sort of thing? Eh?"

"Perhaps, Billy, I shine in a reflected glory."

"Well, something like that," agreed the boy, returning to his cigarette.

Around the corner of the bungalow crept a girlish figure in a gingham house frock. The neck was high and the sleeves long with severe little bands of white at the collar and cuffs.

"I slipped off my finery," announced Marian, "to feed the chickens."

"Chickens? At this time of night?" asked Wayne, who was a little dazed at the rebuke of the apron gown.

"They'll find the grain when they come out in the morning and no unpleasant duty need call you from your bed until your sleep is out. Tomorrow is Sunday."

"Hope I'll get a wife who thinks as much of me," said Billy.

"Nonsense," Marian laughed. "I was thinking of the chickens."

"If you get a wife who thinks as much of you as Marian thinks of her chickens, you will be in luck," commented Wayne.

Marian, as if to atone for coldness, seated herself on the doorstep at the feet of her husband and began to hum the little slumber song that always rose to her lips when she was contented. Wayne wondered if she had forgiven him for a fault, the nature of which he did not understand. He was genuinely sorry that he had offended her.

"Billy," he said, suddenly remembering his duty to his guest, "Billy, when you go back to New York—"

"Do you suppose," interrupted the indignant Billy, "that I am going back to New York? Forget it."

CHAPTER VIII

"If you will go to the city to look up the luggage," announced Marian to Wayne the next morning, "Billy will stay with me and learn to hoe potatoes."

"Perhaps," suggested her husband, "he would like to run about a little, Coronado Islands, or an invasion of Old Mexico."

"What," exclaimed Billy, "do tourist stunts when I can learn something useful? Not me. 'Tisn't in my nature."

"It will be very useful to you on Wall Street," mocked Wayne, "the knowledge of potato culture."

"It will indeed," confirmed Marian gravely. "Because Wall Street knows nothing and cares less about the actual cost and process of production, it remains as unstable as the house built upon sands."

"Billy," confided Wayne, "you think that you are going to hoe potatoes, but you are really going to listen to a lecture on social and political economy."

As a matter of fact, Harding was a trifle piqued at being sent away. He wanted to visit with his young New York friend, and he was always interested in Marian when she was in a philosophical mood. Moreover, he knew that Billy, in spite of his eastern training, was guileless and that Marian in her present mood was adroit in methods of extraction. Just what harm it would have done for Marian to make discoveries, Wayne could not have told, but since the moment of the swift, offending kiss in the moonlight, Billy's sister had appeared to him, when she appeared at all, in the light of an interloper.

Billy read the discomfiture and added insult to injury. "Going to be hot in the city today," he murmured, "This ocean breeze out here on the point is great. We'll be cooler digging than you will be tramping the streets and taking care of my boxes."

The young man from the East robed himself in white silk shirt and blue serge trousers and fancied that he looked rather picturesque and appropriate. When, however, he saw Marian in short, coarse linen dress and heavy high boots he felt inadequate.

"Never mind," she counseled, "you're not going to work really, Billy. I have brought you out here to talk about your sister."

The boy was disappointed. He had regarded Marian as a new type of woman, bigger and broader than any he had known before. That she could stoop to a petty woman's jealousy by prying into an old love affair of her husband, seemed incredible.

She read the distrust in his face and hastened to reassure him. "Don't misjudge me," she pleaded. "I'm not doing this for my sake but for his. I must know about things back east. My relationship with Mr. Harding is not what you suppose. It is very different, indeed, from anything that you imagine. I want to tell you, Billy, all about it and if your sister is worthy of Mr. Harding, I want you to tell her some things so that she will understand."

She was earnest and, to the honest boy at her side, very pathetic as she told him the story of her father's death and of the hasty marriage of convenience. She made him understand how great her trust had been in the manliness of her husband and how grateful she was that this trust had never been betrayed.

"I felt," she continued, "that when he came west he could never go back. I supposed that his love affair with your sister was a closed episode. But when the letter came I realized that I had acted too hastily for his own good, and when you came I knew that you brought messages of reconciliation. Now I am going to give Mr. Harding his freedom and you, Billy, must help me make him accept it."

"Hold on," begged the boy, "let's call things by their right names. You're getting me confused. You want me to persuade Wayne to cut and run, to divorce you and go back East to take up father's offer and marry my sister."

Marian nodded. "I know it would be a hard thing for her, but if she knew that our marriage had been merely a formal one, perhaps she could overlook the wrong I had done her."

"Oh, New York society women aren't squeamish on the subject of legal separation. That isn't the point. But look here, Mrs. Harding, suppose my sister isn't worthy? It's his happiness you're seeking, isn't it?"

She assured him that it was.

"Then, as a matter of fact, she isn't. Nothing wrong with Sis, of course. Good woman, handsome, brilliant, all that. But Harding could no more be happy with her now than a man could live day in and day out on mince pie and ice cream soda."

"He must go back with you," insisted Marian slowly. "Let him seek his right to love where he will. No normal man can deprive himself of that right with impunity."

"I'm sure, Mrs. Harding, I don't know what you want," grumbled Billy. "I come out here, find Wayne looking like a prince, proud and happy on his own estate, married to a charming woman. Now I must step in and, to reward his hospitality, persuade him to come back to New York where he will grow fat and flabby and dyspeptic. If he is lucky he may get a five thousand a year job and it will take at least six thousand of that to live. You don't know New York, you've never been there."

"Oh, but I have," protested Marian gravely, "many times during my college days. You and Mr. Harding and Danny to the contrary, human nature is the same the world over. Mr. Harding needed the tonic of the west, perhaps, but now that he has been restored to normalcy, he is strong enough to live anywhere."

"Let's hoe potatoes," suggested Billy briefly.

Although Marian felt that he was unconvinced, she was too wise to pursue the subject. They worked among the vegetables, they visited the orchard and poultry yards. Marian deliberately attempted to tire her guest, to make him see the unpleasant side of ranch work, the necessity of tireless effort to produce results. With grim satisfaction, she watched him pant and perspire and grow weary.

"Promise me," she pleaded, as they were returning to the house, "promise me, that you will help me to secure his happiness."

"I promise," he said heartily, and Marian felt that she had won.

They entered the house at the rear and Billy stood looking around the little white kitchen with interested eyes. The old-fashioned wood stove was set up in one corner. On it was a tiny blue tea kettle. Encircling the room was a broad shelf upon which rested rows of blue pans and dishes. The scoured kitchen table held one blue bowl. In the wall above it hung a bewildering array of working spoons, and forks and knives.

"Do you know, Mrs. Harding," he asked, "how hungry a city fellow gets for a good old-fashioned kitchen? If he has never known one, the hunger is there just the same, an honest heritage. To the boys of the tenements the kitchen is an unheard-of thing, to the boys of the middle west, a comfortless kitchenette in a crowded flat must answer the longing, to the boys of the rich, the stately kitchen of their palace has no more charm than the kitchen of a hotel. What American boys need more than they do anything else is to stand at a kitchen table occasionally and watch their mother bake ginger cookies."

"Why, Billy," gasped Marian, "you're a philosopher."

"It's the West," he beamed, "it's getting into my blood."

They laughed together like two children. Wayne, returning tired from the city, paused on the threshold and regarded them with unsmiling face.

"You didn't seem to miss me much," he accused. "What have you been doing?"

"I've been learning things," said Billy. "It is surprising," he added, enigmatically, "how much I have found out. I've been here less than twenty-four hours, and I've discovered things that neither of you know."

(To be concluded in next month's National)

The Financial Democracy

by S. W. Straus

President of S. W. Straus & Co., Mortgage and Bond Bankers, Chicago

SOME years since a leader of American thought declared that the true solution of the problem of great corporations and great concentration of wealth would be found in the "peopleization," as he called it, of the nation's industries. He declared that when the people owned the great corporations, and ownership was spread out widely through stock distribution, we would be nearing an end of the period of corporate abuses.

As a matter of fact, this era is already dawning, and in spite of concentrations of credit and great combinations of capital, the basis of the financial world today is really a democratic one. The foundations of the whole financial structure rest on the shoulders of the people. Banks may centralize, and to a certain extent control credit; huge syndicates may be formed to underwrite huge bond issues; international loans may be made, reaching into the hundreds of millions of dollars, yet, after all, the true source of credit is the people, and the money furnished is the people's money.

Our tremendous industrial expansion of the last forty years is due, more than any one thing, to the fact that ways were found of tapping the credit reservoir of wealth, owned in the aggregate by the people, of concentrating the funds of a thousand or a million loaners, and of bringing the people into active participation in great financial operations.

One hundred years ago the Rothschilds were the only great international bankers. They were able to finance the need of nations, but the money they loaned was chiefly the money representing their colossal family fortune. Today there are a dozen great international banking firms, each of which is larger than the Rothschilds were a century ago, and whose aggregate loaning power reaches an amount which would then have been almost inconceivable. There are now a thousand banks where then there was one, each representing the concentrated loaning power of perhaps thousands of people. They offer vast credit because the funds of the people, loaned through them, reach vast sums.

No one knows who invented bonds, but whoever he was, he was one of the great benefactors of the human race. He made it possible for great loans, aggregating perhaps hundreds of millions of dollars. to be split up into bonds that could be sold to individual investors all over the world, furnishing the money to finance the needs of nations, to found great new industries, and to open up vast tracts of territory.

We may read in the newspapers that $100,000,000 has been loaned to Japan by an international banking syndicate, but at the same time comes the announcement of a $100,000,000 bond issue, the obligation of the Japanese government, secured, perhaps, by customs revenues, and offered to investors in the financial capitals of three or four nations. The $100,000,000, as a matter of fact, has not been loaned by the bankers—it is loaned by the people.

The banking syndicate purchases the bonds of the oriental nation and immediately sells them at a slightly higher price than it paid for them. If the bonds are offered to investors at par, the bankers have purchased them at a small discount. If they are offered at a premium, the bankers may have paid par or more for them. The difference between the purchase price and the selling price of the bonds represents the profit of the banking syndicate, a profit to which it is entitled, since it has performed a service both to the borrower (the Japanese government) and to the lenders (the various purchasers of the bonds).

The banking syndicate possesses the confidence of the financial world and is entitled to a profit from the Japanese government by placing this confidence at its disposal. At the same time it has rendered an important office to the investor, since it has carefully investigated and safeguarded the loan.

Yet, the money loaned, as has been said, is not the bankers' money; it is the money supplied by the people. The banking syndicate has simply concentrated the loaning power of a thousand or hundred thousand individuals to meet the need of the Japanese government. As soon as the bonds are sold, it has made its profit, and again has on its hands a large sum of money, ready to be loaned once more.

Were it not possible to market great loans of this character, in the form of bond issues, a banking house could make only two or three loans, when it would be at the end of its working capital. Its money would be all tied up and it would have to stop loaning money until the loans were sold. The co-operation of the people, therefore, is a necessity to all financial operations of this character.

The people give their confidence only to those who have earned it, and when a banking house has a record of having made many loans and sold these loans to investors, with no loss, it has justly earned the confidence reposed in it. One investor contributes $1,000, another $10,000, and another $100,000—each according to his resources and his wishes, but not one would contribute a penny were he not satisfied that his money was safe and would earn for him a legitimate interest yield.

Contrast this modern system with conditions fifty years ago. Then safe investments were limited to local mortgages and government bonds. Even government bonds were yielding seven per cent interest and were held in doubt by many conservative people. Railroad bonds were a new form of security. Municipal issues were little known and were almost purely local in their distribution. The great international machinery of credit and of confidence was something undreamt of.

A generation ago only the wealthy owned bonds. Investment knowledge was something confined to the few. Now, safe securities are generally distributed. Bonds are issued in denominations as low as $100, so that even the small salaried man, who has a few hundred dollars in the savings bank, may purchase a portion of a great loan from a great banking house.

Even real estate mortgages have undergone something of a revolution, and real estate mortgages, as a matter of fact, are the truly conservative investment. Not many years ago the practice was adopted of splitting up a large first mortgage loan on improved city real estate into an issue of first mortgage real estate bonds. The bond issue has all the proverbial safety of the straight first mortgage, while it is convenient and available to investors generally, since the bonds are in denomination of $1,000, $500, and even in some cases $100. We thus find the carpenter in Galveston, Texas, the physician in Toronto and the Panama Canal engineer helping to finance the erection of a Chicago skyscraper by purchasing its first mortgage bonds.

Ownership of the great corporations is becoming more and more widely disseminated, and the number of small stock holdings is constantly growing. More than ten thousand people are owners of the greatest American corporation, or have loaned it money by purchase of its securities.

When a politician arises and tells the people that the "trusts must be smashed," it is well to remember that the people themselves are the owners of these "trusts," that the owners can remedy any misdeeds these corporations may have committed, and that the destruction of these great enterprises would mean the destruction of the people's property.

As a matter of fact, the people can control conditions in any one industry by giving or withholding credit to it. Just at present the railroads are seriously embarrassed because railroad bonds, with their low interest yield, have become unpopular. One large investment house, which used to specialize in railroad securities and had constantly on hand the bonds of scores of lines, offered only one railroad bond issue in its July investment circular, and this at a price to net six per cent.

The Japanese government was able to finance its war with Russia because there was a widespread popular belief in the United States and Europe that it would meet its obligations promptly. No amount of banking support would have been of great use to the Japanese in that crisis had the people wished to withhold credit from the island empire.

No matter how much talk there may be of a money "trust," no matter how much credit may be centralized, no matter what great combinations of capital there may be, democracy is the Twentieth Century basis of finance. The nation or the enterprise that wishes to borrow money must borrow it, in the final analysis, from the people. The banking house is only a "middle man." It concentrates credit and gives the people an opportunity for safe and profitable employment of their money through legitimate investment.

MY SAMPLER

By EDITH MINITER

I SIT me down to write of one and all she wrought for fame—
A faded picture done in silk, in a quaint old-fashioned frame—
I mind me where it used to hang behind the clothes-press door,
A sampler, made by Creusa Shield, who died in '44.
Perchance she once dreamed of a prince to fetch her love and wealth,
He never came. She died, I've heard, through caring for her health.

While foolish girls, in giddy silks, embroidered "A, B, C,".
Did Creusa—so I like to think—determine wise to be;
Her canvas cut and stretched with care upon the tambour frame,
She wrought in cross-stitch, day by day, each well-loved family name,
So now, though records be at fault, for doubt there is no room,
Since dates and flowers in satin-stitch upon that sampler bloom.

In hue, (I guess) of real true blue began the tale of life,
Where "David S." took "Miriam C." to be his wedded wife;
And then (tradition says) bright pink records each girl and boy,
She meant, did Creusa, thus to show, her loving parents' joy;
But now the blue and eke the pink, oh, once so fair and bright,
Are brought by Time to look alike—and that alike is white.

A vine-leaf border hung with grapes meanders all around,
And such her crafty skill no two may quite alike be found;
Anon the deaths, in solemn black, with weeping willows dressed
So jauntily, I cannot think that she was much depressed.
One riddle still the sampler asks, I ponder o'er and o'er,
What hand embroidered "Creusa Shield, who died in '44"?

In the Walker Art Gallery

by the Editor

OUT of the noise and rattle of busy Minneapolis, I love to find my way to the Walker Art Gallery and enter a veritable cloister of art. Streams of visitors going and coming enjoy the beauty and inspiration of this remarkable gallery founded and established by Mr. T. B. Walker. The gallery was first visited on a honeymoon trip years ago, and each time I visit it I feel as if returning to some art home and finding some magnificent examples of ancient or modern art that are new to me. Especially is the pleasure enhanced when Mr. Walker himself can be found to give his visitors his personal expressions of notable features and histories of these rare treasures, with all the geniality of a host, for he not only loves his work as a collector, but he loves to have others enjoy it. Whether standing before the great piece of jade, with its romantic history, reaching back to the ancient days of China, or before any of the great masterpieces of ancient or modern painters, or in the galleries of ancient porcelains, glass, carved or cut stones and gems, or the rare and beautiful collection of bronzes, he is but pointing out the special features of what he has brought into this gallery, the wonders of all time, and imbued it with the atmosphere of many ages. Napoleon brought art treasures to France and Paris as a part of the plunder of conquest; and Americans are buying them, trophies of the supremacy of American business genius, paying prices that show square dealing.

The gallery seems a replica of the universe in itself, for China, Persia, Japan, Greece and the greatest factories of Europe are being represented in its Keramic treasures, and many glorious old masters, including three stately Van Dycks, three Rubens, three Murillos, a Botticelli, a noted Paul Veronese, fourteen magnificent Turners, three Claude Lorains, five fine Constables, five portraits and two important figure pieces by Rembrandt, including the Adultress before Christ and Potiphar's Wife Accusing Joseph; with ten fine Corots, twelve beautiful Cazins, eight fine Ziems, the two finest of Jules Breton's paintings, five important Troyons, five Rousseaus, four Jules Dupres, four of Joshua Reynolds' portraits. There is also a collection of over two hundred fine original ivory miniatures of noted persons of Europe, and painted by well-known miniature painters of the times; and over three hundred in all of the finest examples of ancient mediaeval and modern paintings, all selected with unexampled care and appreciation of highest art.

Altogether, the galaxy of artists give dignity to the many charms of the gallery, which Joseph Jefferson complimented by saying, "Every picture on these walls is genuine and of the highest order of merit." One cannot "gallop" through this collection as in abbreviated European tours. In fact, at this art gallery you feel at home, and the impulse is to sit down and visit and enjoy the fruits of the many years spent in choosing this collection.

Edwin B. Child of New York City, an artist chiefly famous for the wonderful living fidelity of his portraiture, and assistant to John La Farge in the decorating of the St. Paul state house was frankly enthusiastic when he said:

"It is a most wonderful collection of beautiful things, selected with marvelous patience and discrimination. There were groups of *'objets d'art,'* any one item of which would be considered ordinarily of inestimable value. And yet here they are assembled with absolute prodigality. The marvelously wide range of search indicated in those enchanting galleries impresses one forcibly, and my great regret was the inexorable limit of time that prevented my giving myself up to a long and close study of this art Golconda that opens its magic doors so hospitably to the people of Minneapolis, and to the stranger within their gates.' "

A CORNER OF THE PORCELAIN ROOM
Fine old Chinese, Japanese, Corean, Persian and other porcelains

Mr. James Hunieker, whom A. G. Hetherington of the Arts Club, Philadelphia, considers probably the best critic in America, says:

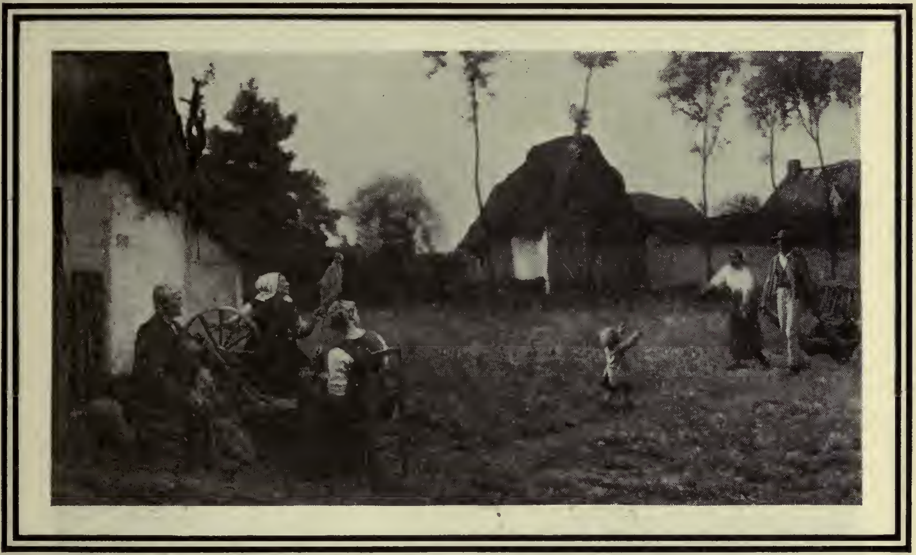
"Two well-known connoisseurs, John H. McFadden and Albert Hetherington, of the Philadelphia Art Club, happened to find themselves in Minneapolis, Minnesota, some time ago. Among the sights of the city is the art gallery of Thomas B. Walker, a man of great wealth and one who believes in pictures. To the amazement of the two Philadelphians, instead of the usual local gallery filled with copies or indifferent specimens bearing great names, they found a gallery literally crammed with distinguished pictures and fine old Chinese porcelains. The catalogue of the paintings numbers over three hundred, among which are examples by Holbein—his portrait of Henry VIII—Rubens, Van Dyck, Murillo, Veronese, Botticelli, Raphael—a portrait of Pope Julius II, from the Sir Cecil Miles collection, indorsed by Dr. Waagen, of Berlin; no less than eleven Turners of quality; eight Rembrandts, one of Saskia; Ferdinand Bol, the Breghes, twelve Diaz; a dozen fine Corots; four Troyons; Clouet; three Daubigny; five Rousseaus; Hobbema; one Hals, Ghirlandaio; three Gainsboroughs; a Francia, Mignard, Michelangelo, Millet, Morland, Del Piombo, the Poussins, Raeburn, three by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, Teniers, Tiepolo, Sanchez-Coello, Vanden Neer, Tintoretto, Richard Wilson, and nearly three hundred others. Truly an amazing gathering, one that reflects high and varied tastes. Yet how many know of the Walker gallery?"

Canon H. Hensley Hanson, Chairman of Westminster Abbey, said during a recent visit to the gallery, to Mr. Hudson, the jeweler: "This is the finest and most magnificent collection of art that I have ever seen. My greatest regret is that this collection is in America and not in England."

One reason for this regret as expressed by Mr. Hanson was because he saw in the catalogue and on the tablets that a very large proportion of the greatest paintings were the finest examples from the many prominent private galleries of England.

There is no limitation or restriction at the Walker Art Gallery. It is a home gallery in every sense of the word. Here one can study Rembrandt as well as in any European gallery. There is Rubens' "Madonna" with "eyes lit by heaven's own love" and all through the gallery the visitor is met by surprises.

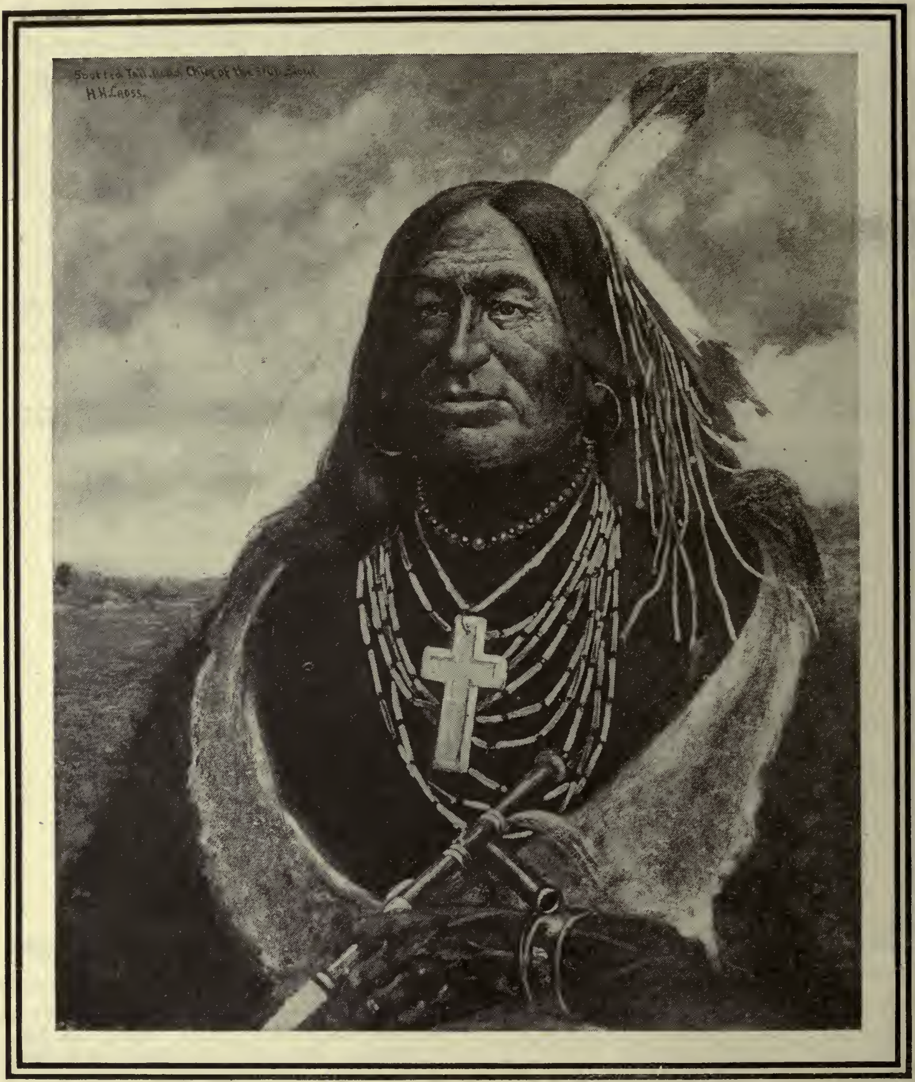
Here is the largest collection of Turner's gorgeous color schemes to be found outside of the Wallace or Tait, or the National Gallery of London, and considered by many to be more attractive than either of these. The expressions of surprise and admiration from those who have visited European galleries must have been gratifying to Mr. Walker as he heard the comments of the visitors that day, all the more that many of them little knew that the quiet man walking among them was the collector and owner of that famous collection.



"THE LAST RAY," A MASTERPIECE BY JULES BRETON

Every time I enter the Gallery something impels me to stop and ponder over Mme. Demont-Breton's masterly painting, "Her Man is on the Sea." There is a tender heart touch in the expression of the faces, a feeling in the atmosphere, a gentleness pervading it all that is irresistible. The letter from the artist, Mme. Demont-Breton, to Mr. Walker indicates how universal is art and how closely it lies near the generous emotions of the heart. The letter gleams with the poesy that pervades the pictures of Jules Breton and his daughter and granddaughter:

> We have heard, my husband and myself, with great pleasure, that my father's superb painting "The Last Ray" has just entered into your collection. This picture was among those which my father used to mention as one of his best; it had, besides, a very great success at the Salon, and it is certainly one of my father's works in which he has allied, in the happiest manner, human feelings and family love, with the general impression of Nature which envelopes a peasant's life. It is impossible to imagine a gentler scene, a calmer hour, a purer and more poetical joy. All the stages of life are represented there. The emotion of the old couple, the strong and healthy happiness of the young couple, and the joyful rush of the child toward them in the last rays of the Sunset. All that is rendered with the charms and expressive intensity which make the everlasting masterpieces. My father has written on the same subject and under the same title, a sonnet which was published in his book "A Peasant Painter"—I presume you know it.
>
> And now, dear Mr. Walker, let me tell you what a pleasant remembrance we have of your visit to Montgeron in 1889, at the time when you purchased my own picture of that year's Salon, "The Man is Out at Sea." It was my second daughter Adrienne (she was then one year old) who was my model for that baby in the picture; she has been married now four years; she has two beautiful children, and is a painter. She got an "Honorable Mention" last year at the Salon.
>
> Time glides away, children grow up; and happy remembrances are mingled with the dreams of the future.
>
> Please accept, dear Sir, for yourself and your family, our most affectionate feelings.
>
> Signed:
>
> VIRGINIA DEMONT-BRETON.

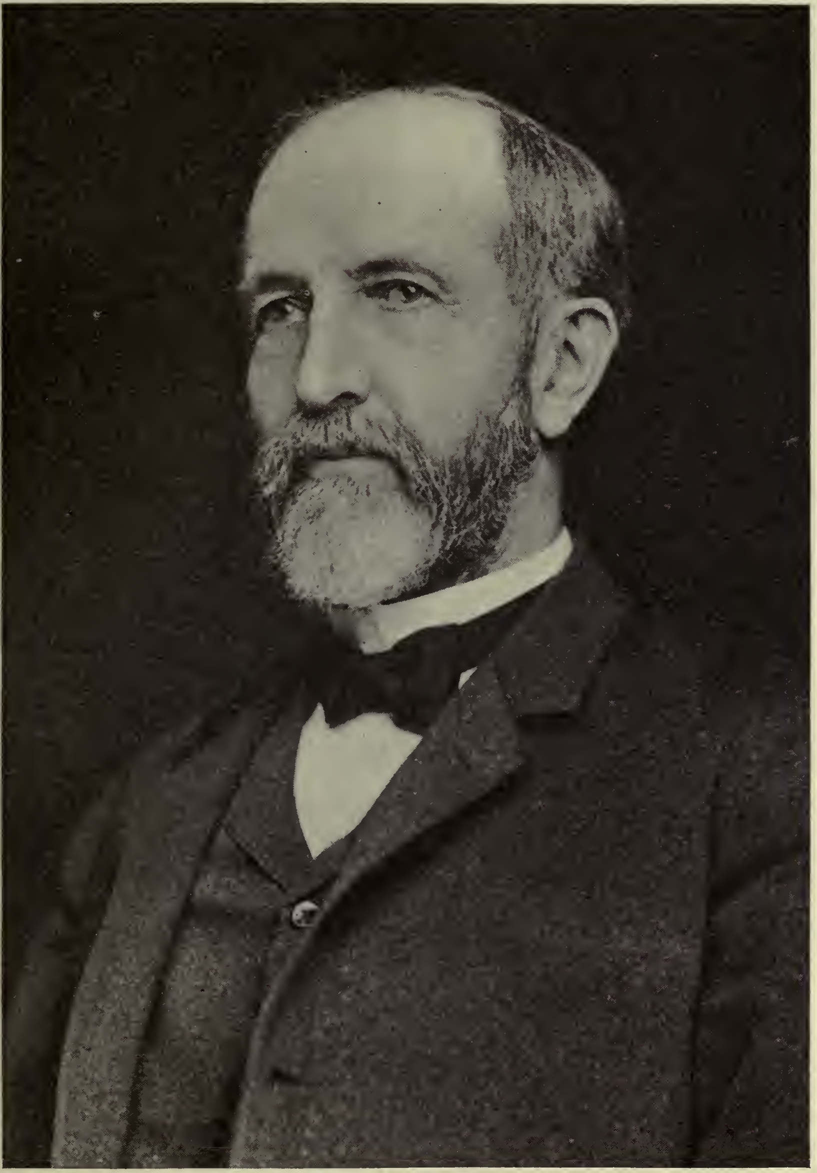

Spotted Tail Head Chief of the Brule Sioux
H.H.Cross.

SPOTTED TAIL, HEAD CHIEF OF THE BRULE SIOUX

The whole ensemble of pictures at the Walker Art Gallery have a setting and harmony that cannot be excelled. There is a Rosa Bonheur collection, including the "palette" which she presented to her godson, Georges Cain, on which she painted a deer in the forest and added her autograph, leaving the paints just as she distributed them, dried around the edge of the palette, a rare glimpse of the personality of the great French artist.

In this gallery one is vividly transported to scenes not only in all parts of the world, but far back in the centuries of time. Queen Josephine and Napoleon are seen in stately coronation robes, with three other original portraits of Napoleon, one of them by Robert Lefebvre, the most authentic and highly-prized portrait of him.

I just felt as if I had visited with all the celebrities of history that afternoon. The descriptive catalogue of this art collection is astonishing in its range, for every picture has its history and its story



MR. THOMAS BARLOW WALKER, THE FOUNDER OF THE WALKER ART GALLERY plainly told, without mystic catalogue numbers. Here also is the H. H. Cross collection of one hundred and fifty famous Indian chiefs, scouts, frontiersmen and the principal military men, who were leading actors in the last fifty years of our Indian wars and the opening up of the great west. Foreign visitors in particular have expressed a great appreciation of Mr. Cross' "Spotted Tail," head chief of the Brule Sioux. The pictures of the American school seem to fit in with foreign masterpieces.

This most celebrated Indian was born near Fort Laramie, Wyoming, about 1833. He won his chieftainship by dint of his fighting qualities, not by inheritance. He won his wife in a duel with a sub-chief, and in many ways proved his prowess in battle, so that when the head chief died, Spotted Tail was chosen his successor in place of the hereditary claimant. He was one of the leaders in the destruction of Lieutenant Grattan's detachment in the year 1854. After General Harney had inflicted severe punishment on the Brules at Ash Hollow, Spotted Tail and two other Indians who had been responsible for the massacre of Grattan's command, boldly marched into Fort Laramie, each arrayed in war dress and chanting their death songs. This heroic surrender was for the purpose of sacrificing themselves that their people might be spared further punishment. His bravery was applauded by the garrison, and he was freed and still remained the head chief of the Brule Sioux, but he was ever after an arbiter for peace, and strove to save so much of the patrimony of his people through peace that in time they, through the unavoidable changes which he clearly foresaw, might become rich indeed. In 1872, when Duke Alexis of Russia was the guest of the United States, it was determined in order to give his Highness

ONE OF THE MAIN ROOMS OF THE GALLERY

some idea of the magnitude and wealth of the country, as well as to "show him a good time," to arrange a great hunt. The first thing necessary, therefore, was to arrange a truce with the hostile Indians, and this task was assigned to General Phil Sheridan and Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill). Knowing the sovereign power and influence of Spotted Tail, they at once prepared for a trip into his domains. After getting his approval and promise to co-operate, they "fixed" the balance of the Indians by distributing several hundred wagon loads of provisions among them. Spotted Tail kept his promise with his usual fidelity, and thus was arranged what will ever live in history as the greatest and grandest hunt of all times. Spotted Tail, with over two hundred of his warriors, joined the expedition, and added a picturesque coloring to the great representative conclave, composed of the flower of the United States Army, with Generals Sheridan and Custer in the lead, which with the resplendent accoutered staff of the Royal Russian Huntsman, and the plainsmen, hunters, trappers, scouts and Indians, each in their own peculiar garb, led by Buffalo Bill, formed an assembly exceeding in grandeur and spectacular effect anything of the kind ever undertaken.

Upon her death bed Spotted Tail's daughter implored him to "bury the hatchet," and ever after live in peace, and he made the promise, which to him was the same as an oath.

Therefore when the government induced the people to cede large tracts of their lands, the old chief, after all the others had affixed their signature, drew his arrow and wrote his name in the sand where the winds or water would obliterate it, thus showing his faith in the white man's pledge. His advocacy of peace, however, aroused some of the more radical of his people, and eventually resulted in his cowardly assassination by Crow Dog.

* * *

Thomas Barlow Walker was born in Xenia, Greene County, Ohio, and his life career reads like a romance. He came to Minnesota quite by accident and began his work with a well-defined and unrelenting purpose. An incessant worker and always busy, he has exemplified how much one man can accomplish by keeping busy, and concentrating his energy on things that count for results. A useful life is exemplified as one sees Mr. Walker among his art collections, amid his books and at his business. The whole story is that he does things his own way just as he did when a village boy at the game of checkers or playing ball. His busy life as business man and lumberman has never weaned him away from the scholarly instincts of his youth. Every proposition that comes before him, whether it is a painting or an economical, political, social or philosophic discussion, is taken up with the thoroughness characteristic of his life career. He was the founder of the Minneapolis Public Library, and the books and pamphlets which have come from his pen on the current subjects in economic and social problems of public life, indicate the breadth of his activities and show what can be done with the extra available time so often frittered away.

In the Star's Dressing-Room

by Ann Randolph

FIRST, of course, before you get there, there is the manager to see. A Star always has a manager, who makes life livable for her in the theater, protects her from the curious, and arranges appointments for the press, whose curiosity is forgiven, or considered a necessary evil. He sounds very formidable, the Star's manager, but usually he isn't, and if it is your good fortune to be duly introduced to him by the manager of the house, who knows that you are only a well-meaning journalist looking for a "story," he is —and he was—kindly and approachable. Very well, we have passed the Star's manager.

Now comes the stage entrance, always down a narrow little street, and you are glad that the manager has offered to pilot you along, for "No admittance" signs glare at you, and if it happens to be in the middle of an act, half the chorus may be gathered about the doorway "taking the air." They step deferentially to one side for the manager (you are following meekly behind), and before you know it you have passed stepladders, scenes not in use and various ropes and riggings, up a narrow flight of iron stairs, inside an ugly, inartistic looking door, and are being introduced.

And while your hand is being clasped and you are seating yourself in a chair which has been cleared especially for you, the manager whisks out and leaves you—alone with the Star. There she sits—the success of a continent, feted and beloved on Broadway, talked about, written about, laughed over and cried over—there she sits not two feet from you—for dressing rooms are small—telling you, with her most winsome smile, that she is glad to see you! And you really believe it. On the stage you thought she was beautiful, but you see now that you did not half appreciate her lithe young form, her perfectly moulded face, with its appealing brown eyes, straight little nose, expressive mouth—and dimples. If you were a man you would be tempted to pick up this lovely maiden and bear her away in your arms, as in the old fairy tales. Your particular infatuation for Miss Gertrude

Bryan dates back to her appearance in "The Merry Widow," which, as Mr. Savage says, "she fell in by accident." She was frightfully young then, but Henry W. Savage has an abiding faith in young people. So in the hands of this little New York girl who had swooped almost out of the schoolroom into the theatrical world, he placed the title role of "Little Boy Blue," his most pretentious musical opera.

Swooped out of the schoolroom? The verb, on second thought, is a poor choice, for Gertrude Bryan came from the Friends' Seminary. She was only four years old when she was entrusted to the Quakers; and one cannot but agree with her mother that this early environment has influenced her whole life. Did she come of stage stock? She did not; in fact, her mother declares that Miss Gertrude's father had very decided objections to the stage. But as Will Levington Comfort remarks, "Great men are the dreams of great women become militant," so Miss Bryan's histrionic leanings are but natural, for her mother has long been a student of the drama, and has successfully dramatized a number of works. Miss Bryan herself did very creditable essays in school, has composed a number of delightful little verses which she is too shy to put on paper, and has her own ideas as to how lines should be rendered to suit an occasion. She has never taken a lesson in dancing. Her voice was trained by Miss Florence Wessel, to whom she pays most appreciative tribute.

* * *

But here you are thinking of all these things when "Little Boy Blue" herself is talking to you, informally, gaily, like a friend. She is shyly turning the tables on your awe. "I used to be dreadfully afraid of interviewers," she is saying. Her eyes are dancing. She is taking off her Prince Albert, having asked your permission, "since I'm a boy." You want to add that she makes the prettiest boy you ever saw, surpassing even your first beau; but she is telling you about her first interviewer. "He was a man, you see—oh, so pompous—and I was scared half to death. I think he asked for my history. And then before I could begin he" (very indignantly) "asked me if it was my first interview!" And Gertrude Bryan righteously declared that it wasn't!

Now the ice is broken. The Star once stood aghast at interviewers, so you are quits. You venture a word about her part and you have her word for it that she loves it. Her whole heart is in it; and why shouldn't it be, for she has made it—she is the original "Little Boy Blue."

Incidently and by adroit questioning, you learn something of her preparation for a stellar role. This is only her third season on the stage. "Little Boy Blue" is also

her third play; she made her bow to Broadway in "The Wife Tamers," in which she was given a lead in two weeks, and followed with an instantaneous success in "The Merry Widow." But ah, dear old query without which no interview is complete, "How did you happen to go on the stage?" You must learn that from her mother, a charming, intellectual lady whose dignified bearing suggests her noble Scotch ancestry. It seems that little Miss Gertrude prepared an entertainment for some charitable society, and engineered it with such remarkable success that Mr. Corey, Mr. Savage's associate, sent for her and persuaded her to become a real actress.

She talks entertainingly about the play and her hopes of the stage. She would like, sometime, to go into serious drama, and you need only look into her deep, appealing eyes to know that she has the soul to succeed in it. So she talks to you of plays, and of people and of children, whom she loves, but of herself, individually —"Oh, I don't want to talk about *myself!* I have a horror of anything egotistical, and anyway"—eyes turned upon you quite seriously— "I'm a *very ordinary* person."

Gertrude Bryan does not set herself apart from the multitude by small talk of what she has done—indeed, she seems even to have no theories, though you always thought actresses and theories went hand in hand. It is almost too good a secret to whisper that she had spent her morning looking at the "character dolls" in the toy shops. "I was almost afraid she would insist on buying one," said her mother.

If she has a hobby, it is art. She

has studied it in New York and in Paris and she wants to study it again. The Metropolitan Art Gallery in New York claims much of her time when at home. She admits to making some "little sketches" herself, and you are about to beg just a glimpse of one when—

"Miss Bryan!" It is the prompter downstairs. The Star is due on the stage. Yes, there is the orchestra in the distance, and the sound of moving scenery. You come back to the present with a start. The best you can do is to join the audience again, and to share the Star with a thousand individuals scattered in boxes and balconies. But hold—"Do come back again!" the Star is urging, with a hand on your arm. And then in a whsper, as she flies down the stairs, "I've a long time after the waltz."

What wonder that you wear a superior air when you finally get back to your seat

"out front"? Little Boy Blue is already on the stage. You consult your program to catch the thread of the play.

"Little Boy Blue" has more of a plot than the average musical comedy. The story surrounds the famous Gainsborough portrait of "Boy Blue," which is exhibited in Scene II of the last act. The Earl of Goberdeen is in Paris searching for his brother's son, the lost heir of Goberdeen. At the Bal Tabarin he meets Dupont, a detective, to whom he confides his mission, and promises five hundred pounds if the missing Oliver is produced in three days. The Earl also meets the handsome but impecunious Marquis de la Tour, to whom he would marry his ward, Kittie. Meantime Daisy, the pretty barmaid at the Bal Tabarin, shows Dupont the birth certificate of her half brother Oliver, who is indeed the missing viscount. The boy cannot reach Scotland in the allotted time, and persuaded by Dupont and Amaranth, a seeress (effectively presented by Miss Maud Odell), Daisy dons boy's clothing and goes to Scotland. Perhaps her willingness to do this was brought about by a desire for a change of scene following a quarrel with the Marquis, whom she loves, and has parted with that he may wed a wealthy lady, in reality her cousin Kittie. All goes well in Scotland, where Daisy as "Little Boy Blue" is cordially received, until the clans assemble for the "test" that is to prove the heir a true Goberdeen. Here is the crucial moment. "Little Boy Blue" refuses to bare her shoulder even to the Marquis, who has all along doubted her make-up. Her jacket is torn from her shoulder, while she breaks down, crying, "Can't you see that I'm a not a boy, I'm a girl?"

* * *

Another act. Now comes "Little Boy Blue" as herself—what a beautiful girl she is!—and there is a waltz, a wonderfully artistic waltz, with the Marquis. "I'll have a long time," the Star said, "after the waltz."

You pin on your hat and hurry out, leaving the audience in the hands of Dupont and Amaranth. This time you make the dressing-room even before the Star. You are looking at a photograph on her dressing table when she dances in. "Don't you think that's a cute pose of mother?" she asks and looks on the picture lovingly. There is a reminiscent little laugh. Meantime her mother sits in the wings and watches the performance; she has never missed a night when her daughter played. Was there ever a more beautiful devotion?

The Star turns to the other side of the dressing-table and nods toward a framed cabinet photograph. The laugh has died away and the eyes take on a faraway look. She does not speak for a moment, but you can trace the resemblance between the clear eyes, the straight nose, the determined mouth and chin. "That's my daddy," she says softly, "don't you think I look like him?" and you know that the love between Gertrude Bryan and her "daddy" was one of the vital things of her life.

There is another picture on the dressing table, and you are also permitted—you were audacious enough to insist—to look upon it. But that, as Kipling says, is another story.

And now there is another skip downstairs for the finale, in which the rightful heir to Goberdeen is brought to the front by his half-sister, and all are united—Daisy and the Marquis, Kittie and Captain Graham—yes, and even Dupont and Amaranth. The orchestra is playing the final chords of "Little Boy Blue" when the Star comes back to you. The play is over. You must go. This time you keep the Star's hand in yours. You fumble with the door knob. Finally you realize that you *must* go, for the Star is catching a train. You murmur a hurried "Goodbye" and regretfully close the door behind you. And then as you are going down the narrow iron stairs—"Do come down again!" calls the Star.

You pass a dozen of the chorus quite coolly on your way out. You find the street without the aid of the manager, and though you become only a part of the matinee throng, yet you have no interest in their remarks. You have been in the Star's dressing-room. And you have been asked to come again.

In his productions Mr. Henry W. Savage has always sought the unique. In Gertrude Bryan he has given us a unique Star.

Books o' the Month

CYNICS may wag their heads and declare that a humorist can seldom repeat a success, but "Sunshine Sketches,"* the new book by Stephen Leacock, is a strong addition to his former writings. In "Literary Lapses" and "Nonsense Tales" he proved his right to a position among the foremost humorists of today, and "Sunshine Sketches" is conclusive evidence of the fact. The sketches are not bromidic enlargements of some other fellow's work, but are delightfully original in their delineation. It is the story of the old home town—your town, my town, anybody's town, anywhere in the United States and Canada. All you have to do is substitute the names of familiar characters, and there you have it, a clear-cut, human picture of a small country town. With a breadth of sympathy and understanding that sweeps aside ridicule and leaves in its place a feeling that the more you laugh the more you love it—that is the answer to Leacock's success as a humorist.

WYNDHAM MARTYN

A writer who has led an adventurous career. His new book, "All the World to Nothing", follows "The Man Outside"

* * *

THERE are all kinds of stories, especially love stories, but perhaps the sweetest of these are told by women, who can paint the beautiful, wayward, loving, impulsive traits of girlhood, and their burgeoning and blossoming into helpful and dainty womanhood, crowned with the sweetest chaplet of life, a worthy and happy love.

Such a story is Miss Augusta Kortrecht's "A Dixie Rose in Bloom," which portrays pretty Jean Rose Spencer's arrival at a German boarding school, and her haps and mishaps, as the only American girl in the severely disciplined and ultraconventional finishing school. The strong contrast between the unconventional American and her German and Russian associates is exquisitely drawn and artistically maintained. There are, of course, quarrels and reconciliations, misunderstandings and even a duello "*a l'outrance,*" with sponges soaked in ice water; but all are friends at last, fortune smiles to make up for earlier misfortunes, and of course Prince Charming comes upon the stage and all are happy ever after.

* * *

MINING engineer, soldier of fortune, cowboy, book agent—Wyndham Martyn developed a few years ago into a writer of more than average fiction, besides more scholarly and enduring literature. His first novel, "The Man Outside," has been followed by "All the World to Nothing,"† whose plot, if not altogether unique, is relatively striking and original. Its hero loses a fortune in prodigal but not licentious idleness, pays all his debts, refuses to call upon his friends even to secure work, and by a mistake finds himself confronted with a lady who takes him for a thief. She requires him to marry her at once to save her from the loss of a large bequest, which lapses if she fails to marry someone that very night. He complies, but meets her under another name, "makes good" in business, is reconciled to his millionaire brother, saves his wife's fortune from a merciless speculator and rival, and reveals himself at last to his true friend and loving betrothed as her legal and undivorced husband.

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*"Sunshine Sketches." By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company.

*"A Dixie Rose in Bloom." By Augusta Kortrecht. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price $1.25 net.

†"All the World to Nothing." By Wyndham Martyn. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
The popular author of "The Brass Bowl," "The Bronze Bell," "The Band-box," etc. His latest book is "The Destroying Angel"

* * *

BOOKS written on subjects of current interest will always be popular. "Julia France and Her Times"* by Gertrude Atherton is essentially a novel dealing with the question of woman suffrage. The heroine, brought up in strict seclusion by an eccentric mother, who has read in the stars a great future for her daughter, is forced by her into a loveless marriage with a dissolute lieutenant, who has prospects of a dukedom. She is at last released from her unhappy married life by his proven insanity. From this time forward Julia becomes an ardent supporter of the suffrage cause, and by her loyalty and devotion is made one of its leaders. But even woman suffragists have hearts, and Daniel Tay discovers Julia's. His is a love of long standing, and finally, after many misgivings and much questioning of herself and heartache, Julia, knowing that there will be no happiness for her without him, surrenders, believing that in linking her future with that of the progressive young American, they can together work toward the solution of the problems that confront the race.

* * *

THE latest novel by John Gore will be greatly enjoyed by those sufficiently *au fait* in following the thread of English social satire to comprehend its delicate and somewhat hermetic wit and recondite allusions to contemporary persons and events. "The Barmecide's Feast"* is further made humorous by the singularly appropriate illustrations of Arthur Penn.

The plot deals with the haps and mishaps of Rupert Barmyside, who succeeded to a fortune, got into society and was duly "plucked" as far as possible, eventually married to an old maid and at last became an unhappy outcast in Australia.

* * *

A DECIDEDLY strenuous tale of "battle, murder and sudden death" certainly describes "The Destroying Angel"† by Louis Joseph Vance.

A strong man, driven to suicide by an expert's verdict that he has not six months to live, meets a girl, who, after being deserted by a lover who has taken her from the care of a tyrannical father, has been promptly robbed and abandoned by him. Like the desperate man, the girl seeks to end her life. The man, wealthy and generous, induces her to marry him, gives her money and credits to live on for years, and at once sails for the Pacific isles, where under another name he recovers his health, makes a great fortune and returns to New York to find his wife a great actress and his partner a morphine degenerate, an embezzler, a rival in love and a mortal enemy. After many escapes from assassination and other lethal perils, he saves his wife from captivity; rescues her from drowning, and after another escape, due to the bad marksmanship of a disappointed manager who has slain several lovers of the great actress to prevent her from leaving the stage, induces his wife at last to yield to her own somewhat morbid ideal of self-sacrificing affection and to become in fact as well as in name the wife of the Australian millionaire.

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*"Julia France and Her Times." By Gertrude Atherton. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price $1.35 net.

*"The Barmecide's Feast." By John Gore. New York: John Lane Company. Price $0.80 net.

†"The Destroying Angel." By Louis Joseph Vance. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price $1.25.

* * *

THERE are novels in which the plot is promising, the location interesting, the descriptions of scenery, dress, characters and other important elements more than ordinarily good, and yet the results, the climaxes of the main and minor propositions constituting the story are by no means commensurate with the machinery and settings of the stage.

In "A Jewel of the Seas"* by Jessie Kauffman, an accomplished crook and adventurer poses as "The Commodore" of a handsome yacht in the port of Honolulu, and as gambler, thief and pseudo-lover secures many thousands of dollars, valuable gems and other desirable things from the "smart set" of the Hawaiian metropolis, incidentally creating jealousy and more or less estrangement between an engaged young couple of elevated social position.

Finally the worried young fiance manages to secure complete information that the "Commodore" is a noted swindler and crook, but simply uses his knowledge to compass the return of a solitary diamond brooch, and allows the thief to sail away to "fresh fields and pastures new," unwhipped of justice. A couple of chapters of very mild explanation, reconciliation and expressions of mutual esteem close a story of so many excellencies that one regrets its comparatively tame conclusion.

* * *

A POOR Scottish ploughboy rises by degrees from a life of misery and squalor to a responsible position and in his turn becomes a part of the social system under which he has suffered.

Later he relinquishes his advantages and accepting socialistic ideas devotes his best efforts to an attempt to equalize in some degree the condition of landlord and tenant, master and servant, capitalist and pauper.

These features and minor incidents make up the plot of "The Story of a Ploughboy," * by Ambassador James Bryce, with an introduction by Edwin Markham. It may not inspire conviction in all the conclusions of the author, but it is certain to awaken a sense of personal responsibility and a desire "to make foundations on the earth for that holy city of fraternity revealed in the apocalyptic vision of St. John."

A DOMESTIC CLIMAX
The star on the stage recognizes in a box her husband, supposed to be dead.
From "The Destroying Angel"

* * *

UNREQUITED love is the basis of "The Snake,"† a weird, mystical, psychical story of India of a period contemporaneous with the Sepoy rebellion of 1857. An English child grows up under the care of an Indian ayah, who instills in her all of the mysticism, superstition and passion of the Orient. A young Englishman comes into her life, spurns her love for that of a cousin and as a result she sells herself to a Holy Fakir who makes her believe that at times she lives in the Holy Cobra. Death and destruction follow in her wake.

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*"A Jewel of the Seas." By Jessie Kauffman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price $1.25 net.

* "The Story of a Ploughboy." By James Bryce. New York: John Lane Company. Price, $1.25 net.

†"The Snake." By F. Ingles Powell. New York: John Lane Company. Price $1.25.

The style of the author, F. Ingles Powell, is so realistic that one would hesitate to read the book before retiring.

* * *

MANY readers are familiar with the sweet Harpeth Valley stories from the pen of Maria Thompson Daviess. There is still further refreshment in her new dainty little volume, "The Melting of Molly."* It is the story of a girl who could not tell which man she loved. Molly was the principal in a marriage of convenience to a man many years her senior, but death had relieved her obligation when she was in her early twenties. Now the pretty young widow had one awful fear—that was of growing stout, so she sought the advice of one Dr. Moore, a young widower with a charming little son. Billy, the son, and Molly became inseparable. It was really the old hymn "Blessed be the Tie that Binds" adapted by Dan Cupid. Little Billy was the tie, and the result was that Mrs. Molly became Mrs. Moore. It is a breezy love story, bubbling over with humorous situations and quite in keeping with Miss Daviess' style.

MISS MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS
The southern author who leaped into fame with the publication of "Miss Selina Sue and the Soap Babies"

* * *

DEALING with the fortunes of certain young cavaliers and maidens of the court and times of "The Merry Monarch," Charles II of England, "The Touchstone of Fortune" * reflects more vividly, perhaps, the dissoluteness and depravity of the reigning monarch and his associates than any especially noble and enthralling qualities.

On the whole, the book is interesting and will delight that large class of readers who, in the mental survey of more picturesque and unsettled ages, find compensation for the monotonous grind of modern city life.

* * *

CALLING trumpet-tongued to every man and woman against the white slave traffic, Miss Jane Addams in "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil"† presents her subject in notable force, purity and discretion. The changed order of things in these days, since the enormous increase in young girls and women who have entered into competition with men in almost all gainful occupations, is taken into consideration, and a matter of vital interest to the whole world is forcefully covered by one whose philanthropic work has brought her in close touch with the conditions of which she writes.

* * *

IN "The Knightly Years"‡ Mr. M. W. Ardagh, the author of "The Magada," portrays early Spanish rule in the Canary Islands, when its aboriginal races were but newly under the cruel Spanish yoke.

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*"The Melting of Molly." By Maria Thompson Daviess. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

* "The Touchstone of Fortune." By Charles Major. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $1.25 net.

†"A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil." By Jane Addams. New York: Macmillan Company. Price $1.00 net.

‡"The Knightly Years." By W. M. Ardagh. New York: John Lane Company. Price $1.25.

Cruelty, intrigue, greed, revenge, only half redeemed by racial pride and courage, fill the tale, and little of peace or beauty relieves its sombre, tragical record, and yet it has a strange charm of its own, like the slaughter of a mutual charge, or a combat of gladiators, most of whom must inevitably perish. The life and customs of the guanches, now utterly extinct as a race, are interestingly brought into the story.

* * *

TEMPTATION is the dominant strain in "Joseph in Jeopardy."* Married to a wealthy but matter-of-fact woman, Dennis Passifal, a famous art critic, finds the paths of conjugal bliss diverging. His wife's apparent lack of sympathy with his work causes him to turn where sympathy and understanding are to be found. How Passifal is tried and not found wanting in moral integrity, and how the faithfulness of his wife is brought home to him is the story.

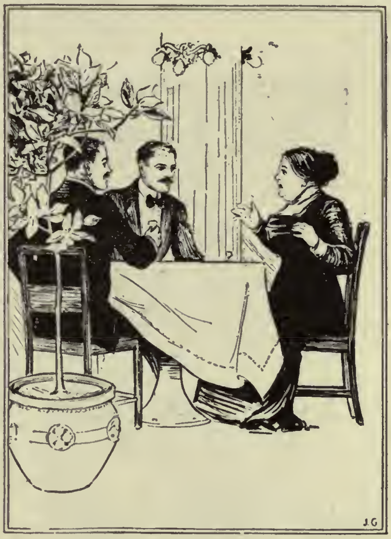
Amos Juxton, the father-in-law, a millionaire of the bourgeois class, gives opportunity for a subtle humor that relieves the serious background. The story has a particular mission to perform and is written with the strength and decisiveness that have marked Frank Danby's former efforts.

* * *

ANOTHER wholesome and genuinely refreshing book is "The Pleasuring of Susan Smith"† by Helen M. Winslow. Susan Smith had spent all her life in a little jerkwater town in Maine. She unblushingly acknowledged thirty-five, but dressed and looked like sixty-five, although she was naturally bright and keenly alive to all that went on about her. The death of a relative gives her a fortune of $200,000. This is hers as long as she lives, and at her death is to go to a New York cousin, John James Smith, provided that Susan approves of the cousin's wife. Susan decides to go to Boston and to New York. Her visit to the Hub results in uproarious situations, and she finally journeys to New York. Here she imbibes the metropolitan air and her metamorphosis is so rapid and the change so charming that she fairly takes her cousin and society by storm. She tries acting, match-making and wooing with equal success. The author has a keen sense of humor that she has passed on to her characters.

* * *

THOSE readers who enjoy a novel of social life and foreign travel, free from modern slang, French equivoke, sensational situations and impossible developments will find in Nannie Deaderick Betts' "The Flower of the Season"* an interesting and simply-told story.



SUSAN SMITH SCORNS WINE
But later decides that after all it is "no more nor less than sweet cider." From "The Pleasuring of Susan Smith"

* * *

IN "Pansy Meares"† the trials, temptations and fall of a beautiful English country girl, who, driven from home, goes to the city to seek her fortune, are depicted by the author with more fidelity than will be appreciated by many readers, to whom the London atmosphere of the demimonde always seems especially sordid and lacking in even the pseudo-romance of fast life.

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* "Joseph in Jeopardy." By Frank Danby. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $1.35 net.

† "The Pleasuring of Susan Smith." By Helen M. Winslow. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price $1.00.

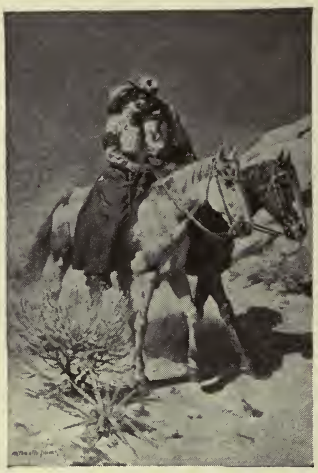
* "The Flower of the Season." By Nannie Deaderick Betts. New York: Broadway Publishing Company. Price $1.50.

† "Pansy Meares." By Horace W. C. Newte. New York: John Lane Company. Price $1.30 net.

There is perhaps good reason for this, since it seems to have been the object of the writer in some degree to ventilate the "white slave traffic," the evils of which have stirred to action the greatest men and women of both England and America.

* * *

THE nickname of its hero, whose Indian descent on the maternal side had not greatly lessened the respect of the ranchmen of Idaho or procured him the entire confidence of his mother's relatives, forms the title of "Good Indian,"* a novel by the author of "Lonesome Land." Grant Imsen, left an orphan, but not penniless, to the gentle care of Phoebe Hart of the Peaceful Home Ranch, had grown up with a sincere affection for his foster parents and their harum-scarum boys. An orphaned niece of Mrs. Hart, Miss Evadna Smith, comes out to Idaho to live with her aunt, and "Good Indian" falls in love with her, although she has all the weaknesses and prejudices of an Eastern and rather narrow training.



VIVID FRONTIER FICTION
Continues to come from the publishers. There is plenty of action in "Good Indian"

Meanwhile Baumberger, a scheming land shark, plans to steal the Peaceful Home Ranch through alleged mining claims located by armed "claim jumpers," and tries to inveigle Hart into surrendering his patent which alone protects his rights. Follows an attempt upon "Good Indian's" life, and a rapid fire of events that brings about an unexpected culmination.

The story is not a great novel, but a very fair sample of the frontier fiction that reflects the sharp, savage, lawless happenings of a period barely passed away.

* * *

IN most books there is an underlying current of optimism, a general hopefulness, which is perhaps indicative of the American spirit. The writers of other languages appall us with their sordid pictures of life, shorn of romance. The translation of Rene Bazin's "The Children of Alsace"* reveals a master hand at character drawing, although the story itself is full of misery and suffering and is saved only by the unmistakable evidence of charity and heroic self-sacrifice.

The tale has to do with the contention and suffering brought to the inhabitants of Alsace with the clash of two civilizations, the Latin and the Teuton, which for forty years have been waging war on the soil of conquered Alsace. Mr. Bazin is one of the greatest of contemporary French writers, and this book, with "The Penitent," may be ranked among his most powerful works.

* * *

CAVIARE to the multitude of American readers who do not understand certain phases of London and English life, "The Dewpond"† presents a long and involved study of character, emotions, restrained passions and final matrimonial shipwreck, without any of the tragedy which is characteristic of less refined, more virile, and comparatively unconventional people.

It is not a pleasant nor a wholesome book, although it is told with some force and undoubtedly "points a moral."

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*"Good Indian." By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price $1.25.

*"The Children of Alsace." By Rene Bazin. New York: John Lane Company. Price $1.30 net.

†"The Dewpond." By Charles Marriott. New York: The John Lane Company. Price $1.30 net.

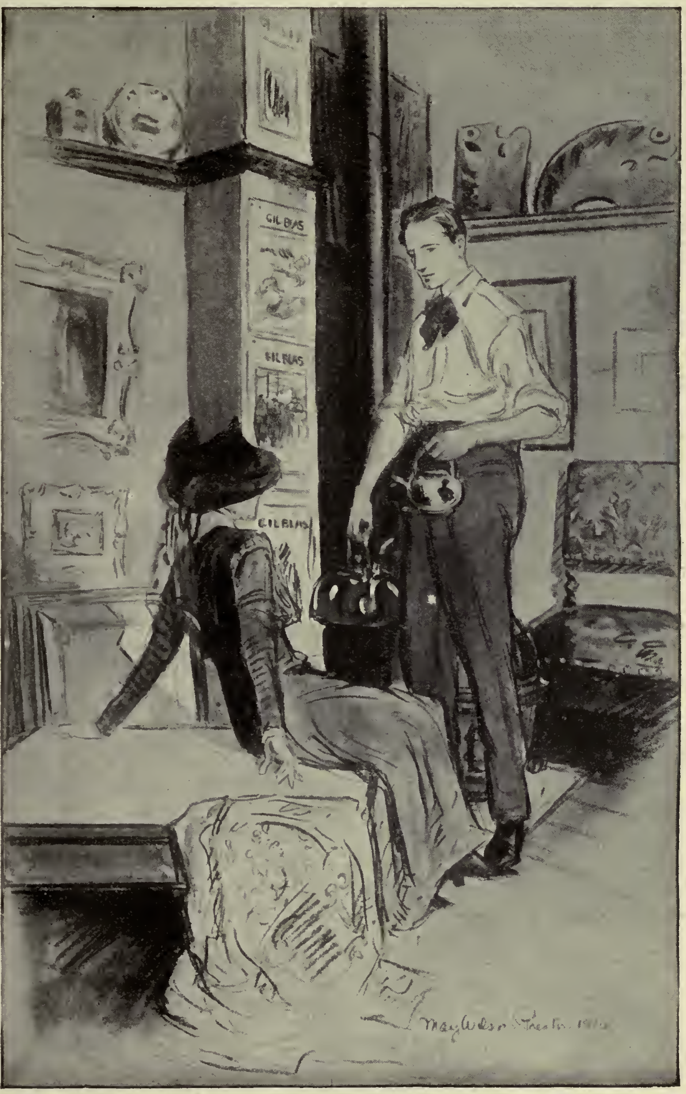
LIFE among Americans in Parisian art circles is splendidly described in "Fame Seekers."* As the Romans used to say of the Christian, "How they love their God," so one can say of the students in Paris, "How they love their work," either art, music or literature. No sacrifice is too great, no privation too exacting.

"Fame Seekers"* is a real American story, although the scenes are laid in Paris. Two American girls are denizens of the Latin quarter—one a "slumming woman" of means, the other a student of music. Their finer sensibilities become more or less dormant from mingling with unconventional men and women, and it is only after a struggle with failure that knowledge and understanding and love restore them to normal condition.

The story depicts in a very human manner the gayety, indolence, loves and passions of the Latin quarter "fame seekers." Illustrated by May Wilson Preston.

* * *

FROM the brain of an anonymous author comes "The Prophet,"† a novel by "N," in which bitter denunciations of existing evils are uttered by "Weyland," a character depicted as seer, prophet and martyr, and the organizing force of a movement which brings a true millennium to and among men. Many will enjoy reading the book and many others will have none of it, yet it does picture characters and spiritual conflicts, which ever underlie the conventional attitude of indifference affected by many thousands today.



AMERICAN STUDENTS IN PARIS
The Bohemian atmosphere among the young people of the "Latin quarter" is well depicted in "Fame Seekers"

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*"Fame Seekers." By Alice Woods. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price $1.20 net.

†"The Prophet." By "N." New York: Broadway Publishing Company. Price $1.50.

FIFTY-SIX years ago, in 1856, the Free-Soil party, then deemed apostates from the great but doomed Whig party, and the divided Democratic host, fought their one great fight for the presidency under the leadership of John Charles Fremont, the great explorer of his day and eulogized as the "Pathfinder" of the inner mountain lands, and what was then known as the "Great American Desert." Associated with him in three great expeditions in 1842, '43 and '44, Kit Carson, one of the bravest and most skilful, modest and loyal of the great frontiersmen, made himself a record little less widespread and probably more enduring than the really great and noble soldier who employed him and his gallant band of Taos scouts.

Among the latter, the youngest was Oliver Wiggins, today the last survivor of that gallant fellowship from whose recollections and from the archives and literature of that now remote period Mr. Edwin L. Sabin has added a fourth volume* to Lippincott's "Trail Blazers Series," in which Mr. Wiggins is made the boy-adventurer of the tale.

Except for the details of description, character and conversation supplied by Mr. Wiggins and some little license of fancy and coloring on the part of the author, the book is rather reliable history than true fiction, but all the more valuable and none the less interesting for that. It is sure to find a place in the home and school library, not to speak of the shelves of the younger journalist and litterateur who has come into the onward march of the republic with the third generation from these demi-gods of its past.

* * *

A METRICAL translation of the first book of Homer's Iliad and parts of the succeeding books of that immortal poem in which women are prominent characters, constitutes the charm of "The Women of the Iliad,"† by Hugh Woodruff Taylor.

The return of Chryseis to her father Chryses, the priest of Apollo, by the unwilling Agamemnon; the wrongful seizure of Briseis from Achilles, her captor-lover; the shame and the beauty of Helen; the wifely love and sorrows of Andromache, wife of the manly Hector, and of Hecuba, the aged queen of Priam, are all described in the metrical translation, whose *motif* is embodied in the following lines:

"Through all the din of war, the shout, the groan,
Of vanquisher and vanquished, 'round beleaguered Troy,
Through all the wild turmoil of men's employ,
In every pause is heard a woman's moan."

* * *

NEXT to practical business, reading is recognized as the most important educational factor in life, and to use it properly one must read discriminately in order to get the cream of the immense volume of modern literature. "What Book to Read and How to Read"* by David Pryde, M.A., LL.D., is an inexpensive little textbook that will prove of great value to all who love to read.

Among many facts stated in the volume we gather that America publishes 10,000 books yearly, and England as many more (a total of 20,000 volumes in the English tongue); Italy ten years ago 9,500; France, 10,000; Germany, 23,000, and other countries to an extent from which a great French authority aggregated an assumed output of 70,500 volumes per annum. In 1900 "The American Catalog" recorded in print in the United States alone 150,000 books.

In addition to Dr. Pryde's very interesting suggestions and his discussion of great books and authors, he gives a list of 1,700 works from which any reader, however fastidious and versatile, can draw satisfactory reading for many years.

* * *

BIBLE stories have always had a charm of their own for hearers of every race and tongue, men, women, and children, the wise and the simple, and there have been many attempts to improve upon the simple, terse and effective language of Moses the law-giver, the later Jewish sages and the apostles of the new dispensation.

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*"With Carson and Fremont." By Edwin L. Sabin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price $1.25.

†"The Women of the Iliad." By Hugh Woodruff Taylor. New York: Broadway Publishing Company. Price, $1.00.

*"What Books to Read and How to Read." By David Pryde, M.A., LL.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Price $0.75 net.

One of these lies before us in the "Stories of the Old, Old Bible,"* by L. T. Meade, an English writer who has evidently approached the subject in an honest and reverential way, and in full faith and orthodox belief in the intrinsic truth of the Inspired Word.

The story of Eden, the fall and the death of Abel is told by Eve; of Abraham by the self-exiled Prince of Ur and husband of Sarah; of Isaac by his beloved Rebecca; and of Jacob, Esau and Rachel by the father of the gigantic progenitors of the Twelve Tribes. Joseph tells of his captivity and rise to almost kingly power in Egypt, and so on through the ages.

There is much of vivid description and faithful adherence to the best traditions and authorities, a thread of vivid human interest, and an absence of cant and pretentious sermonizing. In press work, bindings and liberal illustration it constitutes a desirable gift book.

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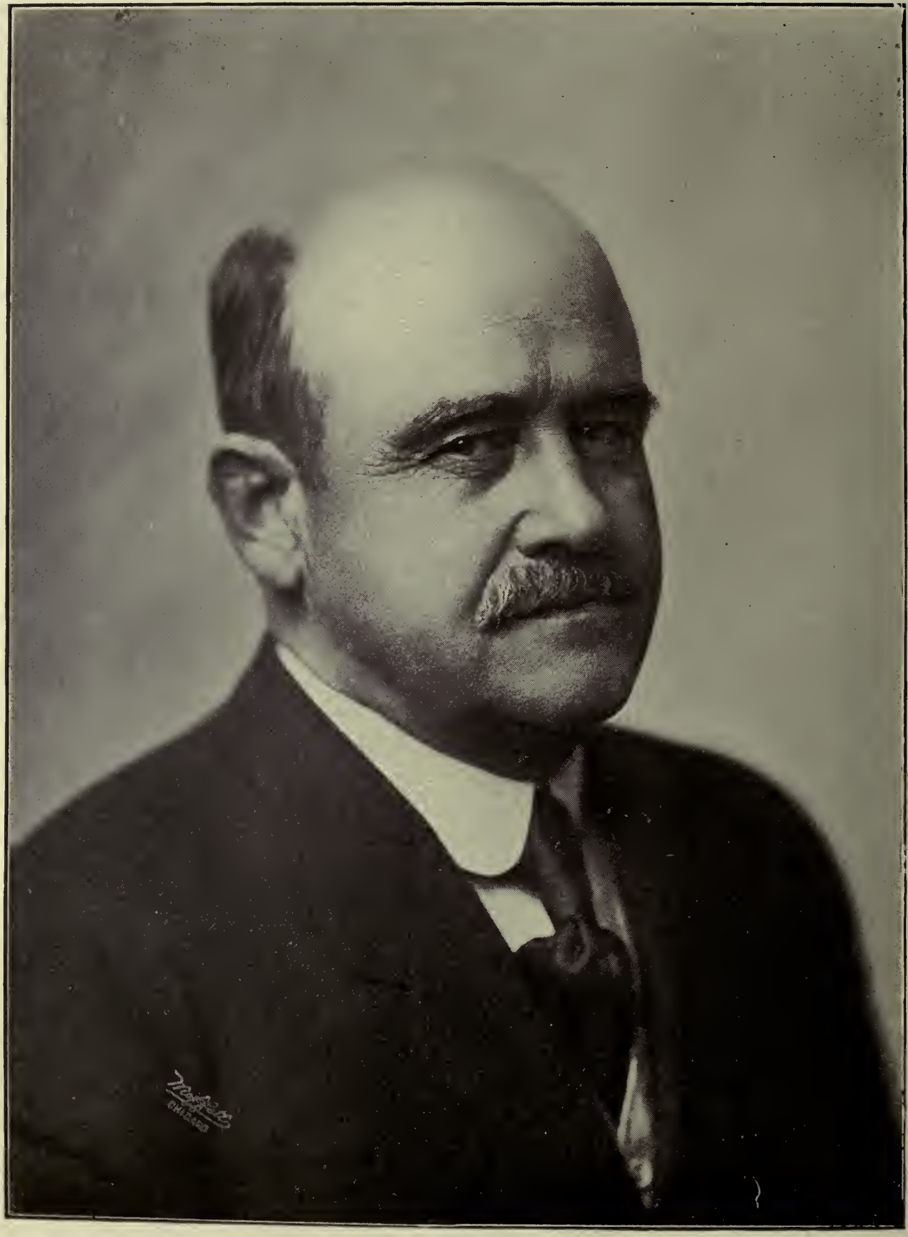
* "Stories from the Old, Old Bible." By L. T. Meade. Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers, Limited. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

ARCHIE BUTT

ARCHIBALD WILLINGHAM BUTT visited Texas, and the newspapers made him a target for many of their jokes. After his death on the Titanic the Editor of the *Houston Post* published the following poem:

ARCHIBALD, ARCHIBALD, WILLINGHAM BUTT
You have somehow made us feel like a mutt;
Always we've made you the butt of our jokes,
Always we've handed you giggles and pokes,
Gibed at you, jeered at you, laughed at you, took
A joy in just reaching for you with the hook;
Now when we think of you language is weak,
Now we sit here and with tears on our cheek,
And a lump in our throat, and a hurt in our breast—
It was good-natured raillery—naught but a jest—
But we'd give the world could we only recall
The gibes and the jeers and the giggles and all!
We shall see you forever till life shall grow pale
As you stood hat in hand with a smile, at the rail
Of the ship as she sunk, with a cheery good-bye
To those you had helped to the boats. In your eye
There was nothing to fear. Yours to strive and to plan
For the weak, then to go to your death like a man,
With a smile on your lips and a call o'er the foam:
"Remember me, please, to the people back home."
Oh, the years of the world have been many and wide,
In each age of the world have been heroes who've died
For their fellows—whose deaths were impressive and grand,
But you—facing death with your hat in your hand
And a smile on your lips—oh, all language is weak!
There's a hurt in our heart, and a tear on our cheek!
God rest you, brave knight, in your sleep 'neath the foam,
You're enshrined in the hearts of us "people back home."

—Judd Mortimer Lewis in the *Houston Post.*


Moffett
CHICAGO

WILLIAM B. McKINLEY
PRESIDENT AND FOUNDER OF THE ILLINOIS TRACTION SYSTEM

The Story *of a* Modern Traction System

by Mitchell Mannering

SIX miles of trolley lines between Danville and Westville, Illinois, have been developed in a little over ten years into the Illinois Traction System which today stands out an exponent of the tremendous advance made in utilizing electro-motor power on long distance railways. From these six miles of street railway and several other small systems, a wonderful traction freight railroad has been built under the direction of William B. McKinley of Illinois. The best modern ideas and appliances have been utilized, but more than all that the system comes into closer touch with its patrons in a more modern way, perhaps, than any other railroad in the country. The line now extends from Peoria on the north to St. Louis on the south, reaching to Danville on the east, with numerous branches.

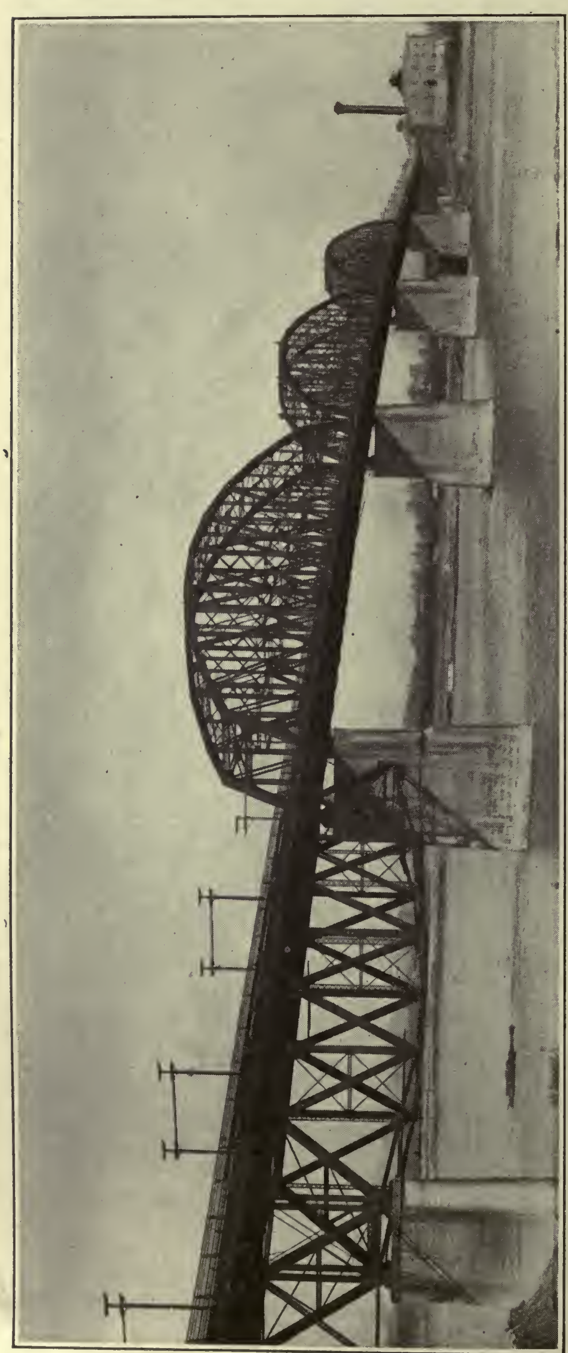
The opening of the McKinley Electric Bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis put in commission the largest bridge ever built by an electric railroad and with a greater carrying capacity than any that spans the Father of Waters. It is one and a quarter miles in length, sixty-five feet wide, and has an eighty-five foot clearance above low water. Dissolving a monopoly of bridge transportation, the new bridge opened to St. Louis a splendid trade territory and welded together the commerce of two great commonwealths. At two o'clock P. M., November 10, 1911, William B. McKinley uttered in one terse sentence of five brief words the simple phrase, "I declare the bridge open."

H. E. CHUBBUCK
Vice-President Executive and General Manager of the Illinois Traction System

This occasion, soon followed by the completion of the great St. Louis terminal, recalled the remarkable strides made by the Illinois Traction System in a few short years. There are now over five hundred miles of unexcelled trackage, with an immense freight and passenger service between ten thriving cities of Illinois—working with city service seven hundred miles of electric way as skilfully engineered and carefully built as any railroad system in the country.

From the beginning, the directors of the road believed that the best policy was first to serve the people faithfully, and to keep in mind the interests of each individual community, maintaining at all costs a broad policy of fair dealing of honest and reasonable rates and profits, never destroying, but building up local and individual prosperity as the work was pushed from one section to another.

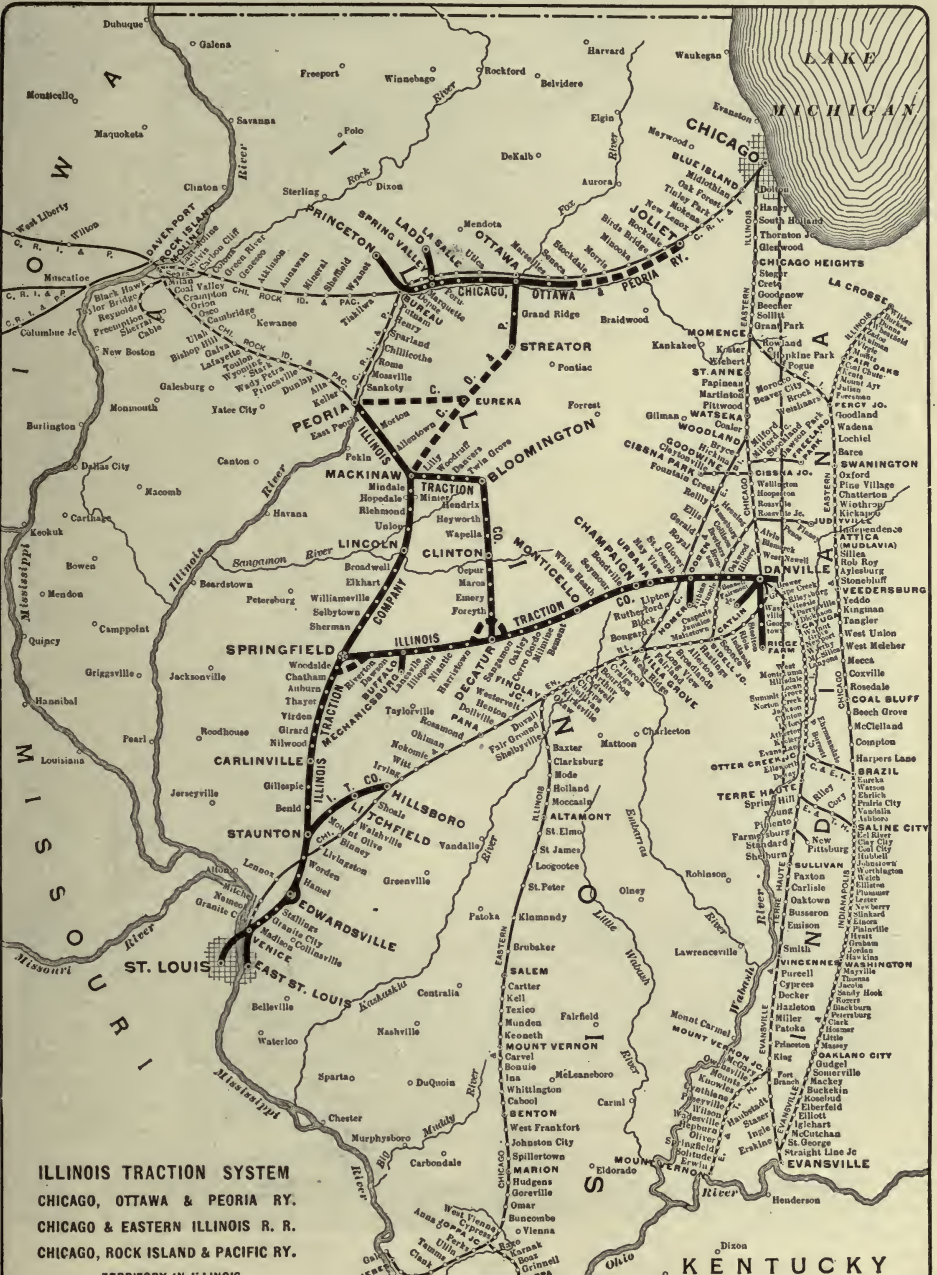
Think of a sleeping car on an electric railway—and a real sleeping car, too—with six-inch springs under the mattress, windows in all the upper berths, and a cleanliness and sweetness about everything that is refreshing. I had not been in Peoria long before I was emphatically informed that the only sensible way to go to St. Louis was to take an Illinois Traction sleeper. At 9.30 P. M. sharp, a palatial sleeping car was found standing in the square, and the passengers were going to their comfortable berths, retiring early to wake up in St. Louis at seven o'clock the next morning. The berths are so arranged that they can be put up, while one is dressing behind the curtain; the solid construction of the car makes each berth compartment almost a bulkhead, and it seemed as if the trolley kept the car from the usual jostle characteristic of steam railways. Every morning this train of sleepers enters St. Louis from Springfield and Peoria, and you can see in the faces of the departing passengers a refreshed look as they go their several ways from the station. The Illinois Traction is the only interurban in the world operating sleeping cars. These run between Springfield and St. Louis, a distance of one hundred miles, and Peoria and St Louis, a distance of one hundred and seventy-five miles. The cars were designed by the officials of the company and have often been pronounced an improvement over the latest Pullmans.

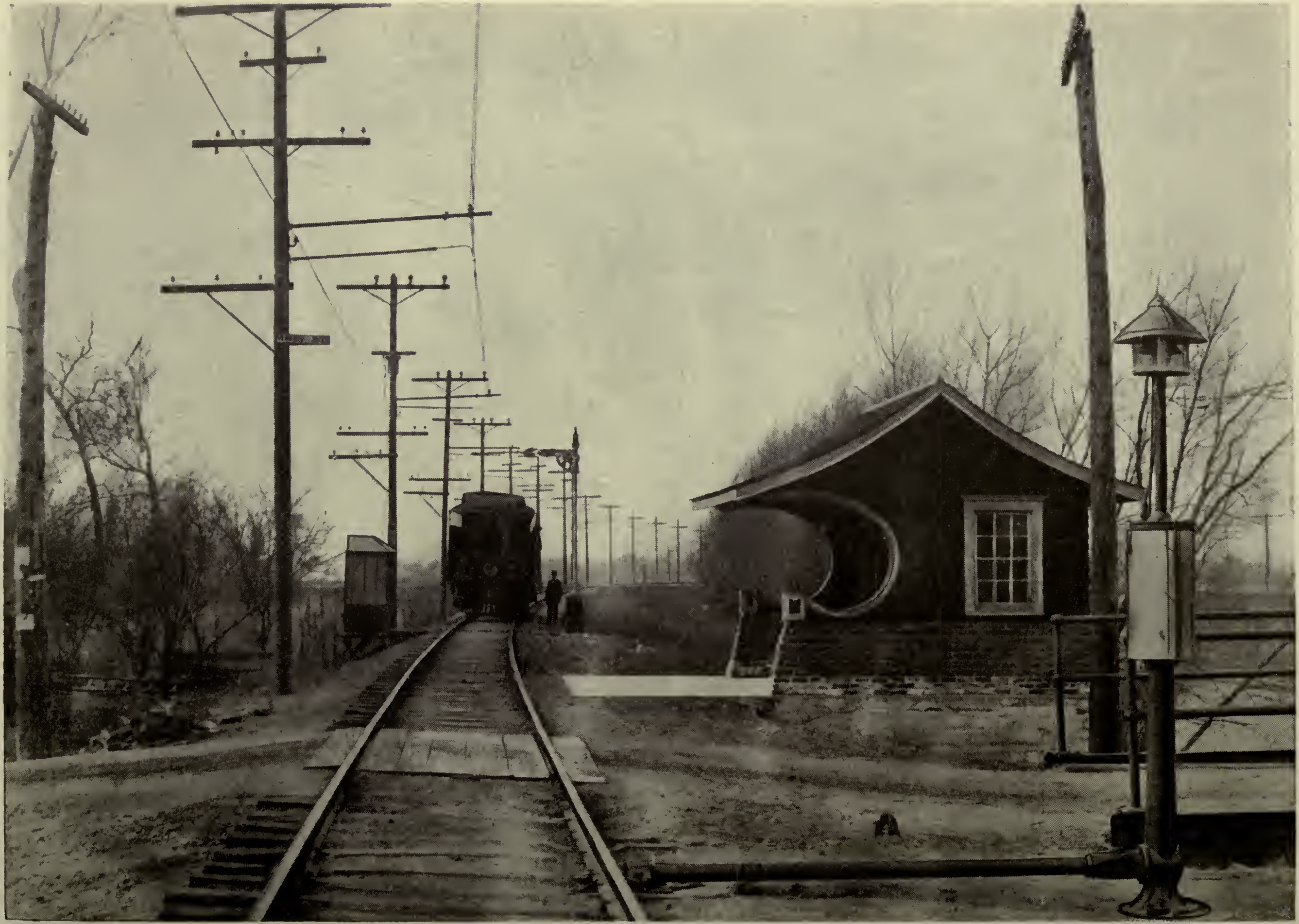


McKINLEY ELECTRIC BRIDGE

The largest bridge ever built by an electric railroad, and the heaviest in carrying capacity that crosses the Mississippi River. Its total length is one and a quarter miles, sixty-five feet wide, and has an eighty-five-foot clearance above low water. The three large spans are 523 feet in length each. Structural steel approach on Missouri side is 2,700 feet in length. Bridge carries two tracks and two roadways. Designed by Ralph Modjeski.

Should you visit the shops at Decatur, or at any other point along the way, you will find that the settled policy of the Illinois Traction Company is to maintain its rolling stock at highest efficiency, and under the supervision of J. M. Bosenbury, superintendent of motive power and equipment, who drew the plans for these sleepers, with their newly designed roofs and cars built upon lines that have the grace of a yacht, embodying beauty and symmetry


ILLINOIS TRACTION SYSTEM
CHICAGO, OTTAWA & PEORIA RY.
CHICAGO & EASTERN ILLINOIS R. R.
CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY.
TERRITORY IN ILLINOIS
POOLE BROS. CHICAGO.
5-17-'09
5097
IOWA
ILLINOIS
INDIANA
MISSOURI
KENTUCKY
LAKE MICHIGAN
CHICAGO
JOLIET
OTTAWA
PRINCETON
STREATOR
PEORIA
BLOOMINGTON
MACKINAW
LINCOLN
CLINTON
DECATUR
CHAMPAIGN
URBANA
DANVILLE
SPRINGFIELD
CARLINVILLE
STAUNTON
EDWARDSVILLE
HILLSBORO
LITCHFIELD
ST. LOUIS
EAST ST. LOUIS
VENICE
TERRE HAUTE
VINCENNES
EVANSVILLE
MOUNT VERNON
SALEM
CHICAGO, OTTAWA & PEORIA RY.
ILLINOIS TRACTION COMPANY
ILLINOIS TRACTION CO.
CHI. ROCK ID. & PAC.
Mississippi River
Illinois River
Ohio River
Wabash River



CROSSING BELL, SHELTER STATION, TELEPHONE BOOTH, AUTOMATIC SIGNAL AND LIMITED CAR ON ILLINOIS TRACTION SYSTEM as well as the substantial comforts of a home, you will recognize another reason of this system's popularity. The Interurban coaches are substantial but easy-riding, with the idea of safety and comfort. Fifty to sixty miles an hour these cars spin over the country with their hundred horse-power motors, with an economical consumption of current.

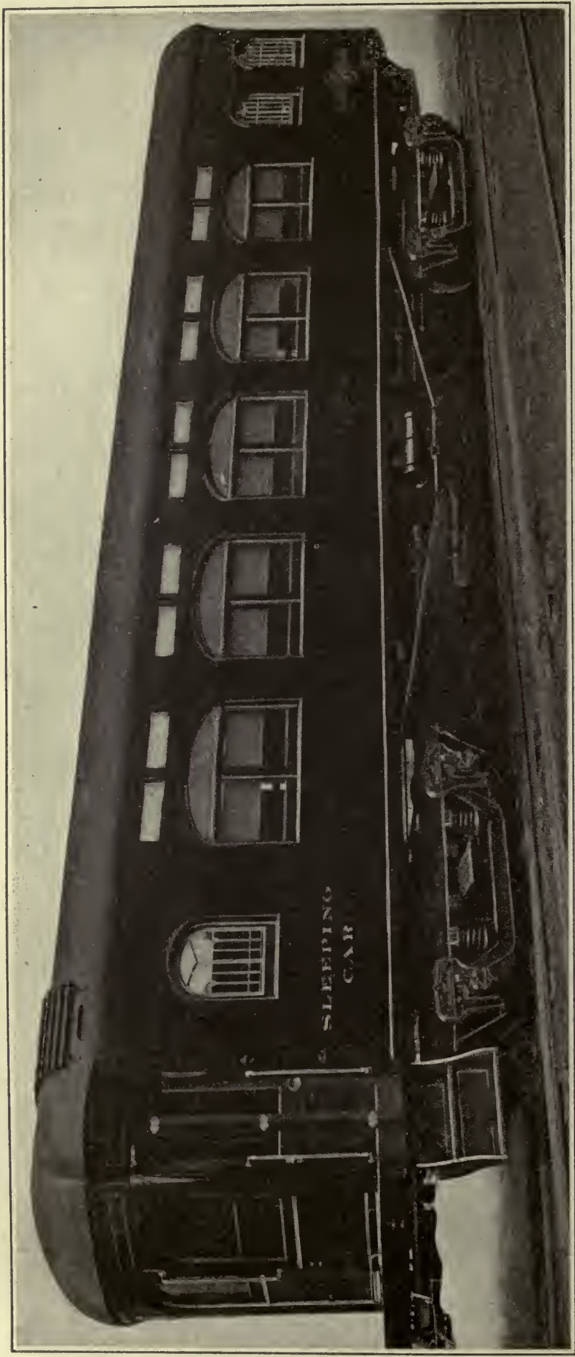
While traveling over this line you realize that it has indeed been the pioneer and most successful demonstration of the electrification of railroads. Neither parlor cars, excursion trailers, observation cars, willing service, nor in fact, anything that is found on any modern railroad system is lacking on the lines of the Illinois Traction Company.

All along the line I was struck with the number and appearance of the young men employed; bright, energetic and alert, they have a loyal and enthusiastic appreciation of their chief, William B. McKinley. Everywhere appeared the results of a carefully selected and drilled organization. There are no traditions or usages of older days to interfere with the clarion order of "Forward."

Long trains of fifty-ton coal cars go rolling by, alternating with limited passenger trains running at frequent intervals, safeguarded by automatic block signals, and the combined rules of the dispatching trains under steam and electric service have been perfected so that any train crew can be stopped at any siding and given orders at the dispatcher's office in clear, unmistakable English transmitted over the telephone. The long trains of standard box cars marked "I. T. S." sweeping over the prairies, suggest to the few remaining pioneers of sixty years ago, the changes of time since the slow-moving ox teams carried the corn, wheat and pork to distant market centers.

END VIEW, STANDARD SUBSTATION

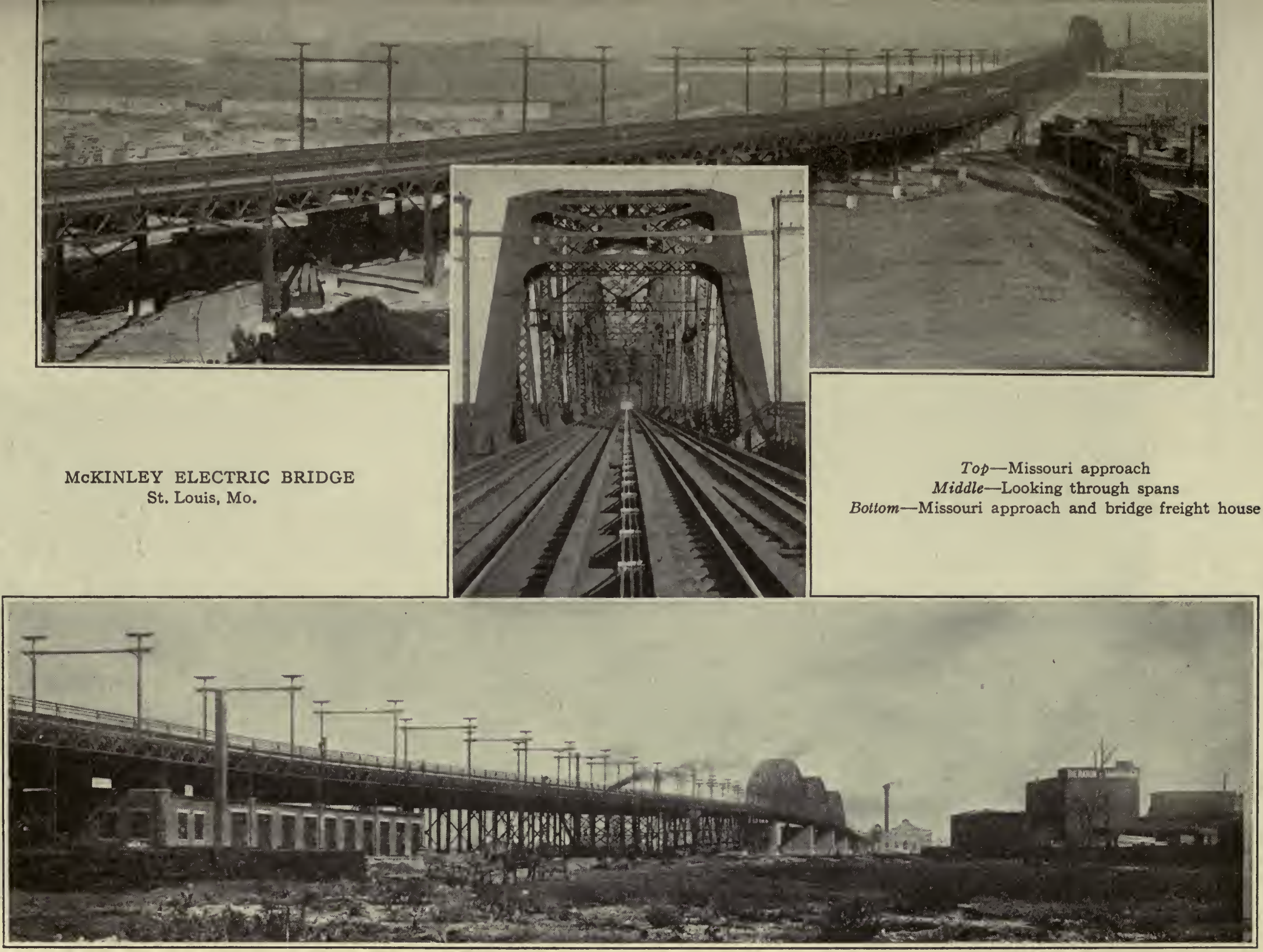
In short, the lines of the Illinois Traction furnish an express service at minimum freight rates, for even with its large mileage any freight received at five o'clock in the afternoon is delivered at any point on the system at sunrise the following morning. Most of the freight business is handled at night during the hours of reduced passenger traffic. Few realize the immense equipment and expenditure needed to furnish the current that sends these cars flying across Illinois. Four large central stations furnish the power of the traction system, at Peoria, Danville, Riverton and Venice, and three great copper wires carry this current at a voltage of 33,000. At intervals along the road are located forty substations equipped with transformers and converters, which take this lighting current of 33,000 volts and reduce it to 650. This great network of lines threads its way through cities like Springfield, Peoria, Decatur, Champaign, Urbana, Bloomington and numerous beautiful little towns, tapping the heart of the richest farming community in the nation, with trains running at frequent intervals. One can scarcely realize that this is a country known a few generations ago as part of the great "wild West."



THESE SLEEPING CARS, DESIGNED BY ILLINOIS TRACTION OFFICIALS, EMBODY MANY INNOVATIONS. THEY HAVE WINDOWS IN UPPER BERTHS, SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES FOR VALUABLES, EXTRA LONG BERTHS, ETC.

* * *

At the head of the Illinois Traction organization, located in the offices at Peoria, is H. E. Chubbuck, vice-president, executive and general manager of the Illinois Traction System and the Western Railway and Light Company, known to financiers and railway men as the McKinley properties. Mr. Chubbuck is also president of the Illinois Electric Railways Association, and is a leader who commands the enthusiasm and loyalty of the greatest electric organization in the country. He has a genial, hearty way that



McKINLEY ELECTRIC BRIDGE
St. Louis, Mo.

Top—Missouri approach
Middle—Looking through spans
Bottom—Missouri approach and bridge freight house

indicates at once one cause of the success of his strong executive work. He was born amid the charm of electrical development, for his father and grandfather before him were absorbed in solving the great problems of what were then almost unsolvable mysteries of nature. His grandfather, S. W. Chubbuck, living at Utica, New York, was recognized as a great inventive genius when electricity was in its infancy. He made many working models for electric appliances, actuated rather by innate love of investigation, and by the same spirit with which Franklin watched his flying kites, than by any desire of gain. He was a pioneer in a new field and was recognized throughout the country as an authority on the subject.

FREIGHT TRAIN, SHOWING NEW LOCOMOTIVE AND STRING OF STANDARD BOX CARS

It is stated that at one of Mr. Chubbuck's lectures at Lima, Ohio, young Thomas A. Edison, then but a boy, remained with his father after the address to investigate more closely the model of a motor-propelled car. This model, running on a circular track, had been used by Mr. Chubbuck to illustrate his lecture, and was of deep interest to Edison. About this time, Samuel F. B. Morse, who was working on the telegraph, heard that Mr. Chubbuck was investigating on similar lines, and invited him to collaborate. This Mr. Chubbuck did, and many of his ideas were later incorporated in the invention of the telegraph.

His father, A. S. Chubbuck, invented the present pony sounder and key and established at Utica the first factory for the manufacture of telegraph instruments in the United States.

Small wonder, then, that a man coming of such a family should find himself well equipped for developing the greatest electric traction company in the world. With a record for management of electric light companies in almost all parts of the country, even as far west as Pueblo, Colorado, H. E. Chubbuck joined the McKinley Syndicate thirteen years ago, to manage the Quincy, Illinois, properties. His genius soon asserted itself, and today, with an electric railway trackage of seven hundred and thirty-five miles, and with public utilities of electric light, gas and steam heating properties in many cities touched by this line, one ceases to wonder at the splendid development which has followed.

The Illinois Traction System will eventually reach from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River and touch the heart of the great farm land area, valued at more than two billion dollars. This of itself tells the story, especially when the gigantic figures of nearly 370,000,000 bushels of corn, and 37,000 square miles underlaid with vast deposits of bituminous coal, are among the resources of the state. Illinois is third in population, third in agriculture, third in manufacturing, second in the production of coal and second in the yearly output of oil among the states of the Union. The farm products are valued at $350,000,000. Covering as it does such a widely diversified area, there is never a time when the hundred towns and cities in the fourteen counties which comprise the belt across the entire state, could possibly suffer from a reaction in business. A continuous growth, keeping pace with normal development of the territory, tells the story of the wonderful work of this great traction system, which had its beginning in the six miles of track built from Danville to the mining suburb of Westville.

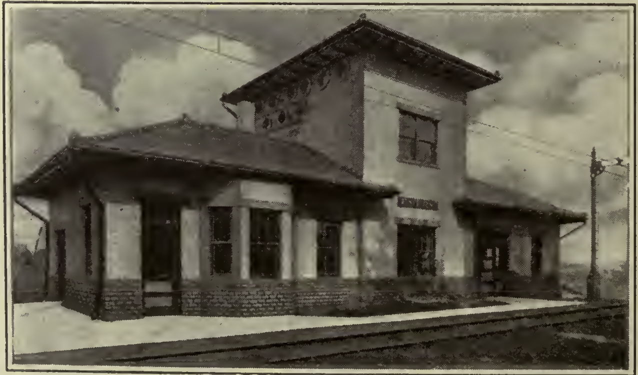
TAKING TRAIN ORDERS

Every year since 1901 the state of Illinois has witnessed with pride the progressive development of the McKinley system, a development more substantial and rapid than that of any other similar system in the country. Think that from

OFFICE CAR
NO PASSENGERS
OFFICE C
NO PASSENG
23

GROUP OF I. T. S. TRAINMEN

its small beginning in 1901, this road operated in the past year nearly a quarter of a million passenger trains and nearly twenty-two thousand freight trains, with a steadily increasing traffic. All of the mileage in the system is on a private right-of-way, equipped with steel rails weighing seventy pounds to the lineal yard, ballasted with gravel, crushed stone chats—a perfectly standardized, up-to-date railway system. The equipment of the "I. T. S." from road-bed to block signals, from shelter station shed to terminal depot, embodies the latest and best provisions for effectiveness, safety and personal comfort. With a total number of passengers carried annually, exceeding fifty million—fully half the population of the United States—one can appreciate what this development will be with a well-established terminal in the fourth largest city in America. In an area unexcelled for industrial and agricultural products, this Illinois Traction Company has certainly won the right to the slogan, "The road of good service."



STANDARD TYPE OF SUBSTATION, PASSENGER, FREIGHT AND EXPRESS STATION

MANUFACTURING PLANT, UNITED SHOE MACHINERY COMPANY, BEVERLY, MASS.

A Perpetual Exposition

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

EVERY national and international gathering in Boston or visitors in any way interested in industrial matters would count their itinerary incomplete without a visit to Beverly. A caravan of automobiles on the old Puritan road to Beverly has in mind not only a visit to the summer capital where the President enjoys his playdays on the golf links, but a sojourn at the plant of the United Shoe Machinery Company.

The gigantic proportions of the enterprise are almost as impressive as the wonders of Niagara, and yet with all its magnitude the smallest detail is taken into account, suggesting the old quotation that "every hair of the head is numbered." The plant typifies the industrial genius of the age. It is a perpetual exposition, and the visitors go about through the forest of lathes and through the labyrinth of machines looking at the myriad of operations, with varying impressions. They carry with them the "Directory for Visitors," which is consulted with all the faithfulness of the tourist with his guide-book, and with the buildings lettered and the floors numbered and the further information given on the attractive leaflet, it is an easy matter for every one to understand almost at a glance what is being done in each department.

In contemplating, for instance, the view of one floor over eleven hundred feet long and sixty feet wide with hundreds of machines performing similar operations, one has a specific illustration of the magnitude of an industrial plant whose daily output runs up into hundreds and hundreds of thousands of separate parts and machines annually. No perusal of figures, no matter how attractively presented in contrast or illustration, could ever furnish an adequate comprehension of the plant.

Heretofore it has been sufficient for visitors to Boston to go to Bunker Hill Monument, walk across the Common, visit the various historical shrines and feel they had really "seen Boston." But today the tourist who neglects the opportunity to see in operation the plant of the United Shoe Machinery Company at Beverly misses one of the most significant sights of Boston. Aside from a technical or mechanical interest, every individual who wears shoes finds in a visit to this plant an absorbing object lesson in the practical problem of shoes for the family.

The shoes worn today by all the American people practically paraphrase the basic sentence of the Declaration of Independence. "All shoes are created free and equal" as far as the machinery is concerned. What a contrast there is between American footwear and that of other countries; between the peon with sandals, the peasant with wooden shoes, and the American with his fine footwear; the barefooted urchins of Europe and the comfortably clad children of the American workman who often wear shoes of the same style and price as the sons of the millionaire.

* * *

There is a practical democracy embodied in the United Shoe Machinery plant, and the word "United" has a new industrial significance in the connection. Once inside the well-lighted factories at Beverly, Massachusetts, amid a myriad of machines occupying many acres of floor space, their operators enjoying the fresh air and light of woods and fields, and amid the whirring of ingeniously devised mechanisms, the story of a great American industry is being told in the eloquent action of activity. This plant, conducted on the simple proportions of distribution of the benefits of mechanical progress, has standardized a product of general use among the people; and consumer, retailer, manufacturer and jobber benefit from the concentrated merit of machinery.

The story of the industrial achievements of today records great changes even in the methods of the great inventors. In the old days individuals struggled to solve great evolutionary propositions. Now that every industry is thoroughly saturated with the inventive spirit, the revolutionary innovations for the making of shoes have passed away with the introduction of Goodyear Welt and McKay machines. The perfection of details and the working out of efficient plans by a series of long and expensive experiments make the appeal for economy and still more economy from manufacturers of shoes and keep the inventive genius at a fever heat.

Another invention has appeared in the spirit of organization. Inventors in their experiments and discussions confer together and focus the co-operative spirit that has made a marvelous development in the perfection of small details instead of furtively watching their secrets like hoarded gold. The United Shoe Machinery Company "inventors unlimited" has brought together inventions and inventors in the shoe trade and made a science of invention in shoe machinery for the use and benefit of all. The pathetic and tragic romances of early inventors,. and their struggles, are history. The first proposition in this age of business is to utilize in every possible way the efficiency of what has gone before—to make the waste places bloom with products and then more products.

Stories of still-born inventions are too many and well known to be repeated, for many have been lost to the world because they lacked just such exploitation and perfection in experiments as the United Shoe Machinery alone of all the corporations in the world can furnish.

More than $350,000,000 are spent every year by American people in buying shoes, and the shoe question is an important one to the American family of today. Little Johnnie and Nellie must have shoes, and they are destructive of footwear. The United Shoe Machinery Company is a great reservoir of invention and manufacture which helps to furnish shoe machinery for the more than two hundred thousand workers who are making a quarter of a billion pairs of shoes every year. No other industry has so taxed the wit and ingenuity of the inventor as the shoe machinery business which, within much less than a century, has witnessed a great evolution from the hand worker at the cobbler's bench to the perfected machine-equipped plant of today. And legislators should guard against any drastic revision of the patent laws that would diminish the incentive to invention capable of such results.

As long as Americans wear shoes that fit properly and do not look clumsy, the misfits and corns of the old cobbler shop and the high prices then paid for hand-made boots and shoes are happily forgotten. Fortunes were lost and lives shattered in the building up of this business before the simple and sound plan of co-operation and co-ordination was put into effect through the United Shoe Machinery Company. The old method of the old-time cobbler with apron, awl and thread working away painstakingly on a pair of shoes would be impossible today.

Little more than half a century ago the sewing machine was invented, then came the McKay machine, and finally the Goodyear welting and stitching machines appeared, so named for Charles Goodyear, a son of the man who taught the world the use of rubber. All of these early machines have a romantic history, tragic or otherwise.

One by one new machines were invented and companies were organized to make and introduce them until there were many small concerns, some of which did a precarious business and conducted a cannibal warfare of eating each other up. By degrees many of the smaller concerns went out of business, until in 1899 the United Shoe Machinery Company was organized by the consolidation of three companies, not competitive, which manufactured the machines necessary in that part of the shoe factory known as the bottoming room—where soles and heels are attached to the uppers. Machines are furnished to manufacturers at a low and uniform rental. No preference is ever shown, absolute impartiality is the rule, and consequently the smallest manufacturer can obtain such machines as he needs on precisely the same terms as his largest competitor. When machinery breaks down, as machinery often does, manufacturers are insured ample protection, for if one machine is disabled, a telephone message soon brings another or a man to remedy matters, and the shoe factory work continues without interruption. The hitherto uncertain conditions of uncertain royalties and the intricate and conflicting obligations incurred with many companies to deal with, have been adjusted and simplified in the policy and operation of this one concern.

The Company adopted the royalty system inaugurated by Colonel McKay, whereby the manufacturer and owner of the machine receives a certain amount per pair from the shoe manufacturer who leases the machine, the latter thus being able to use his capital in other departments of the business. Many machines, of course, can be purchased outright, but under the royalty system the shoe manufacturer pays an average of less than two and two-thirds cents per pair of shoes for all machines required in the manufacture of all types and grades, which is less than one one-hundredth of the total manufacturing cost. The highest royalty on the most expensive Goodyear Welt shoe is less than five and one-quarter cents per pair, and less than one and one-third cents for the lower grades which comprise two-thirds of the shoes made in the United States. It is worthy of mention that the machinery cost is the only cost item in shoe manufacture that has not increased in recent years.

The large fireproof factory buildings of the United Shoe Machinery Company at

CLUBHOUSE OF UNITED SHOE MACHINERY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Beverly, Massachusetts, cover over twenty-one acres of floor space, with over five thousand employes, shipping twenty-four thousand machines a year. There were at the time of my visit over one hundred thousand catalogued parts of machines kept constantly on hand ready for shipment within a few minutes' notice from the thoroughly organized business office, the number actually shipped from the stock room amounting to twenty-one millions annually. The business of this Company extends all over the world. It is the American inventive and business genius of the men and women of this corporation, working under a continuous strain to secure results, that makes it possible for the smallest manufacturer in the country to have the benefit of the best machinery in the largest factory at a minimum cost; and, the machinery once installed, a force of five hundred experts is ready at a moment's notice to go here, there and everywhere, without charge, to keep the millions of machinery details in action all over the country, speaking volumes for the liberal policy of the Company. Everywhere in the organization the same ingenuity and inventive genius which created the machinery is apparent.

From the large foundry with a capacity of fifty tons of castings per day, one passes into the drop forge department where, from the hot iron and steel under the hammers striking vulcanic strokes, sixty thousand pieces are turned out every week. Over 150,000 pounds of steel per week are utilized in making the 24,000 machines shipped every year. A great system of fans supply cold air in summer and hot air in winter; individual lockers, shower baths, lounging rooms and a hospital for the employees, make these factories each a veritable city in itself. Nearly fifty private rooms are devoted to inventors alone, just plain, hard-working, enthusiastic inventors; and the nearby clubhouse adjoining the athletic field of ten acres indicates the reason why the United Shoe Machinery Company has the reputation of the highest efficiency among its men of any institution of its kind in the world.

These and many other provisions for the workers are not made as an altruistic or philanthropic concession to popular ideals of the day but are considered a practical investment. The organized, concentrated, collaborating, co-operative spirit of five thousand people has solved the problem of shoe machinery not only for the United States but for the world at large.

The wide variety of trade-mark names under which Goodyear Welt shoes are sold is an interesting study in American business nomenclature. The uniformity of machinery has resulted in such a standardization of product that the quality and individuality of the output of any given manufacturer depend upon the difference in management and design. All have the same machinery advantages at the same cost. This has produced among the American shoe trade the most aggressive and alert manufacturers in the world. Since the United Shoe Machinery Company was organized there has been a very heavy increase in export trade in American shoes, and the industrial city of Beverly is well known in all parts of the world wherever shoes are made or sold. The export trade in shoes has jumped from $1,816,538 in 1899 to $14,937,537 in 1911. These figures tell the story. American shoes can now be bought in almost all centers of civilization and have done much in blazing the path for the exportation of American industrial products in other lines, meeting the problem of wider markets.

Seventy-five per cent of all the wall space of the factories is glass, making the building seem like one great conservatory. The average yearly earnings of the workers in Beverly are higher than those in any other factory town in Massachusetts. Thousands of people from all parts of the world visit the plant every year, eager to study and observe the processes which are always open to public inspection, suggesting the same light and freedom which flood every floor of the factories. There is none of the stuffy, "shoppy" smell, for fresh air permeates the whole factory. A quaint old tide gate nearby lends a picturesque enchantment to the environment which lies within the boundary of President Taft's summer capital.

From the moment one enters the factory to the time of leaving, the chief thing that impresses the visitor is the thoroughly modern departmental system. Over seventy-five thousand dollars are paid out every week to employees in less than ninety minutes, and the payment is made during working hours. Among the millions of tools in this great factory scarcely one is ever lost. The manufacture of intricate parts, the handling and transfer of material and finished parts from department to department, the details of storage and shipment, call for great care, and the contents of the great storeroom 820 feet long are so systematized, lettered, numbered and so effectively catalogued that loss seems impossible.

READING ROOM IN CLUBHOUSE

One of the most interesting rooms in the factory is the "museum," where a collection of machinery is on exhibition, representing an outlay of millions of dollars in the efforts to perfect shoe-making machinery. Hundreds of machines designed by the inventive geniuses of the country once had a limited sale and then became the monuments of blasted hopes, but under the royalty system this loss is concentrated and reduced to a minimum. The invention of shoe machinery appears to have become a profession of itself. Nearly sixteen hundred machines from the first crude experiments down to the latest perfected styles make this shoe machinery museum an exposition of rare interest to the student of industrial progress.

The economic advantages of this establishment are observed in that the shoe manufacturer is able to eliminate a heavy expenditure for machinery at the outset, and to concentrate his energies on perfecting his product and designs and the exploitation of his sales. The one-price system which prevails, the Company treating all lessees alike whether millionaires or young men just starting in business with a limited amount of capital, insures competition in shoe manufacturing, and stands in the way of any successful combination of wealthy manufacturers.

Small manufacturers are enabled to continue in business throughout the country and grow, and many a lively manufacturing town can entertain the hope of adding the manufacture of shoes to its industries.

Under this roof at Beverly are fathers, daughters, sisters and brothers, working together in a spirit of energy and unity such as is seldom witnessed in an industrial plant. The women in the factory begin work ten minutes later and leave ten minutes earlier than the men. One could not look into the faces of these people coming to and leaving their work without being impressed with the spirit of initiative and co-operation that made all this possible.

Committees representing all departments are constantly watching for every opportunity, not only to improve the condition of the workers but to provide against accidents in these factories. The number of accidents in proportion to the number of employees was reduced more than seventy-three per cent in a single year, and that, too, immediately on the heels of a report from the Massachusetts state authorities commending the Company for the excellence of its arrangements for the prevention of accidents. In the restaurant, which will seat 650, meals are served from a hygienic kitchen at low cost, with vegetables fresh from the Company's garden. Every precaution is observed to preserve the health and maintain the interest of the employee, and the expenditure and care involved in this portion of the work are among the first considerations in the administration of this great organization. The plant is built far away from other factories in a healthy environment and, appropriately enough, is located near the early home of its creator and president, Sidney W. Winslow. Over three hundred acres are here owned by the Company, and many of the employees own their homes. The rule seems to be to work hard and play hard, for nowhere else in all the factories that I ever visited have I found more nearly ideal conditions for workers. Under the direction of Mr. George W. Brown, vice-president of the corporation, every effort is made to build up an ideal, industrial center where the welfare of each is made the welfare of all.

There is an attractive clubhouse belonging to the United Shoe Machinery Athletic Association not far from the factories, in which there are bowling alleys, billiard and pool tables, a reading room, a theatre, a library, a cozy room where the women may gather with their reading and sewing; and adjoining is a large athletic field where sports and amusements of all kinds are possible. These advantages are free to everyone without the annoyance of conventionality, caste-distinction, taxes or cost of maintenance, beyond the annual dues of only one dollar! The United Shoe Machinery Company Band not only gives concerts at the factory and on the clubhouse grounds, but is in demand everywhere as having the same decided efficiency in music as in the work of the factory. There is a mutual relief association, a system of savings bank insurance and one of the most successful industrial schools for boys in the country where, amid a very atmosphere of invention and progress, these boys are being trained and equipped for great undertakings.

Two groups of thirty-five boys each alternate between the factory and the Beverly High School, one week at each place. The boys are paid one-half the amount which would be paid to men performing the same work and the other half goes toward the expense of the school. There is inculcated from the first a habit of training and discipline and responsibility. The system in vogue here has been copied elsewhere, but nowhere else with anything like the same degree of success. The Beverly school still remains without a real rival in the world. It was most enthusiastically endorsed by the State School Commission of Wisconsin, which made an elaborate report calling attention to the fact that it is not often that corporations are found who will see matters in as broad and substantial a way as the United Shoe Machinery Company of Beverly. The report also declared that there are few places in Wisconsin where such co-operation could be carried out, but if successfully carried out would provide a means of making the high school a real factor in the life of every community.

It required a whole day just to go about from floor to floor and look over the various processes by which the machines are manufactured, assembled and shipped. These Beverly factories of the United Shoe Machinery Company are a triumph of organization pure and simple, and a concrete illustration of the new order of things in corporation development. With all the large aggregate assets of this Company in buildings, factory machinery and equipment, there is no other asset more valuable than the organization idea itself, and the service it furnishes to its customers and the workers within its walls.

If all those who are prone to criticize indiscriminately great organizations like the United Shoe Machinery Company would take the time and trouble to visit this plant and see what there is to be seen, the mist of prejudice would fall from their eyes. The inevitable laws of evolution point toward the pathway blazed by the United Shoe Machinery Company as a logical method of meeting the increased demands of the people for better goods at the lowest possible price, better working conditions, and better service to the public. If the writers of today were to take more time to investigate personally those things of which they write, inquire into all the underlying conditions and the simple facts of record, and arrive at their conclusions from a practical point of view, there would be fewer articles devoted to fostering an unwarranted animosity against conditions that point toward that inevitable industrial progress which is exemplified in just such institutions as the United Shoe Machinery Company. Conditions must be met today in adjusting industrial, economic and sociological situations; and the thousands of shoe men who have visited this plant during the year, and especially during the Boston Shoe and Leather Exposition, certainly had a revelation at Beverly that enthused them, and clearly indicated that the shoe industry is a leader in progressive industrial evolution.

MECHANICAL DRAWING AT INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

A Day at Roycroft

THE pilgrimage to Roycroft was made on a crisp autumn day. It was decided upon in the station at Buffalo, where the East Aurora "accommodation," puffing away in the shed offered an irresistible temptation. Before me stretched the fields of western New York—the fields to which Elbert Hubbard escaped when he discovered East Aurora. Why he went there, historians have never recorded, so I resolved myself to ask that very impertinent question when I looked on the face of the Fra again. One of those walks afield, or sitting on a log discoursing on Plato, Euripides, Socrates or any old classic, and drinking inspiration from the fields, flowers, crops, corn or chickens was in mind. I was in a pastoral mood that morning.

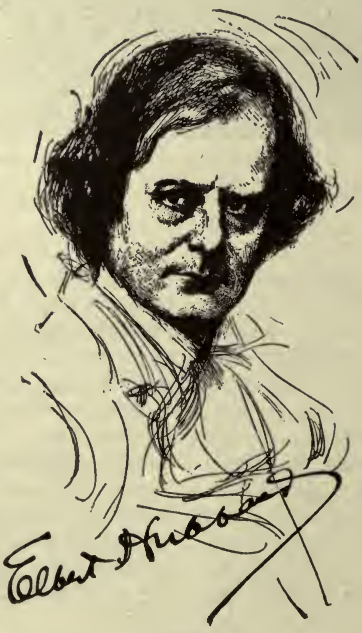
The accommodation train actually came to a full stop at East Aurora. At the station was a group of patrician motor cars, which all good farmers own these days. Shades of the primitive past! There were real motor cars chugging away and labelled "Roycroft Inn." Well, "in" I got because they were labelled free, and I had no more than time to arrange my forelock than I was whisked around the corner to Roycroft Inn and lo and behold, there was the street filled with motor cars. I thought at first there were a thousand, and there must have been at least a hundred. They were gaily decorated with yellow, blue and white streamers, and a near inspection showed that it was the city of Rochester flag. The Rochester "Ad Club" was there in all its glory; East Aurora had capitulated, and the Rochester boys were running things.

After an eighty-mile cross country drive, they got busy at the round tables and satisfied their hearty appetites. It was the same jolly crowd. There were songs—and clever songs, too, for George Culp was there, and the piano he carried with him—the combination was complete. George Culp and his songs have made Rochester famous. That Club will rise and sing at the drop of a hat, and they sing like larks on a "lark."

Theodore W. DuWeese, who presides over the destinies of Natural Food Company publicity—the man who has made shredded wheat known the world over—was one of the speakers. Mr. Reed and Mr. Castle were also to make addresses, and were hustled to the table and chairs. Coats were off, for it was hot, and formality did not fit. On the tables were petunias—blushing, beautiful petunias of all shades and colors.

The oratorical fireworks over, Fra Elbertus invited the boys to see his famous Sabine Farm—classic name—where he "makes real money." He said it was "only a minute's walk" but it developed into several miles' tramp. Nobody minded, however. The Fra, whose long locks were held in place by a Grecian band around his brow, looked like a gallant Athenian as he led the way up the road that the cows came home. At the farm the Rochester aborigines looked upon a real threshing machine and more chickens, red pigs and cows. At safe distances the "busy bees," immortalized by Maeterlinck, made Roycroft honey. No one was stung!

From the well we drank deep, while the Fra commented like any good farmer on the



weather and crops. Just around the barn while we were munching together a green apple I put the fateful question to Fra. "How," I whispered, "did you happen to come to East Aurora?"

The pause that followed was impressive; and then—"Well," said the Fra casually, "a man owed me five hundred dollars. He couldn't pay it and wanted me to take his place. I took it, liked it; here I am and I like it more." The original town, continued the Fra, was Aurora, but the railroad shied to the east, and there was an East Aurora Now East Aurora is the whole thing and plain Aurora is obliterated.

We walked on to the farm of Colonel S. R. Knox, enclosed in a big stone fence. No wonder the field stones were scarce, and Fra Elbertus had to quit building chapels, for here was a fence that rivaled a European fortress. The Knox farm is a show farm. It is more of a fancy farm than Hubbard's classic "Sabine," for there is a race track—fast horses—blooded stock. We looked upon the famous Abbey, the trotter and pacer who holds the world's record at 2.04 for pacing and 2.07 for trotting, and there were other horses with records. As each was brought forth, the innocent boys from Rochester would inquire, "What is his horse power?" "What stroke?" "What drive?" and all sorts of questions that would make people think they really owned motor cars.

On the road down a little girl was sighted, leading a goat by a rope. The pilgrims stopped, looked on the scene and insisted that right here and now they would "get the goat of Elbert Hubbard." But, alas! it was not Elbert's goat—all the goats he has are on the bindings of the famous Roycroft books.

Roycroft Park in East Aurora, given to the town by Mr. Hubbard, is a handsome grove of oak and maple, such a grove as Plato would have liked in which to conduct his dialogues. The baseball diamond was the field of glory for the snapping young team of East Aurora. The victorious hosts returned to the Inn for just the old-fashioned kind of supper—ham and beans, ham from the pigs and oh, such

THE ROCHESTER CLUB AT ROYCROFT INN CONVENING WITH THE FRA AFTER A CHICKEN DINNER FROM SABINE FARM beans—all from the farm, and milk—it fairly foamed with freshness from the dairy. I wandered into the kitchen—a neat and busy place. Just off the kitchen I found Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard at a plain table eating their simple meal, while the guests upstairs used the mission and mahogany furniture. The neighbors' girls, wives and others "across the way" had come over to help in the rush, and it all seemed home-like and refreshing from the usual hotel conventionality.

In the evening there were moving pictures in the park playground, where the game of "One Old Cat Ball" was played with the big ball. They were good pictures and the comments of Al Brown and others as the moving pictures danced upon the scene were a delight. The throng then moved to the chapel, with its mural decorations reaching back to the time of ancient Athens. Alice Hubbard's address on advertising indicated the close relation of literature to the modern spirit of exploitation. A few remarks by a wayfaring editor were permitted, and the guests kindly applauded. Then they wandered away in little groups on the peristyle—which is in plain English a porch. The band played; the people read the signs on the veranda "They Will Talk"—and they talked. No one seemed in a hurry to go to bed. The guests were located in rooms with names ranging from Wagner, Thoreau, Emerson and all the patron saints of Roycroft, reflecting the biographical impulse of East Aurora. At 2 A. M. the serenade began in the halls, when a great tin platter falling upon various and divers bathtubs made a percussion weird enough for the streets of Cairo melody. Despite the host's threat to sue for missing articles, everyone carried away a key as a souvenir and everything else loose around the room.

What a glorious Sunday morning! They came in late for home-grown bacon and eggs. At eleven o'clock services were held in the chapel and Fra Elbertus may earn all the money he is given for his lecture dates, but that address in the chapel was full of inspiration and worth all the board bill. The speaker insisted that all history was just biography and everyone agreed. His text was a glimpse of the forty-seven years since Abraham Lincoln died, and what Abraham Lincoln, honest old "Abe," had achieved for the ages. Then another dinner at round tables, where a Roycroft Sunday Chicken Dinner was served—it seemed like a real Sunday on the old farm. The guests visited the busy plant, the book shop, the carpenter shop, and the power plant, looking upon evidences of that unique and original life only to be found at Roycroft. Under the windows of the Fra's office browsed "Balzac," the Persian sheep. Balzac's wool is black in winter and white in summer, and his owner declares that he is the same breed of sheep Abraham had in his great flocks on the plains of Israel. From the office windows can be seen the old well, the vines, the trees and the old-fashioned, simple flowers, that seem so restful.

The boys of the Club were presented with autographed Roycroft books. I cannot reprint all the inscriptions, for certain reasons known to the owners, and to the editor of "The Philistine." Where is there a library in the country so dull that it does not have one or a hundred Roycroft books? A thousand sets of Elbert Hubbard's complete works in forty volumes have already been sold and now the Fra can look upon himself as one of the really immortal authors.

A picture was taken of the group for advertising purposes. Other tourists began to gather as the Rochester boys bade farewell to Roycroft with rousing cheers and departed in a cloud of dust, taking with them memories of that autumn day that will not be soon forgotten. If they took an inventory of all the things carried away as "souvenirs" to show friends, the one thing valued most would be just the recollections of that day at Roycroft.

* * *

The Duty of Women

WHAT a purification has been initiated in general business and the standards of public life by the mere contemplation of women taking a part in a wider range of life's activities. The chivalry of the average American compels him to be just a little more careful and courteous to feminine associates in business and political struggle because mother and sister are women.

He may explode now and then and insist that women today are losing the gentleness and sweetness of former years, but he forgets that no matter what changes or environments may come, "a man's a man" and a woman's a woman "for a' that," to paraphrase Bobby Burns. In the home, the market or the public arena, women are coming to recognize their *duty*. The word looks well in italics. The question of their "*right*" to participate in public affairs was settled in 1776. It means something of a task for women to take up the threads and incidents of everyday labor and blend them with the confining and exacting duties of home life, but the work of woman in the home and in nurturing and rearing children would be of little avail if the young man and woman had no opportunity to make the most of life. Insisting upon an equal opportunity for all with a steadfast and unflinching vigil upon the encroaching forces of evil and corruption still remains the work and duty of women.

This question is one of the most vital issues of the times—more important than which way the political wind blows, the developments of science or of literature. It deals with the future through the children of today, which is the pre-eminent concern of the mothers of America.

Women have a duty today that extends beyond the narrow limits of the home circle. The home circle is affected by environment—and it is this environment that has brought women's activities to the fore. More and more the American woman is realizing that the interests of the home are the interests of the nation, and all but the narrowest of men must believe that women are great enough to embrace the problems of civic life without neglecting the home.

In this issue appears an article by Miss Ellis Meredith, "Why Suffrage Campaigns Fail." Many of our readers, especially those in the West, are familiar with the life and writings of this able writer and political leader. She has been a pioneer in the movement for women in Colorado. She was a member of the first convention called to draft a charter for the city and county of Denver, and was the first woman to be elected to city office in Denver. She is today president of the Election Commission of the city and county of Denver and is one of the most prominent figures in Western public life. This article was written following an arduous season of lecturing and "stumping," in both West and South.

Whether or not we agree to the letter with her beliefs and deductions, none can doubt that Miss Meredith knows her subject and that she is absolutely sincere and has at heart the interest of the nation as well as of her sex.

The NATIONAL proposes to print a series of articles along the lines of "The Duty of Women." We are hastening to obtain material from leaders among women in all parts of the world. We would also greatly appreciate the opinions of our own women readers. We want ideas from wives, mothers, girls, aunts—especially those who are not usually heard from in public matters. Above all, we want to hear from those engaged in the great work of home-making.

These are the women who, since the beginning of time, have spent their lives doing what they believed to be their duty. These are the women whose influence is more and more to be felt. With a pen or pencil sit right down and tell us what you consider woman's duty. We want to know what you feel in regard to *your* duty.

The editor will wait eagerly for these responses coming direct from the women themselves—not from the women leaders or those well known, but from the average woman who is working, thinking, acting, and who has the responsibility of life upon her shoulders.

Do not be awed with the thought that you are "writing for a magazine." Go ahead and say what you think. That is what we want to know. We want you to feel just as much at home when you are writing to the editor of the NATIONAL as if you were dropping in to see a friend for an afternoon chat at 952 Dorchester Avenue, Boston.

Now as a parting word, lest we become too serious—keep our "woman's editor," who sometimes sports a pink negligee shirt and smokes a cob pipe, busy with a bombardment of your ideas on "The Duty of Women."

All together, with ideas from you, the NATIONAL can help women to see the duty of today and spread the intelligence of American women who are ready to do their full share in making the world brighter and happier.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

WHETHER it be a gathering of school girls or a more sedate bridge party, boys at play, young men at the college, older men at the club or at work, there is one universal topic that sooner or later comes up—"What is happiness?"

We plan a holiday with anticipations of happiness, but many times alas, we find the truth of the old prophecy—"happiness always comes to us in fragments and oftentimes unexpected." Have you ever planned a whole week's happiness only to find that the real enjoyment came in getting back to those "days of drudgery" and thinking it over?

Even at a jolly dinner party, some little trifling word or incident may throw the whole scheme of anticipated happiness out of gear and turn all one's plans awry.

Conversely, the kind word of a friend often clears up the murkiness of a gloomy morning. Promised joys are illusive, but when we can sit right down with ourselves and feel a sense of satisfaction in having done something which deserves happiness, then it comes unheralded. To enjoy the sunset, to hear the wind sing in the leaves, or surge through the forest, or to listen to the song of the birds or the ring of the church bell coming sweetly, solemnly up the valley—all this we may call happiness, but the sense comes from within rather than from without. Melancholy moods and days of the most unhappiness come from some break in the dikes of friendship or loss, and we forget how to mend the broken places.

The most pathetic phase of it all is a realization of the friends that we never make; the friends that might have been made by just exerting ourselves a little more. Who ever contemplated the loss of friends that he might have made by just releasing a little of his self-centered reserve? Many of the troubles of this world have their source in selfishness and thoughtlessness, which is the same thing in a degree. Words uttered deliberately to sting and offend leave a scar. Even in the hardships of the year's work if we search for it, there can be squeezed out as much happiness every day as in the care-free days when we can lie abed late in the morning and grow over-tired of doing nothing and long to be back in the busy swirl of activity and the exhilaration of creating friends and holding fast "with hooks of steel" those friendships and associations which, after all, are the things worth while in life.

We appreciate the person who always greets us at meeting day after day. It is so easy, so simple to spread the halo of happiness about us that we often overlook it and go through the world thinking that every smile and every good impulse we have is not worth while unless bartered away for something in exchange. There life loses its whole value. It is when it comes from within with a worthy motive that happiness is truly ours. The word is so simple that we look at it and wonder why that combination of letters means so much. Eumoiriety, the philosophy of William Locke—the work of making others happy—this is the ideal spirit of the merry, happy Yuletide, and we will have within us in dear old bleak December the warmth of happiness that makes Christmas a season of happiness and good cheer.

THE holiday NATIONAL will be in your hands December 15, bubbling over with Christmas cheer. From the gay cover, wherein Mr. Hutchins has caught and fixed the spirit of "Christmas present" in the happiest manner, to the Editor's last echo of "Christmas past," the spirit of Yuletide prevails. Never has a magazine presented a more appealing array of holiday stories. We began by obtaining "Little Boy Blue" from Horace Hazeltine, the author of last season's great success "The Sable Lorcha"—but readers of the NATIONAL and the NEWS-LETTER are already familiar with Mr. Hazeltine's work. "Little Boy Blue" appealed to the Editor as a very fascinating Christmas story, and, as it was longer than the average manuscript, it was believed that it would make a fitting "feature" for the holiday NATIONAL.

Then Mr. de Polo sent us "Padre Bernardo's Christmas Dinner," and who could resist such a title, after once enchanted by the benignant, simple piety and charity of Padre Bernardo, in the pages of the September NATIONAL. The new story had all the wholesomeness, joy and pathos that characterizes the noble old Padre, and the boys in the art room declared that the "Christmas dinner" should be duly illustrated and given a place in the holiday NATIONAL.

For some time we have watched with interest the work of Mrs. Lilian Ducey, one of the new corps of women writers, who has founded her most successful plots on the real, vital issues of life. She works out her stories with rare insight, and when "Kings and their Kingdoms" was found in the mail, we decided that it was by far the most touching story that we had seen from her hand. It rings out the cry of its staunch little hero, "Fathers ought to stay fathers," which became almost a prayer at Christmas time, and brought home a father who didn't just understand what he owed to his boy.

Another story that pulls at the heart-strings is Marguerite Jacobs' "Open Nights." It introduces us to another side of life in the brilliantly lighted Christmas shops—the life behind the counter. How Nan Timmons lost in her pursuit of the lady with the Jap-mink muff, but found a harbor of refuge and safety on Christmas day is feelingly unfolded in a beautiful story that demonstrates how the spirit of romance covers even the sordid phases of life.

A dainty little romance is Mr. W. Carey Wonderly's "A Princess o' the Holly," just the type of Yuletide romance that appeals to young and old alike. Then there is the novel story of "Dale and Lloyd's Dutch Treat," which shows how two energetic young ladies in a New York apartment house gave a real Christmas reunion.

So much for the stories alone. The rest of the issue will fairly snap with interesting articles and sketches. At this writing we have scheduled contributions from Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and a story on the first celebrity Joe Chapple ever met. The Editor also will take a special trip to Washington to obtain the very latest news of the Capitol and will discuss men and events and the changes to come from election results.

* * *

BUSY? Of course you're busy getting ready for Christmas, and you remember what a delightful and permanent pleasure you experienced when you received "just the book you wanted." Now for the past fifteen years we have been making nothing but gift-books. We have books that are suitable for every member of the family.

There is HEART THROBS, Volume One—but don't forget Volume Two, which many enthusiasts say is "the best of all." Anyone who has the original HEART THROBS ought surely to have the sequel. Volume Two cannot be sold at less than the regular price in the new illustrated edition.

Then there is THE HAPPY HABIT. If we could only reproduce the complimentary letters received concerning this genial book there would be nothing else in the magazine. What could be more universally appreciated than the dear old melodies of HEART SONGS? And after it once arrives in the home and secures a place on the piano you wonder how you ever got along without it.

Then there is THE ROMANCE OF ARLINGTON HOUSE, that dainty casket of exquisite correspondence and old love letters such as are cherished by young girls. It should be in every home, if only as a text-book on the "lost art" of correspondence. Strong, ruddy, optimistic boys want something like THE HAPPY HABIT. The homemakers are interested in LITTLE HELPS, and many a young man interested in public life has chosen HISTORY MAKING. But the one book we can all agree upon is HEART THROBS.

We mustn't overlook the fiction. There is THE GUEST OF HONOR, that wholesome novel of New York life by William Hodge, the great American actor, known everywhere as "the Man from Home." A travel story that has a real love tale is THROUGH LANDS OF YESTERDAY by Dr. C. H. Curran. There is also MY WONDER BOOK, by the daughter of Father Lewis Benton Bates—one of the most interesting memorials ever written of the sturdy type of the old-fashioned pastor.

The latest book is the story of THE MINOR CHORD, which has been published, like all the other books, in response to direct requests from those who read the story in the pages of THE NATIONAL. There were people also who seemed curious to know what kind of a novel an editor would write, and so he has left himself open to the sharp arrows of criticism and republished in this country a novel that met with great success in England and on the continent.

Can there be anything that would be more appreciated by a distant friend, some good elderly relative, or in fact anybody, than a nice autographed Christmas card announcing that "you will be remembered each month by a copy of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for the coming year." It not only gives the recipient the pleasure of receiving such a magazine every month, but the constant reminder of the kindness and thoughtfulness of a friend.

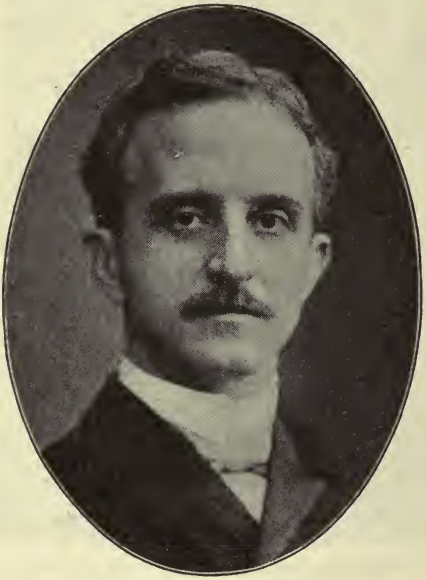
READING HEART THROBS

From a photograph sent to the Editor by subscribers in New Bern, North Carolina, on the occasion of his Twenty-fifth Anniversary

Now if you will just make us your confidant and tell us how much Christmas money you want to spend on our books, we will make it go around and fit snug. Just address your letter to the good-natured man who presides at the book desk, who will drop his spectacles just a little lower and "see what he can do," like the old bookstore man who was always eager to give his customers the best he has at the lowest possible price.

* * *

ONE of the alternates at the Chicago Convention who got the real worth of his money was B. H. Anthony, publisher of the *New Bedford Standard*. When Senator Root called on the Massachusetts alternates to vote when the Roosevelt delegates refused to answer, Mr. Anthony promptly rose and cast his vote for Taft, feeling that he did only his full duty as an alternate, because he had been specifically elected as a Taft alternate. This further emphasizes the comparison of primaries as then conducted. Mr. Anthony has been prominent in public affairs of Massachusetts for some years past and has made the *New Bedford Standard* one of the strongest papers of the state. The records of the 1912 Convention have shown the real, practical use of selecting alternates for the national conventions and the knotty points at the Republican National Convention at Chicago indicate many rough places to smooth out to make primaries as effectually an expression of the will of the people as an election. New Bedford, for generations the great center of whaling interest, has long supplied "prime sperm ile" for engines and machinery and perhaps Mr. Anthony may successfully lubricate the new political machinery.



BENJAMIN H. ANTHONY
The vigorous publisher of the *New Bedford Standard*, a paper which maintains a style of its own

* * *

THE splendor of the old ruins of the Parthenon at Greece is one of the shrines of the world traveler. A replica of the beauty and character of the Parthenon is to be one of the features of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. Consul-General Richard de Forkana of Greece is organizing a subscription by the four hundred thousand Greek residents in the United States and compatriots at home to erect on the crest of a commanding eminence an exact replica of the famous Parthenon at Athens, erected by Pericles, 438 B.C. The memory of this noble pile dates back to the days of Pericles and was designed by two famous architects, Ictisus and Callicrates, and adorned with the wonderful sculptured frieze from the chisel of the renowned Phidias. The stately beauty of the Parthenon has been the inspiration of architects, sculptors and artists for nearly three thousand years, and although it has served by turns as a Byzantine church and a Turkish mosque, it remained practically intact until 1687, when the Venetians bombarded the Acropolis. It was then held by the Turks and the ammunition stored therein exploded and completed the ruins.

The new Parthenon will be like the original, 228 feet in length by 101 broad and 66 in height, will be snow white, with eight Doric columns at either front and seventeen at each side, six feet in diameter at the base and thirty-four feet high, surmounted by a panelled frieze representing events in the history of Grecian heroes and deities. Above either front the pediments will reproduce the ancient sculpture representing the birth of Athena and the contest of a Poseidon and Athena from the dominion of Athens—a noble pile furnishing history at a glance.

Americans will look upon "the glory of Greece" in the sunlit radiance of the "Golden Gate." "Westward is the course of empire" in this instance has become another prophecy fulfilled.

* * *

DOWN at the shore men were trying to place a mooring for a yacht, and the state of the tides had to be in order to float them easily to the exact spot desired. They were obliged to work at night and to place the mooring between 2 and 6 A.M. Finally the rock was placed and the mooring buoyed, and I realized what a wonderful and important part the tide plays in the life and business of the world. It seems to be the veritable pulsating life of the great ocean, and the whole world must govern its great activities by its eternal ebb and flow. When a ship goes ashore, it is usually the tidal conditions that decide its fate.

Was it not Shakespeare himself who put life's philosophy into a quotation, "There is a tide in the affairs of men." But while indulging in this philosophy, dash and advance of the surf line showed how the incoming tide was pushing on and up the beach, driving back the children playing with their pails and shovels. The majesty of the ocean itself would lack its greatest charm were it not for the recurring tides that tell of nature's resistless forces and ever excite the intensest interest of poets and philosophers. Even the "old salt" who pulls down his "northeaster" over his eyes and carefully buttons his "slicker" to face the storm, never fails to fix in his mind the time and state of the tides. The tide is his calendar, his measure of danger and safety, of good and poor luck in fishing, and often of life and death, for he generally believes that the dying "will go out with the tide."

* * *

THERE was a time when the name of Cape Cod was utilized to express a colloquialism called "codding" or "taking a rise out of some easy mark," but recent events upon this narrow crescent of land indicate that there has not been any "codding" in the construction of the Cape Cod Canal. Progress has been made during the present year with the three thousand foot breakwater reaching out into Massachusetts Bay nearly finished, that would make the Pilgrim Fathers bare their heads with reverence in saluting the achievements of their successors. Contrary to the opinion that the Canal would fill up as rapidly as built, there has been a remarkable freedom from drifting sands. On the Buzzard's Bay side a strata of boulders, clay and gravel was found that precludes any necessity for continuous dredging after the Canal is completed as is necessary in the Suez Canal. The passing vessels will not suck up the sand as was feared.

Last year was a severe test for the Canal and indicated that it will never be hampered by ice, although the eastern end may be temporarily blockaded by drifting icefields floating into the bay. It is estimated that 25,000,000 tons of shipping pass around Cape Cod every year. Certainly a large proportion of this will pass through the Canal upon its completion because of the time, as well as money saved, to say nothing of the immunity from the perils of coast-wise storms. The Canal will make it possible to leave New York for Boston late in the evening, arriving early in the morning, and the traffic between Boston and New York is constantly increasing. The opening of the Panama Canal will occur at about the same time the Cape Cod Canal is completed. The coming three years will witness important completions of canal projects, and the canal reaching from Buzzard's Bay to Sagamore Beach will be one of the most important domestic canal enterprises in the United States, and represents the completion of a short cut into Massachusetts Bay entertained in the earliest days of the Colonial era.

* * *

AS I stood before the hearth-stone of a friend recently I noticed a motto I shall never forget, "The fire is the flower of the hearth." In this same home was a suggestion of heraldry that seemed unique and impressive, not the obsolete blazonry of crusaders and antique designs by the College of Heralds, but a simple basket of flowers. It was the family badge, flowering so gently on linen and silver, but best of all in a real basket of flowers. It has long been said that "God never made better people than those who love flowers," and who is there who will tenderly caress the petals of a rose and be utterly unworthy?

The rationally developed love of flowers is looked upon as a marked characteristic of gentle natures. No one has ever yet regretted loving flowers, and no one has ever yet suffered harm through the love of flowers. It engenders no such emotions as those which impel the conqueror or even the patriot amid the horrors of the battlefield. The love of flowers inspires only tender and loving thoughts that suggest restful calm and content. For the flowers herald the spring, and the last fading days of autumn have their own symbolic sweet and gentle blossoms. The custom has passed of placing flowers upon the seats of the new members of Congress or the Senate on the day they enter the august chamber. This is regrettable, for the presence of those flowers in the Senate had a note of affectionate personal regard that seldom manifests itself in the dignified and decorous not to say acrimonious hours of debate.

LOTTA J. DARLING
A Boston poetess and a frequent contributor to the National

One cannot conceive of hatred and a love of flowers existing in the same atmosphere, and the sordid and selfish passions of human nature seem to dissolve before the beauty and perfume of buds and blossoms.

What a beautiful touch of sentiment it was when an eminent public man described going back to the old home and finding there the home in ruins, with the chimney standing up like a gaunt spectre of the past, yet bringing back all the flood-tide of memories with its beds of old-fashioned petunias and ribbon-grass and those flowers that mother loved. He gathered them in his arms and dropped them tenderly on the ancient lawn until their soft petals seemed to whisper a message of love that bridged the chasm of death and years and brought back in almost living light the faces whose radiance was always associated with the love of flowers.

If every schoolroom, office and factory could only have just a little garden, or daily bouquets of flowers, how it would change the atmosphere of the place. Flowers may droop and wither and die, but there is never a cross or ugly look. They speak in silent but sympathetic language something of the message of our lost Eden.

* * *

AS the philosophy of business is discussed, the necessity of courage to every business man is more and more emphasized. A lack of just ordinary "sand" is a common fault of many otherwise able merchants. It is not necessary that a man in trade should be quick to resent the innumerable petty annoyances incident to his business, and many good customers must be borne with when they are really mean, unreasonable and exasperatingly exacting at times. But there are many merchants who have not the moral courage to say no as well as yes; to resist unreasonable claims; to resent degrading insults, and to insist upon the observance of common decency and cleanliness in their stores.

No man ever loses by making due allowance for the petty weaknesses and annoyances of those who are really too weak or too ignorant to realize their folly; but no man ever gains by submitting to intentional insult or injustice from men who are responsible and intentional offenders. Nine times out of ten a man who attempts to impose upon another respects him more if, in a manly and reasonable way, he is called down and given to understand that such injustice or insolence will not be tolerated.

In a wider sense every successful merchant must have the courage to make greater preparations for more business, involving a larger expenditure and new effort. This should never be attempted unless the purpose to carry out the plans initiated is firm and unhesitating. Many good enterprises fail of accomplishment because after the first flush of anticipated success is over, fears creep in, petty failures discourage, and the projector pockets the loss and gives up his enterprise, stopping on the third quarter stretch.

The store and factory are no place for political or polemical discussion, as in old leisurely days of the corner grocery, but are the place in which a man should act and speak in accordance with what he deems to be right. If he is a Christian, he should live his religion there as elsewhere; if he is a believer in the just equality of all men before the law, he should never forget to practice what he preaches and believes; if he poses as a pure-minded and humane man before society, his work and daily life should reflect his profession.

In these things the true courage of today has its chief field of action, for physical courage is but seldom demanded in this age and country, but moral courage and development is needed to guard the right and discourage wrong and push on to greater results even more today than ever before.

* * *

ONE of the cleverest books that has appeared for some time bears the title of "Cheap Turkey." And it is a luscious morsel. Mr. Gobbler appears on the cover with the announcement "34 cents a lb." on the sign post. The author of the book is Mr. Ward Macauley, a leading bookseller of Detroit, and he tells the story of John Goodman and his elation over "cheap turkey" provided by the municipality at cost. He takes turkey home in high glee and tells what has been the result of an up-to-date mayor and an enterprising newspaper. The difference in the price he would pay for a turkey at the market and at the municipal sale is noted. This throws the storekeeper out of employment—but no matter—it was not his turkey that time.

Then from "turkey at cost" he goes to "coal at cost," which throws more men out of employment. Out goes the "baker and candlestick maker," for "man cannot live without bread." Others go to join the army of the unemployed, as the business enterprises tumble under the spell of reform.

Then comes "clothing at cost," eliminating the expense of store and salesman. The mayor is not yet satisfied—when more votes are wanted. Ladies' hats are next to be sold at cost, and Mr. Mayor is now certain of the suffrage vote. Then follows a referendum resulting in headlines across the top of the papers, "Beer at cost—do the people want it?"

Then follows haberdashery, neckties, collars and shoes. The energetic mayor finds that shoes cost him $4.00 and he is going to eliminate the $1.50 profit for selling. More shoe salesmen out of work. The "To Rent" signs rapidly go up in the windows of the empty store buildings all along Main Street.

Before Christmas comes around again John Goodman finds himself on his way home like most of the tradesmen "on the street." He is wondering where he can get enough money to "dig out" of this blessed municipal town. He remembers the "cheap turkey" of a year ago. It is cheap this year, too, but John has no money to pay even the small pittance asked for it.

The book is published by Duffield & Co. of New York, and furnishes not only delightful reading, but it just brings home most forcefully a lot of pertinent questions which are confronting the people today.

ONE of the most popular books of its kind published the past year is "White Mountain Trails," by Winthrop Packard. Now anything that Winthrop Packard writes is always interesting, especially when he writes about the fields, meadows, forests and mountains, for he is one of America's most popular nature writers. His "Florida Trails," "Literary Pilgrimage of a Naturalist," and "Wild Pastures" are high standards, but when he roams among the "White Mountain Trails," beginning with a description of Chocorua, he starts his story as smoothly as the highway on which the long procession passes from Massachusetts to the Mountains. You just ramble along with him as he finds not only pictures that grace the fancy of his description, but real pictures that have all the shadowy coolness of evening and the glow of sunset in the tree-tops.

There are bob-o-links in the meadows, and you can hear the chorus of birds while he climbs up Iron Mountain. Then you wonder and admire over his picture of that June day on Mount Kearsarge wherein he describes a day in the forest tangle; or his prose poem of the rain storm in the mountains wherein he finds the gods, half-gods and pixies and has a glimpse of Vulcan as he looms up with his black anvil. There is an Arcadian sketch of Carter Notch in all its smiling beauty and a taking picture of the Appalachian Mountain Clubhouse. Trudging up Tuckerman's Ravine he finds the spot where winter snows reign supreme all the year round.

About the middle of the book he reaches the summit of Mount Washington, of which we used to read in our school geographies. The sunny days and clear nights at the crest of this noted peak and the beauty of its dawns bring out all the spirit of poesy within Mr. Packard, and he lets loose on Mars and invokes Jupiter Pluvius to help describe the conducts of the clouds.

THE MEMBERS OF THE 120TH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS PRESENT AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Soda crackers are extremely sensitive to moisture.

Before the advent of Uneeda Biscuit the only persons who ever tasted fresh, crisp soda crackers were the people in the bakeries.

Now that we have Uneeda Biscuit—we have perfectly baked soda crackers—perfectly kept.

No moisture can reach them—no contaminating influences can affect their flavor — their goodness is imprisoned only to be liberated by you for you when you open the package. Five cents.

NATIONAL BISCUIT
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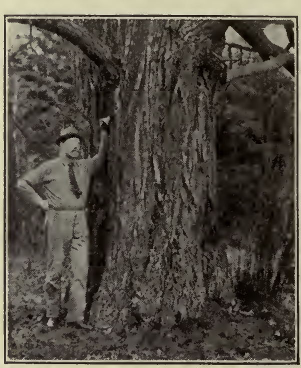
On Mount Washington he lingers a while to describe that hobby of his, beautiful butterflies, and when he comes to butterflies, his descriptions are unexcelled. Down on mountain pastures falls the glow of pastoral scenes, and he tells the story of a cow with all the feeling of one who loves the fields in which the cow roams. There is hardly a page in which he does not stop to describe something about birds.

The Northern Peaks have their fascination in stormy weather and engage his attention in his tramp over the mountains and amid the Alpine beauty of the Lakes of the Clouds. To use this wealth of material on our own White Mountains makes one feel that it is not necessary to travel across the seas to catch the inspiration of majestic mountain splendor.

Crawford Notch is the one place that has a marked social distinction among summer guests. He describes that mighty chasm in the mountains and its perennial charms, nor does he overlook any of the summits thereabouts, and to Mount Jackson is given especial attention. Carrigan, the Hermit, surrounded at the base with a scintillant blue transparency, holds the reader's attention, while this mountain enthusiast humanizes the various peaks. Over the high shoulder of Iron Mountain, on the way to the Giant's Stairs, he describes looking down upon the kingdoms of the mountain world spread out before the traveler and finds in this a fitting climax at the close of the book.



WINTHROP PACKARD
One of the most popular American nature-writers, and the author of "White Mountain Trails"

There is a splendid description from a mountain farm on Wildcat Mountain, the highest ever cleared in New England. The author concludes that "such beauties as these the mountains set daily before the eyes of the man who hewed out the highest farm in New England, a century or less ago on the high shoulder of a westerly spur of Wildcat Mountain." At the last pages of the chapter, entitled "Summer's Farewell," one feels he has been both far afield and far afoot with Winthrop Packard in the glory and majesty of the "White Mountain Trails" and he looks longingly and lingeringly as he realizes that the "topmost twigs are bare. Summer has said good-bye to the summit, and though she looks often fondly back she is well on her way south through the valleys."

The book is published by Small, Maynard & Company, is handsomely illustrated and appropriately bound, and is one of those volumes that will always be cherished by nature lovers, and especially those nature lovers of New England who never grow tired of reading, writing and dreaming about the picturesque and incomparable splendor of the White Mountains.

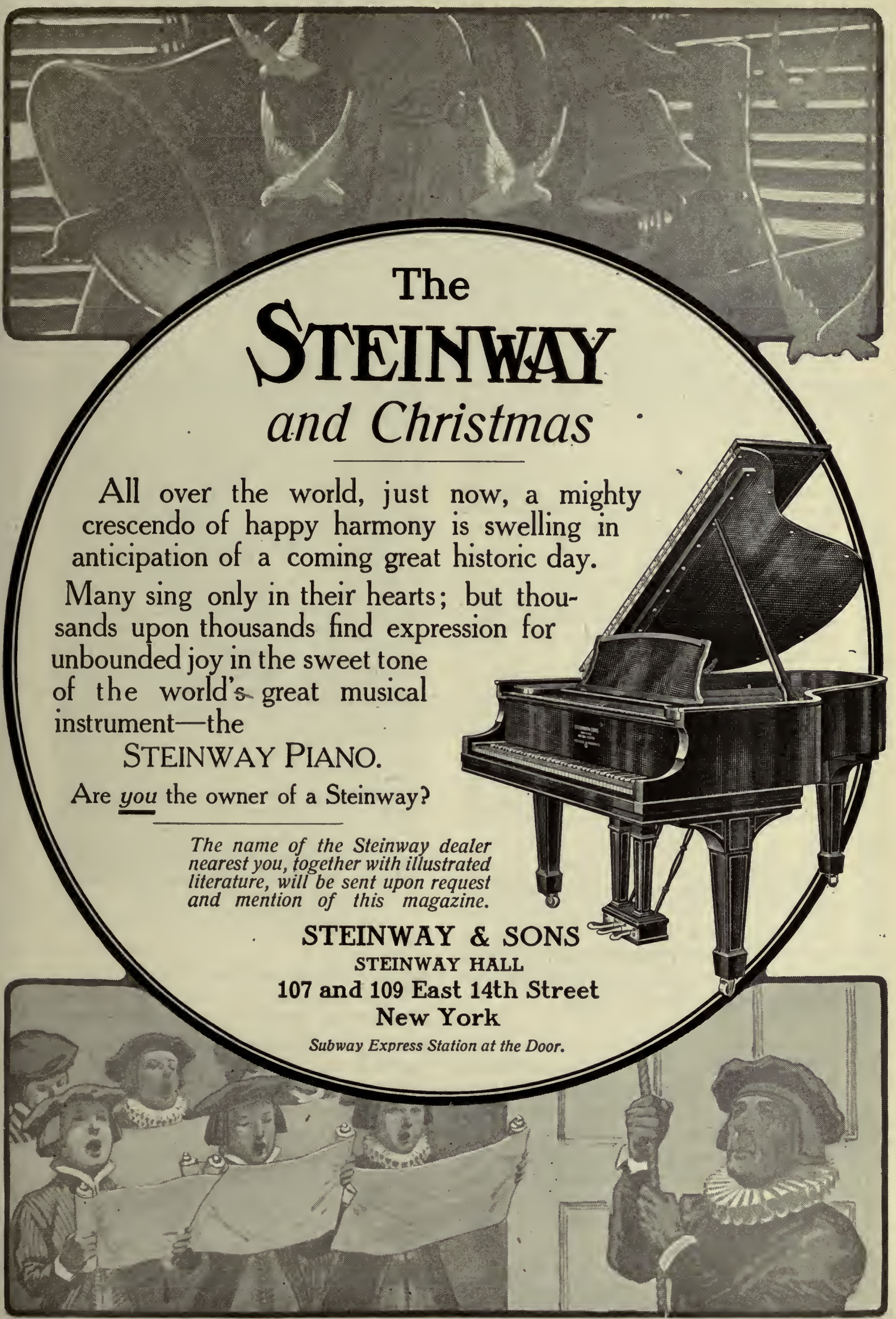
* * *

THE older one grows the more he wants to know something about his ancestors. The sneers and scoffs aimed against genealogy are not sincere.

In New England the study of genealogy has been developed more systematically than in any other part of the country. The works of the past are often reflected through the examination of the ancient records, which after all furnish the basic information for local history, but the most interesting phase of this is the family genealogical record telling the story of the actual men and women who lived and represented the forces and activities of their times. The patience with which days, weeks and years are spent in searching for single and connecting facts commands respect for the genealogical student and places him within the ranks of real public benefactors.

Dr. Loring W. Puffer of Brockton, one of the NATIONAL readers, who himself is near to his ninetieth milestone, writes the editor the following on "The Discipline of Genealogy":

> Neither the thoughtless or irate individual should be censured for his want of respect for the employment of genealogical data



The STEINWAY and Christmas

All over the world, just now, a mighty crescendo of happy harmony is swelling in anticipation of a coming great historic day. Many sing only in their hearts; but thousands upon thousands find expression for unbounded joy in the sweet tone of the world's great musical instrument—the

STEINWAY PIANO.

Are *you* the owner of a Steinway?

The name of the Steinway dealer nearest you, together with illustrated literature, will be sent upon request and mention of this magazine.

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in the world's history today, for probably it has not sufficiently permeated his inner consciousness enough to awake or stimulate any decided mental action. Usually, but not always, the hair must be somewhat whitened by age, before one cares enough to enter this field of action, and thus begin a work that shall only terminate with life. How well I remember reading the communications from the late Hon. Ellis Ames of Canton and Williams Latham of Bridgewater, worthy citizens of the Old Colony, in the newspapers of fifty and sixty years ago. Ames, a very modest man, mostly signed his name Sema, and yet the virile, honest language used always carried conviction, at least to me, and I wondered for some time as to where this information was acquired; but when I commenced a genealogy of my own family I soon found out. The black and white of the ancient records in all manner of places, and in books of record of societies, churches, towns, counties, states, nations, libraries, colleges and schools, all furnished their quota of information, to be sought and when found compared, and so far as possible proved, before being given to the public in their various and proper places. It is the most difficult of mental work, for upon its truthfulness depends its value. It may be many months or even years before its great value to the individual is felt and enjoyed, as it will eventually be. If enthusiastic at first, one's inner consciousness soon begins to suggest untried fields, and a resolve is born for work, before unthought of and perseverance often gains the prize unsought. Always there are elusive quests in which days, weeks, months and even years are spent in vain searches for a single fact, and yet how many other facts are ascertained, some even more important, and all useful for other work, and sometimes an idea of magnitude stands forth ready to your hands for use.

Dr. Puffer has always sustained the old-time theory that work accomplished, of whatever kind, will be found useful at some time, and that if a quest be earnestly followed the facts incidentally obtained will compensate even for failure to find the goal that was originally sought.

* * *

ONE of the vice-presidents of the International Federation of Women's Clubs, which is now rapidly approaching the million mark in membership, is Mrs. Samuel B. Sneath. She is from Ohio and seems to possess the Ohio genius for being elected to executive positions. Mrs. Sneath has been prominently identified with woman's work for a number of years, and was especially efficient in the cause in the state of Ohio, having been president of the Ohio organization.

Mrs. Sneath resides in Tiffin, and is the wife of Mr. Samuel B. Sneath, one of the leading business men of northern Ohio. She has been the central figure of the social life of her community, and her active interest in all matters pertaining to the advancement of women, and her contributions to the leading papers throughout the country has constituted one of the strongest leaders of the women's movement, both as writer and speaker.

MRS. SAMUEL D. SNEATH
One of the vice-presidents of the International Federation of Women's Clubs

BELOVED among the Alumni of Cornell College in old Iowa is Senator Edgar T. Brackett of Saratoga, New York. For many years he has been a Republican leader in his state, and his address at the last convention was counted by his political friends a masterpiece of campaign oratory. It was delivered on nearly the same spot where he entered political life many years ago, and aside from the political argument there was now and then a suggestion of the good old days at Cornell when Edgar Brackett was the leader in debate in oratorical contests. His

"Exquisite! Delightful!"

you will exclaim, when you inhale the fragrance of

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC VEGETAL

(*Toilet Perfume*)

Few perfumes live beyond a season, but ED. PINAUD'S Lilac has been the favorite of a generation of particular men and women.

It is so fine, so delicate, so appealing that its use has become an international habit.

Every drop is as fragrant as the living blossom and the cost is not great, being 75c. per bottle (6 oz.).

As a Christmas gift ED. PINAUD'S Lilac is always appreciated. Six bottles are a fragrant six months' reminder.

Men like ED. PINAUD'S Lilac for their linen and for use after shaving, in place of bay rum or witch hazel.

Test this fine perfume before buying. We have 50,000 little bottles to distribute. Do you want one?

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closing peroration and his reference to the scenes of fifty-eight years ago had the ring of true eloquence and shows the influence of those early days at Cornell:

> Eight and fifty years ago, in the village where you are assembled, almost upon the spot where I stand as I utter these words, was held the first delegate State Convention of the Republican party. It was a time of stress and storm. Clouds and darkness were about them.
>
> It seemed as if the very demon of evil was in air. There were names on the list of delegates that have long belonged to fame. Undaunted by difficulty, untroubled by doubts, with firmness in the right as they saw the right, with faith and hope, they took up their work. Their successors, members of the same glorious party, have still a mighty work to do. Let them take it up like men, who are unafraid, and, dedicating themselves anew to the work here grandly begun, give now the pledge, "Faith of our Fathers, we will be true to thee."

SENATOR EDGAR T. BRACKETT
Of Saratoga, New York, an old-time leader in the Republican politics of the state

* * *

AN editor's mail during a political campaign is an interesting symposium. Politics indeed make strange bedfellows, and political opinions get criss-crossed with social and business relations. Among such letters was one received from the president of a railroad who, for the past fifty years, has been an eye witness and participator in the great development of the country. It shows how even in the strict limitations of a business letter a business man can encompass material enough for a volume.

> . . . It seems to me that during and since the days of 1861–65 I have been becoming more and more out of sympathy with everything which makes for fitting natural change and progress to self-nominated and self-heralded persons, no matter what their ability or what their gift of prophecy.
>
> "In Lincoln, while the heathen raged," I saw an humble, patient, everyday sort of fellow, whose last thought was that of how to boom Lincoln, or how to unboom anybody else who could, and who would lend a hand anywhere on board (from helping at the pumps, away down to bailing with a tin dipper, so that the acts never so little made for keeping the craft afloat until the rents could be either far enough closed or patched to get her into port.)
>
> This United States of America business was given quite a bit of disciplining in and after 1892, when something happened to "the Barings." Prudence demanded some "reefing" financially. You will recall the rebellion of labor, and that the troops were called out for Homestead, Buffalo, some mining town in the West, etc., etc.
>
> It looked pretty good ahead—for solid and sound recovery from the eight years or so of national disciplining—when the Maine was blown up. To my mind it was most unfortunate that war resulted. The late General Sherman fittingly characterized that sort of thing. In case of this particular war the workers were, as they always are in emergency, on their job. The workers of the workers were, likewise, on theirs all the way up from Rough Rider hoopla, to the library distributing, etc., talent (which was, at some stage, for some reason imported). President McKinley's heart and his effort were in the right place and direction. His force and his power to command were not in proportion.
>
> I am not competent to say, or even to guess, what sort of supervision the people as a whole need to provide, or to have provided, for the operation of those things which can be operated only by immense aggregations of capital. It has appeared to me that advantage was taken of the war—and of the "talk much and do little" statesmanship which followed the removal of President McKinley—to see, possibly, how little rather than how much the intent of such "regulative" as there was could be gotten along with, and that, as a result, we came more

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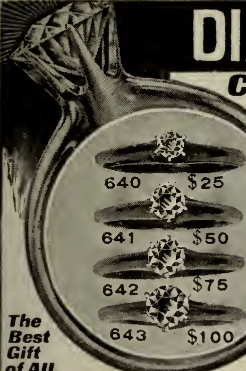

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THE HOME

WHAT is more enjoyable in this age, where the practical governs even our romances, than a reminder of the olden days

> "When faeries were in fashion
> And the world was in its prime."

And if in those days there were no telephones or automobiles or apartment hotels, and all the other things that inventive genius has given us, yet, after all, they had a rather delightful time of it, and there was little of the *ennui* and discontent of today. So I reflected, at least, as I watched the progress of "Robin Hood," known far and wide as "the nation's light opera," and listened to the charming music which Mr. Reginald de Koven has composed for Mr. Smith's libretto.

Never was a character more famous in song and story than Robin Hood, chief of an outlaw band in Sherwood Forest, in the merry days of Richard I. Who is not familiar with the love story of Robin Hood, in reality the Earl of Huntington, and the beautiful Maid Marian, who is saved almost at the altar from being wedded to the false Earl, Guy of Gisborne? It seemed like meeting old friends to greet these historic characters, and the stage settings and costumes were so real that one caught the atmosphere as well as the spirit of Robin Hood's day. What a merry band of men were these surrounding Robin—Will Scarlet, Little John, Alan-a-Dale and Friar Tuck, and where could one find a sprightlier company than the Sheriff of Nottingham and his band of tinkers? Of ladies fair, who could be sweeter and truer than Maid Marian, or more of a coquette than Annabel, beloved of Alan-a-Dale?

The scenes were laid in the market place in Nottingham, in Sherwood Forest, and in the Court House of the sheriff's castle, and there was a sigh of regret as the curtain fell on the merry company, which indeed might well be merry, for in the last act Robin Hood is restored to his earldom and duly married to Lady Marian, while Alan-a-dale and Annabel are also united by Friar Tuck, and all Robin's band pardoned by the king. For the moment the audience lives in the past, and for days the haunting refrain of Alan-a-Dale's "Oh! Promise Me," or perhaps Little John's "Brown October Ale," or Will Scarlet's "Armorer's Song" lingers in the mind.

Mr. De Koven's charming music had the benefit of a notable grand opera cast. Miss Bessie Abbott, who made an appealing "Maid Marian," has made her name in the Metropolitan Opera. From the Metropolitan Opera Company also came Mr. Herbert Waterous, the impressive Will Scarlet, and Miss Florence Wickham, who alternated with Miss Louise le Baron as Alan-a-Dale. Many who had seen the old Bostonians in "Robin Hood" remember George B. Frothingham, the original

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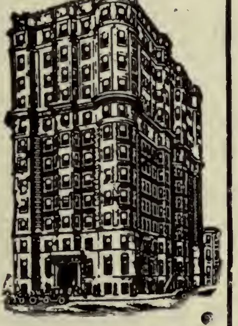

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THE BOYS' MAGAZINE
XMAS 1912
EDITED BY WALTER CAMP

Friar Tuck, which role he has played forty-five hundred times. Edwin Stevens, who made an ideal Sheriff of Nottingham, is an old favorite, and Pauline Hall, who played Dame Durden, is remembered as the star of "Erminie" and many other successes. Mr. Carl Gantvoort, the youthful Little John, came from the Boston Opera Company, and Robin Hood himself was Mr. Walter Hyde of Covent Garden fame. These principals and a talented and efficient chorus formed a cast which infected a twentieth century audience with the spirit of eight hundred years back, and brought a few hours' surcease from the cares of a practical age.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

VARNISH THE CANDLES

By Mrs. M. L. C.

A good way to make your candles last longer than usual is the following: Hold each candle by the wick and give it a coat of white varnish. Lay them away for a day or two to harden. The varnish prevents the grease from running and preserves the life of the candle many hours.

Cleaning With Gasoline

By adding common table salt to gasoline spots can be removed from the most delicate fabrics without leaving a ring around the places cleaned.

To Lengthen Life of Silk Hose

Rub the outer part of the soles of the hose well from toe to heel with paraffine. This has been proved successful by many. The hose can be worn constantly without fear of wearing them out.

WHEN SENDING STAMPS

By Mrs. C. A. S.

In attaching the stamp to be enclosed in a letter by means of a wire clip, which is a great improvement over the old method of moistening one corner, turn the face of the stamp toward the paper, and there will be no danger of the metal leaving a disfiguring mark.

A CHICKEN REMEDY

By C. T.

For gapes or sneezing that sometimes afflicts chickens, mix ten drops of turpentine with one teaspoonful of coal oil, dip a feather in it and swab the chicken's throat. If first application does not cure, repeat until relieved.

CURE FOR CALLOUS ON FEET

By N. F. W.

After removing dead skin with a safety razor, apply freely a mixture composed of equal parts of compound tincture benzoin, glycerine and alcohol. This allays inflammation, removes soreness and forms a tight coating that protects the foot from friction in walking. Use morning and night till relieved. For a "bunion joint" an effective remedy is to apply a poultice of common baking soda and lard mixed to a thick paste every night. When removing poultice in morning apply the benzoin mixture freely; if bunion is painful, use several times during the day.

NEAT RECEPTACLE FOR RUBBERS

By Mrs. G. L. C.

Fasten a sash curtain extension rod about a foot from the floor on the wall of the back porch. Drive in the end screws until a rubber fits in nicely. It will hold many pairs; besides they are always in place, preventing much scattering of dirt as well as confusion.

To Remove Spots on Oilcloth

Anything hot placed on oilcloth turns it white. To remove these spots rub with alcohol and polish with a dry cloth.

To Store Lace

Cover lace with powdered magnesia to prevent its turning yellow.

BUTTER FOR BRUISES

By Mrs. M. M. G.

Apply butter to a bruise. It relieves the pain, prevents swelling and a black and blue condition.

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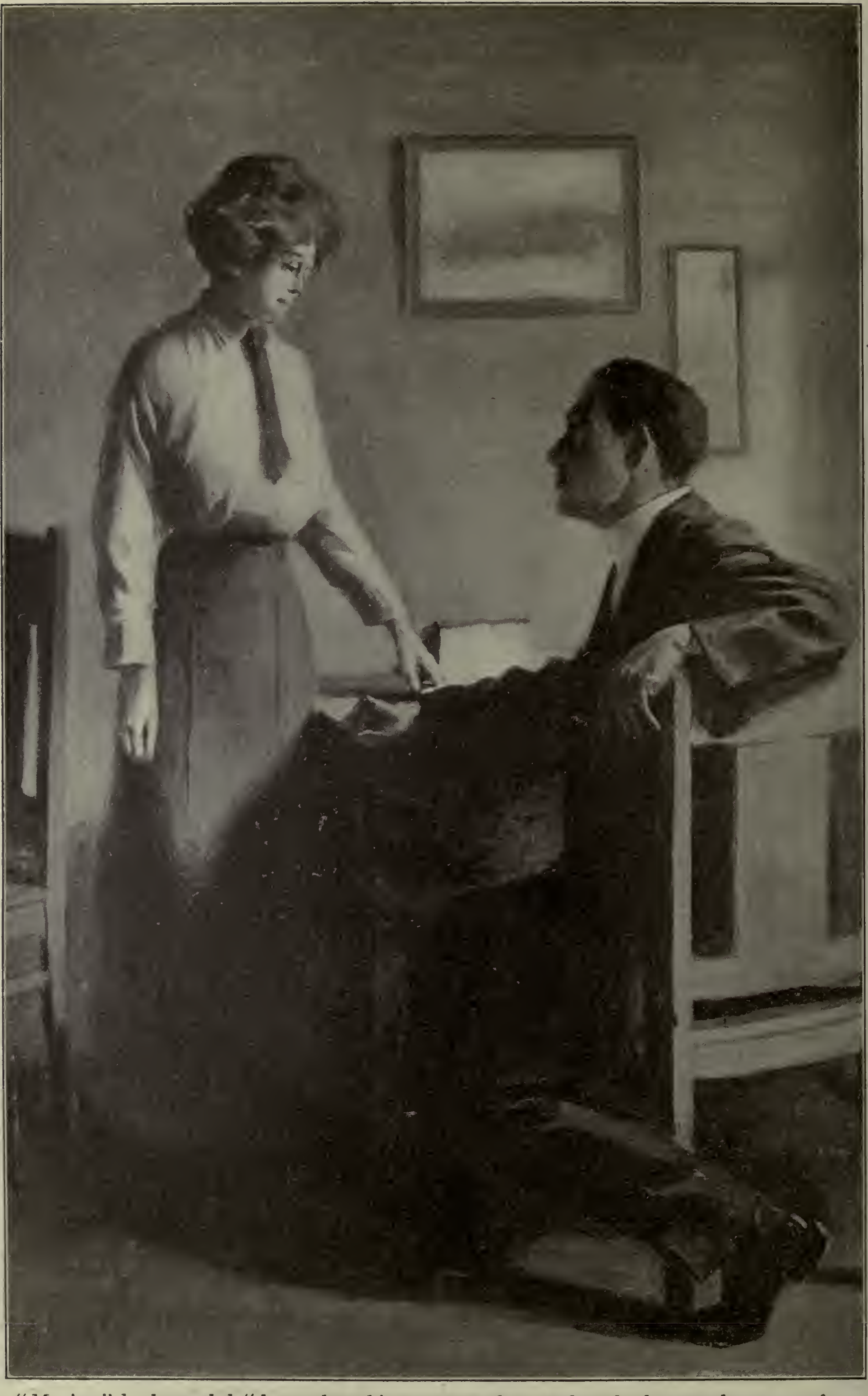
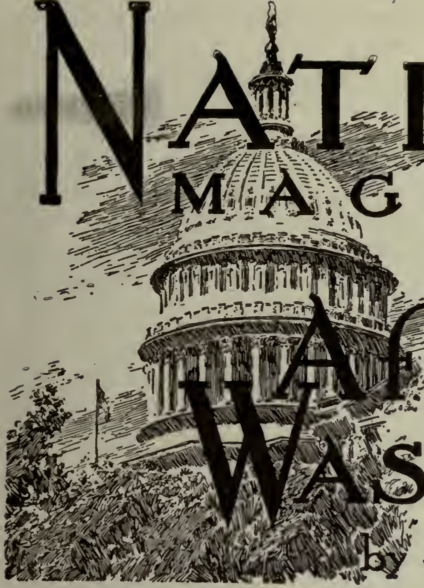


"Marion," he demanded, "do you love this man enough to send me back, to send me away from our good comradeship forever?"

—"Two and a Pocket Handkerchief," page 729

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1913



Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

MANY fluttering leaves will be turned over in Washington on January 1, 1913. March fourth another government leaf will be turned over on the advent of a new administration, and many are the uncertainties predicated to follow. As Uncle Sam tears off the last calendar sheet for 1912 he can look back upon a remarkable year. Events in retrospect rush together with the swift pace of the times. The presidential election of 1912 already seems like history. It is referred to sadly by some and gladly by others, in a tone of lively anticipation. The Democratic patriots who waited long for this turn of the leaf are already in a cheerful New Year's mood. In a short time the title "President Wilson" will slip readily off the tongue. The old story has gone the rounds that when a schoolboy, little Thomas Woodrow Wilson was told by his teacher that some day he might become President, and that he never forgot the statement. But, as was remarked by one defeated Congressman, the same story is told by teachers to every American boy, and only one out of many millions fulfills the prophecy.

With the end of the Taft administration definitely fixed on March 4, there are busy days at the executive office. The genial temperament of the retiring President as extended toward his incoming successor was clearly evidenced in the address at the meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and in his prophecy that the Wilson administration should be able to bring closer together the North and the South because he was a Southern-born President.

* * * * *

FOR the first time in many years the Democratic party will have control of the government from the Capitol dome, in all the departments and bureaus, on to the executive mansion at the head of the avenue. The pilgrims have already begun to gather in anticipation of appointments, and the New Year's reception will have an additional piquant interest. Among the notables that gather will be many prospective officials of the incoming administration, and Washington is a city of official caste. Men in the ranks today may be in command tomorrow and vice versa. The strains of "Pinafore" seem appropriate for the Marine Band at the reception, for the old Captain goes back into the ranks and Ralph Rackstraw comes forward as his commanding officer. Staid and steadfast remains the Supreme Court, the Army and the Navy, but the air is full of change. A lively social season is predicted, and the increasing interest in all details concerning President Wilson and his family indicates how closely the people watch the constant succession of public men who come and go in connection with the official life of the republic.

* * * * *

THAT there will be an extraordinary session of Congress was the first important announcement by President-elect Wilson. It will convene in April, when the blossoms come again, emblematic of budding hope to the army of office seekers who have been invading Washington.

The session should indeed be called "extraordinary," for that term alone indicates the peculiar meaning of the word. The emphasis is officially laid on the two words. The session is an extra one and out of the ordinary as provided by the constitution. One breezy Congressman remarked that it will also give English friends an opportunity to see how their pet word of exclamation may be sedately buried in an official term. "You see," explained the American statesman, "I was telling some English guests about the extraordinary session. They kept murmuring 'Ex-*traw*-dinary!' and if they weren't my wife's friends I'd have informed them that publicly correcting my pronunciation was straining a point in international amity." But the lady of the house declared that it was only a phrase like "You don't say" or—

"*Can you beat it*, dad?" put in his young son, with an innocent grin.

* * * * *

THIS brought up the comment that new words and phrases are coined as rapidly as the mints produce money, and that out of this current coinage comes the continual change of our vernacular, ranging from a fresh edition of Bowery slang to the idioms used in the most provincial and isolated hamlets of the land.

Could you think of a youngster saying anything but "beat it" today, when advising a pal to make himself "scarce"? And when you reflect, you realize that he speaks the tongue of a later era than that of years ago when you were young, and thought "cheese it" strictly up to date and down to the minute. The new language comes from widely different sources. In a recent trial in New York the word "gunman" popped out in the testimony. It was employed to indicate a thug with a revolver, and when the opposing attorney insisted that it was not in the dictionary, he was informed that no other word was quite as expressive or more thoroughly understood for the purpose it was intended than the word flung wide in the newspaper headlines.

A part of Washington official life in these days seems to be the coining of popular phrases, but the golden era in this respect was during Colonel Roosevelt's incumbency, when a fresh-timed phrase appeared in the Monday morning papers as a piquant sauce for "putting over" some new project with Congress and the people.

MRS. WOODROW WILSON
Who, after March 4, 1913, becomes "The First Lady of the Land"

MRS. JAMES A. O'GORMAN
The wife of the New York Senator, a delightful hostess, and the mother of seven children, who are the pride of the O'Gorman home

HE was a retired army officer and lived in Paris. With plenty of money he was enjoying gay life to the full. A familiar figure at certain cafes and boulevard haunts every morning, early and late he insisted that his purpose in life was incorporated in the following lines:

"I lead a rough life,
I get and I spend,
Pay what I borrow,
Give what I lend.
I once loved a girl,
That came to an end;
Get you a dog, sir,
And you'll have a true friend."

One morning he came down the boulevard later than usual with a china dog under his arm all covered snugly with a blanket, bows and ribbons. His companions looked at him, then at the china dog, and thought he must be demented. An explanation followed. "My wife, gentlemen, left me last night for good and aye. She has gone to secure a divorce and she deserves it. I could have borne that grief, but what do you think—she took my dog, my only real friend. On my way down the street to bury my sorrow in the cafes I looked in a shop window and saw this dog. It looked so much like dear old Tim that I went in and bought him. If I cannot have Tim, gentlemen, a china dog is better than no dog at all."

He went on his way humming his favorite refrain, and patting the head of his newly found statuesque pet.

* * * * *

FROM the patriotic Greeks, during the Balkan War, Americans could draw a new inspiration. I found them in groups at the stations in Boston, New York, Pittsburg, Cleveland and Chicago, returning home to serve in the army of their country. Their eyes flashed with something of that same spirit that animated the Grecian heroes of history. I felt myself at times as if talking with the heroes of Marathon, and those Greek warriors who were

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WASHINGTON C.

VINCENT WALSH McLEAN
'The richest baby in the world," in the goat cart which was presented to him by his aunt, Madame Bakhméteff, wife of the Russian ambassador

later deified on Mt. Olympus. As they sat upon their grips and suitcases waiting for the train, they commented in broken English upon the difference in the appearance of their baggage now and when they arrived in America. Many a "Reservist" expressed his appreciation that he had been welcomed to America, but the call "to arms" from the fatherland was stronger than all other hopes and aims.

In one of the Greek restaurants inquiry was made and answered as follows:

"Where is George?"

"Gone Greece. Ham special on brown?"

"What's he doing in Greece?"

"For fight. Had to. He Reservist. Got come back when say to. Just soon get there, go army. What you want, ketchup? Draw one on black?"

"Where is Peter?"

"Gone too. He twenty-one, maybe forty, Reservist."

"Wouldn't you go too?"

"No, plenty there to whip dam Turks; don't need me. Chicken stew!" rang out the Grecian descendant of Demosthenes in the restaurant.

From Chicago and all the large cities they cheerfully returned with that patriotism which is characteristic of the ancient democracy of Greece. The psychological moment had arrived, and the allied army of six hundred thousand rushed to the Balkans and on to the Turkish frontier. More than ten thousand lives were lost, as the dove of universal peace was beginning to alight in

Europe. Here was culminating the racial and religious struggle of centuries, and in the sharp, quick style characteristic of the modern way of "doing things," the war was fought in a few weeks, until the Porte at Constantinople sued for peace. Every one of the Greeks said he expected to return, although he perhaps hoped to linger for a few days under his own vine and fig tree, bringing back large, luscious grapes and memories of the old home. Although immersed in the activities of the New World in making money they want to feel that the bloody menace of the Crescent has passed from the land of their fathers. Since the opening of this war the average American has had more respect for the sturdy Greek adopted citizens, who are proving themselves in sympathy with the spirit of the new Republic of the West.

* * * * *

FEW official desks in Washington fail to receive every morning that portentous publication, the *Congressional Record*. A paragraph marked here and there with its page number attracts the attention of the chief, who immediately dives for the essential news of the day as to legislation concerning his department. The wide range covered by the *Congressional Record* in a single year is almost bewildering, for on some page or other it touches on every phase of the interests of the United States. Even the space given to rhetorical or profound debate is more than duplicated by statistics of the salaries paid to janitors or elevator men. Like all small but necessary details, which, ground in the mill of the *Congressional Record*, make it a veritable unabridged encyclopedia of governmental routine, few single minds ever fully grasp its entirety. Indeed there are many Senators and Congressmen whose work in this line is little realized and never adequately appreciated, who earn more than their salary in reading and digesting the *Record*, and applying the knowledge gained in their committee work.

If it were not for this unappreciated but wearisome and monotonous labor, the complaints of "governmental waste" and "administrative extravagance" would be much more frequent and sensational than now, and it is to be regretted that the real doers and workers in Washington are not better known to the people they serve, as well as the spectacular poseur who scarcely knows the contents of the daily calendar itself, but talks well in generalities and what he sonorously terms "fundamentals."

* * * * *

ON the fifth floor in the granite Post-office building, I found Postmaster-General Hitchcock busy as usual. Uncle Sam made his initial bow to the world as a banker under Mr. Hitchcock's administration, and the postal savings have proven a modern Aladdin that is already bringing back into circulation millions that have formerly been stored away in stockings and like hiding places. This fact alone will serve as one balance wheel in preventing future panic and keeping the currency of the country in active circulation.

One of the difficulties that confronted the Department at the outset was keeping accounts. The situation in Great Britain was carefully studied, and Mr. Hitchcock became more and more enthusiastic, insisting that the savings bank business of this country would double, if not quadruple, that of any other country. The United States covers a territory of more than three million square miles, yet in spite of this the inception of postal savings has not necessitated any great additional expense for clerk hire because of an idea General Hitchcock conceived during his trip to Europe.

There he studied the complicated English system devised by Gladstone, and came home with a card index plan, to originate a system by which accounts to a large extent keep themselves automatically without mistakes. He first did away with passbooks. Now the depositor simply hands in his money and secures in exchange his certificates of deposit of the different denominations, just the same as handing out so much money. These certificates bear interest at two per cent and are not transferable or negotiable; they are utterly worthless except in the hands of the person who buys them. They are issued in duplicate and both original and duplicate bear the name of the depositor. One might be forged, but it would be difficult to sign a forged name and defraud in the presence of an official. This was the psychological fact discovered by the express companies in organizing these money order departments. The

HON. THEODORE L. WEED, DIRECTOR OF THE POSTAL SAVINGS SYSTEM
From a stenographer in the War Department, Mr. Weed has risen from one position to another, and his career reveals the opportunities for the young man in government service

deposits are made only in multiples of one dollar, so it makes accounts almost proof against mistakes in figures. The certificates of deposit may be used later to buy United States bonds, and many are already being purchased.

The largest patronage of postal savings comes from foreigners. More than $300,000,000 went abroad in the year 1909, which entailed heavy expense on the Postoffice Department in issuing orders. In spite of the tremendous development the most surprising feature of the postal savings banks is the ease with which they have been operated and the absence of complications. Old-time financiers, who wrinkled their brows when it was first suggested that Uncle Sam should turn banker, now insist that the new order of things is already proving an important stimulus to bank deposits.

GROUP OF PARCELS POST OFFICIALS

Who have been at work formulating plans and arranging details for the new system. Sitting, left to right: George L. Wood, Robert S. Sharp, John C. Koons. Standing, left to right: Allyne A. Fisher, Clarence B. Hurrey

ONE by one the curious old-fashioned landmarks of New York are passing away, and this applies to individuals as well as to places.

Down on Park Row under the shade of the great thirty-two story Park Row building, is to be found the first quick-lunch room established in the world. It was started in a dingy basement with cups and saucers of a thickness that would defy the very thought of "breakage" and a bill of fare that consisted of largely one item—"Beef and—"

Its founder was Pat Dolan, whose broad acquaintance and genial spirit among the denizens of Park Row with its all-night newspaper workers, postoffice employes and city hall politicians, brought a sudden and lasting popularity to the "beanery"—ah! the secret of the magic word that was understood to follow the familiar "Beef and—" is out. This curious restaurant with its sawdust floor, bare tables and tiny fringed napkins has been the favorite haunt of all sorts and conditions of men. On its walls are the autographed sentiments of a remarkable coterie of distinguished "eaters" including ex-President Roosevelt, P. T. Barnum, Richard Croker, "Bill" Devery, Thomas A. Edison and ex-Mayor McClellan—in fact, its roster in the years past would read like a page out of "Who's Who." At his death, in 1903, Pat Dolan left an estate of nine hundred thousand dollars, and the business passed into the hands of a worthy nephew, Johnny Meehan. True to the inviolate custom of the past, that the proprietor himself should carve each juicy slice, Johnny Meehan donned the apron at the front counter, and began to serve each man to his particular liking—"Beef *and* fat"—"beef *and* lean."

GEORGE G. THOMSON

Division superintendent of the Post-office Department and in charge of details of the new parcels post system, which goes into effect January 1, 1913

Never once did the tall, slim, bewhiskered "Johnny" fail to give what was ordered. It was "hello Bill," "hello Harry," "hello Jack," and now and then a word or two regarding the political situation, or the latest regarding the two famous racing horses, "Dorlando" and "Meehan." Labor organizations in the vicinity vied with each other to present the handsomest set of resolutions for Johnny Meehan's walls, and they found ready sympathy and support from him in their cause.

Another turn of the wheel has come, for Johnny Meehan has passed away, and now another must take his place behind the counter of the first quick lunch in the world where the password is "Beef *and*—"

MRS. PETER GOELET GERRY

Wife of the brilliant young Representative-elect from Rhode Island. As Mathilde Townsend she was known as the most beautiful girl in Washington, and was a reigning belle. About two years ago she was married to Peter Goelet Gerry of Newport, Rhode Island. The wedding was known as "the white orchid bridal"

* * *

DURING the months that Washington officialdom was away from the Capital city the Chamber of Commerce entertained many distinguished visitors. Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for Australia, its guest, was driven over the suburban roads, through the famous Rock Creek and Potomac parks and saw Washington in all the beauty of American autumn days and nights. Sir George was Australia's prime minister in 1904–05 and is known as the most ardent and distinguished advocate of universal peace.

He was intensely interested in the Panama Canal project, which among other things will mean an increased trade between Australia and the United States. He expressed cordial admiration for the canal work.

The jolly laugh of Sir George had a ring to it that struck a response among his American hosts. There is a strong similarity in the alert activities of the denizens of Australasia and America—whether they hail from Canada or the United States of America.

A VISIT to Mexico or any South American country reveals the results of the intrepid and commercial spirit of modern Germany. The Germans first go among them as merchants, learning the language, trying to serve the people, making friends, keeping friends, adapting themselves to the customs of the country, and all the time calling attention both to their goods and to the country where they are made. The following statement sent out by the Department of Education at Washington tells more of their plans:

"A German school is to be established in the city of Baranquilla, Colombia. The Germans living in the city have raised the funds for the land and building, and the German government will send out and maintain the teachers."

It is most gratifying to know of such altruistic devotion on the part of the Kaiser's administration to the cause of education in German literature and traditions. This sort of mission work has also been carried on in Brazil and Uruguay, where a very large population of Germans has been concentrated and where a large railroad loan was negotiated some years ago.

Many times have I seen a native German in Costa Rica and Panama, entertaining his family according to the customs of the

MRS. JOHN B. W. LADD
One of the most winsome of Washington's Thanksgiving brides. As Alice Boutell, the daughter of the American Minister to Switzerland, she was a favorite at the capital

THE KING AND QUEEN OF MONTENEGRO
Two of the most interesting figures connected with the present war

country, but at the same time, sooner or later the alluring charm of his own native land is impressed upon his guests. The consistent way in which the consular service works cohesively in object and method is admirable. Germany is a disciplined country, insisting on obedience to orders and allowing no political wrangle to prevent the employment of experts in matters of government. That explains why in recent years they have been setting the pace for other nations in foreign trade development.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS
The popular New York novelist. He characterizes the United States as "a nation of wasters"

AFTER reading one of Robert W. Chambers' "near naughty" novels, and his description of a new model mounting the artist's pedestal without attire except the author's words, it is reassuring to find that he does not always talk what he writes. He has announced that women should be enfranchised, but throws in that significant dash—"but not yet." He considers the great American movement at the present time "a tramp back to the farm" and reports that it is the only country on earth where men do not think of their grandchildren. We have been a "nation of wasters," he says, and some of Chambers' critics have been unkind enough to say that this is true in the purchase and perusal of some of his stories.

But there is sound sense in the statement that people should cease to live for the moment and that the people are coming to see that it does not pay, for the old nation-wide practical law of measuring everything in dollars and cents is passing. The novelist solemnly declares that the men and women one meets in the so-called social world of New York, of which he has written so much, are actually as decent and human as the men and women that one would meet anywhere.

Mr. Chambers has the distinction of being "the" New York author, and he says that the Revolutionary heroes fought from first to last for themselves—that useful dash comes into play—they did not want to pay a tax on tea. And there you have the New York spirit of today.

Few writers delight more in sociological conundrums, and Mr. Chambers has certainly scored in the favor of his millions of fair readers by the declaration that "if there is an unhappy marriage, it is almost always the husband who is to blame."

Mr. Chambers looks more like an ardent and aggressive young business man than an author. His dark hair is barely tinged with gray, and his brown, expressive eyes twinkle with an optimistic response, no matter what the discussion may be. He persists in making his young women all flawlessly beautiful and insists that it is just because he likes them best that way, no matter how disappointing it may be for the reader who would like now and then to find one woman not quite "so strikingly handsome" but just the average, good, old-fashioned, sensible, lovable girl who has a beauty and charm that is not always portrayed in her gleaming mirror.

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SINCE the automobile has come into common use, it has added one more subject for the jokemaker. The mother-in-law, the red-headed girl and the bent pin have been given a rest. Now the person who rushes in and insists on giving the time in minutes and says he came "in a rush," is corrected by the joker's innocent "Why, I thought you came in a motor," with the accent on the mo—long *o*. Then in the morning he starts out answering the query, "Are you going to take your motor car out today?" The interrogation must contain doubt, for Mr. Automotor says, "I don't know" with some embarrassment, "whether it will go." That is the joke on the motor. The sequel—if you do take it out, where will it go? Then the next motor-joke comes, "I cannot say positively, knowing motors." The third chapter invokes another query, "how long would it take you to go to Halifax if you were twenty miles away?" Then comes that response familiar in Senatorial hearings, a response which has been handed down in Hebrew tradition for two thousand years, the wisest thing a man can say—at times—another motorjoke, "I don't know; ask the motor." The motor jokes so hilariously humorous are nothing more than a new dress of the old philosophy of Socrates years ago when he advised his clients to respond with "I don't know."

Thousands of years before even the contemplation of a modern "blow-out," the automobile today has brought new significance to that simple phrase. It no longer means revel but tire misfortune, which amuses the other fellow who swiftly speeds by with an exasperating look. Sometimes, if the suffering "knight of the road" be found on his knees, the passerby remarks, "Well, I'll be blowed!" Yes, the motor has resuscitated the same dear old original jokes.

MRS. HUGH ROLAND FRENCH
The daughter of former Postmaster-General Robert J. Wynne, and considered one of America's most beautiful women

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THE opening of the Panama Canal is bringing the ports of South America as close to our doors as Cuba in former days. In the wonderful development of Peru, the ancient realm of the Incas, which once produced mineral wealth almost unparalleled in history, the ancient mines are now being re-discovered.

Among the curiosities of modern production, vanadium, a rare metal discovered in 1830 by Sefstrom, a Swedish chemist, is notable for its scarcity and high cost, its production for commercial purposes being practically confined to three countries: Spain, Peru and the United States. The Peruvian mines in the vicinity of Cerro de Pasco are said to supply nearly ninety per cent of the world's vanadium from a deposit of petronite, a sulphide of vanadium carrying here nearly fifteen per cent of the metal.

Nearly all of this is shipped to the United States, where it is used for the production of vanadic acid, one pound of which it is said will act upon sixty-seven thousand pounds of aniline salts in producing aniline black dyes. Last year ferro-vanadium cost from four to five dollars per pound, and there is sharp competition among the few concerns engaged in its manufacture.

This is one instance showing how wonderfully complemented the world is in its resources. What one country needs can be readily exchanged for another; consequently, the high seas of commerce as changed by the Panama Canal will stimulate a wonderful development of natural resources in remote parts of the world that are now being explored and re-explored to meet the necessities of modern life and make the luxuries of the few the necessities of the many.

* * *

ONE more distinctive stamp added to the collection of Uncle Sam will bring joy to the stamp collector. "On and after January first," to use the legal term, the law creating the parcels post service will go into effect. Consignments of new stamps have been sent to the post offices, so that when the clock strikes the hour of twelve, and the New Year is ushered in, that minute the parcels post will go into action on the stamp plan. Distinctive stamps are required for this service and packages not bearing them will be marked "Held for postage." Each parcel also must bear the address of the sender. Before the law went into effect Postmaster-General Hitchcock began a campaign to familiarize the public with the new departure. Postmasters have been kept busy enlightening patrons on the subject, and how to utilize the special stamp for parcel post. The limit of eleven cents has been figured as the proper charge, pound rate, although it seems an odd sum to our currency. The adoption of the new system was held until after the Christmas rush in the mails, but the prediction is made that by Christmas, 1913, Uncle Sam will have to press into service many an extra vehicle and laborer to provide for the holiday trade on the parcel post plan.

SIR CECIL ARTHUR SPRING-RICE
Who is mentioned as successor to James Bryce, the retiring British ambassador

Despite all the discussion, it is doubtful if parcels post can be conducted much cheaper than express rate service. The use of express service dates back to the days of Wells Fargo on the frontier and plains of the wild western country, when private corporations did what the government could not do and does not do today—guarantee safe delivery and immunity against damages. In parcels post the individual will have no recourse from the government for any loss sustained, and the millions paid out by express companies in loss and damage will be saved by the government. These are the days of progress, and we must experiment at times, even though we may make unprofitable and unpopular departures. With nothing to pay for losses and damages, Uncle Sam's rates on parcels post service should be at a minimum.

MARQUIS CUSANI CONFALONIERI
The Italian ambassador, a favorite in diplomatic circles

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PERHAPS because it was a new departure, but, in fact, because of the very purpose of the work, the new children's bureau has attracted widespread attention. Miss Julia C. Lathrop, director of the bureau, is widely known as a social worker and has brought to the department all the enthusiasm of her successful career. She is concentrating the efforts of her assistants upon gathering information on all subjects relating to the work of making a thorough survey of the field and preparing plans through which the national government can effectively promote to the ultimate well-being of the republic the health and happiness of American children.

This movement seems of pre-eminent importance in securing the future welfare of the nation, and the bureau should become a clearing house of information regarding the different forms of state legislation in relation to the children. Investigation as to infant mortality and the issuance of pamphlets to bring to every home information that fortifies and protects the lives of American children—carrying out the ideals of democracy to the extent of giving the parent and the child in the humblest home all the protection that reliable information can extend to his richest neighbor. All this we may demand.

There is little danger that this bureau, if wisely conducted, will either serve to turn children into "molly-coddles," as some critics have dreaded, or will override parental authority, as others have feared, or finally will dull the sense of responsibility in the various states for the care of their own children. The bureau should be a factor that would serve and stimulate all these activities.

MRS. PETER R. LABOUISSE
An enterprising Washington woman who has opened a bureau of social requirements at the Capital. "First aid" is given to social climbers and advice and assistance in all matters social

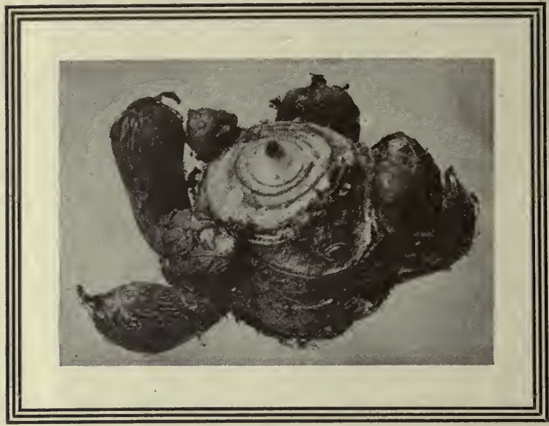
ONCE in a while the foreign manufacturer gets the best of a Yankee, even if there is a tariff intervening. While waiting for the train a ruddy-faced traveling man delivered an address on economics.

"Previous to 1896," he said, "there were three concerns producing the standard sewing cotton of the world: J. & P. Coats of Glasgow, Scotland; John Clark, Jr., & Company of the Mile End Thread Mills of Newark, New Jersey; and the O. N. T. Company.

"In 1896 the Coats Company of Scotland purchased the Mile End Thread Mills, which had previously consolidated with the O. N. T. Company. Foreign stockholders became the dictators of the price of sewing cottons in the United States, and have succeeded in making the American woman pay from five to six cents a spool for cotton which is sold in Great Britain at a penny a spool. Take it from me," he said with a wink, patting his sample case, "these tiny spools of thread themselves could reel out a little story of modern economics that would interest every woman who threads a needle."

Here is a case for a scientific tariff board to work upon.

EVEN the old-time Forty Niners can now receive tabulated news of the gold yield without a tremor. The yield of gold in the United States in 1911–12 aggregated 4,687,053 ounces (fine) valued at $96,890,000. Silver was mined and recovered from other metals to the amount of 60,392,400 fine ounces valued at $32,615,700. This is the largest yield ever known except that of 1909, when gold was produced to the value of $99,673,400. In 1910 the gold was valued at $96,269,100 and the silver at $30,854,500.



THE DASHEEN, THE NEW FOOD PLANT

A semi-tropical vegetable described as "a potato in need of a shave." It can be cooked in any way, and has a rich, meaty flavor. Dasheen seed is being widely distributed by the Agricultural Department

It has not transpired what amount of silver has been bought on speculation in 1910–11, but the price of fine silver has risen over twenty per cent during the last year, and the prospect of additional advances is considered almost certain.

The demand for modern silver and copper currency has greatly increased in Africa where once cowrie shells, beads, cotton cloth, and brass wire were the chief currency, varied a little by local demands for cubes of salt, iron hoes, slaves and live stock.

In Asia, India, with good harvests and greater industrial development, and China, now being rapidly thrown open to modern rail and steam transportation, are needing a much greater circulation of more modern currency than half a decade ago. So, too, in Asiatic Russia, the Japanese dependencies, like Formosa, and in fact throughout the Pacific archipelagoes, the general decadence of barter and increased preference for silver are demonstrating the working of a new and forceful innovation in financial and trade conditions.

In some way, gold as an everyday currency does not seem to be popular, largely due, it is said, to the unfortunate experience of many who find at the bank that a gold piece is very likely to "be weighed in the balance and found wanting" and ignominiously returned, or mulcted for "short weight," while a smooth silver half or quarter goes through without question.

It is quite possible that ten years hence the mints of the world will be turning out dollars, taels, roubles, rupees, francs, crowns and yens on the same basis of bullion value that existed forty years ago; all the more that it is claimed by experts that the present silver production must decline, unless silver attains a price more in keeping with the advances of other commodities.

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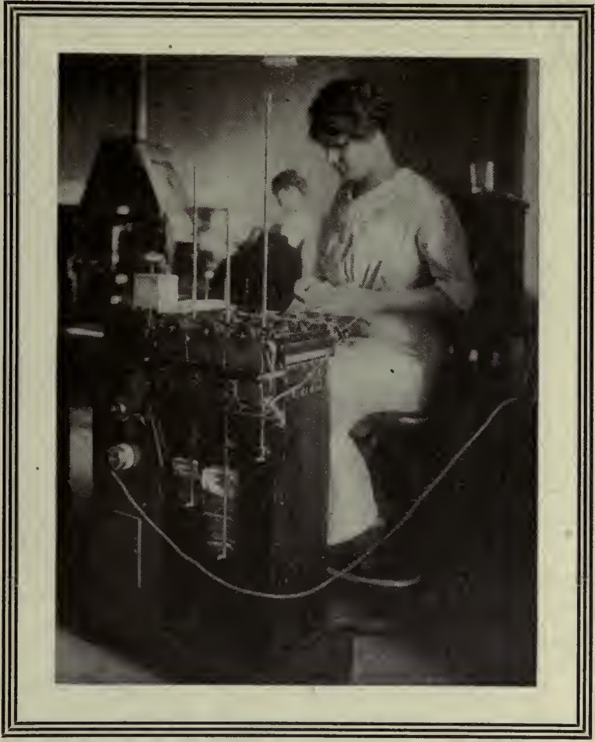
NOW the Treasury Department is more English again. There was a day of jollification when the lady clerks repaired to Room 75 in the basement for a cup of tea at noon-day luncheon. This brought back memories of the old days when lunch was enjoyed at the desks. Modern sanitary regulations required this to be discontinued, but Secretary MacVeagh issued orders that the women clerks should have a real tea-room, which should be modern and up-to-the-minute in equipment. Now the young ladies gather together in their allotted half hour, and from an immense kettle of boiling water, each brews her own pot of tea.

America has been the home of the tea party ever since the famous episode in Boston Harbor, but the social tea party is more popular among the ladies. The spirit of American independence and self-reliance, however, is maintained at the Treasury Department tea parties, where each young lady not only makes her own tea, but also washes and dries her dishes and puts them neatly away. After which they all gather together for that after-tea chat so dear to the heart of woman. No matter how much womankind may invade the fields of man's work and responsibilities, there are certain little feminine instincts that even the hard and merciless exactions of modern business cannot remove.



THE NEW COUNTING AND ASSORTING MACHINE
For paper money installed in the United States Treasury. It is operated by one young lady, who simply feeds in the money, the machine doing the rest. When one hundred bills of any one denomination enter the machine it will automatically lock. The bills are then taken out of the machine and strapped in 100 note packages

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EVERY time I visit the White House I think of the young men who have there risen to prominence from good service and look at the boys I meet on the street and feel like saluting them as the coming men. Few young men starting in public life in subordinate positions realize that prominent positions are recruited every few years from those who know how to handle things. It is always the men who know how to meet men, that are always in demand. Just as the selling force of an organization is always the vital force, so the vital force in public life is the man who knows how to meet men, adjust conditions, and smooth out problems. From the ranks of private secretaries, congressmen and senators are recruited, and among these many prominent men of the later period are necessarily chosen because they know what to do, waiting on opportunity and ready to seize it when it presents itself.

WHAT small incidents lead to a lasting prominence in American political life! Years ago when President Cleveland proposed to return the Confederate flags to their former owners, the North was greatly aroused. Senator J. B. Foraker was then Governor of Ohio, and telegrams and letters of protest began pouring in upon him from old veterans of the Buckeye State.

One telegram from Hillsboro, his old home, came from the station master, who was a wounded veteran of the war. He wired Governor Foraker, stating he hoped the Governor would never return the flags won at such a bitter cost, and intimated that this feeling was intense and universal among the boys who wore the blue. Governor Foraker sent in answer what proved to be a famous message:

> "No rebel flags will be surrendered while I am Governor.—J. B. FORAKER."

This simple line was in almost every newspaper in the United States the next morning, and everywhere excited much feeling and all kinds of comment. The *New York Sun* called the Governor of Ohio "Fire Alarm Foraker," and "Fire Alarm Foraker" it has been ever since.

Few men have so many active and loyal supporters in their home state as Senator Foraker, and the ovation given him at his home city when he presided over one of the greatest of the political meetings of the recent campaign indicated that the love and devotion of his followers have not been dimmed by the passing years.

Although sixty-six years of age the Senator vigorously continues the practice of law. As a member of the 89th Ohio Volunteers he delights in the reunions with his old comrades with whom he marched, camped and fought in the Civil War. The untamed fire and spirit of early days is manifested when the Senator speaks. As a debater in the Senate he had few rivals, and when his brow wrinkled in evolving a statement or argument, his opponents knew it was well to look out, for J. B. Foraker never lacked ready expression and concise argument.

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GATHERING before the cheery wood fires in the old-fashioned grates at the Capitol, many a Senator and Congressman is scratching his head trying to think of a new joke. After the session adjourns for the day a good story-teller is always welcome as he approaches the crowd with the greeting, "Now for a story," or "That reminds me—"

One dashing young Congressman was on hand after his arduous campaign in the Middle West, finishing up his work from last session and preparing for the next. He was referring to the influence of art upon the people, even the humble Italian pedlars who once carried trays of plaster casts about the streets and from house to house.

"It was not so many years ago," quoth the story-teller, "that a rich Bostonian built a fine house and decided to adorn the grounds with fine statuary. Having heard of the famous Venus de Milo he wrote to Rome for a replica of the statue. When it arrived the neighbors all gathered about to admire the beautiful piece of marble that had come all the way from sunny Italy.

"When the wrapping was removed the owner discovered that Venus had no arms, and he immediately sued the railroad for $2,500 damages. He won

MISS CAROLYN MURRAY

The charming daughter of General and Mrs. Arthur Murray. Her marriage with Mr. Ord Preston, a well-known Washington clubman, will take place at Fort Mason, California

the suit, which, as one of the Senators remarked, demonstrated that the road's claim agent was not very well up on art in those days.

"Then," went on the raconteur, "imagine the consternation of the owner when a boy from the tenement district brought the information that the statue as it stood in its supposed damaged condition, without arms, was a perfect reproduction. 'What do *you* know about it?' demanded the owner.

'We have had one of 'em in our house since I wuz a kid,' loftily replied the urchin. 'My ma bought it off an Italian pedlar. Huh! Venus never wore no gloves.'"

The story leaves the hearer's mind "all clouded with doubt" by stating that the chagrined owner returned the money to the railroad company.

Now the reason for all this talk about "arms" from the speaker had to do with a Peace oration then in course of preparation. Introducing his subject with the Venus de Milo story, and how the railroad was conquered by the statuary "without arms," the Congressman argued that as the figure of Venus de Milo stands before the world as a perfect work of sculpture "without arms" so may the Nation stand before the world proclaiming peace and maintaining its integrity "without arms." As he said this, his arms were swung in militant motion.

One can imagine a raven forelock shaking as this peace peroration was delivered and the piping voice from the audience proclaiming "Gee! it may be all right to be 'without arms' but it's awful to think of a nation without clothes. Saw off on the Venus business, man, and give us something on which you can frame up a good wool tariff talk. Statuary don't wear wool."

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WHEN you talk of fish, the eyes of George M. Bowers, Fish Commissioner at Washington, begin to glisten. He can tell you without a moment's hesitation the status of the nation's fish family. One of the events of 1912 as recorded in the office of the Fish Commissioner was the salmon catch on the Pacific coast, the largest in ten years. That shows how the fish habit is growing in the far West. The fish catch in the East is also increasing year by year. The output of young fry has been heavier this year than for fifteen years past, amounting to $3,687,921,057, and the cost of producing young salmon in these fifteen years has been reduced from $468 to $122 per million. When you talk about the output of young fish by the Fish Commission, it runs well into the quadrillions, quintillions and the figures and ciphers are in great demand when computing Uncle Sam's fish hatching operations. Perhaps the plethora of ciphers required for fish-hatching estimates is responsible for the proneness to exaggerate when a simple fish story is told.

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IN the days prior to the assembling of Congress, there was considerable activity in the changes made in the diplomatic service. Hon. Larz Anderson, formerly minister at Brussels, was transferred to Tokio. J. Butler Wright of Wyoming, former secretary to the legation at Tegucigalpa, Honduras, and since spring on special duty at the State Department, has been appointed to Brussels. Fred W. Carpenter, formerly secretary to President Taft, has been transferred from Morocco to be Minister to Siam, in place of Hamilton King, who died at Bangkok in September. Mr. Carpenter has been in this country since October and had a pleasant visit with his former chief, with whom he was associated for many years. He made a splendid success of his work at Morocco during the late trying period and was well deserving of the promotion which came to him in regular course. Irwin B. Laughlin, of Pennsylvania, leaves Berlin to become secretary of embassy at

London, while Joseph C. Grew, of Massachusetts, secretary of the embassy at Vienna, has been transferred to be secretary of embassy at Berlin. U. Grant Smith, of Pennsylvania, secretary of legation at Brussels, has been made secretary of the embassy at Vienna. The personnel of our diplomatic corps in recent years has greatly impressed foreign nations with Uncle Sam's purpose of having real experts deal with international affairs.

The changes in foreign diplomatic circles are also notable. The successor to Baron Hengelmuller von Hengervar, Ambassador of Austria-Hungary, is Konstantin Theodor Dumba, a wealthy and popular diplomat, who inherited the property of his uncle, a Vienna banker and philanthropist, and a great art patron. For eighteen years Baron Hengelmuller represented Austria-Hungary at Washington and was dean of the diplomatic corps.

DR. RAMON H. VALDES
New minister from Panama. His appointment was particularly gratifying because much of his life has been spent in the United States and he speaks English fluently

* * *

THE history of the Adirondacks can never be written without doing justice to the name of Paul Smith. He was the pioneer who first went into the north woods by ox team from Lake Champlain and lived to see Pullman cars rolling past his door. He has been the king of the Adirondacks. He carved his camp out of the wilderness on St. Regis Lake, and there has never been an individual who visited the north woods who did not know Paul Smith. The guests at his camp have included men eminent in social and diplomatic circles and prominent men of many nations.

What a delight it was to listen to his experiences of the early days in the Adirondacks, or to meet him, the life of the group around the camp fire with the ruddy reflection on his cheeks amid the crackle of the blazing boughs as he told of the early days when famous men were wont to find their way to Paul Smith's camp for rest and recreation—his slouch hat atilt and eyes twinkling as he reflected on another story.

Both a sage and philosopher, Paul Smith seemed to understand that close sympathy existing between nature itself and humanity.

Since the early days when he first went into the woods the Adirondacks have become famous as a sanitarium for thousands who have been restored in nature's own way to health and vigor. As Paul Smith often remarked, "there is nothing that can excel Dame Nature in restoratives."

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AS a matter of experience, a Senator's son sought employment on a farm. He soon learned that one working on a real farm is obliged to rise with the sun and quit work long after dark. The young man enjoyed the novelty for the first few days, but soon it began to grow wearisome.

When he heard the familiar knock at the door at 4.30 A. M. he sleepily inquired of the farmer, "What's on today?"

"Oats, and a field of them today," was the reply.

The young man yawned. "Are they wild oats?" he asked.

"I reckon you've sown wild oats long enough," answered the farmer, "and now I'll show you that a field of tame oats is sometimes just as speedy and sprightly as those wild oats you city fellers are so proud to talk about."

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WHILE the advocates of world-peace are working on their great project, the military world is devoting more and more time to perfecting its equipment. The new portable, quick-firing rifle made by Vickers, Limited, of Birmingham, England, has already been accepted by the war department of five great nations, and contracts for more than a thousand guns have already been secured. This novel weapon, weighing only twenty-seven pounds, can be carried by one man and used at tremendous ranges with terrible effect. The barrels are kept cool with a water jacket holding six liters of water, and at one trial 180,000 continuous shots were fired without overheating the barrels, while 2,672 aimed shots were fired in fifteen minutes without exhausting the supply of water.

One man armed with this weapon in a fort or safe cover would be equivalent to an average company of riflemen, so long as the combatants did not come to close quarters.

* * * * *

THERE was a lively hustle among army circles when six hundred officers on detailed duty were shifted over night. Many of them were instructors of the military school and some in the War Department, Washington. It was all because of the provision in the army appropriation bill which provides that an army officer cannot remain away from his command for more than four years. More than one-half of the officers on duty were transferred, and about fifty per cent of the officers attached to the army and military schools will be compelled to go back to field and garrison service.

Pursuant to the detached service clause of the recent Army Appropriation Act, orders are being prepared returning to company duty officers below the grade of major who, during the last six years, have not had two years of company duty. Three hundred and eighty-five officers, who are on detached duty away from their commands, and two hundred who are on duty as regimental, battalion, district and post staff, a total of 585, are to be relieved, and approximately the same number detailed in the places.

The status of approximately 1,170 officers will, therefore, be changed, and of this number a change of station will be required of approximately 770.

It is impracticable at this time to estimate the expense involved.

The relief of a large majority (nearly three-fourths) of the officers is necessitated by reason of the fact that during recent years, though serving with the troops of their regiments in camp and post, they have not been actually on duty with any one company. The duties performed were in daily actual contact with enlisted men, but were such duties as commanding a machine gun detachment, battalion quartermaster or adjutant and corresponding regimental duties.

The officers being relieved are thus classified by General Leonard Wood, Chief of Staff:

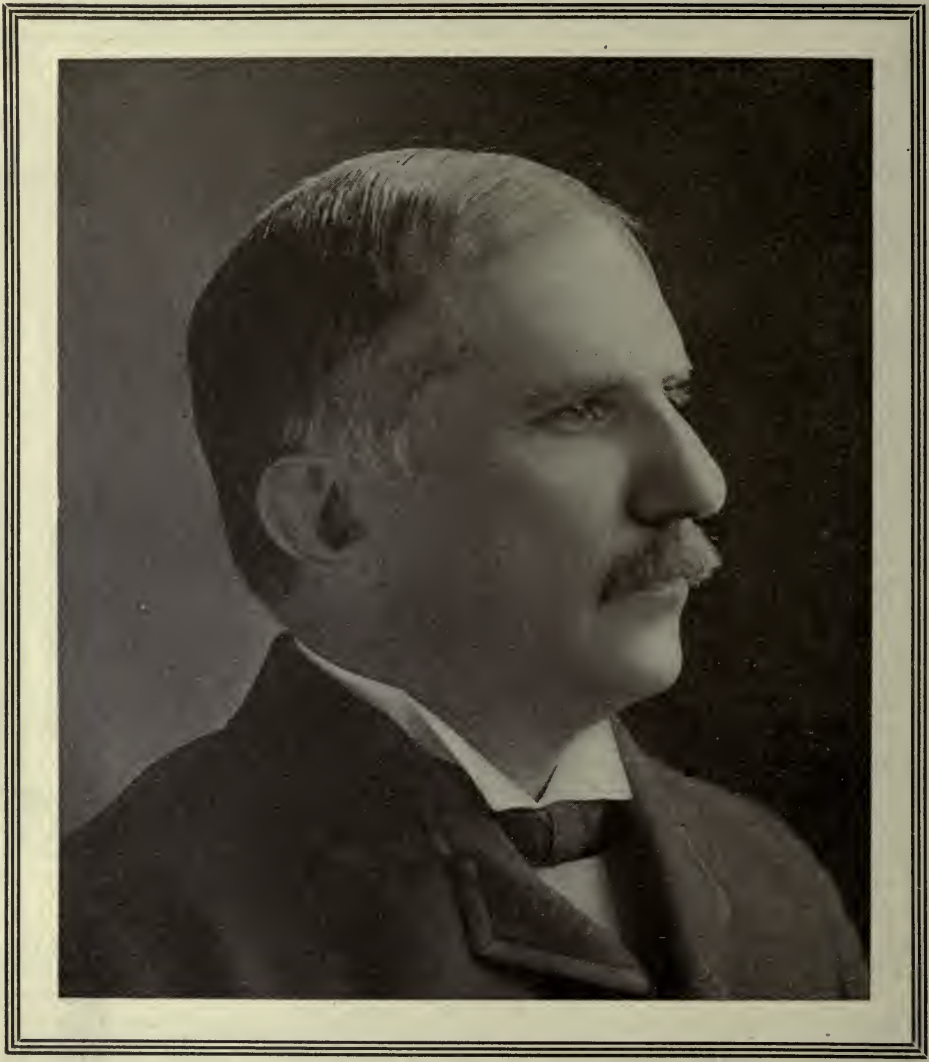
General staff, 8; quartermaster corps, 67; signal corps, 16; coast artillery school, 13; army service schools, 32; mounted service school, 14; military academy, 55; military attaches and foreign military schools, 12; school of musketry, 9; militia duty, 28; college duty, 22; recruiting duty, 21; aides-de-camp, 17; and miscellaneous, 71; present regimental, battalion, post and artillery district staff, 200. This makes a total of 585 officers.

General Wood, while approving of the provision, stated that it would create chaos for a time in re-establishing proper instructors at the schools. However, the provision was a mandatory order of Congress and had to be obeyed. And in the War Department "Obey orders" is the watchword.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN PEACE TREE
Under this tree, which is a mile and a half from Santiago, the treaty of peace was signed by representatives of Spain and the United States

* * * * *

EARLY birds in the vicinity of the White House one bright morning became excited when the fire department visited the home of the President and gave it a real bath. The historic old building has not had a shower bath since Grover Cleveland was President. Congress had failed to appropriate the necessary funds for the annual painting, so a thorough bath was determined upon, and in the early morning a stream of water was poured on the historic walls, and the dust and dirt that had accumulated was removed and the building was once more in truth a "*White*" House. There were some windows broken in the pantry, but outside of this no real damage was done. Patrick at the nozzle insisted that it was as much a trick to play the heavy streams of water on the building without damaging the windows as to run a political campaign. In a short time the White House had completed its ablutions and was ready for the return of President Taft, and to welcome the first Southern born President since the Civil War.



THE LATE SENATOR ISIDOR RAYNER
Who had long been one of the leading Democratic members of the upper house. His defense of Admiral Schley brought his first fame as an orator in 1901. His career in the Senate was particularly brilliant, and his name was offered to the Baltimore convention by William J. Bryan as a suitable candidate for the presidential nomination

As one surveys the closing scenes of each session of Congress, there is a tinge of pathos in the reflection that many of those gathered in the semicircle at the desks below will never meet again. Since the adjournment of Congress the familiar figure of Vice-President Sherman has been missed. In the front row Senator Heyburn will no longer respond, nor will brilliant Senator Rayner hold the galleries with his oratory. In the House a number of familiar faces will be missed, including that of Congressman Utter of Rhode Island. It saddens one to go down the rollcall, and seems to emphasize the old saying that "life is made up of meetings and partings."

The next Congress will include more new faces than any previous Congress for years. New party leaders are appearing on the scene, and old party leaders are passing out of public life as the old republic jogs on. It is interesting to look upon this new body of legislators and to speculate as to which will be favored by the political wheel of fortune.

William Jennings Bryan was a conspicuous figure at Washington during the days following the election, and it is felt that his influence in administration leadership will be felt during the next four years. Meantime his friends are wondering whether the realization of his party's being swept into power will prove as gratifying to him as the anticipation of years past, and fulfill the dreams which he held so steadfastly in all the vicissitudes of former political campaigns.

* * * * *

WAS it not an old Persian King who in the midst of all his glory uttered that time-worn maxim, "This too shall pass away?" The truth of his words is vividly impressed upon the management of government mints. The wear and tear on silver and gold currency the world over amounts to more than a million dollars yearly. England has to renew her silver coins every year, to the average value of $150,861, which is equivalent to a disappearance of about six tons of sterling silver. From wear alone the loss on 4,645,521 gold sovereigns is estimated at about $28,201 yearly.

A much larger deficit due to the destruction of sterling coins and their use in the arts must of course be reckoned with. The loss in value from wear and tear in gold coin is often so great that it is not safe to accept large sums in payment unless laid down by weight. The banks will not accept deposits of material value unless weighed and shown to be true to face estimate. The fact that paper money is more reliable for the average holder than gold itself may seem paradoxical, but it is true, and this may revive again at its periodic time another greenback propaganda.

* * * * *

WHEN New York's veteran fire-fighting Chief, Edward F. Croker, resigned a few months ago, he declared that New York is "paying $8,000,000 per annum for fighting fires, and only $15,000 to prevent fires. Fire-fighting has gone as far as it can go; we've come to the place where we've got to keep fires from starting."

It would seem that, as a needed reform, the substitution of slate, asbestos, or other non-inflammable roofing material for the old-fashioned shingle, should be more generally adopted. Everybody knows that the half-consumed shingle detached from the burning roof, and carried up by a volcanic outburst of flaming gases, often starts a fresh conflagration hundreds of yards and sometimes miles away.

Every consideration of safety as well as of completely water-tight and durable roofs, demands the abandonment of the sawn shingle, that so soon becomes loose through the rusting of the wire nail head, and is then ready to burn and tear loose to start another fire. The fireman is one who is not attracted by the shingle—professional or otherwise.

Visions of the Night

By James A. Metcalf

SOMETIMES strange visions of the night,
Breaking the veil of mystery,
Come from the vaults of memory deep,
Garbed in the raiment of gentle sleep,
Plainly revealed to our second sight—
Brief though their sojourn be.

Often they come from the No-where Land,
Over the path of forgetfulness—
Linked with no act of our conscious life,
Giving no hint of its daily strife—
Moving pictures with settings grand,
Glimpses of happiness.

Thus to my couch of dreams there came
A moving picture I'll ne'er forget;
Day after day it is just the same,
Bringing sweet peace when I worry and fret.

Billows of ocean were crested with foam,
Tossing, it seemed, in a torment of pain;
Out where the phantom ships ceaselessly roam,
Storm-clouds gave promise of tempest and rain.

Then came a rift in the cloud-banks above;
Surcease from darkness and passion it gave,
Just like the smile of an Infinite love
Sunshine now gleamed on the crest of each wave.

Thus, in an instant, the scene was all changed,
Giving new range to my thought;
Joy seemed to come to a heart long estranged—
This was the lesson it taught.

Just when the sorrows of life bear us down,
Just when God's goodness seems veiled with a frown;
When fear of night leaves the face white and drawn—
Remember that darkness must yield to the dawn.
Storms that may sweep o'er life's ocean today
Cannot be checked—but they come not to stay;
Sunshine will break through some rift in the cloud,
Life's garb of gladness soon cover death's shroud.

Come to us ever, sweet visions of the night—
Come when dark shadows have almost banished light;
Day dreams—O stay, dreams, and help us still to rise
Above the bonds of time and death, to life's great Paradise.

The Pearl of the Antilles

by Oscar Frichet

IN these days when almost every nook and corner of this old globe of ours has been visited and written about, it is at least a little pleasant to light upon a spot which may be still considered virgin soil, and which has not been "flogged to death" by the ubiquitous tourist.

Such a spot is picturesque Cuba, the largest of the West India Islands, the "Pearl of the Antilles." History tells us that Christopher Columbus sighted Cuba on the twenty-eighth of October, 1492, and that he named it Juana, in honor of Prince John, the son of Ferdinand and Isabella. The name was afterward changed several times, but the old Indian appellation has outlasted all other designations, and the island is now universally known as Cuba.

The island is about 790 miles long, and it is traversed by a mountain chain covered with valuable forests. Rich plains and valleys are to be found all over the island, making it one of the most delightful places in the two hemispheres. It has scenic attractions innumerable; spots of beauty are everywhere, and the tourist will find that he can enjoy a new excursion each day, never mind what town he makes his headquarters.

Last January saw the opening of the Florida East Coast Extension Railroad, and now trains speed from the mainland of Florida across 156 miles of salt water to the island of Key West, half-way to Cuba. From there they are run direct on to ocean-going ferries to Havana, so that it is now possible for the New Yorker or the man from Chicago to travel without changing carriages to the capital of Cuba. Between Miami, on the Floridan coast, and the naval station at Key West there is an immense stretch of coral islands known as "keys" and, by using these little patches of land as stepping-stones, the railroad is carried across the sea. At Long Key, one of the coral islands, the train loses sight of the mainland. There is a viaduct here close upon seven miles in length, with arches to the number of 185. For this railway across the sea—the most brilliant engineering feat of modern times—we are indebted to Henry M. Flagler, "the man who made the South."

Cuba, Hayti, Porto Rico and Jamaica, the four Greater Antilles, are, according to scientists, a group of disconnected mountains, two-thirds of whose extreme altitude is submerged beneath the sea—the sea in which mighty Spanish galleons were sunk by the gentlemen-adventurers of Queen Elizabeth's sunny days.

Grandly cutting the horizon as the tourist is carried toward Cuba are the giant hills, which are a portion of the Copper Mountains, a majestic chain eight thousand feet high. The copper mines were first worked in the seventeenth century by the Spaniards, being discovered, it is said, by Hernando Cortes. The mineral wealth of Cuba is by no means small, and besides copper, the island is rich in iron pyrites, manganese, oxide of iron, antimony and chrome.

There are several fine landlocked bays around the coast, abloom with every tropical beauty. On the edge of the shimmering sea with its changing lights and colors, can be seen a fan palm known under the name of Thrinax argentea, the silver thatch. Large quantities of the leaves, which vary in size from two to three feet across and turn a silvery gray when dry, are shipped to various parts of the world for the making of chip baskets, screens, and hats. Cuban peasants use the thrinax leaves for thatching, and a roof covered with them is impervious to rain.

A cactus plant growing inland has a crimson fruit from which a dye resembling cochineal can be obtained. The blossom of the cactus is of a delicate sulphur yellow, and is not unlike an evening primrose.

The history of Cuba is the history of slavery and barbarity under the iron rule of the Spanish crown. It is, indeed, a sad and mournful record of cruelty and injustice to the Cuban race. General Calixto Garcia, the late famous leader of the Cuban Insurrection, was for many years Cuba's friend. To free the island from her oppressor, Spain, was his pet ambition. He was one of the triumvirate who fomented the first Cuban Insurrection of 1868, and the part he played in the Spanish-American War was more than important. His proclamation, full of characteristic compassion for the people whose cause he had at heart, is memorable. "Our children shall live for something else than the Spaniard's poniard and the guillotine," he said. "Our men are the men of the last rebellion; our soldiers the soldiers of ten years; and our flag the flag of 'Yara.' The warriors of today shall not cease this war until the Cuban flag of revolution shall float over the Spanish fortresses."

A CUBAN STREET

It will be remembered that when America declared war with Spain in 1898 a remarkable pledge was added by Congress to the order for forcible intervention in Cuba—a pledge that bound the United States to "leave the government and control of the island to the people." Consequently America waged a costly war with no prospect of direct adequate recompense. A nobler piece of generosity was never offered to a distressed race, and the promise was not broken. Four years later, on May 20, 1902, the United States Government, having succeeded in freeing Cuba from her foreign masters, formally presented the island with her independence—gave it to her as a gift, free, gratis, and for nothing, after it had cost America hundreds of lives and millions of dollars. It was a day of rejoicing when the Stars and Stripes came down from the governor-general's palace, and General Wood and his able staff marched to the wharf and boarded the cruiser "Brooklyn." And the vessel slipped by Morro Castle and out to sea, out of hearing of the *vivas* that greeted the birth of the new Cuban Republic.

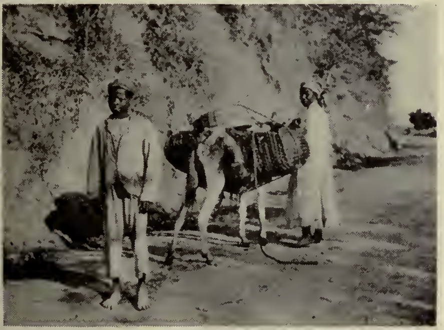
The large fort known as Morro Castle should be seen by every visitor to Cuba. At the time of the Spanish-American War its guns were of a very ancient date, and stood no chance whatever against modern ordnance. Some of the cannon were fine specimens of French work of the Eighteenth Century, and the majority of these now serve as memorials to the war.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF A PORTION OF SANTIAGO

Before the birth of the new Republic America did everything that was possible to set the island in order, and since the war hospitality has acquired a new significance there. Bandits were almost as numerous as blackberries "before the Americans came," but they are dead now—dead as Queen Anne. When the Spaniards "ruled the roost," Cuba lacked that freedom to allow her to expand, the freedom to allow her to imitate the methods of the Great Powers, the freedom to govern herself. Now Cuba is a go-ahead little country, and the days of slavery "befo' de war" are just a memory—nothing more.

After Spain had hauled up the white flag, so to speak, General Leonard Wood, the then military governor of the province of Santiago, commissioned Captain Kelly of the United States Volunteers to form a rural guard to check crime in the island and to look after the interests of the Cubans.

The Guardia Rural, as the military force became known, soon numbered over three thousand men, and in a short time acquired all army advantages, with artillery, cavalry, and infantry branches. Barracks and stables were built at Cuartel de Concha, at the extreme edge of the city of Santiago, and overlooking the battlefield of San Juan and the road to Caney, where a memorable fight, resulting in the loss of many men of the United States Army took place on July 1, 1898.



A SNAPSHOT ON THE ROAD

* * *

I have heard it said that the Cuban policemen can handle a law-breaker with a skill that would put the average New York constable to the blush and throw a German "bobby" into an apoplectic fit.

The Cuban constable when he is a heavily-built negro is a terror if he is rubbed the wrong way, but he is a good fellow at heart and will assist the stranger to the best of his ability—even if you require a microscope to get a glimpse of that quality. If you were to ask him whether he would lock you up if you were to refuse to listen to his idea of the law, he would probably stretch himself up to his full height—an action of so much meaning that a verbal reply from his thick lips would be superfluous. He recognizes his power and he loves to use it. But tickle his palm with a few coins, and maybe you'll make him a brother for life.

AN IMMENSE CACTUS PLANT

The chiefs of the Cuban police are white men, holding I believe the rank of captain, and the traveler should, if he wishes to pass within the prisons, make friends with them. The gaols are well worthy of a visit. The cells are kept scrupulously clean, and are well off with regard to ventilation.

Before the Americans put their feet on the island of Cuba the sanitation was worse than bad, and this picturesque spot—the "Pearl of the Antilles"—was nothing better than a fever-stricken plain whose beauty was but an illusive dream of happiness. But the Yankees, so soon as the war was over, did everything imaginable in the name of sanitation. For a time Cuba was hygienically mad, and government reports upon diseases, germs, bacilli, the plague, cholera, and what not, made that portion of the public which could read go on a constant microbe hunt and exhaust a good deal of their brain matter upon all sorts of precautions.

PUBLIC SCHOOL FOUNDED BY GENERAL WOOD

Santiago, under Spanish rule, was extremely unhealthy, owing to the inexplicable lack of common sense so far as sanitation was concerned. Malaria and other fevers abounded, and the dreaded "Yellow Jack," once so common in Jamaica, was very prominent. The Americans directed their efforts toward hygiene, and the traveler has only to visit the Sanitary Department at Cuartel de Concha to discover how excellently they succeeded. This establishment deals with the extermination of mosquitoes as well as with the usual sanitary arrangements, and the good work it has done has made Santiago one of the healthiest towns in the West Indies.

The United States Government found that education, like sanitation, was absent nearly everywhere, and they set their hands remedying the sad state of things. General Wood founded a school at Santiago for the ignorant little Cuban lads and lassies, and a very fine school it is. The masters are more than proficient, and they all seem to possess the uncommon knack of knocking knowledge into empty skulls without the loss of patience and temper. This school building is perhaps the finest piece of architecture to be found in Cuba. It was built by Mr. Reed at a cost of nearly three hundred thousand dollars, but I do not know the exact sum. Lucky Cubanites! America spent millions of dollars upon them and their little island, and then presented them with their independence and their birthplace as a free gift.

Beautiful, indeed, is the sight the traveler witnesses who wanders off the beaten track, and walks or drives across the battlefields of Cuba. Here is fine vegetation and scenery in all its tropic luxuriance. The air is singularly pure out there away from the cities, and possesses such an invigorating quality that the inhaling of it makes one imagine that everything around has been new-created—one's self among the number. Glorious drives there are in plenty—along narrow paths edged with Guinea grass six feet high, glittering with multi-colored dewdrops and overshadowed with cocoanut palms, and through scattered lanes with high hedges fragrant with the blossoms of the white opoponax, and across undulating plains where wild guavas and limes spring up at every yard.

A HOME FOR ORPHANS AT SANTIAGO

There are hills upon hills covered with the Royal palm, or Oreodoxa regia, a graceful plant with slender plume-like leaves. The forest districts of Cuba are glorious specimens of wild scenery. There are acres innumerable where the woodman's axe has scarcely been. The Cuban timber is unsurpassed for durability, and the lancewood, ebony, and mahogany in the island are magnificent in quality.

For gay life Havana is very much like

Paris. Pleasure is the order of the day and night, and the opera and the drama—not to mention the circus and the ball game—are more than generously patronized. One of the finest streets in the city is the Prado, which is bordered by large villas, set in the centre of magnificent gardens where ornamental cacti are to be seen growing to an immense size.

One of the principal excursions from Havana is to the cave of Matanzas. The visitor has to go down about one hundred feet in the bowels of the earth before reaching the cave. The roof of this underground vault is supported by pillars of pure white stalactite, and the walls and floors glitter with rainbow crystals. The passages of the cave extend for three miles.

The Isle of Pines, a mere inlet off the Cuban coast, and a short distance from Batahanos, is noted for its gorgeous scenery. The whole of the island, sixty-five miles long by forty broad, can be seen from the high hills of Cuba. It is a mass of pine forests on mountain tops, which form a striking contrast with the tropical foliage in the valleys.

The observant traveler may learn a great deal of the life and character of the Cubans by halting here and there at a street corner or in a wine shop. Something fresh attracts the attention at every turn, and one cannot travel a single mile without chancing on an object of interest. Here an old, crumbling, decaying Spanish building is seen. Here, again, along some desert slip of seashore you will come across batches of men and women bathing or fishing. The Cuban women are all more or less good and charming, and they are extraordinarily quick at reading your wants in your eye. Their natural quickness of perception is perhaps a little remarkable, and the majority appear to have so firm a trust in their own honor that they cannont believe anyone who receives a kindness at their hands would ever repay it ill. And the men folk, as a rule, are not kind, wise and faithful husbands.

About a mile and a half from Santiago the traveler comes across a tree standing by itself out on the plains. It is a common kind of tree, but it is, nevertheless, one of the most famous trees in the world, for below it the Treaty of Peace was signed by representatives of Spain and the United States. In its vicinity are graves of the men who laid down their lives in the war. Several fine old bronze cannon from Morro Castle are scattered round the tree to serve as a perpetual memorial.

From the plain where the tree stands ex-President Roosevelt's Roughriders made their last charge in the assault of San Juan Ridge. On the ridge itself just beyond the plain stands a remarkable monument. It is just a square pillar of granite, having an empty shell on its summit and bears the following inscription: "In memory of the officers and men of the United States Army who were killed in the assault and capture of this ridge on July 1, 1898, and the siege of Santiago, July 1 to 16, 1898, in the war between Spain and the United States." In front of the monument is a "Papaw" tree which was shot to pieces during the assault on San Juan Ridge.

THE MONUMENT ON SAN JUAN RIDGE
Erected to the memory of the officers and men who were killed in the assault on the ridge

Cuba is a place where the tired business man can enjoy the very perfection of rest and quiet, while the glories of its scenery cannot fail to exercise a never-dying fascination to the writer, the artist, or the poet.

The Song of the Little People

by Lilla B. N. Weston

THERE'S an army of dwarfs who inhabit this world,
And from them an echo comes twisted and twirled;
Their ways are a menace, their god is a prig,
Their existence a show:
"We want to be big, we want to be big—
But we don't want to grow!"

Their gaudy apparel is ragged and worn,
Their mantles are tattered, their laces are torn;
And yet drifts the chorus all nature has loathed,
And heard but to grieve:
"We want to be clothed, we want to be clothed—
But we don't want to weave!"

Their houses are poverty-stricken and old,
Their windows are broken, their hearthstones are cold;
And yet comes their cry in hysterical pitch,
To the tune of a jig:
"We want to be rich, we want to be rich—
But we don't want to dig!"

Their minds are a mockery, gossip is rife,
Their praises are empty, their days filled with strife;
Yet e'er from among them complainings arise,
And jealousies burn:
"We want to be wise, we want to be wise—
But we don't want to learn!"

They grovel and grumble in sore discontent,
They struggle and ache with internal dissent;
They shudder and shiver and wrangle and hate,
And cry as they shirk:
"We want to be great, we want to be great—
But we don't want to work!"

The Author of "Darius Green"

by Nixon Waterman

SOME seven miles from Boston's most famous and familiar landmark—the "gilded dome" of the Massachusetts State House on Beacon Hill, which the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" assures us is "the hub of the solar system"—and in a pleasantly beautiful home, by the side of the pleasantest street in the pleasant town of Arlington, resides John Townsend Trowbridge. The author's fine poem descriptive of his street and his home concludes with these lines:

So here, well back
From the shaded track,
By the curve of its greenest crescent,
Today I swing
In my hammock, and sing
The praise of the street named "Pleasant."

No American boy—or girl, either, for that matter—between the ages of eight and eighty needs ask: "Who is John Townsend Trowbridge?" Since away back before the Civil War, children and grown-ups have read, enjoyed and been uplifted by his charmingly wholesome poems and stories. Perhaps in the years gone by the chapters of his incomparable tales, published serially in *Our Young Folks*, *The Youth's Companion* and other papers and magazines, were awaited at thousands of village post-offices with a greater degree of eagerness than was felt for the lines of any of his contemporaries. And had he received a royalty of only a penny apiece from every pupil employing his lines when "speaking a piece on the last day of school," the venerable poet's already ample material possessions would have magnificently increased. Innumerable have been the occasions, in the little country schoolhouses, set like lamps of learning from sea to sea, or in the more pretentious village and city schools, whereon the budding orators plumed their wings for their first flights, with lilting lines from the poems of John Townsend Trowbridge. Among his most popular "speaking pieces" of a lighter nature is his world-famous poem, "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," known and loved by schoolboys of more than one generation. There has ever been something inherently fascinating about the bright-eyed, keen-thinking "Darius," much given to inquiring:

"Birds can fly,
An' why can't I?
Must we give in,"
Says he with a grin,
" 'T the bluebird an' phoebe
Are smarter 'n we be?
Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?"

. . . .

He argued further: "Ner I can't see
What's th' use o' wings to a bumble-bee,
Fer to git a livin' with, more 'n to me;
Ain't my business
Important 's his'n is?"

Just forty years after writing these verses it was the happy privilege of the author of "Darius" to behold, soaring aloft in the sky above him the very flying-machine which, in a cruder form, his own "Darius" had so long before sought to launch. This was at the Boston Aviation meet, September, 1910, on which notable occasion was taken the picture in which he is shown clasping hands with the famous "birdman," Claude Graham White. The poet was not averse to accepting the aviator's invitation to soar aloft, but some friends dissenting, he concluded to delay his flight until the flying machine has acquired more of absolute stability. Mr. Trowbridge, eighty-five years young, and finding as always he has, the world full of zest and beauty, is now sojourning in Southern Europe, where for some years he has been spending his winters. Though he still employs the old-fashioned ocean steamship means of transportation, who shall say that he may not yet be privileged to make the over-seas journey in an aerial craft of which the prototype was the flying-machine designed by "Darius Green"? Mr. Trowbridge insists that at the time he wrote the poem he had no gift of prophecy. "I made no attempt to look into the future," he asserts. "I heard a story about a man who tried to fly and found the landing the hardest part of it.

That is all." But notwithstanding the modesty which is so characteristic of the author, no doubt his poem, constantly called to the attention of the youth of the land, must have done much to keep alive in their thought the possibility of navigating the air, and there are those who are quite firmly of the opinion that to "Darius Green" and his genial author and creator is due some of the credit for the final solution of the problem of air navigation. This contention is well set forth by one of our present-day newspaper versifiers in what he has termed

AN OPEN LETTER

Are you reading the papers, Darius Green?
If so, you certainly must have seen
That the very thing you tried to do,
Away back there when the world was new,
And you sought to fly
About the sky
And failed, though you had the spunk to try,
Has been worked out,
Without a doubt,
For men are soaring all about,
And showing the world "'T the bluebird an' phoebe,"
As you maintained, aren't "smarter 'n we be,"
Since we no longer "see the swaller
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler."

And though it happened you got a fall
For your endeavor, that was not all,
For you set men thinking and now they've done
The wonderful thing that you begun;
And while they'll claim
The cash and fame,
The world will never forget your name,
But write it high
Across the sky
As the boy who believed we could learn to fly!
And so we readily understand
Why each inventor of every land
Will wish to say on his winged machine:
"Put forth with apologies to D. Green."

The spirit of good humor that inspired this poem has been one of the gracious underlying forces in the long and active life of the venerable poet and story writer, now in the golden autumn of his illustrious career held in fond regard by his readers the world over.

MR. JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE GREETING MR. CLAUDE GRAHAME WHITE

My First Real Celebrity

by the Editor

WHEN asked, "Who was the first celebrity you ever met?" my mind instantly reverts to those days in boyhood when the broad sides of the village barn, elevators and fences were plastered with posters announcing in great red letters the arrival of P. T. Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth." Indelibly impressed in memory are those garish bills, setting forth the glory of the menagerie, the caparisoned elephants and the athletes of the swinging trapeze.

How "us boys" looked forward to that "day of all days," the 17th of July. It was as much a red-letter day as the Fourth of July, and to most of us it was the first circus held at the county seat, seventeen miles away.

The horses, thin-fleshed and chafed after a strenuous spring plowing, were hardly in condition for a long drive, so it was decided to take the early "butter-and-egg train" and make a real excursion of the event.

Was there ever such a sunrise as on the day that we went to our first circus? Many times before the sun had risen, when there was work in the fields, but never had it appeared so glorious and welcome as upon that morning. Was it not a special favor that it shone forth so radiantly on this day, when we were going to Barnum's circus? The glory of it all was that we had the sanction of mother, despite the protests of some of our "strict" neighbors. There was a hurried breakfast, a last brush of clothing and an adjustment of neckties by mother, and then we tumbled out of the house. As we ran down the steps we could hear mother's voice: "Be sure and see Mr. Barnum!"

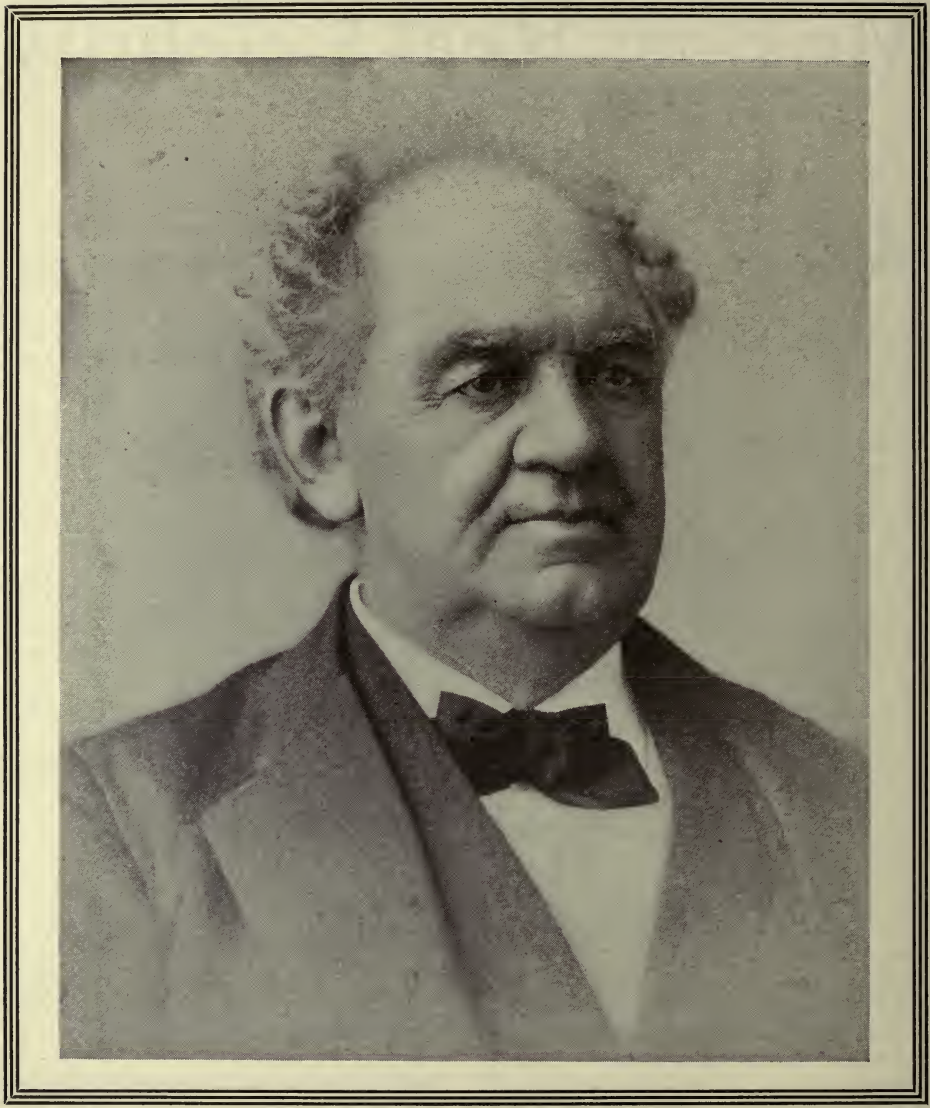
The dew still beaded the grass when we arrived on the circus grounds, where the great tents were ready for raising, and the excitement of the haste and magical celerity was entrancing to the farmer boys. The earth embankment of the three rings was ready, and the men within sang as they drove the stakes; there was the roar of the animals from the highly painted caravans, and the appetizing odors from the cook's tent. All was excitement, and all were working like clock-work. For the circus must be ready in time.

We looked hard at every man we met to find him whose features were emblazoned upon the billboards, but without success. Walking up to the kindly-faced "boss" who was issuing orders like a mate on a ship, we asked where we could find Mr. Barnum. He broke out in a rough, hearty "Ha! ha!" and said, "The circus will be ready at two o'clock this afternoon." It was still early morning, and the farmer boys solved the problem of what to do with the intervening hours by applying for the job of carrying water for the elephants. Here, perhaps, was a chance to save that money which had been carefully hoarded for the ticket of admission. By earning a ticket, the precious fifty cents could be appropriated for a bulging bag of "fresh-roasted peanuts," a tall, tempting glass of pink lemonade, a package of popcorn ("assorted flavors"), and perhaps an alluring red toy balloon to take home to little sister. What couldn't we have if we saved that ticket money?

Before we could realize the dream, we found ourselves hired to water stock, while the city boys were dispatched to the cook's tent.

* * *

It seemed only a few minutes when the whole circus colony was aglow with the excitement of getting ready for the parade; and how gorgeous seemed the cavaliers and ladies on horseback as they started forth on the march of triumph through the town. Our feet fairly danced as the band passed. The scream of the calliope at the end of the procession was the signal to cut across lots and see it twice. We waited patiently down the street by the



PHINEAS TAYLOR BARNUM
From a photograph taken in the prime of his active career

river and again we heard the stirring music from the band wagon, coming nearer and nearer.

Then the glory of that pageant of nations! England, Ireland and Germany were all arrayed in their native costumes, playing the national airs of the various countries. The sight of the man in the lion's den with nothing for protection but a whip—a whip that would not make old Bob at home move a bit faster—was a part of the circus, even before the former president went to Africa.

At the head of the procession was the real "thriller"—a white chariot drawn by a white horse, and inside a pleasant, benign-looking man—Phineas Taylor Barnum himself. To me that parade inspired awe deeper than the glory and magnificence of the Coronation parade witnessed in later years.

Back to the circus grounds we scurried

to see "Big Dan," the boss of the grounds. He seemed disposed to be friendly and doled out sandwiches and other good things to eat, thus enabling us to save on the dinner appropriation. He kept us busy supplying water to the elephants, to say nothing of the camels, who seemed to consume more water than the whole cistern at Benny Brown's haunted farmhouse. And through it all we were happy, for were we not a part of the Barnum circus?

When our work was finished we confided in "Big Dan" that mother had told us to be sure and see Mr. Barnum. He looked at us for two or three moments, half smiled, and told us to be at the front entrance at one-thirty. Long before the appointed time we were there, eager and expectant, and it seemed hours until "Big Dan" came out and "passed" us, although our tickets called for another entrance.

Seated in a camp chair in the straw at the front of the tent was Mr. Barnum. He was talking in his peculiar quick, jerky way, and was the center of all glory and activity.

There was no formal introduction. Two farm lads, with brown legs, barefooted, with new Kentucky jeans, new neckties and new straw hats, appeared before him. The men who were with the great leader made as if to put us beyond the ropes, when I went straight to Mr. Barnum, looked squarely into his kindly eyes and explained bravely that mother had told us to meet Mr. Barnum, and here he was. His sense of humor was instantly aroused; he gave one of his characteristic chuckles and patted us on the heads, permitting us to stand by him as he greeted newspaper men and local celebrities.

The great throng was now surging into the main tent. The "spielers" from the side show attractions were roaring out their proclamations as the great pictures on the canvas flapped in the wind. The "fat woman," the giant, General Tom Thumb, and the "Missing Link" all added glory to the scene. Mr. Barnum was thoroughly master of the occasion. Just as the pageant was about to start he went inside and appeared riding in his victoria behind the white horse. Standing on the straw right underneath the grandstand we saw the circus.

How precious the moments seemed—they passed all too quickly. The announcement of the coming concert at the conclusion of the performance came as a rude reminder that the show was near its end.

As the ticket man climbed over the seats shuffling the bits of pasteboard and juggling the coins, while our eyes followed him longingly, Mr. Barnum happened to look over at us. In the twinkling of an eye it was done; we had—yes, from P. T. Barnum himself—two tickets for the concert. Our day's joy was now complete.

And even to this day I can see that cordial, kindly figure, and will always think of him as the first real celebrity I ever met. He had the principal asset of all the world's greatest celebrities—he understood human nature. A boy has a nature to be appealed to, and the basis of Barnum's great success was that he knew how to appeal to the whole people. He understood the necessity of amusement for American people—something to neutralize the stress of their quick, nervous temperament, and he always managed to find something that satisfied their curiosity.

* * *

It is now many years since P. T. Barnum's "Struggles and Triumphs, or Forty Years Recollections" was first published, but to this day I know of no other volume of biography more interesting and fascinating than the life story of P. T. Barnum. It is a history of the eventful times in which the author lived and played no unimportant part, and was written at "Waldemere," his home at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Of all the books that graced the humble bookcase in the little farm library at home, P. T. Barnum's "Recollections" was the favorite. Recently, while speaking before the Board of Trade at Bridgeport, Connecticut, on the "Flashlights of Public Men," it seemed natural that, when a query was made concerning Mr. Barnum, the mind should instantly revert to that first circus. Before me loomed up the figure of Phineas Taylor Barnum, for many years identified with the Connecticut city which he was always proud to call his home. A visit to Bridgeport with the grandson of Mr. Clinton Barnum Seeley renewed the old memories. On the terrace of his home I told the simple story of how I met his grandfather, and the portals of the Barnum estate were thrown wide open. Here I looked upon the magnificent Sea Side Park, which was given to the city of Bridgeport by Mr. Barnum, one of the finest parks in the world ever presented to any city by an individual.

This park is situated at Breezy Point, where it is always cool and delightful. His friends thought that on this site Mr. Barnum should have made his home, but insisting that the people should have the best of his beautiful park, which extends in a great crescent above the shore of the Sound, he built his home further back and was content.

"WALDEMERE"
One of the famous homes of P. T. Barnum at Bridgeport, Connecticut

Before his statue in the park I felt like adding my reverential tribute to the memory of one of the most picturesque, philanthropic, unique and interesting characters in American history.

The house "Marina," in which Mr. Barnum spent the last years of his life and died, is now owned by his son-in-law, Mr. Wilson Marshall, who, although a Republican, has a name thoroughly suggestive of the Democratic presidential ticket. "Marina" was built on the site of "Waldemere." In the library here, P. T. Barnum carried on his work and did his writing. With nothing to intercept his view of the ocean he loved so well and Sea Side Park, he spent the happy sunset of his life.

On the second floor was the room in which the great circus leader passed away and wherein he loved to meet his friends in the last days of his life. Mr. Marshall has built an extensive addition to the home, and has it filled with trophies of the yacht "Atlantic," which won the International trophy.

In the rear of the house was a garden, to which Mr. Barnum, without waiting for them to grow, transplanted huge oaks and trees, insisting that if small trees needed two oxen, four oxen would transport larger ones, and he always believed in doing things on the largest scale possible. The word "big" was an adjective that meant something to P. T. Barnum.

In the Mountain Grove cemetery we looked upon the monument that marks the resting place of P. T. Barnum—a simple shaft, yet a fitting tribute to the man. Near at hand on another towering shaft is a life-size statue of General Tom Thumb, in private life Charles E. Stratton of Bridgeport, for it was in Bridgeport that Mr. Barnum discovered Stratton, the little midget of whom he was always so considerate and whom he declared was the mascot who laid the foundation of his fortune.

When we visited the winter headquarters of the circus, I instinctively inquired for "Big Dan," and learned that he was still on the road—"one of the oldest men in the service." The elephant barns and the tall giraffe barns were still of interest to the one-time farm lad, for livestock is livestock, be it antelope or ourang-outang. The group of red buildings which is the winter home of the Barnum institution did much in early days to make Bridgeport famous.

Mr. Seeley still does business in the office which his grandfather occupied, and it is still known as the Barnum office.

* * *

P. T. Barnum was a constructive American citizen in the broadest sense of the word. The story of his struggles and triumphs is one of the most interesting in history, ancient or modern. His father died when he was fifteen, leaving his mother with five children, all younger than he. Thus the lad grew prematurely old, for it was necessary for him to take up the burden and help his mother in redeeming the homestead, his father having died insolvent. The boy decided to set out from home, and in the early chapters of his autobiography tells of his farewell to his mother, and her last message to him to prove his love of God by loving his fellow-beings. The thought remained a life inspiration.

One of his earliest business ventures was the accumulation of a wagon-load of green glass bottles. He tells in a frank way how he raffled off the bottles and sold tickets for the lottery like wildfire. In this way the glass bottles which he had on hand were turned into cash. The story of "Aunt Russia" and "Uncle Bibbins" has in it all the homely life setting for a novel. In New York he was taken down with smallpox, and many times he found himself without means after some venture. But he was never without hope. He had scarcely tasted liquor before he was twenty-two years of age, always read his Bible and attended church regularly, habits which had a great influence in his later life.

During the ups and downs of his youth, after reading the "want" columns of the *New York Sun*, young Barnum made application to Mr. William Niblo of Niblo's Gardens for a position as a real, temperate barkeeper, but disliked the work. He had a wonderful faculty for getting money and also, he grimly adds, for getting rid of it, but he never seemed to lose his infectious optimism. He early discovered that his forte was in catering to that insatiable side of human nature which desires amusement.

P. T. Barnum launched his career in the show business by exhibiting a remarkable negro woman, believed to be one hundred and sixty years old, and said to have been a nurse to George Washington. An old bill of sale was exhibited, properly dated, concerning Joyce Heth, then aged fifty-four years, and evidence was also furnished that she was nurse to George Washington. Everything seemed so straightforward to the young man that he was eager to become the proprietor of this novel exhibition, which he purchased for one thousand dollars, five hundred of which he paid down, selling out his interest in the grocery business, and the other five hundred he borrowed. He saw that the thing to do was to make people talk and become curious and excited over rare spectacles. Regardless of expense he advertised in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and the halls were thronged until Joyce Heth died.

After he went into the circus business, Mr. Barnum's troubles began in earnest. He was at one time imprisoned as a result of a newspaper experience. At Lenox, Massachusetts, he attended church one Sunday while the minister was denouncing as immoral the circus and all connected with it. After the closing hymn, Barnum made a written request of the preacher to be permitted to reply. The minister ignored him, but after benediction he was compelled to listen to P. T. Barnum's idea of the circus and its morals outside the door.

Some experiences of Barnum's circus in the South have all the thrill of a romance. He visited General Jackson at "The Hermitage" in Nashville, and enjoyed the close friendship of "Old Hickory." He declares that he dreaded the life of an itinerant showman, but even after he thought he had retired, he was compelled to take it up, and after this came the purchase of the American museum, which proved the great work of Barnum's life.

"What do you intend to buy the museum with?" asked a cynical friend. "Brass," replied Mr. Barnum nonchalantly, "for silver and gold have I none." But soon

PHINEAS T. BARNUM
Taken at his home in Bridgeport when he was enjoying the sunset of life at his home "Marina" in full view of the waters of Long Island Sound

crowds of patrons began coming and leaving a veritable stream of both silver and gold.

At this time he began to astonish people with his original and liberal advertising. His descriptions of various features are veritable masterpieces of rollicking humor. In Hoboken, New Jersey, the claims for his herd of buffaloes evoked the criticism of N. P. Willis, who insisted that the American people loved to be humbugged. But P. T. Barnum knew what the American people liked.

It seemed singular that after exhibiting giants he should come across Charles S. Stratton, the midget at Bridgeport, through his brother, Philo F. Barnum. Stratton was but two feet high and weighed less than sixteen pounds, and after seeing and talking with him, he was engaged at the age of five years at three dollars per week, all expenses paid. Mr. Barnum christened him "Tom Thumb."

Many hours were personally devoted by Mr. Barnum to the education of this unique acquisition, who became such an

"MARINA," HOME OF P. T. BARNUM, AT BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

important factor in his life. He decided to take "Tom Thumb" to Europe, and his popularity there suggests incidents in Franklin's career, for the tiny fellow was soon the favorite of the crowned heads everywhere, and everybody was interested in seeing him. No courtier was ever more gallant or seemed better to fit the ways of royal life than little Tom Thumb. Dukes and princes vied with one another in paying court to the little American.

Later, in one of his European lecture tours, Mr. Barnum met and dined with Thackeray, who had a warm appreciation for Barnum and the American people. The husband of Jenny Lind also called upon him in London and with little Tom Thumb at his side, under the patronage of the Emperor Napoleon III, he found that fortune favored him. His strong, genial personality seemed to make friends for P. T. Barnum wherever he passed. Few celebrities of his time did not know him, and he was always enjoying some rare experience. In his employ were many men who have since become famous. Frank Leslie, later the publisher of *Leslie's Weekly*, came to him with letters of introduction from London, and his first employment was to prepare an illustrated catalogue for the Museum, then at the height of its popularity.

The years of 1848 and 1849 Mr. Barnum termed the happiest of his life, for they were spent with his family at his country seat, "Iranistan," near Bridgeport. The site of "Iranistan," with its Moorish towers and minarets, was engraved upon his letterheads and was the one thing which attracted Jenny Lind when he wrote seeking to engage her for an American tour. In fact, she confessed that it was this picture that determined her coming to America. Jenny Lind contracted to come to America in 1849, the "Swedish nightingale agreeing" to sing at one hundred and fifty concerts for $25,000, all traveling expenses paid. It was a gigantic undertaking in those days, and soon Mr. Barnum found his resources failing, but the Rev. Abel C. Thomas of Philadelphia came to his assistance and the project was carried through to success.

A graphic account of his meeting with

Jenny Lind is given by Mr. Barnum in his autobiography. She asked him when and where he had heard her sing, and upon receiving the answer that he had never had the pleasure of seeing her before in his life, she asked, "How did you risk so much money on a person whom you never heard sing?"

"I risked it," gallantly answered Mr. Barnum, "on your angelic character and reputation, feeling that you would please the American public." Then began a campaign of advertising to prepare the people for the appearance of Jenny Lind. Two hundred dollars was offered as a prize for an ode entitled "A Greeting to America" to be sung by Jenny Lind, and the award was won by Bayard Taylor. No singer who has ever appeared in the country has secured more enthusiastic welcome than Jenny Lind, all because of the genius of P. T. Barnum.

* * *

Clinton Barnum Seeley possesses a painting of Mrs. Barnum and her three daughters and a portrait of Mr. Barnum as he was known in the sunset of his life at Bridgeport, the scene of his early struggles and later triumphs. He was greatly interested in temperance work even to the day of his death, and it was a satisfaction to him to realize that his unflagging sympathy with humanity and his genial sense and appreciation of humor were all bearing good fruit.

His chief desire was to have Sea Side Park provided for the people of Bridgeport, and the beauty of the streets, parks, playgrounds and drives of Bridgeport testify to the taste and generosity of the undaunted genius and faith of P. T. Barnum. He was determined to develop that town in his native state which he believed was destined to become a great industrial center of Connecticut, and the home of many thousands of well-paid working people.

At "Waldemere" he covered the walls of his library with pictures and souvenirs, removed from Lindencroft, where he lived since 1867, and here with its glorious trees and fresh breezes, he determined to give Sea Side Park to the people whom he loved and who loved him.

The letters and correspondence which came to him in those long, last days are, indeed, a rare glimpse of the celebrities of his time, for he seemed to know everybody. Upon his passing, his old friend Dr. Collyer, the noted divine, delivered a eulogy that touched the heart of every individual who came to pay a last tribute to the memory of Phineas Taylor Barnum.

Here was a man who not only understood human nature, but who also saw in advance of his times that the genius of the age was the evolution of business activity and exploitation. And this phase of national development found its greatest exponent in the career of P. T. Barnum.

'TIS LIFE BEYOND

I WATCHED a sail until it dropped from sight
Over the rounding sea. A gleam of white,
A last far-flashed farewell, and, like a thought
Slipt out of mind, it vanished and was not.

Yet to the helmsman standing at the wheel
Broad seas still stretched beneath the gliding keel.
Disaster? Change? He felt no slightest sign,
Nor dreamed he of that far horizon line.

So may it be, perchance, when down the tide
Our dear ones vanish. Peacefully they glide
On level seas, nor mark the unknown bound.
We call it death—to them 'tis life beyond.

—Heart Throbs, II.

The Nobility of the Trades

FIRE-ARMS, 1400—1809, A.D.

By Charles Winslow Hall

NEARLY three centuries ago John Winthrop and his associates were fitting out the best-planned and best-equipped expedition that ever left England to colonize North America. One of the very first things to provide for after the important matters of transportation, food and suitable clothing, was an adequate supply of arms for defence and hunting, since from their very issuance from the harbor of Plymouth, pirates, privateers and the public enemy lay in wait, and beyond the seas the savage Indian, and not less merciless Spaniard and Catholic Frenchman were likely to raid their infant settlements for more than one generation. In addition to cannon and plain armor, swords, etc., the following arms were purchased by the Company:

Eighty bastard (bore) muskets with snaphances and four-foot barrels, without rests; six fowling-pieces, six and one-half feet long, musket bore; four fowling pieces, five and one-half feet long, bastard musket bore; ten full muskets, four-foot barrels, matchlocks and rests.

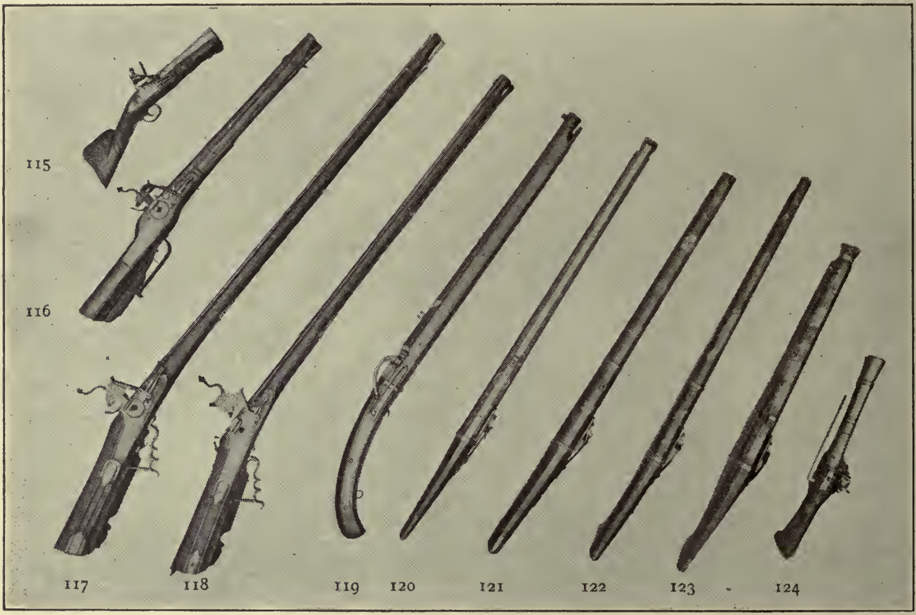
These weapons, supposing that the "snaphances" were really in part at least the flintlock, into which the snaphance was rapidly developed, we have with the exception of the wheel-lock, which was too costly and complicated for general use, all the various fire-arms in common use in 1628–29, the date of the above purchase.

All Americans who claim descent from the early settlers, and pioneer adventurers of the republic, not only delight to learn what manner of men they were, but with what weapons they held their own against savage beasts and murderous men; eked out scanty crops, and scantier earnings, by trapping and hunting, and on the seaboard, at least, secured a large part of their food from the immense numbers of wild fowl, plover, and land birds, which then, at certain seasons, were found in enormous numbers.

In the national museum at Washington, a collection of arms begun by the late General Benjamin F. Butler, added to by the United States Cartridge Company of Lowell, and loaned to the government, presents to the investigator a most complete series of ancient and modern firearms, beginning with the matchlock, and ending with the magazine, and perfected breechloaders of the twentieth century. To their courtesy the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is indebted for the excellent plates which only in part illustrate their catalogue of nearly six hundred and fifty weapons, most of which have figured in the wars and sports of the marksmen of the republic, at home or abroad. The cases and numbers referred to are those which designate the collection at Washington, and visitors there will be able to verify any impression based on these articles.

There is no sample of the earliest "hand-gun," first made it is said at Leipsic (1375), which was merely a miniature cannon, fastened to a kind of club and discharged like a cannon by means of a slow-match. By lengthening the barrel, affixing it to a clumsy stock, boring the vent at the side of the barrel, adopting a kind of lock which held the match and brought it directly and promptly into the priming powder, and adding a pan-cover which protected the priming from damp and shielded the eye of the soldier from its flash at the discharge, the matchlock became sufficiently serviceable to become the favorite weapon of the soldier for nearly three centuries; and it may be added is in use in Thibet at the present day.

In Case No. 2 are shown seven matchlocks of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, their calibres stated in hundredths of an inch, as follows: No. 108, Fifteenth Century, calibre .70, bell-muzzled; No. 109, Sixteenth Century Afghan, calibre .75; No. 110, Seventeenth Century, Japan, pistol-stock, held at the hip, calibre .45; No. 111, Sixteenth Century, India, calibre .65; wire-twist barrel, inlaid with gold and silver; No. 112, Japan, calibre .50, octagon barrel, gold inlaid, ebony stock; No. 113, Sixteenth century, calibre .60, square barrel, straight stock, four brass bands; No. 114, Sixteenth Century Afghan, calibre .50, curious stock, fourteen brass bands. The perfected wheel-lock is said to have been brought out at Nuremberg about 1515.



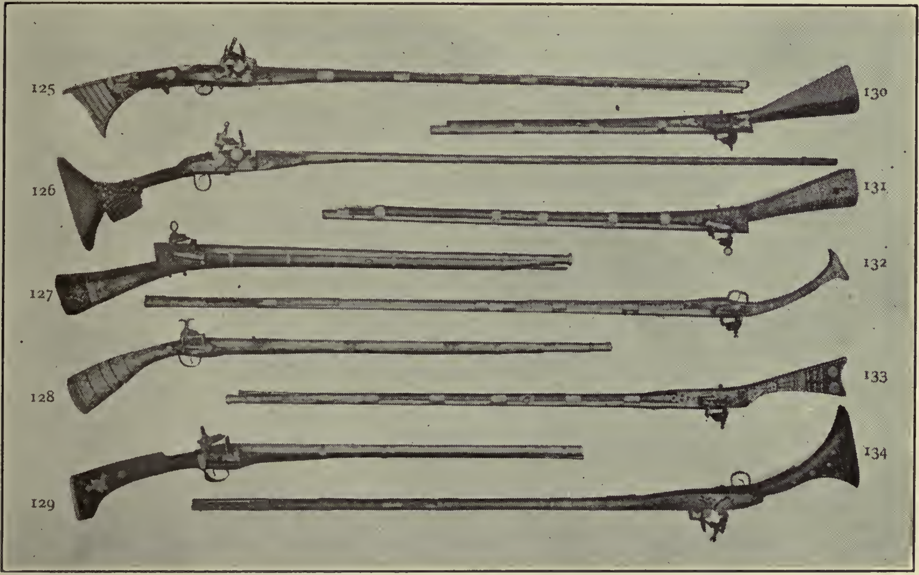
National Museum, Washington, D. C. United States Cartridge Company Loan Collection. Case No. 3. Two blunderbusses, three wheel-locks, five matchlocks; see description

In case No. 3 are shown three of these "wheel-lock" guns, which were the first "fire-locks" disusing the match, substituting iron pyrites held by a cock which a spring threw forward at the pressure of the trigger, which also released a steel wheel with a roughened surface revolved by a powerful spring and grinding a shower of sparks from the "fire-stone" above the priming. The wheel was wound up by a key or "Spanner" carried apart from the gun and of course liable to be lost or mislaid. Its higher cost and less simple mechanism forbade the adoption of this arm as a military weapon. Many wheel-locks also combined the old matchlock with the newer design.

No. 116, an arquebuse, or harquebuss, Sixteenth Century, calibre .75; No. 117, an English wheel-lock gun, calibre .50; No. 118, a German wheel-lock rifle, calibre .48; all have a patch-box, with sliding wooden cover on the stock, and the rifle and gun are finely engraved and carved; Nos. 119 to 123 inclusive are Japanese matchlocks of the Seventeenth Century; four of the five have octagon barrels, inlaid with gold and silver, calibre .75, 60, 65, and one inch; with ebony or mahogany stocks; No. 115, a Moroccan horseman's flint-lock blunderbuss, calibre at muzzle, one and one-third inch; No. 124, a Mexican flintlock blunderbuss, bell-muzzled, has a calibre of one and one-quarter inches and a hook for carrying at the belt or saddle.

Case No. 4 displays ten ancient "Snaphance" and "flintlock" guns, Nos. 125 to 134 inclusive. Two (Nos. 127 and 131) are octagon-barrelled rifles lavishly ornamented with gold, silver and ivory, and both are of the "snaphance" type which preceded the flintlock. The "frizzen" is milled or roughened, the spring on the exterior of the lock; the trigger is an unguarded peg, and the hammer (a massive and angular device, with the pyrites firestone held in its mouth) seemed to the Dutch to peck at the steel, as a chicken pecks at its food. Hence, as some say, the gun was called in Holland "snaap-haens" or "chicken thief," as especially suited to "the ways that are dark, and the tricks that are vain" of robbers of hen-roosts and other portable property; who, as they were pretty certain to hang for it, however small the value of their booty, prized a weapon whose flash broke out in the darkness for only an instant, and did not burn before and after the discharge, like the slow-match of the match-lock. It is also said that the French at first called this lock the lock "a la Miquilet," from the Spanish term "*Miqulitos*" signifying "marauders," and undoubtedly it was invented to fill a long-felt want for a weapon that could be used in night marches, attacks and ambuscades, without betraying its presence to the enemy.

The snaphance in its turn was merged in the flintlock, which was invented very early in the Sixteenth Century, its invention being claimed both by France and Spain, when the Spanish held great influence and even dominance in certain French territory. The distinction between the "snaphance" and flintlock soon disappeared, and the date of the distinct invention of the latter is not certainly known. All these weapons were for a long time indiscriminately used in the armies and trained bands of Europe and the New World, only some few regiments and bodyguards being armed with uniform weapons and accoutrements. The earlier matchlock-men and arquebusiers carried their ammunition bandoliers or leathern belts depending from the left shoulder, and carrying attached by leathern thongs from ten to thirteen cases of metal, all but one of which contained a single charge of coarse powder, a bullet, and a wad of tow, or oakum. One case was the "touchbox," a small flask for the fine powder used for priming. A priming-wire and a tiny brush for clearing the pan were also attached. Later on, a large and small



National Museum, Washington, D. C. United States Cartridge Company, Loan Collection, Case No. 4.
Ten ancient "snappance" and flintlock guns

powder-flask and bag of bullets replaced this inconvenient, but probably safer ammunition carrier, for doubtless charging from the flask was the cause of more or less fatal explosions.

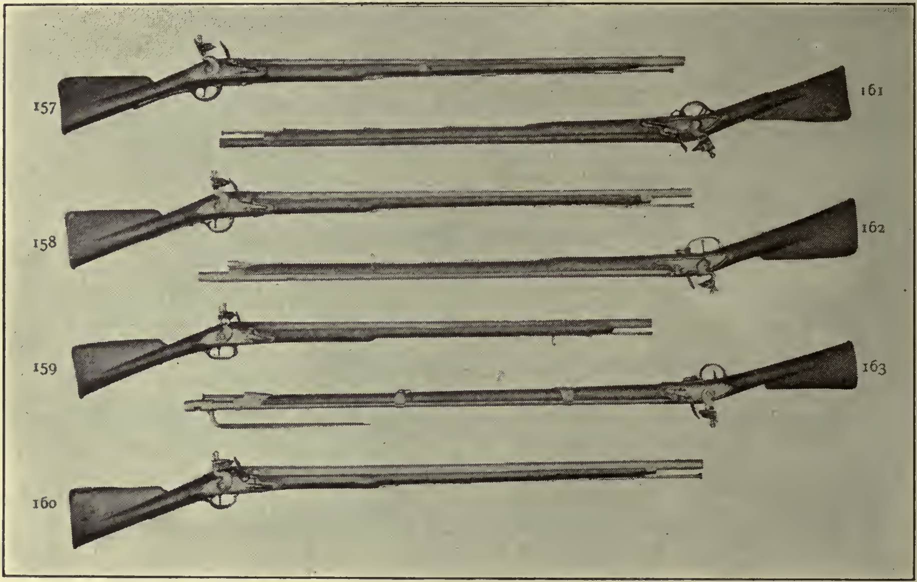
There were no bayonets until about 1646–1648, when the Bayonne armorers turned out a dagger-blade or pike-head, with a round wooden haft to fit into the bore of a musket. In 1652 Marshal Puysegur saw before the siege of Nimeguen "a regiment which carried swords that had only a hilt and a ring of leather in place of the guard, and another at the pommel, which rings they passed over the barrel of the fusil and so held it firm."

Hampered with armor, provisions, match lock, sword, rest and other equipments; obliged in damp weather to cover his piece and protect his match from damp, and to depend largely on the pikemen who formed a part of his "battalia" or regiment, the lot of the ancient marksman must have been far from an easy service. At one moment he was pouring ill-aimed volleys at charging horse or infantry; the next he was hurrying behind the serried pikemen, whose long spears must hold back the advancing enemy and give him time to reload, and fire another volley.

Cartridges made their appearance about 1670, but at first chiefly used in the short guns and great pistols carried by the horse, and discharged at short range and full gallop, to break up the serried array of pikes.

An officer sent by the British government in 1675 thus reported on the military strength and defensive preparations of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay: "There are men able to bear arms between thirty and forty thousand, and in the town of Boston about four thousand. Their trained bands are twelve troops of horse, and six thousand foot. Each troop consists of sixty horses besides officers, all are well mounted and completely armed with back, breast, head-piece, buff-coat, sword, carbine and pistols; each troop distinguished by their coats.

"The foot are also well furnished with swords, muskets and bandoliers. The governor, Mr. Leverett, is the only old soldier in the colony; he served in the late rebellion under the usurper Oliver Cromwell, as a captain of horse." He also reported on the fortifications of the colony; their cannon; the powder-mill at Dorches-

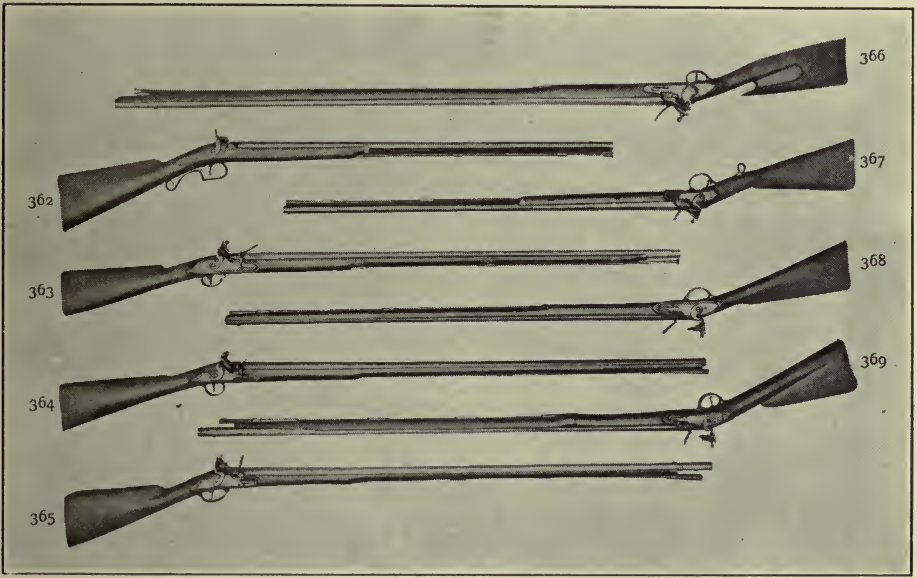


National Museum, Washington, D. C. United States Cartridge Company Loan Collection. Case No. 7. Seven flintlock muskets used in the Revolution

ter; the supplies of saltpetre from the guano deposits on the islands along the coast, and the immense wild-pigeon roosts in the swamps, and the purity and excellence of the iron made from bog-iron ore and the castings made therefrom.

In 1673 the General Court voted to import "five hundred new snaphances or firelock muskets" from England—a purchase hastened by the fear of an uprising of the Indians who had been supplied with such modern firelocks by the French, Dutch and even the English fur-traders. Only activity, ability to march long distances, good marksmanship and individual initiative on the part of the soldier could avail against the wily, silent and vengeful foe that slew and ravaged through the English settlements until King Philip was slain, his tribe nearly exterminated and with it most of his allies.

Thereafter the English and French musquets, known as "Brown Bess," "Queen's Arm," "King's Arm," and "French Musquet," became the favorite weapon of the inhabitants of the Atlantic coast, where every man was bound under material penalties to provide himself with a firelock, bayonet and a sufficient supply of ammunition for immediate use. The bayonet was formally adopted by the Massachusetts General Court in 1701, but the sword was carried by the infantry soldier for many years thereafter.



National Museum, Washington, D. C. United States Cartridge Company Loan Collection. Case No. 27. Seven flintlock and one percussion fowling pieces

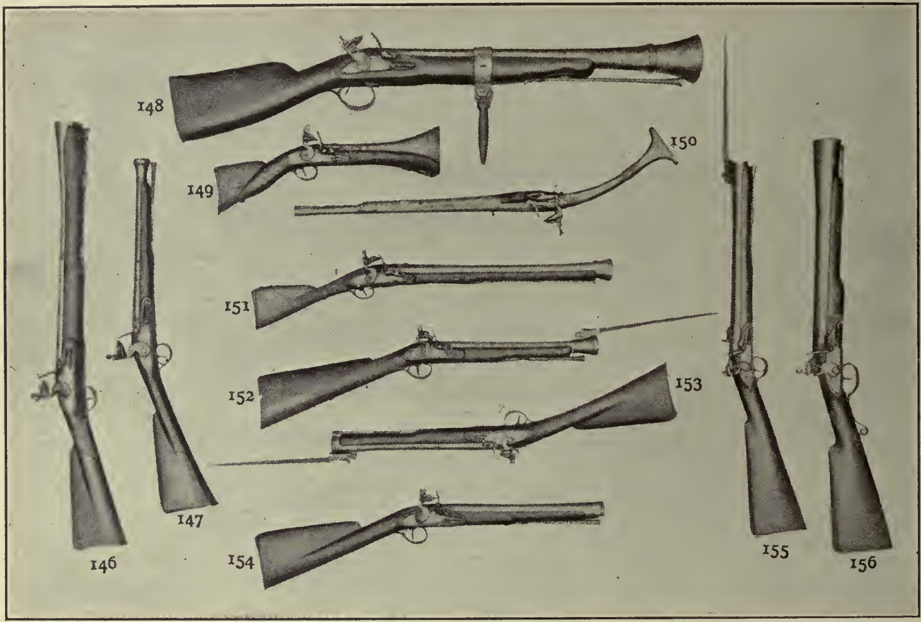
It is probable that many of the old matchlocks and wheel-locks were fitted with flintlocks by the colonial gunsmiths, of whom there were many in every large colony. Most of the flintlocks used were imported, and probably a good many barrels and old guns, capable of repair, or furnishing parts of new weapons. The Indian hostilities which ended in King Philip's War began at Swanzy or Swansea, on the southwestern border of the Plymouth Colony, June 21, 1675.

In the seething furnace of this "war to the death" practically disappeared the ancient arms and armor in which our ancestors had put so much reliance.

Case No. 7 displays seven muskets used in the Revolutionary War, and probably against the French, or Indians, in preceding hostilities. All are of calibre .75, except one, and all but one have their full-length stocks fastened with pins instead of bands.

No. 157, English, carried by Captain George Dennison, Mystic, Connecticut;

No. 158, English "Tower" mark, French, Indian and Revolutionary Wars, by Robert Avery, Stonington, Connecticut; No. 159, English "Tower" mark, Revolution, by John Bunnell, Berlin, Connecticut; No. 160, English "Tower" mark, Revolution, by John Pratt, Hartford, Connecticut, has five notches on stock, for Indians slain by this piece; No. 161, English, probably changed with French lock and brass pan in 1776, Revolution, Daniel Munger, Saybrook, Connecticut; No. 162, French musket, relic of King Philip's War, owned by Stephen Church, calibre .70; No. 163, French "Charleville" musket, wide iron bands, Revolution, once owned by Elisha Crosby, Ashburnham, Massachusetts.



National Museum, Washington, D. C., United States Cartridge Company Loan Collection, Case No. 6. Ten blunderbusses and one Arabian gun

These muskets were used by the owners in hunting and war, with single ball, "buck-and-ball," buck and bird shot, as circumstances seemed to require, and were frequently, if not always, fitted by some colonial gunsmith, who eased the locks, tempered the springs, and often cut down the butt, to fit the fancy of the owner. Thus renovated, and furnished with bullets of soft lead, fitting the bore closely, and often covered or patched like a rifle-ball, the colonial musketeer often attained an accuracy unknown to the European soldier, who indeed seldom took any deliberate aim, or cared whether the bullet accurately fitted his piece. With buck-shot, they were terribly effective, at a hundred yards or even farther; and with small shot made havoc among sea-fowl and forest game. The heavy losses of the British at Concord fight and Bunker Hill were chiefly owing to the fact that the Massachusetts minute-men had learned to make the really fine barrels of the English muskets nearly as deadly as the rifle. In fact many of the barrels of muskets long unused in English and Canadian armories were used by gunsmiths within thirty years to make double-guns for sea-fowl shooting.

Another, and it was considered more accurate and deadly smooth-bore flintlock, was a great favorite with the American sportsman, ranger, privateer, buccaneer and pirate. This was the long "fowling-piece," eight of which are shown in Case

No. 27, all of them flintlocks, with the exception of No. 362, which is a half-stocked percussion gun. All the others are full-stocked, fastened by pins to the barrel, have wooden ramrods and are brass-mounted, of calibre .70, with the exception of No. 366, which is of .64 calibre, and has the stock painted red for the Egyptian trade. No. 364 was at Stonington fight in 1812, and No. 368 in the Revolutionary War. No. 369 may be called a "smooth bore rifle," having a typical Kentucky stock.

* * *

A very peculiar weapon, but largely in use during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, was the blunderbuss whose bore, quite moderate in size at the breech, steadily widened until at the muzzle it became a round or oval bell, of from over an inch to four inches in diameter. The smaller sizes were usually kept in country mansions and farmhouses for defence, many were carried by the guards of mail-coaches, in the days when highwaymen made traveling much more exciting and perilous than now; and the larger sizes, loaded with a mixed cargo of bullets, nails, slugs and other notions were mounted with swivels on armed ships to discourage the attempts of unwelcome "boarders" who might attempt to secure a free passage and eatables by armed force. Indeed many very handsome and costly ones were made after the percussion lock was introduced, and were considered a not unsuitable testimonial for the captain of an armed vessel. Others, very short in the barrel, were made for horsemen's use, and largely carried in Northern Africa. In Case No. 6 ten samples are shown, all with flintlocks, and three are fitted with spring bayonets for close quarters.

No. 146 Belgian, octagon iron barrel, calibre 2 inches; No. 147, English, brass barrel, one and one-eighth inches; No. 148, heavy iron barrel mounted as a swivel, calibre, three and one-half inches; No. 149, Oriental, twenty inches long, ten-inch barrel, calibre four inches; No. 150 Arabian gun, barrel, inlaid with gold, calibre .62, stock covered with iron; No. 151, Seventeenth Century, Turkish, iron barrel, inlaid with gold, calibre 2 inches; No. 152, English, brass barrel, calibre, one and one-half inches; No. 153, English, iron barrel, fourteen inches long, calibre one and one-quarter inches; No. 154, oval or egg-shaped muzzle, calibre one by two inches; No. 155, iron barrel, spring bayonet at side, one and one-half inches; No. 156, English, brass barrel, calibre one seven-eighth inches.

No distinctively governmental armory for the manufacture of guns existed in England until the Nineteenth Century, and the part taken in supplying arms by government workshops has always been a minor and almost negligible quantity. Government weapons were made by contract, according to specifications, and often purchased in large numbers of foreign manufacturers. France on the contrary established a government factory at St. Etienne in 1669, and a second at Tulle in 1690. Two other armories were located at Maubeuge and Charleville, the latter becoming famous for its muskets as the finest used in the armies of Europe.

In 1794 Congress established armories at Springfield, Massachusetts, and Harper's Ferry, Virginia, and in 1799, the first United States smooth-bore muskets were made at Springfield on the Charleville, French model, known to collectors as the Springfield Model of 1799.

These guns were used in the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and in many campaigns against the Indians, also for the use of the militia, and even in the early part of the Civil War. Many were altered from flintlock to percussion, but thousands of flintlock muskets were served out to the Southern levies unchanged.

This fairly brings up to the date of the invention of the percussion lock the history of the chief types of muzzle-loading arms in general use, with the exception of pistols and rifles which require considerable space for adequate description. It should also be said that, as many breech-loading and even magazine guns were invented at a very early date, possessing features which have since been utilized by modern manufacturers and patentees, and proved a success because other inventions made it easy to effect things once impossible, it seems best to take up such ingenious inventions in connection with those that have succeeded.

JACK LONDON

Cub of the Slums, Hero of Adventure, Literary Master and Social Philosopher

by George Wharton James

PART II

LONDON, like Joaquin Miller, has been the victim of much and persistent misrepresentation. He is an avowed Socialist. Many newspapers do not like Socialists, and they seize every possible opportunity to spread unpleasant news about those who are known to profess that faith. Sometimes they are not very particular as to whether their assertions are true or not. In speaking of this several times, and then giving my personal impressions of London, people have said to me, "Why do you not make these things known?"

In order to help make them known, let me tell an experience I had a few months ago with a distinguished and well-known Eastern writer and playwright. He had been an editorial writer on one of the foremost Boston dailies of high standing, was a university man of high ideals and academic standards, who a year or so before had become transplanted to the Pacific Coast and was then doing special editorial writing on one of the San Francisco papers. We dined together several times, and on one occasion the name of London came up. Naturally I spoke of the things in London that pleased and interested me. To my amazement, my Boston friend opened up with a tirade, denouncing London from every possible standpoint. There was nothing good about him in any way.

Seeing that he was rabid, I decided to let him have his talk out and then quietly informed him that his tirade was nothing but a mass of prejudice, for, said I, "I refuse to accept this unjust and untruthful tirade as your judgment. Judgments imply knowledge. You have no knowledge, but simply a mass of erroneous beliefs gained from mendacious newspapers and other unreliable sources."

I happened to be planning to go up to Sacramento to see the Governor and thence to London's home at Glen Ellen the following day and asked my editorial friend if he would not like to meet me and accompany me to see London and his wife. In his finest Bostonese he exclaimed, "But, my dear fellow, I have received no invitation."

Heartily laughing, I replied, "I have given you an invitation!"

"But," said he, "what about Mr. and Mrs. London?"

Again I laughed and said, "Let your New England conscience be perfectly at rest. I have invited you, and that is enough. You ought to know enough of me already to be sure that I should not invite you to any place where you would not be welcome."

"That being the case," said he, "nothing will give me greater pleasure. I shall love to study him at first hand and after your severe criticism upon my 'prejudice,' I am more anxious than ever to see Mr. London and find out what I think of him after close personal contact."

According to arrangement we met the next evening. On our arrival at Glen

Ellen we found the cart waiting for us, and after a delightful drive through the cool twilight we entered the spacious yard, where gigantic live-oaks, of a thousand years' growth, bid one enter and rest. When we entered the large, long room of the old ranch house, now used by the Londons until their new home is finished, we found Mrs. London seated at the Steinway grand piano immediately on our left and Jack with outstretched hands and cheery voice bidding us welcome. This was the first surprise my friend experienced. Our simple and hearty meal —served specially, as we had come up on a late evening train—shook him up a little more. It happened to be Hallowe'en —a fact I had forgotten, but Jack and his wife and other guests were most wide awake to it, for they had announced that fun was to be free and fast that night. The other guests were a lady friend of Mrs. London's—the sister of one of California's proudest artists—a young architect of San Francisco, and a Socialist comrade of Jack's, who had just happened in as he was tramping across the country. These, with Jack and his wife, my editorial friend and myself, made the party total up to seven, with the Japanese helper, Nakata, now and again joining in, making eight. I was in the mood for fun, so we plunged in. First we hung up apples from a point above and sought to make bites in them without touching the "bobbing and dodging things" with our hands. Then a large plate of white flour was brought, the flour mounded up about five inches high, and in the center on the top of it was placed a dime. The seven of us now commenced a march around the table, each taking up a table knife as we approached the plate and cutting off a greater or lesser mass of the flour as we willed. At first this was easy, but as we cut nearer to the center it became a more delicate and risky task. For the game consisted in continuing to cut until the dime rested on the merest pedestal of flour, ready to crumble at a touch, and whoever gave that final touch was then required to place his hands behind his back and fish out the dime from the flour *with his teeth.* It was also freely stipulated beforehand that there should be no "dodging" and no wiping off of the flour from the face until the victor stood alone with unfloured face. The hope and expectation, of course, was that I, with moustache and full beard of black should fall an early victim, but somehow the Fates favored me. First the "Comrade" guest failed, then Mr. London, then the lady friend, then my editorial friend—and it must be confessed that his cheeks and closely-trimmed sandy moustache and wisp of beard, even his eyelashes, did look excruciatingly funny all whitened up with flour in dabs and patches—then the architect and finally Mrs. London, leaving me the proud and unfloured victor.

This only paved the way for another game and greater fun. We all laughed until our sides ached, and when finally we retired it was way into the "wee, sma' hours."

Now, as I have elsewhere explained, as it is London's custom to stick rigidly to his work in the morning, my editorial friend and I would have been left to our own devices until after lunch, but, just before we went to bed I said to Jack, "Why not take a holiday tomorrow, and instead of waiting till afternoon for our horseback ride, let's all go out together in the morning." Somewhat to my surprise he consented, and the horses were duly ordered. No sooner was breakfast over than we were off—the whole party of us. And what a ride it was! Let me give you here a part of London's own description of his ranch on which this wonderful ride took place.

"We let down the bars and crossed an upland meadow. Next we went over a low, oak-covered ridge and descended into a smaller meadow. Again we climbed a ridge, this time riding under red-limbed madronos and manzanitas of deeper red. The first rays of the sun streamed upon our backs as we climbed. A flight of quail thrummed off through the thickets. A big jack-rabbit crossed our path, leaping swiftly and silently like a deer. And then a deer, a many-pronged buck, the sun flashing red-gold from neck and shoulders, cleared the crest of the ridge before us and was gone.

"We followed in his wake a space, then dropped down a zigzag trail that he disdained into a group of noble redwoods that stood about a pool of water murky with minerals from the mountain side. I knew every inch of the way. Once a writer friend of mine had owned the ranch; but he, too, had become a revolutionist, though more disastrously than I, for he was already dead and gone, and none knew where nor how. He alone, in the days he had lived, knew the secret of the hiding-place for which I was bound. He had bought the ranch for beauty and paid a round price for it, much to the disgust of the local farmers. He used to tell with great glee how they were wont to shake their heads mournfully at the price, to accomplish ponderously a bit of mental arithmetic, and then to say, 'But you can't make six per cent on it.'

"Out of it he had made a magnificent deer-park, where, over thousands of acres of sweet slopes and glades and canyons, the deer ran almost in primitive wildness."

There are many springs, and these unite to make a stream which ever flows.

"A glade of tangled vines and bushes ran between two wooded knolls. The glade ended abruptly at the steep bank of a stream. It was a little stream, rising from springs, and the hottest summer never dried it up. On every hand were tall wooded knolls, a group of them, with all the seeming of having been flung there from some careless Titan's hand. There was no bed-rock in them. They rose from their bases hundreds of feet, and they were composed of red volcanic earth, the famous wine-soil of Sonoma. Through these the tiny stream had cut its deep and precipitous channel."

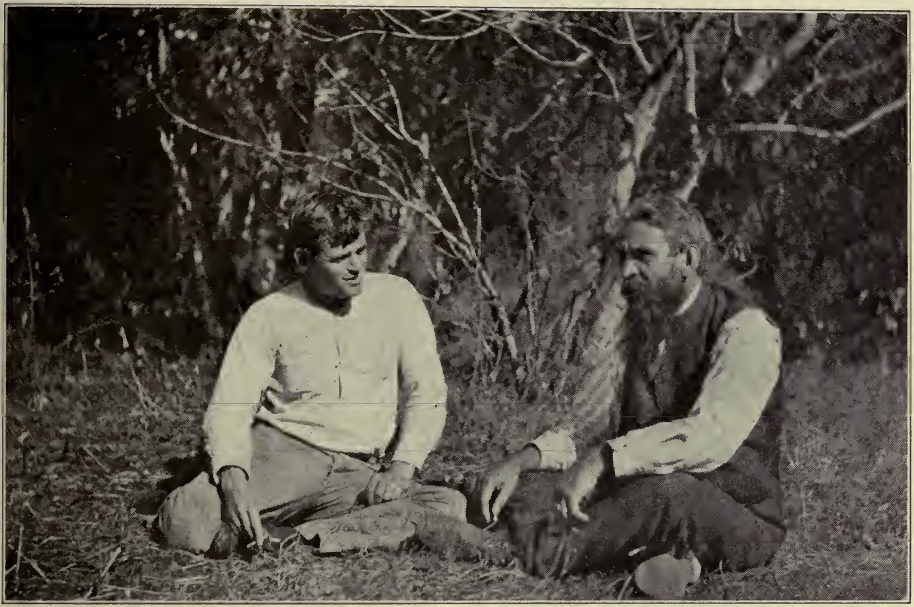
The arrangement for the purchase of part of the estate was made while London was away on the "Snark" trip. A crafty and cunning seller practically deceived Jack's agent by allowing to be inserted in the lease a clause entitling the owners of a brickyard nearby to excavate certain clays from a part of the ranch, which they needed for their business. But as they had to pay for it at a good price and soon found it the only profitable part of their business, Jack made a good thing out of it, so did not complain.

"This brickyard was close at hand," so he writes in "Burning Daylight," "on the flat beside the Sonoma Creek. The kilns were visible among the trees, when he glanced to the left and caught sight of wooded knolls half a mile away, perched on the rolling slopes of Sonoma Mountain. The mountain, itself wooded, towered behind. The trees on the knoll seemed to beckon to him. The dry, early-summer air, shot through with sunshine, was wine to him. Unconsciously he drank it in in deep breaths. The prospect of the brickyard was uninviting. He was jaded with all things business, and the wooded knolls were calling to him. A horse was between his legs—a good horse, he decided; one that sent him back to the cayuses he had ridden during his eastern Oregon boyhood. He had been somewhat of a rider in those early days, and the champ of bit and creak of saddle-leather sounded good to him now.

"Resolving to have his fun first and to look over the brickyard afterward, he rode up the hill, prospecting for a way across country to get to the knolls. He left the country road at the first gate he came to and cantered through a hayfield. The grain was waist-high on either side the wagon road, and he sniffed the warm aroma of it with delighted nostrils. Larks flew up before him, and from everywhere came mellow notes. From the appearance of the road it was patent that it had been used for hauling clay to the now idle brickyard. Salving his conscience with the idea that this was part of the inspection, he rode on to the clay pit—a huge scar in a hillside. But he did not linger long, swinging off again to the left and leaving the road. Not a farmhouse was in sight, and the change from the city crowding was essentially satisfying. He rode now through open woods, across little flower-scattered glades, till he came upon a spring. Flat on the ground, he drank deeply of the clear water, and, looking about him, felt with a shock the beauty of the world. It came to him like a discovery; he had never realized it before, he concluded, and also, he had forgotten much. One could not sit in at high finance and keep track of such things. As he drank in the air, the scene, and the distant song of larks, he felt like a poker-player rising from a night-long table and coming forth from the pent atmosphere to taste the freshness of the morn.

"At the base of the knolls he encountered a tumbledown stake-and-rider fence. From the look of it he judged it must be forty years old at least—the work of some first pioneer who had taken up the land when the days of gold had ended. The woods were very thick here, yet fairly clear of underbrush, so that, while the blue sky was screened by the arched branches, he was able to ride beneath. He now found himself in a nook of several acres, where the oak and manzanita and madrono gave way to clusters of stately redwoods. Against the foot of a steep-sloped knoll he came upon a magnificent group of redwoods that seemed to have gathered about a tiny gurgling spring.

"He halted his horse, for beside the spring uprose a wild California lily. It was a wonderful flower, growing there in the cathedral nave of lofty trees. At least eight feet in height, its stem rose straight and slender, green and bare, for two-thirds its length, and then burst into a shower of snow-white waxen bells. There were hundreds of these blossoms, all from the one stem, delicately poised and ethereally frail. Daylight had never seen anything like it. Slowly his gaze wandered from it to all that was about him. He took off his hat, with almost a vague religious feeling. This was different. No room for contempt and evil here. This was clean and fresh and beautiful—something he could respect. It was like a church. The atmosphere was one of holy calm. Here man felt the prompting of nobler things. Much of this and more was in Daylight's heart as he looked about him. But it was not a concept of his mind. He merely felt it without thinking about it at all.



GEORGE WHARTON JAMES HAVING AN ARGUMENT, OUT OF DOORS, WITH JACK LONDON

"On the steep incline above the spring grew tiny maiden-hair ferns, while higher up were larger ferns and brakes. Great, moss-covered trunks of fallen trees lay here and there, slowly sinking back and merging into the level of the forest mould. Beyond, in a slightly clearer space, wild grape and honeysuckle swung in green riot from gnarled old oak trees. A gray Douglas squirrel crept out on a branch and watched him. From somewhere came the distant knocking of a woodpecker. This sound did not disturb the hush and awe of the place. Quiet woods' noises belonged there and made the solitude complete. The tiny bubbling ripple of the spring and the gray flash of tree-squirrel were as yardsticks with which to measure the silence and motionless repose.

" 'Might be a million miles from anywhere,' Daylight whispered to himself.

"But ever his gaze returned to the wonderful lily beside the bubbling spring.

"He tethered the horse and wandered on foot among the knolls. Their tops were crowned with century-old spruce trees, and their sides clothed with oaks and madronos and native holly. But to the perfect redwoods belonged the small but deep canyon that threaded its way among the knolls. Here he found no passage out for his horse, and he returned to the lily beside the spring. On foot, tripping, stumbling, leading the animal, he forced his way up the hillside. And ever the ferns carpeted the way of his feet, ever the forest climbed with him and arched overhead, and ever the clean joy and sweetness stole in upon his senses.

"On the crest he came through an amazing thicket of velvet-trunked young madronos, and emerged on an open hillside that led down into a tiny valley. The sunshine was at first dazzling in its brightness, and he paused and rested, for he was panting from the exertion. Not of old had he known shortness of breath such as this, and muscles that so easily tired at a stiff climb. A tiny stream ran down the tiny valley through a tiny meadow that was carpeted knee-high with grass and blue and white nemophila. The hillside was covered with Mariposa lilies and wild hyacinth, down through which his horse dropped slowly, with circumspect feet and reluctant gait."

I have quoted thus liberally from London's own descriptions that my readers might know something of the delight and charm of the place he has bought, and also of what my Boston friend was to enjoy.

Purposely I placed him next to London as we rode, and one can well understand what a delightful saddle companion he was. With that unusually keen power of observation of his, with an appreciation of beauty equal to his powers of observation; alive to the finger tips to every impression of joy or beauty; thoroughly informed on trees, plants, flowers, animals, birds, fishes and insects, and gifted with unusual imagination, he fairly deluged my friend with his vivid and intense descriptions. It was needless for him to tell me how much he enjoyed it. I could tell by the rapid fire of question and answer, expression and reply, how eagerly he was taking it in. And it certainly was a morning ride fit for the gods, one of incomparable charm and exquisite delight.

The afternoon was spent in an equally interesting manner. A couple of hours were crowded with interest in going over, with him and Mrs. London, the new house they are now building, and which I will shortly describe.

Returned to the house, we had music from voice, piano and Victrola, and Jack related a number of interesting stories in connection with his trip on the "Snark." But more than all I wanted my friend to see the intellectual workings of London's mind, so I started arguments with him on sociological questions. I aroused him enough by antagonism to stimulate his natural eloquence. Naturally my friend prodded him also, for he prided himself upon his wide reading of all the schools of sociology. When I had got the two head over heels into red-hot debate, I let them "go it," hammer and tongs, for I knew what the result would be. London's memory seldom fails him, and his reading was as four to one compared with that of the Eastern scholar. The result was the latter found himself utterly unable to hold his own, and yet in his defeat felt that peculiar consciousness of pride that only a well-educated man can feel, viz.: that it has taken a man wonderfully well equipped with natural endowment and extraordinary reading to be able to cope with him.

The day was gone all too soon. After a tasty dinner the cart was brought and as we rode out to the train I turned and asked, "Well, how is it?" And then, for an hour, I listened to the Boston man's superlative expressions of the situation, the gist of which was as follows: "Why, sir, that man's life is the most ideal life of any literary man I know. His home is as near to perfection as I have ever seen a home and his comradeship with his wife is something wonderful. It does not require any intelligence to discover the secret of his immense capacity for work. He is living in an artistic atmosphere, every element of which is perfectly congenial. And think of that ride! What a joy and privilege to have been able to take it with him! I never heard anyone who so thoroughly entered into the spirit of Nature and the beauty of things as did this man who has always been described to me as so rude and primitive as to be absolutely brutal." And a great deal more along the same line. And there, dear reader, you have it. Contact with London reveals him what my Boston friend discovered him to be. Whatever one's opinions of his sociological ideas, or of his literary work may be, his home life today is a very beautiful one, and his devotion to his wife, as also to his art, sincere and true.

Now let me attempt a description of the house that struck my Boston friend as so marvellously adapted to its requirements as a home and equally well fitted to its environment.

If in the building of a home the builders should express themselves, then Jack and Charmian London are building one of the most individualistic homes in the world. It is located on the London ranch in the Sonoma Valley—the valley of the moon, as the poetic Indian name suggests. Since his first land purchase he has bought two or three other adjoining ranches, until now the estate comprises about twelve hundred acres. Of this nearly eight hundred acres are wild hillside and four hundred are under cultivation. With a glorious outlook on all four sides over fertile fields, wild woods and mountain slopes, the house is being built on a knoll, with a most picturesque clump of redwoods at the back. Being out-of-door people, fond of water, the home is built around a patio, in the center of which is a water pool or tank of solid concrete forty by fifteen feet and six feet deep, fed by water from a cold mountain spring, and in which black bass will be kept, and where one may occasionally take a plunge—if he is brave and hardy enough.

Weeks have been spent upon the concrete bed which is practically the foundation of the house. Mr. London has here carried out an idea of his own, viz.: that in an earthquake country such as California, a house designed to be permanent should be especially guarded in its foundation. He reasons that a house built on a gigantic slab of concrete will move as a unit, and not one wall incline in one direction and another in the opposite direction when the quake occurs. Anyhow the architect has supervised the putting in of a bed of concrete sufficiently deep, thick and strong to sustain a forty-story skyscraper on a sandy foundation.

JACK LONDON
Camping out

The architect is Mr. Albert Farr of San Francisco, a man of knowledge, experience and imagination, and as soon as Mr. and Mrs. London laid before him their ideas, he went to work to materialize them. The house is built chiefly of five materials, all of which are local products—redwood trees, a deep chocolate-maroon volcanic rock, blue slate, boulders and concrete. The London ranch furnishes the redwoods which are to be used with their jackets on, the rough deep-red colored bark harmonizing perfectly with the rough rock of the foundation. The rock is used exactly as blasted. It is not quarried in the sense of being worked regularly. It is simply blasted out, and some chunks weigh several hundred pounds, some merely a few pounds and some as much as a ton or more. Just as they come they are hauled and placed in appropriate places. The result is immensely effective and attractive. The first floor is already built so that the effect is definitely known and can be properly estimated.

JACK AND CHARMIAN LONDON
At home

The house is ⊔-shaped, the main portion being eighty-six feet wide, with two eighty-two feet wings. The concrete water tank occupies the center of the patio, or open court. Around the tank will be a five-foot garden, and this is the only piece of formal or conventional flower garden on the estate. Balconies built of redwood trunks are to surround the court.

The steps leading to the second story and the second story itself are to be built of the great boulders or cobble stones found on the estate, also the outside chimneys, and a builder has been found whose artistic work in the handling of these boulders is a joy and a delight.

The rough tree trunks will form the architectural lines of the porte-cochere, pergolas and porches, while the rafters are to be hewn out of rough redwood logs and kept in the natural finish. A charming effect is to be obtained by interlacing the tree trunks in the gables and balconies with fruit tree twigs. The roof will be of Spanish tile, colored to harmonize with the maroon of the rock and the redwood.

The interior is to be finished after the same rustic and individualistic fashion. It is to be essentially a home for the two people who are building it—a workshop for Mr. London, a home for Mrs. London, and a place where they can gather and entertain their friends. Hence these three ideas have been kept distinctly in the foreground. Mr. London's workroom is on the second floor, and is to be a magnificent room, nineteen by forty feet, with the library, exactly the same size, directly underneath, and the two connected with a spiral staircase. These two rooms are entirely apart from the rest of the house, thus affording perfect seclusion to the author while engaged at his work. His regular habit is to get to writing directly after breakfast and he writes never less than one thousand words, his regular daily stunt. If this requires five hours, six, nine or merely two, it is always accomplished, and then the rest of the day is given over to hospitality, recreation or farming.

The chief feature of the house is the great living room, eighteen by fifty-eight feet, and extending over two stories high, with rough redwood balconies extending around the second floor. Open rafters for ceiling and gables, and an immense stone fireplace, which will be fed daily with gigantic logs from the woods on the estate, will give it a cheerful, homelike, though vast and medieval appearance.

The entrance way begins at two gigantic redwoods—called El Portal—and then leads to the porte-cochère, a roomy place big enough for the handling of the largest touring cars. Over this porte-cochère a tower four stories is to be built, the top story of which will be an open-air sleeping porch—several open-air sleeping porches are provided, both for Mr. and Mrs. London and for all their guests.

Immediately from the porte-cochère one enters the large hall, which, except for massive handsomely wrought-iron gates, will be perpetually open, reaching completely from the front to the rear of the building. From this hall three large guest rooms, the patio and the author's workshop are reached on the left hand side, and on the right a reception room, with coat rooms, toilets and all conveniences, a gun-room, the stairs and the large living room. One of the two large alcoves of the living room is to be especially arranged for Mrs. London's Steinway grand piano, a kingly instrument, which gives her intense pleasure, and which will assuredly afford great joy and entertainment to her guests.

Long ago Mr. and Mrs. London fully decided the question that city life had not enough compensations to offer for its distractions and dissipations, and the country was essentially their choice for home life. So they are building with this thought in view—to make a home for themselves where they can welcome and entertain all the friends they desire. They both laugh heartily at the comment of a city lady who, visiting the growing house and not knowing that anyone could hear her, exclaimed, "What fools they are! building such a glorious house where none can see it!" as if the chief end of building a home was for "someone to see it." The Londons have a right appreciation of values, and they know how to place things. The first requirement of a house is that it shall be a home for those who are to live in it—the appreciation of others is a secondary consideration. From this viewpoint the London house will be ideal.

It is to contain its own hot-water, heating, electric lighting, refrigerating, vacuum cleaning and laundry plants—the latter with steam dryer and rotary wringer —a milk and store room, root and wine cellar.

Its name is "Wolf House," a reminder of London's book plate which is the big face of a wolf dog, and of his first great literary success, "The Call of the Wild."

At present the Londons are living in one of the old houses they found on the estate. It has been renovated, fixed over, added to, repainted and refurnished, and it makes a most comfortable home until the new one is completed. How long that will be Jack laughingly declares no one knows, as he stops building as soon as his money gives out. So he and his mate are enjoying the building more than most people enjoy such work, one reason doubtless being because of this element of uncertainty.

In my personal touches with London he reveals more and more of the philosophy that controls him. One day we were talking about what life is, and what its conflicts mean, and he said in effect:

"I judge my life largely by the victories I have been able to gain! The things I remember best are my great victories. Two of these were won when I was a very small child, and one was won in a dream. When I was about three years old we were moving from one part of Oakland to another. Up to that time I had not known fear, but this particular afternoon when I went into the house and saw the vacant rooms, the boxes and furniture moved here and there, and everything different, and suddenly realized that I was alone in the house, a deadly fear came upon me. I was in a room one window of which looked out into a yard where some of the folks were beating carpets, and with this horrible dread upon me, unable to call out, afraid, I suppose, to do so, I could only find relief in going to the window and looking out. I thought of running to those outside, but one look into the room, and realizing that I had to go through two rooms before I reached the outside door, effectually deterred me. For awhile I succeeded in beating down the fear. Then, suddenly, I realized that the carpet beating was stopped, and the folks had gone somewhere, that I was entirely alone, and that it was twilight and night was speedily coming down with its dark pall. For awhile I was terror-stricken, and I suffered more torture than even now I care to recall. But by and by I braced up and resolutely I determined to face the terror. Gathering myself together, bracing up my will, I sturdily walked through the rooms to the outside, feeling the thrill of victory as I did so.

"My other childish victory was over a peculiar nightmare. I had lived in the country and was one day brought to town and stood on a railway platform as a railway engine came in. Its ponderous size, its easy and resistless onward movement, its panting, its fire and smoke, its great noises, all impressed me so powerfully that that night I dreamed of it, and when the dream turned to a nightmare was filled with dread and horror at what seemed to be the fact that this locomotive was pursuing me and that I could not get out of its way. For weeks thereafter I was haunted by this dreadful fear, and night after night I was run down. But, strange to say, I always rose up again after suffering the pangs of a horrible death, to go over it all again. The torture those nightmares gave me none can understand except those who have gone through a similar experience. Then one night came release. In the distance, as the mighty modern Juggernaut came towards me, I saw a man with a stepladder. I was unable to cry out, but I waved my hand to him. He hailed me and bid me come. That broke the spell. I ran to him, climbed to the top of the stepladder and thereafter lost all terror at the sight of a locomotive. But the victory gained in climbing the ladder was as real as any I ever had in my waking life.

JACK AND CHARMIAN
While on the Snark trip

"Another victory was gained when I learned that fame didn't count. Another when I triumphed over the attractions of the city, and still another when I learned that I could do without money. Today I could look upon the loss of all my income with equanimity, for I know I have strength enough to go out and earn enough for Charmian and me to live on healthfully and simply. Another was when I ceased to fear death, and one of my latest triumphs was the victory gained over my dread of death by a knife. I have always had a terror of being killed by cutting with a knife. Often have I faced death, in a variety of ways, but an open knife always gave me the horrors. After I got up from the hospital in Australia, when we decided to give up the Snark trip, I had a five weeks' growth of heavy moustache and beard. I went to a barber's where there were eight chairs, took my seat, and the barber began. After he had lathered me and taken off a part of my beard, I suddenly noticed that the hand that rested on me was shaking frightfully. I looked and saw the razor hand approaching me, but jerking, as if the man was in a fit. It barely touched my skin when he drew it back. At first I was speechless with fright. A panic seized me, and I wanted to jump up and rush out. Then I pulled myself together and asked what it all meant. I recalled to my mind the mental conflicts I had recently had while face to face with myself on the hospital cot. What did all my arguments and assertions as to the supremacy of mind over body really mean. Here was an opportunity to test them. I could dodge the issue by slipping into another seat. But I determined to test myself. Quietly looking up, I asked the barber, 'What's up?' He answered in effect that he had been out with the boys on Saturday night—this was Monday—and for the first time in his life his dissipation had produced the 'shakes.' In a hoarse whisper he begged me not to give him away, as that would mean losing his job, and places were scarce just then.

" 'Take your time,' I said, 'I'll give you a chance, but be careful.'

"Then for fully three quarters of an hour I waited and watched that fellow—his hand shaking uncontrollably—bring that razor to my cheek, lip or chin, knowing that a moment's shake at the wrong time might mean the taking off of a piece of me.

"That I call a great victory."

As throwing small sidelights upon London's inner thoughts, the following may assist. They are the inscriptions written by his own hand in the various books he has sent me:

In the "People of the Abyss": "Walk with me here, among the creatures damned by man, and then wonder not that I sign myself, Yours for the Revolution."

In "Children of the Frost": "Find herein *my* Indians; I imagine they do not differ very much from *yours*."

In his "War of the Classes" he wrote: "Read here some of the reasons of my socialism, and some of my socialism."

In another copy of "The War of the Classes," knowing that I was a continuous student of Browning, he wrote: "God's still in his heaven, but all's not well with the world."

How suggestive this from "The Kempton-Wall Letters": "I'd rather be ashes than dust."

In "Tales of the Fish Patrol": "Find within these pages my youthful stamping ground, when I first went 'on my own' into the world."

In "The Sea Wolf": "Find here, in the mouth of the Sea Wolf, much of the philosophy that was mine in my 'long sickness.' It is still mine, though now, that I am happy, I keep it covered over with veils of illusion."

The chief character in this book is Wolf Larsen. He is a wonderful conception, wonderfully drawn, a strong and impelling character, a human being devoid of all morality, all sentiment, save that of living solely for his own pleasure and interest. He is pictured as being neither moral nor immoral, simply unmoral, knowing no standard of right and wrong, recognizing no impelling duty save that of personal interest. He is the incarnation of materialism and selfish individualism, which, as London says above, was for a time his "great sickness."

Yet he is made the instrument for good. It would be immeasurably better for the individual, and therefore for the race, if all the "Sissies" and "Miss Nancys," the bloodless, super-refined, super-sensitive, super-civilized creatures of the Van Weyden type were compelled to undergo some such treatment as Wolf Larsen gave to him. In the Wolf's words they would learn to "stand upon their own legs" instead of walking upon those of their fathers. "The Sea Wolf" clearly teaches Jack London's philosophies upon this subject. Van Weyden, the scholar and dilettante, says of himself: "I had never done any hard manual labor, or scullion labor, in my life. I had lived a placid, uneventful, sedentary existence all my days—the life of a scholar and a recluse on an assured and comfortable income. Violent life and athletic sports had never appealed to me. I had always been a book-worm; so my sisters and my father had called me during my childhood. I had gone camping but once in my life, and then I left the party almost at the start and returned to the comforts and conveniences of a roof. And here I was, with dreary and endless vistas before me of table-setting, potato peeling and dish-washing, and I was not strong. The doctors had always said that I had a remarkable constitution, but I had never developed it or my body through exercise. My muscles were small and soft, like a woman's, or so the doctors had said time and again in the course of their attempts to persuade me to go in for physical culture fads. But I had preferred to use my head rather than my body; and here I was, in no fit condition for the rough life in prospect."

There you have it: a dreamy, sensuous, half life he had lived, his body rusting and rotting for want of use. How could health of thought come from such a body? Half the thought that controls the world is diseased thought, rotten thought, born of diseased and rotten bodies. For thought to be strong and virile and pure it must come through strong, virile and pure bodies. The man who lives a lazy, selfish, self-indulgent life cannot think other than lazy, selfish, self-indulgent thoughts. And it was the mission of Wolf Larsen, cruel, horrible, terrible though it seemed at first to Humphrey Van Weyden, to show him the uselessness and inutility of his own life, the helplessness of it and to develop within him powers of usefulness, of self-reliance, of mental grasp. As you read of Van Weyden's treatment your blood boils at times with anger and indignation, yet the ultimate outcome was good, in the highest degree good. It taught the hitherto useless and selfish man a sympathy with the hard and cruel work of others; it developed his body, his mind, his invention, his soul. See him there, as London pictures him, when cast ashore on Endeavor Island, with the woman he loved, struggling with the masts of the dismasted "Ghost" in order that he may get back to civilization. Day after day he grapples with problems of weight, levers, fulcrums, blocks and tackles, and little by little knows the joy of overcoming them. He learns what it is to really live—to live in active battling with the real problems that meet men and women in real life. So, in the end, one is forced to the conclusion that his experiences were good for him in every way. They had made a man of him—a real man, not a semblance of a man. A self-reliant, self-competent, self-dependent man, full of sympathy for his fellows, knowing the hardships and difficulties of their lives and realizing the joys of their triumphs. And to be a man is much. Welcome the teacher, hard though he be, that teaches us manhood.

So Jack London's book comes to me with the highest sanction. It teaches human puppets to be men through the strenuous endeavor of compelling life.

In his later books his humor asserts itself more than formerly. He is far more jolly, human and humorous than most of his readers conceive. For instance, when he was living at Wake Robin Lodge, where I first met him, he had a notice on the front door of his library or studio: "No Admittance Except on Business!" Then underneath, "Positively No Business Transacted Here." On the back door were these legends: "No one admitted without knocking." "Do not knock."

Yet it cannot be denied that humor is a secondary or tertiary thing to him. He has been compelled by the hard knocks of life to be so deadly in earnest, and he has so thoroughly taken upon himself the burden of the down-trodden classes that, while he fully appreciates humor, can tell a good story, and laughs as heartily as any man, the serious side of life is ever uppermost to him.

This is clearly seen in the concluding words of his compelling paper, "What Life Means to Me." He there says:

"I discovered that I did not like to live on the parlor floor of society. Intellectually I was bored. Morally and spiritually I was sickened. I remembered my intellectuals and idealists, my unfrocked preachers, broken professors, and clean-minded, class-conscious workingmen. I remembered my days and nights of sunshine and starshine, where life was all a wild, sweet wonder, a spiritual paradise of unselfish adventure and ethical romance. And I saw before me, ever blazing and burning, the Holy Grail.

"So I went back to the working class, in which I had been born and where I belonged. I care no longer to climb. The imposing edifice of society above my head holds no delights for me. It is the foundation of the edifice that interests me. There I am content to labor, crowbar in hand, shoulder to shoulder with intellectuals, idealists and class-conscious workingmen, getting a solid pry now and again and setting the whole edifice rocking. Some day, when we get a few more hands and crowbars to work, we'll topple it over, along with all its rotten life and unburied dead, its monstrous selfishness and sodden materialism. Then we'll cleanse the cellar and build a new habitation for mankind, in which there will be no parlor floor, in which all the rooms will be bright and airy, and where the air that is breathed will be clean, noble and alive.

"Such is my outlook. I look forward to a time when man shall progress upon something worthier and higher than his stomach, when there will be a finer incentive to impel men to action than the incentive of today, which is the incentive of the stomach. I retain my belief in the nobility and excellence of the human. I believe that spiritual sweetness and unselfishness will conquer the gross gluttony of today. And, last of all, my faith is in the working class. As some Frenchman has said, 'The stairway of time is ever echoing with the wooden shoe going up, the polished boot descending.' "

Let me here say a few words as to London's socialism.

It is useless to say that his theories and ideas are impracticable. It is impossible to ignore them. He and his compeers argue with relentless logic that will not be gainsaid. The capitalistic class, they say, has had up to now the management of the affairs of the world. The laboring class, perforce, has had to accept this management, live by the laws the capitalists have formulated, accept the wages paid, pay the prices demanded for rents, commodities, clothing and food, and live in rigid conformity to the will of the capitalists—as expressed in the laws and in social requirements—with little more than a pretended voice of suggestion in the making of these laws. They openly claim that this management has been a failure as far as the higher development of mankind is concerned. They point with bitterness to the evidences of material and financial prosperity side by side with increasing misery and wretchedness and the growing fierceness of the struggle for existence. In his essay entitled "Revolution," London compares the existence of the cave-man with the conditions of life among the poor today, and calls upon the poor to assert their rights, show their power at the ballot-box and claim their own. The red banner, by the way, symbolizes the brotherhood of man and does not symbolize the incendiarism that instantly connects itself with the red banner in the affrighted bourgeois mind. The comradeship of the revolutionists is alive and warm. It passes over geographical lines, transcends race prejudice, and has even proven itself mightier than the Fourth of July, spread-eagle Americanism of our forefathers. The French socialist workingmen and the German socialist workingmen forget Alsace and Lorraine, and, when war threatens, pass resolutions declaring that as workingmen and comrades they have no quarrel with each other. Only the other day, when Japan and Russia sprang at each other's throats, the revolutionists of Japan addressed the following message to the revolutionists of Russia:

"Dear Comrades: Your government and ours have recently plunged into war to carry out their imperialistic tendencies, but for us socialists there are no boundaries, race, country, nationality. We are comrades, brothers and sisters, and have no reason to fight. Your enemies are not the Japanese people, but our militarism and so-called patriotism. Patriotism and militarism are our mutual enemies."

Here is another utterance that should be calmly weighed and duly considered:

"One thing must be clearly understood. This is no spontaneous and vague uprising of a large mass of discontented and miserable people—a blind and instinctive recoil from trust. On the contrary, the propaganda is intellectual; the movement is based upon economic necessity and is in line with social evolution; while the miserable people have not yet revolted. The revolutionist is no starved and diseased slave in the shambles at the bottom of the social pit, but is, in the main, a hearty, well-fed workingman who sees the shambles waiting for him and his children and declines to descend. The very miserable people are too helpless to help themselves. But they are being helped, and the day is not far distant when their numbers will go to swell the ranks of the revolutionists."

There are those who ask, Why exploit the socialistic ideas of London? Is there not something of the ostrich hiding its head in the sand in this mental attitude? If socialism is dangerous, the sooner we who profess to be less radical know it the better. Let us fully understand the ideas, the propaganda, the methods these men and women have in their minds; then, if they are to be combatted, we can the more intelligently go to work to combat them. But to shut our eyes and ears, to remain wilfully blind and deaf until the storm is upon us is both foolish, absurd and suicidal.

About five years ago on one of my visits to Glen Ellen, Jack and his wife were full of their contemplated trip on "The Snark." They had decided to make it, and Jack and "Roscoe" spent hours going over their plans. I used to watch and listen and enjoy it all in anticipation with them. They planned to be gone for seven years, to circumnavigate the globe and visit every place that appealed to them.

A few days after I left them I wrote the following, gendered by the unfolding of London's philosophy as it appeared to me at the time:

"Seven years on a small vessel, journeying through storms and calms, in all kinds of seas in all kinds of weathers. Seven years of risk, of uncertainty, of danger—so it appears to a landsman. But how does it seem to him? Read his stories of the Fish Patrol in San Francisco harbor; get it well into your understanding that as a lad of sixteen he was the hero of adventure, of daring and bravery that were taken as the everyday work of his profession. He entered into the work of capturing desperate and armed men who violated the laws of the Fish Commissioners; men who defiantly pirated the oyster beds; men to whom the sailing of their vessels in all weathers and in the fogs and darkness of night was part of their everyday life; men whose whole lives had been spent on the sea—I say he entered into the task of foiling these men in their illegal work when but a mere lad of sixteen. With his superior, or alone, he sailed the vessel of the fish patrol and sought to outsail and outwit defiant and mocking men. Here, then, was his school. Here was his training ground. As you read his fish and sea stories you see that the uncertain deck of the tossing vessel, the uprearing and downfalling of the ship as it is lifted by the wild and boisterous waves is a place of sure footing to him. Masts and sails and oars and tackles and keels and center-boards and the like are all as familiar to him as fashions are to the dude, and not in a dilettante way, but in the stern, real, positive way that comes in the discharge of arduous, wearisome, dangerous and exciting daily labor.

"His, therefore, will be no amateur trip. He knows what he is about. He is an expert sailor. He as thoroughly understands the handling and working of a vessel as an expert mechanic trained as a chauffeur understands the manipulation of an automobile.

"And yet more than this is necessary for the *master* of a vessel. He must understand the art of navigation. That is, he must understand not only all about the actual working of the vessel, but how to determine his course in the night, in a fog, how to find his location when wind, adverse current and storm have forced him out of his expected path. This knowledge he does not possess. But this is no real obstacle. Here is where his superb mental training and self-discipline come in. He knows that a few days' reading up will give him the scientific knowledge necessary to learn these things. What a school man must spend months to learn, he knows that his well-disciplined intellect, with its powers of concentration, absorption and retention can master in a few weeks. So with supreme self-reliance he looks upon the necessary knowledge as almost attained, and goes on with his preparation without a flutter of fear at his heart."

London himself, in his book "The Cruise of the Snark," enlarges upon this crude presentation of his ideas in the following vigorous fashion:

"The thing I like most of all is personal achievement—not achievement for the world's applause, but achievement for my own delight. It is the old 'I did it! I did it! With my own hands I did it!' But personal achievement, with me, must be concrete. I'd rather win a water-fight in the swimming pool, or remain astride a horse that is trying to get out from under me, than write the great American novel. Each man to his liking. Some other fellow would prefer writing the great American novel to winning the water-fight or mastering the horse.

"Possibly the proudest achievement of my life, my moment of highest living, occurred when I was seventeen. I was in a three-masted schooner off the coast of Japan. We were in a typhoon. All hands had been on deck most of the night. I was called from my bunk at seven in the morning to take the wheel. Not a stitch of canvas was set. We were running before it with bare poles, yet the schooner fairly tore along. The seas were all of an eighth of a mile apart, and the wind snatched the whitecaps from their summits, filling the air so thick with driving spray that it was impossible to see more than two waves at a time. The schooner was almost unmanageable, rolling her rail under to starboard and to port, veering and yawing anywhere between southeast and southwest, and threatening when the huge seas lifted under her quarter, to broach to. Had she broached to, she would ultimately have been reported lost with all hands and no tidings.

"I took the wheel. The sailing master watched me for a space. He was afraid of my youth, feared that I lacked the strength and the nerve. But when he saw me successfully wrestle the schooner through several bouts, he went below to breakfast. Fore and aft, all hands were below at breakfast. Had she broached to, not one of them would ever have reached the deck. For forty minutes I stood there alone at the wheel, in my grasp the wildly careering schooner and the lives of twenty-two men. Once we were pooped: I saw it coming, and, half-drowned, with tons of water crushing me, I checked the schooner's rush to broach to. At the end of the hour, sweating and played out, I was relieved. But I had done it! With my own hands I had done the trick at the wheel and guided a hundred tons of wood and iron through a few million tons of wind and waves.

"My delight was in that I had done it—not in the fact that twenty-two men knew I had done it. Within the year over half of them were dead and gone, yet my pride in the thing performed was not diminished by half."

"Life that lives is life successful, and success is the breath of its nostrils. The achievement of a difficult feat is successful adjustment to a sternly exacting environment. The more difficult the feat, the greater the satisfaction at its accomplishment. Thus it is with the man who leaps forward from the springboard, out over the swimming pool, and with a backward half-revolution of the body, enters the water head first. Once he left the springboard his environment became immediately savage, and savage the penalty it would have exacted had he failed and struck the water flat. Of course, the man did not have to run the risk of the penalty. He could have remained on the bank in a sweet and placid environment of summer air, sunshine and stability. Only he was not made that way. In the swift mid-air moment he lived as he could never have lived on the bank.

"The trip around the world means big moments of living. Bear with me a moment and look at it. Here am I, a little animal called a man—a bit of vitalized matter, one hundred and sixty-five pounds of meat and blood, nerve, sinew, bones and brain—all of it soft and tender, susceptible to hurt, fallible and frail. I strike a light back-handed blow on the nose of an obstreperous horse, and a bone in my hand is broken. I put my head under the water for five minutes and I am drowned. I fall twenty feet through the air and I am smashed. I am a creature of temperature. A few degrees one way and my fingers and ears and toes blacken and drop off. A few degrees the other way, and my skin blisters and shrivels away from the raw, quivering flesh. A few additional degrees either way, and the life and the light in me go out. A drop of poison injected into my body from a snake, and I cease to move—forever I cease to move. A splinter of lead from a rifle enters my head, and I am wrapped around in the eternal blackness.

"Fallible and frail, a bit of pulsating, jelly-like life—it is all I am. About me are the great natural forces—colossal menaces, Titans of destruction, unsentimental monsters that have less concern for me than I have for the grain of sand I crush under my foot. They have no concern at all for me. They do not know me. They are unconscious, unmerciful, and unmoral. They are the cyclones and tornadoes, lightning flashes and cloudbursts, tide-rips and tidal waves, undertows and waterspouts, great whirls and sucks and eddies, earthquakes and volcanoes, surfs that thunder on rock-ribbed coasts and seas that leap aboard the largest crafts that float, crushing humans to pulp or licking them off into the sea and to death—and these insensate monsters do not know that tiny sensitive creature, all nerves and weaknesses, whom men call Jack London, and who himself thinks he is all right and quite a superior being.

"In the maze and chaos of the conflict of these vast and draughty Titans, it is for me to thread my precarious way. The bit of life that is I will exult over them. The bit of life that is I, in so far as it succeeds in baffling them or in bidding them to its service, will imagine that it is godlike. It is good to ride the tempest and feel godlike. I dare to assert that for a finite speck of pulsating jelly to feel godlike is a far more glorious feeling than for a god to feel godlike.

"Here is the sea, the wind and the wave. Here are the seas, the winds and the waves of all the world. Here is ferocious environment. And here is difficult adjustment, the achievement of which is delight to the small quivering vanity that is I. I like. I am so made. It is my own particular form of vanity, that is all."

They made a wonderful start and did some remarkable voyaging, all of which is told in graphic fashion in London's "Cruise of the Snark." But circumstances over which they had no control compelled the giving up of the trip when they reached Australia, and they returned to their home in Glen Ellen, there to furbish up the old ranch house, begin the building of the new and wonderful home, construct the trails and be happy, as I have described them in the earlier pages of this already prolonged sketch. That they are not compulsorily anchored is evidenced by the fact that a few months ago they decided to take a trip to New York. While there one or the other or both decided that a sailing vessel trip to California around Cape Horn would suit them, and in twenty-four hours arrangements were made and they were off.

Whatever else may be said of London, no one can truthfully say of him that he has not lived. In his less than forty years of life he has played on a gamut of several octaves, and from present indication life is just as intense, as vivid, and as full with him as when he fought his battle with the bully newsboy on the streets of Oakland, or the bully sailor on the deck of the Behring Sea whaler.

LIGHTS O' TOWN

DEAR Lights o' Town, that gleam and glow
Across the hills where frost-winds blow,
When summer's fragrant song is done,
And birds have vanished, one by one,
Dear gloaming lights that twinkling, call
Of love and home, at evenfall,
When sunlight fades in misty haze,
And sadness haunts the woodland ways;

The flowers are dead; the hills are brown,
But life calls in the Lights o' Town.

—*Jessie Davies Willdy.*

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Little Boy Blue

by Horace Hazeltine

Author of "The Sable Lorcha," "The Last Question," "The Wide Portal," etc.

WITHOUT pause in her free, swinging stride, the slender young woman in black regarded with tolerant amusement the tall young man in the fur-collared coat who was so bravely endeavoring to fit his pace to hers. She had noted the little panted breaths with which his "Good morning, Miss Remsen. Jolly morning, isn't it?" had been punctuated, and she observed now an added evidence of exertion in the pink flush overspreading his somewhat drawn yet comely visage.

"Really," she observed with feigned seriousness, neglecting any more formal greeting, "you shouldn't do it. You must know you shouldn't. It's not fair to your kinsfolk and friends, Mr. Van Duyne."

"Do it?" he repeated in real or assumed perplexity, still puffing like a motor-boat exhaust. "W-what have I done?"

"You've been exercising beyond your strength; beyond your powers of endurance. Your heart, you know, is in danger."

The young man ventured something like a chuckle, but caught himself up, quickly. Of course she didn't mean what naturally occurred to him. He knew all about his heart being in danger. It had been in dire peril ever since the night he took her in to dinner at the Phil Clydes'; and that was—why, it was over two months ago, and his condition was growing worse every day. That was the alarming part of it. If it had been any other girl, he should be quite over it by this. He always got over that sort of thing quickly. He was nearly five and twenty now, and had experienced as many heart affairs as the average man of his years. But there was something very different in this case. Agnes Remsen had refused to take him seriously from the very first. She treated him like a boy. She was treating him like a boy at this very minute. She was laughing at him.

"You shouldn't walk, you know," she was saying. "You should use your limousine, whenever you go out; even if it's only around the corner to the club. Some day you won't be able to breathe at all, and it would be a perfectly frightful thing for you to fall on the street, unconscious. Now, wouldn't it?"

Van Duyne chuckled openly this time.

"Oh, I say," he retorted, his breath nearly recovered, "that's hardly fair. You don't know how fast I've been walking, and what a scamper I had just now to escape being run down by three taxicabs and a rubberneck wagon which charged at me as I was crossing the Avenue."

"I know you're out of training, and that you show it. You told me, yourself, that you never think of playing squash any more; that you haven't had a gun in your hand in three years; that you neither tennis nor golf, nowadays; that you used to handle a four-in-hand as well as the best of them, but that now you don't even drive your own touring car. And yet at college you were—everybody knows you were—the best all-round athlete in your class."

For the space of a scruple he was silent, regarding her meanwhile with perplexed interest. While she was speaking his gaze had been directed forward, but now he walked with head turned toward her, measuring her, dissecting her, striving with more or less futility not merely to comprehend her, but to analyze his own attitude toward her.

As to her beauty there was no gainsaying. Of a prevailing type, she nevertheless possessed features which held a distinct individuality. Van Duyne had never, for instance, seen hair of just the color of hers. It was neither light brown nor gold, but something between the two, and she wore it parted and plaited and wound about in a way that seemed to him wonderfully effective. There appeared to be such an abundance of it, too, that instead of making the most of it, as do the majority of women, she seemingly exerted her ingenuity to disguise the richness of her possession.

Her eyes were gray, and large and long-lashed. Sometimes they were very dark and serious; and at other times they were almost blue and full of lurking mischief. Her nose was her least individual feature. It was straight and rather short, with fine sensitive nostrils. But her mouth was something of a puzzle to him. It was too small for real strength, and the bright red of the tender pliant lips parting over small, glistening teeth, suggested a luxurious indolence of temperament; yet in its outline there was a belying, almost stubborn firmness. Her skin was of a soft, delicate, roseleaf texture, which Van Duyne mentally denominated infantile.

From this exterior survey he gathered little indeed to assist him in the solution of his puzzling problem. Here was a young woman—a very admirable young woman, who had made bold to do the unheard-of thing. Hitherto no one had ever ventured to criticize either him or his actions. His mother, his sisters, his father even, had only showered him with applause, overlooking alike his shortcomings and his foibles. With his family it was a case of "the king can do no wrong," and though his men friends were hardly so considerate, no one of them had ever thought it worth while to invoke the pillory. And all the women that he knew, with this single exception of Agnes Remsen, had outvied his kinsfolk not alone in indulgence but in adulation.

To be subjected, therefore, to the lash of censorious disapproval was to experience a novel and, oddly enough, a not by any means unpleasant, sensation. For, if, at times, Miss Remsen seemed keenly satirical, there were moments when she appeared to evince an unselfish interest in his welfare, so honestly personal as to be gratifying, not to say flattering, to one who craved above all else an uncontested place in her regard.

And then there arose, suddenly, the thought that the attitude of the other women—mothers of marriageable daughters and marriageable daughters themselves—might possibly be accounted for on the ground of self-interest. The notion was so new to him that for just an instant it quite upset his train of reasoning. Sincere to the verge of ingenuousness, himself, he was the last one to suspect duplicity in others, and so it had never before occurred to him that his fortune and position might, possibly, be the lure which had inclined womankind, so unanimously, to invest him with the badge of their approval.

Indirectly this thought shed a new light on Agnes Remsen and her manner toward him. It was, perhaps, to avoid even a suspicion of such motive which had prompted her to her course of courageous candor. If so, to hold longer the idea that she entertained an honest and profound interest in his welfare might be idle and unwarranted. Nevertheless, it was a pleasant illusion, and he preferred it to his other imagining.

"Yes," he said, at length, "I have gone off some, I dare say, but I'm sound enough, still, for all that. I've got no end of endurance; really I have."

The girl laughed blithely.

"I should love to see some evidence of it," she returned. "Fancy your wearing a fur coat on such a day! It isn't cold, a bit."

Van Duyne looked down somewhat ruefully at the sable-lined garment which enveloped him.

"I never was up to predicting the weather," he rejoined lamely, "and my man, you know, goes rather by the seasons than the thermometer. Because it's within three days of Christmas, he evidently thinks this coat is seasonable."

There was something very near to scorn in her voice as she said:

"Your man! So your man does your thinking for you, does he?"

"Well, hardly that. But I generally put on what he lays out."

Miss Remsen was annoyed. She lifted her chin perceptibly higher and quickened her pace. She had scant sympathy with young men of the Van Duyne stamp. Usually she gave them very little of her time, because they profited her no more than they profited themselves, which was a very meagre profit, indeed, to her thinking. But Archie Van Duyne had refused to be rebuffed. That was really why she was amused when he boasted of his endurance. In a way she could not but admit the truth of his assertion. He had endured more from her than she either expected or wished, and in doing so had attained to a place in her consideration denied to his fellows. He was so delightfully good-natured with it, too; and better still, he seemed actually almost amenable to reason. Indeed she was beginning to have a glimmering hope that she might, by means of slipping in a wedge here and there as opportunity offered, eventually lift him into something better than his present class; that she might, in fact, make what she was pleased to call "a real man" of him.

She was not a "settlement worker," but she had gone in very enthusiastically for the study of sociology during her last year at Vassar, and had come forth with certain fixed ideas on the duty of the individual; ideas which were, if the truth be told, rather more socialistic than sociologic. She reprobated idleness and abhorred the trend of habit in what has come to be known as "the idle rich," an order in which most of her relatives and many of her friends held high and conspicuous place. Though in the society hive herself, she was not a drone. She occupied offices at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-Fourth Street, wherein she gave advice on the seemly decoration and furnishing of dwellings, devoting the profits thereof to well-directed charity. And every morning, rain or shine, hot or cold, she walked down the Avenue to her place of business; returning home, each afternoon, at five, again afoot, and heedless of climatic inclemency.

His companion's silence now being somewhat embarrassingly prolonged, Van Duyne picked up the thread of their converse where it had dropped.

"You certainly wouldn't expect a fellow to give all his thoughts to his clothes, now, would you, Miss Remsen?"

"Oh!" was her startled response. "Give all his—pardon me, but I had quite forgotten what we were talking about. Oh, no, I shouldn't expect that. Of course I shouldn't." And then, very tryingly, she relapsed into silence again.

The Avenue was already very much alive, though the time was only a very little after nine; but it was alive for the most part with an element to which both the young man and the young woman were strangers. It was far too early for their set to be abroad. Van Duyne could not recall when he himself had been astir at so preposterously absurd an hour. The early shopping birds were out, however, and a conglomerate assortment of, to use the idler's phrase, "beasts of burden." It was the one period of the day, too, when on the driveway delivery wagons outnumbered limousines and electric broughams. So, as this precious, though ill-assorted pair of fortune's favorites, swung southward, they were as free from interested observation as though they had been visitors from out-of-town.

It occurred to Van Duyne that the girl at his side had suddenly grown conversationally difficult. Now that he had his breath back and could talk without respiratory effort, she was tantalizingly taciturn. As a maker of discourse—at all events of such discourse as would attract and interest her—he reluctantly confessed to himself his deficiency. Hitherto she had been pleased to assume the initiative and with an entire absence of exertion he had been able to answer and reply and so keep the collocutory ball rolling. But her last observation contained what seemed to him the very essence of finality, and he lacked a suggestion how best to reawaken in her the spirit of dispute.

His embarrassment, however, eventually resolved itself. Before he was conscious of her intention she had turned aside and halted before a shop window. And thence he tardily followed her. It was the window of a book-seller and stationer, and it was gay, not alone with the green and red adornment of the season—the festoons and wreaths of spruce and laurel and holly, with their interwoven scarlet berries and bows of vivid ribbon—but with framed prints, posters and panels of even more glaring colors—the pink of the huntsman, the chrome of the ancient mail coach, the lavender rose pattern of the chatelaine's panniered frock.

What had attracted Miss Remsen, however, was a group of illustrated nursery rhymes, executed with grotesque originality and a rare sense of tint values.

"I want you to look at that little lad sleeping so soundly under the haystack," she observed to her companion, "and tell me if he reminds you of anyone."

Van Duyne, who was a trifle near-sighted, leaned close to the plate glass; so close that the brim of his hat came in contact with the pane.

"I can't see very well," he said, straining to focus the picture she pointed out, "but he seems a jolly little beggar. Does he remind you of some chap?"

"He reminds me of you," was the girl's blunt response.

The young gentleman laughed derisively.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed. "Of me? Why, that's screamingly funny, that is."

"I don't mean in looks; though it's quite possible you were not unlike him at his age—but in attitude. Do you know his name?"

"Fancy!" exclaimed Van Duyne, his good-natured face one broad smile. "Fancy my knowing the kiddie's name!"

"It's 'Little Boy Blue.' Didn't you ever hear of 'Little Boy Blue'?" And with something akin to hopelessness in her manner as well as in her tone she turned away from the window and resumed her walk down the Avenue.

Of course he had heard the nursery rhyme. He even tried to repeat it for her, but got very badly tangled between the *sheep* and the *cow* and the *meadow* and the *corn*, regardless that in nursery rhymes as in well-regulated households there is a place for everything and everything should be in its place.

"How silly!" he concluded, with a little shamed titter. "I might have seen that, at once:

"Where's Little Boy Blue that looks after
 the sheep?
Under the haystack, fast asleep."

"And so are you," Agnes Remsen told him. "Just as fast asleep as Little Boy Blue was. O Mr. Van Duyne, why won't you wake up and blow your horn? Don't you know that the sheep which you are supposed to look after are in the corn? Can't you understand that while you are drowsing the sheep of the community are going astray and getting into all manner of mischief? Unfortunately there are more sheep than anything else in the average community. Sheep are not naturally vicious, you know, nor wicked nor predatory; but they are more easily led than any other creature, and so they need good, wise Little Boy Blues to look after them. I do wish you would wake up and sense your responsibilities."

Van Duyne's appreciation of the allegory was stimulated by the melody of the voice which gave it utterance. The earnestness of the speaker, too, had not a little to do with the impression she made; the brilliancy of her eyes and the coral pink flush of her cheeks, those outward signs of her enthusiasm, accentuating most forcefully for him the lesson she strove to convey.

"That's all very well, Miss Remsen," he hastened to return. "Theoretically, you know, I daresay you are quite right. I agree with you, perfectly. Indeed I do. But what is a fellow to do? I don't know anything to speak of about politics, and about business I know even less."

"Then it's high time you learned. Haven't you ever thought how absolutely useless your life is? If I had my way I should have a law passed making it impossible for parents to do anything, financially, for their children, unless they were physically or mentally incapacitated. I regard it as a crime for rich men to deprive their sons and daughters of the joys of personal achievement. Inherited riches are a curse and idleness is a crime."

The young man smiled. To him this view was ludicrously anomalous.

"Maybe you'll suggest something," he ventured dryly, "some occupation for me as a beginning."

"No," she said, "I decline to make a selection for you. There are a hundred—a thousand things you can do. You can't imagine how it would please me to see you do something; to see you make a beginning."

Eagerly he caught at her phrase.

"Would it, really?" he asked. "Would it please you? Would you think better of me?"

"Most assuredly," was her frank answer.

"I hate to see good material going to waste, and I do believe you are good material. Otherwise I shouldn't have given you five minutes' consideration."

They had paused at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street, checked by the crossing traffic.

"There's an object lesson for you," she went on, directing Van Duyne's attention to a red-coated and red-capped figure on the opposite corner. "I can't begin to tell you the admiration I have for that man. For a week and more he has stood there in that masquerade of Santa Claus, ringing his bell beside his painted wooden chimney, gathering contributions from the charitable to provide Christmas dinners for the pauper hordes of New York. And he's been there early and late in all kinds of weather. Do you realize that he does more for humanity in one day than you have done in the whole course of your idle useless existence?"

"I realize," Van Duyne replied, a little tartly, as they started across the street, "that I'd be doing quite as much in a day and more, if I should drop a fifty dollar bill down the flue of yon chimney."

"Oh, no," she objected, "that is the mistake that you and those like you always make. If the fifty dollar bill had been earned by you, yes. Then it would represent just so much labor on your part; but I doubt that you have ever earned a single dollar. Have you ever, Mr. Van Duyne?"

Very ingenuously she asked the question, and with equal ingenuousness the young man admitted the justification of the impeachment.

"But I will, Miss Remsen," he added, with convincing enthusiasm; "I give you my word, I will."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," was her hearty rejoinder as they were about to part at the door of the building in which her office was located. "I believe you mean it." And they clasped hands, warmly, in token of agreement.

At intervals during the day Agnes Remsen, glancing from her office window, observed with an augmented interest, born of her conversation with Van Duyne, the man in the Santa Claus garb, who continued hour after hour tirelessly to ring his bell in the effort to attract attention to his miniature chimney and its printed appeal.

By noon the unseasonable leniency of the morning had given way to a biting east wind with flurries of snow, and as the afternoon advanced, the flakes thickened and the wind, veering to the north, grew to an icy gale. The change made now a travesty of the costume of the indefatigable sentinel across the way. Thin and flimsy, the red coat and hood, with their cheap white canton flannel imitation fur trimming, offered meagre protection from the storm; yet, with dogged persistence, he remained at his post.

Agnes watched him with mingled admiration and pity as he fought against the assailing chill; swinging his arms and stamping his feet in his endeavor to accelerate his flagging circulation. She was watching him when, just as dusk was falling, and the lights were beginning to appear in the great hotel opposite, the postman came in and dropped a letter on her desk.

Before opening it, she switched on her own electrics. Then she slit the envelope and drawing out the enclosure, discovered a cheque for fifty dollars from one of her clients, in payment for a scheme of Christmas decoration which it had taken her an hour to design. In another moment she had written her name across the reverse side; and had begun to adjust her hat. In less than five minutes, wrapped in furs which she kept at her office for just such atmospheric emergencies, she was crossing the Avenue, the cheque held within her muff.

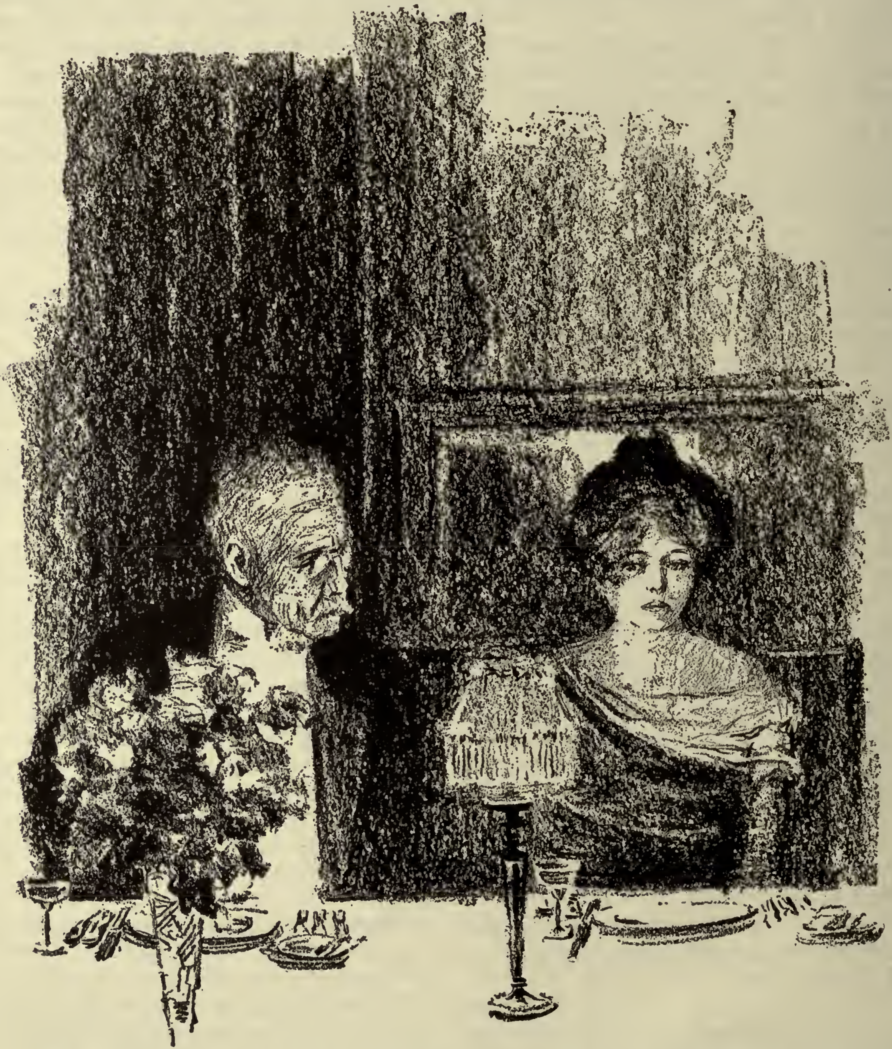
Before the pathetic figure in red, on the opposite corner, she paused.

"I want you to go home," she said, her voice raised against the buffeting blizzard and the further impediment of a snow-soaked veil. "You're liable to get your death standing here in this weather." And she thrust the cheque into his cheaply-gloved hand.

* * *

At the house party which the Phil Clydes gave at their Greenwich place over New Year's, Agnes Remsen was a guest. Throughout the Christmas holidays her time had been devoted with fervid enthusiasm to her several charities. It had been an inclement season and she had labored to the verge of her strength. So, sanely conscious of her need of rest and recuperation, she had accepted the invitation at the last moment, reconciled in a measure to her enforced neglect of certain worthy poor families, by the expectation of being able to exert a further missionary influence over young Van Duyne, whom she had not seen since the morning of his suddenly-formed resolution to desert the army of the idle rich, and whom she confidently looked forward to meeting.

But, as it chanced, Mr. Van Duyne was not present, and Miss Remsen, though disappointed, tactfully checked her impulse to ask the reason why, contenting herself with the easily imagined explanation of a previous engagement. For the revelation which came to her on New Year's eve, therefore, she was quite unprepared. It came at the dinner table, and to preserve a semblance of composure



He spoke the last sentence with no little bitterness, his gaze turned meanwhile on Agnes Remsen, who sat with her hands clenched beneath the table she was forced to marshal every atom of her will.

She sat on the right of her host, who, having been detained in town, presumably by the demands of the weekly journal of which he was both editor and proprietor, had reached home with scant time to dress. Someone chaffed him about overwork and for a while he chaffed back wittily enough, but Agnes soon observed that his gayety was forced and that whenever the vortex of merriment swung toward another part of the table he relapsed into a silence and a gravity of expression that were altogether foreign not merely to the occasion but to his usual mood as she had come to know it.

More than once she was on the verge of asking him if he were tired, but each time controlled the impulse. Mrs. Whitney, the plump young matron who sat opposite, however, was less considerate. She, too, had observed, and her curiosity was under no such curb.

"What in Heaven's name is the matter, Phil?" she asked, with a resentful inflection. "You look as though you'd lost your last friend. It isn't civil."

Clyde started and glanced up in an abashed way, as might a child detected in a misdeed.

"I beg your pardon, Natalie," he said quietly. "I daresay I do seem rather grumpy. The fact is I'm worried, anxious—devilish anxious. I've been at the Van Duynes' most of the afternoon. Archie Van Duyne is—well, he's a very ill man."

Although he spoke in an undertone Agnes Remsen, being interested, overheard. Involuntarily she echoed one of his words.

"Ill?" she queried, and had Clyde's eyes not been turned the other way he must have noted her sudden pallor.

"Didn't you know?" he asked in surprise, turning.

"I—I hadn't heard," she stammered.

"I knew he had pneumonia," the young matron opposite put in.

"This is the ninth day," Clyde amplified, still speaking low, his tone serious. "If he lives over tonight he'll get well. But—" And there was a volume of apprehension in the last word.

Agnes counted back quickly, silently.

"It is just ten days since I saw him," she said. "He was very fit then, apparently. Poor fellow!" And then she noticed that Phil Clyde was staring at her in a grim, questioning way that added to her uneasiness.

"He was in my office a week ago," he went on; "but he should have been in bed. He was scorching with fever, and he talked like a drunken man."

To Tommy Winthrop, a young assistant district attorney, whose place was next to Miss Remsen, scraps of the dialogue had been audible.

"Talking of Archie Van Duyne?" he queried. "I thought so. Pretty ill, isn't he? I heard, last night, by the way, that he was negotiating to buy your paper, Phil."

"He was, yes," Clyde returned. "You know I've been thinking of disposing of it for some time. Evelyn and I want to go abroad for a few years, and so, when Archie came to me with a proposition I was more than half inclined to accept. That was two days before Christmas. I made an appointment with him for the next afternoon, and that was when he talked so strangely."

"What was it he said?" asked Winthrop.

"I couldn't follow him, clearly. I know, though, that he seemed to have some foolish idea of changing the name of the paper to *The Horn*. 'I'm Little Boy Blue,' he added, 'and I want to get the sheep out of the corn.' "

Natalie Whitney laughed jarringly, and Clyde flashed at her a look of reproval.

"It wasn't funny," he said. "It was pitiful."

What seemed so ludicrous to Mrs. Whitney and so pathetic to Clyde was, of course, quite intelligible to Agnes Remsen. Nevertheless the revelation, connected as it was with the early stages of an illness which threatened dire ending, smote her with a sense of personal responsibility, and she winced as though under the lash of rebuke.

"How on earth did he get pneumonia?" Winthrop was asking. "It isn't his habit to expose himself."

"God only knows," Clyde returned gravely, "but his man, Judson, tells a curious story about Archie coming in one evening about ten days ago—the night of the blizzard, it was—soaked to the skin and nearly frozen. He made no explanation, it seems, but since he has been ill, he has talked a great deal in his dementia, and most of his talk has been of Santa Claus ringing a bell in a snowstorm, and Christmas dinners for the poor, and charity and all that sort of thing. From bits put together Judson is pretty well convinced that Archie must have changed places with one of those Salvation Army chaps who stood on the street corners dressed like Saint Nick, collecting contributions to feed the homeless on Christmas Day. But I certainly should never have fancied him indulging in a task of that sort. He's altogether too fond of the creature comforts to undertake such a role, and especially in such killing weather. If he did do it, it must have been on a wager; and in that case, the one who dared him can now have the satisfaction of knowing that Death is likely to take a hand in the game."

He spoke the last sentence with no little bitterness, his gaze turned meanwhile on Agnes Remsen, who sat with her hands clenched beneath the table, her unseeing eyes stonily fixed on a red candle shade which had caught and held her unfocussed vision. Her lips were compressed and she was very pale. And all the while she was telling herself that it was true, this that Clyde had first said he doubted, but that she felt sure he believed in spite of his avowed misgiving. From the very beginning she had sensed this explanation. She remembered now that the reason had been clear to her from the moment she had learned that Van Duyne was ill. It was she who had dared him. It was she who was having the torture of knowing that Death, as Clyde said, was likely to take a hand in the game.

An impulse assailed her to shriek, to rise up, to flee; but she fought it back, grimly, with drawn brow, set teeth and gripping fingers; and, conquering, regained a measure of composure. She realized now that the topic had passed. Those about her were discussing a *bal masque* which had been the event of the preceding week. In it she had had no part, and so her silence must go unnoted. The while they chattered, therefore, she was free to reflect, and the attitude of her host toward her held foremost place in her reflections. It had been made very clear to her that for some reason which she could not fathom Clyde suspected her of knowing more than she had admitted. The inference then was that he, in turn, had himself held something in reserve. From his narrative he had omitted that which most closely concerned her. Having arrived at this conclusion, impatience again became dominant. She fretted for opportunity to speak to Clyde alone; to confess, if need be, but at all events to glean the last shreds of that knowledge which had justified the accusatory implication of his words and glances.

The dinner, which to the nervously wrought girl, had seemed interminable, moved tardily to a close. But the conference she craved was delayed. Despite her persistent, yet tactful, efforts, Clyde, with seeming perversity, eluded the sought-for tete-a-tete. For a time billiards claimed him, and later it was bridge. Restless herself, and absorbed in the one dinning problem, she roamed fitfully from room to room, avoiding conversation, save so far as bare civility demanded; peeping blindly into books; strumming mechanically for briefest intervals upon the piano, staring for long moments between parted hangings out across the snowy, moonlit lawns and terraces.

There were three telephone instruments on the ground floor and for Agnes each of these possessed now an unwonted fascination. Each, it seemed to her, held within itself the secret of young Van Duyne's condition. They ceased to be inanimate, insensate tools, but took on a vital, sentient, almost personal quality. They could tell her, any one of them, whether he still lived, or whether she had killed him.

One of the instruments was in Clyde's study, and, as she paused by the open door, her eyes drawn to the nickeled standard with its ebonized attachments, she was startled by the sudden sharp whirr of the bell. Unhesitating, she entered swiftly, and before the ringing had ceased, answered in a voice vibrant with nervous apprehension.

New York was calling for Clyde.

A servant who had followed in response to the signal, fetched him by her direction from the card room. When he entered, she was standing tense, almost rigid, beside the writing table, the receiver still in her lowered hand.

She did not speak as she relinquished it. Indeed there was no need of words, for in both face and posture her straining anxiety cried aloud. Clyde, whose ruddy complexion was a shade paler than its wont, was softened to pity by the pathetic appeal in her eyes, and the glance he gave her was one of sympathetic understanding.

She took a step, as to withdraw, but he stayed her with a gesture.

"No, wait!" he said. And she obeyed silently, without change of position, standing there, close beside him, while he talked; listening with keen intentness, weighing each word, and striving vainly to gather a single clarifying, enlightening fact from amid a succession of clear-toned, but confusing rejoinders, mostly monosyllabic.

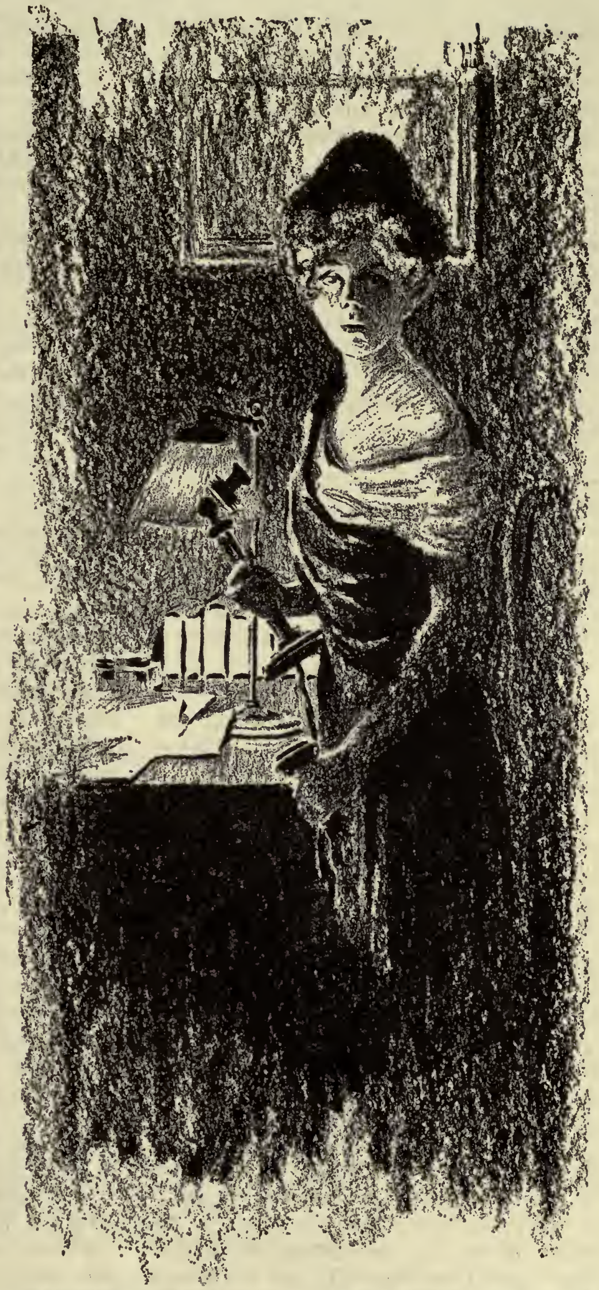
Tortured by uncertainty, the verdict still tormentingly withheld, she heard his "good-bye," and was conscious of the click which marked the return of the receiver to its hook. Then abruptly she confronted him, wide-eyed—searching his face, a nervous detaining hand clutching his arm.

"Phil," she whispered. "Tell me the truth. I must—I must have the truth."

But for a moment he was dumb, and a chill fear of the worst swept over her. When he spoke it was to ask her to sit down.

"It is the crisis," he added very gravely, as she sank into the great chair he indicated. "In fifteen minutes we shall learn which way the pendulum has swung. Shall we wait here, together?"

She nodded a silent assent, and relaxed against the cushioned chair back with



When he entered, she was standing tense, almost rigid, beside the writing table, the receiver still in her lowered hand closed eyes. Clyde, facing her, sat down by the table, on which he rested an arm. For a minute or more neither spoke. Then Agnes' eyelids fluttered wide again, and, leaning a little forward, in a voice so low that it was scarcely more than a murmur, she faltered:

"How—how can you be so cruel? Why won't you tell me what you know?"

This time his reply came promptly.

"I have been waiting for you to tell me what you know," he said, and there was still some sternness in his tone. "I only surmise."

"What?" She flung the question at him, half angrily.

"That you made a silly bet with the man, and that he won it at the cost of his health—perhaps of his life."

"Why should you think that?" she asked, indignation giving strength to her voice. "What right have you to think that?"

"I shall be only too glad to know that I am wrong," was his reply. "Am I?"

"Yes."

"Then I beg your pardon."

"But you haven't answered me," she persisted, now a little pleadingly. "What right had you to think such a thing?"

Clyde hestitated a moment.

"Very small right," he confessed, "but I couldn't very well help putting two and two together. The second day he came to my office—the day he rambled about *The Horn* and 'Little Boy Blue,' and that rot, he handed me a cheque: 'It's to bind the bargain,' he said. I hadn't asked him for anything of the sort and I didn't want to take it; but when he insisted I threw it on my desk without looking at it. After he had gone I took it up. It was a cheque for fifty dollars—a ridiculous amount, of course, in such a transaction—and it happened, strangely enough, to be drawn to your order and bore your endorsement."

"Oh, it is true, then! It is true!" she cried, her grip on her emotion giving way. She covered her face with her hands and began to sob.

"What is true?" Clyde demanded.

"It was he! It was he!" she repeated the phrase again and again perplexingly.

Her companion rose and placed a hand on her shoulder.

"Agnes," he said, and his tone was no longer stern, "calm yourself, girl. Come, be brave! What is it you mean?"

For a little, shaken by sobbing, she had no words. But presently she lifted her head and dried her eyes, and told her story; told it from beginning to end, succinctly, yet without a single salient omission. In no wise, in all the recital, did she spare herself. She had ridiculed Van Duyne as pampered; she had compared him, to his discredit, with the Salvation Army masquerader on the Thirty-fourth Street corner.

When she had finished and sat staring, dry-eyed, stricken, spiritless, he still, for a little, held his peace. Then, speaking very low, he asked her a question.

"Agnes," he said, "you care for him, don't you? You care for him very much."

For answer her tears started again, and again she covered her face with her hands. Clyde took a step toward her.

"My dear girl," he began; but, rudely, the sharp verberation of the telephone bell cut short his words, and as he sprang for the instrument Agnes Remsen rose agitatedly to her feet.

There was a moment—a long, long, terrible second or two, not more, and then: "*Thank God!*"

The mingled joy and relief bestowed by those two words and the fervency of their utterance surged over her in a tumult that choked and suffocated. Gropingly her hand sought a stay—a support for weakly wavering limbs, for reeling senses—and fell into Clyde's warm, firm grasp. But it was his voice, all sympathy, that steadied her.

"There, there," he soothed. "You must be strong. He is going to live. Little Boy Blue is awake, and alive to his opportunities and—he wants you, Agnes."

The cathedral chime of the great clock in the hall boomed resonantly the first stroke of twelve. Cheers, song and laughter rang out from the bridge players in drawing room and library. From far away, over snowy hills and fields echoed the distant tumult of steam whistles and clanging bells.

Agnes Remsen lifted her face to her friend, her moist eyes ashine.

"The new year," she murmured happily. "And—O Phil—such, *such* a new year! Such a glad, glorious New Year!"

A Christmas Prayer for Our Child

¶ O Thou Great Father of this Christmas Day's Great Child, we beseech Thee to hear our prayer for our Little One.

¶ Over him set the star of Thy love, that Thy wise counsel may comfort him with rich knowledge; around his head hang the halo of Thy grace, that he may find Thee his ever-near Protector in times when men lose faith.

¶ Ever humble, may he look up and see his place in Heaven; ever exalted, may he look down and fill his place on earth. Ever childlike, may he tread even tender paths with the footsteps of a man.

¶ May his hand reach forth to aid the stumbling and his voice sing out to cheer the hopeless. May his eye flash faith to the faithless, his smile spread sunshine, and his laughter shatter shadows.

¶ Always may his ear be open to the story of want, in body, heart and soul. His body may he keep a holy temple unto Thee; his heart a sacred altar; his soul Thy Holy of Holies.

¶ Ever strengthening in Thy sunshine, ever waxing wise in the winds and the rains of Thy love, may he attain steadily to a stature most like that of the Child who this day came to bid fathers and mothers, hopefully waiting to be honored of sons and daughters, to suffer their little ones to come unto Him.

¶ And so chubby hands will reach up to bless Thee; stout cheeks will smile at Thy name; and sweet voices will sing Thy praise as little fearless feet seek Thy narrow way and find it broad with love. And the world will be more like Thy world, and life like Thine.

¶ In the name of the Babe in the manger, and of those angel babes who have carried their goodness back to Him who gave it, but have left its blessing among us, who still await here the time when all Thy children shall pray:

"Our Father Who art in Heaven."

Amen.

—*Leslie H. Allen*

"Open Nights"

by Marguerite Jacobs

DUG TIMMONS, fists wormed deep in his trousers pockets, swished the slush to right and left, with nonchalant soaking wet shoes, as he made his way through the crowd, to where the lights from the Double-Quick Service Restaurant bathed snowflakes and passers-by in a bright yellow pool. Having arrived there, he hesitated. For after all a restaurant was a formal thing and not to be entered lightly by a chap who ate only at the kitchen table at home, or the sink or window sill if it happened to be more handy, and who had due reverence for the lordly, who tossed change on the prickly rubber cashier's mat, then unconcernedly selected their toothpicks.

It was the sight of two aggressively slanted toothpicks emerging from the door that lent Dug courage.

"Goin' in, kid?" asked the owner of the first toothpick, as he stood hesitating and ere the owner of the second toothpick had pulled the door shut after him, the boy had slipped into the odorous, warm, crashing-loud interior.

At the small wall table, half way down the room, to which he found his way, sat his sister, listlessly sipping a bluish oyster stew. She was an immaculate looking person, trim as to yellow hair and finger nails and the white fichu that outlined the V of the tucked in black shirtwaist. But nature, less particular of appearances, had dulled the blue eyes with dark circles, grayishly paled the thin cheeks, and each swallow of the bluish liquid caused a wince of the bare throat.

"Hello," she said, finding him at her elbow. "Set down a minute, kid."

"Say, what's hit youse pipes?" Dug exclaimed. For Nan's voice was usually light and traveled as if over velvet from her throat.

"Oh, nothin'—cold, I guess," came the croak. "No wonder, standin' in that hot place, with the doors fannin' open an' shut from mornin' to night. Lord! Wonder we ain't all dead! But tonight's the last. Tomorrow's Christmas and all I want is to sleep straight through it—that's all I want." She took a few wincing spoonfuls of the stew. "To've seen the signs stuck 'round everywheres, you'd a thought we wouldn't have nothin' to do but stand back and watch the floorwalkers these last few days. 'Shop early!' Maybe some did. The rush started pretty early this year. But more didn't. Honest, today's been somethin' awful. I guess more'n stickin' up signs'll have to be done."

A worried look came into the boy's eyes, for Nan was as the backbone of his existence, and when she talked so "down," something must be vitally wrong.

"Covered your route?" she asked. Dug distributed newspapers.

"Yep," he tried to say it jauntily. "An' cashed in to Maw."

Intuition leaped into the heavy blue eyes.

"Did Maw send you here to get some money?"

He nodded. "She wants t'ree dollars."

The heavy spoon dropped and the girl broke into sudden laughter; laughter that sent a choke into her voice and the blonde head wavering to her hand for support.

"Three dollars," she gasped finally. "Three dollars! Dug Timmons, guess how much I got comin' for my week's work. Two dollars and fifty-two cents. Yessir, all of that. They got to know it at home, so I wish you'd tell 'em an' get it over with."

There was an infinitely weary note in the hoarse voice. "I told you this afternoon was bad, but I can't tell you how those women talked an' grabbed an' pushed an' wanted this an' that. Honest, if we'd had twelve hands apiece it wouldn't 'a' been enough. I was waitin' on about five at once. One of 'em, a woman in a Jap Mink hat an' coat, kept pesterin' me for change 'til I nearly went wild. When the box came down I counted it out in her hand, four forty-eight, an' asked her if it was right, an' she said 'yes,' an' walked away. In a minute another one asks for change. I looked to see if her'n 'd come an' there was the box an' I gave her two cents. She looks at me funny an' says, 'I gave you a five dollar bill. I got four dollars an' forty-eight cents comin' to me'. I remembered it in a minute. The two cents change was for the Jap Mink woman. She'd bought twenty-three cents' worth o' ribbon an' give me a quarter. An' here she'd took the four-forty-eight an' walked off with it. Well—it was my own lookout, o' course, an' I had to make it good at the office—so you see I can't turn in anything this week—that's all."

It was not a young expression she surprised in the boy's face as their eyes met just then and she shivered. But somehow she couldn't think of the light words with which she usually brought back his youth.

"Tell Maw I'm sorry," she said dully. "What'd she want to get?"

"Oh, the same things, I guess, an' shoes for Carrie an' stuff for tomorrow." He was trying to make it sound indifferent, but she knew that 'the same things' were necessities which her money helped to provide.

"I might borrow it," she reflected, "but you never know if they'll let you pay 'em back—in money. Where's Paw?"

"Over to Schwartz's. The ol' man'll be busted by mornin'." He laughed.

"This stuff's cold," she said, pushing the half emptied plate from her with sudden distaste.

"Well, I guess I'll mosey along." He lingered, however. He was aching to tell her not to worry so, that Christmas was but a great fake and that she always did more than her share, anyway. But he stood mutely turning his cap in his roughened little fingers. Suddenly she turned to him and it was as if he were eighteen and she twelve.

"Dug," she pleaded, "I ain't got no heart to go home tonight. Tell Maw I'll sleep with Dora Metz."

With a blunt "Aw right," he left her.

She struggled into the inadequate black jacket on the chair back, called for her check and taking a dime from her purse, dropped it with the check on the cashier's mat as she passed.

Outside she drew her black Coney scarf about her more closely and walked two blocks west, to where the "Open Nights Until Christmas" sign glittered above the tirelessly flapping doors of "Keeshan and Wise." In the crowded vestibule, young John Steinman, the night watchman, caught sight of her.

"Oh, you Nanny," he sang out.

She smiled at him and was swallowed up within the doors.

Since her departure, no change had come over the betinseled, rushing, noisy interior, save that the tension that had hung over it for days past, as of a great heart waiting between beats, seemed a bit tighter. Half way up the aisle the "buyer" of the department met her.

"Hurry, Miss Timmons," she said briskly. "Miss Smith is ready to go to supper."

Then she was behind the whirling rainbow of colors, the piled up litter of curled papers, the empty reels, the jam of clutching buyers that was the ribbon counter and was taking up almost automatically in her hoarse croak, the "What color?" "How much?" "Narrower?" "Wider?" "Better quality?" et cetera, that had been her litany from early morning until late night, for ten days past.

Seven o'clock, eight o'clock passed and the crowd did not lessen. Many were there to whom toil gave only the nights for shopping and who in the throes of their last chance were hurrying through it, fagged and impatient. Nine o'clock came and as if it had been morning, all the great building surged with the ceaseless flow of activity. But at half past nine, almost as if by common agreement, the shoppers began to go home. Here and there a few hurried stragglers remained, in whose wake the place looked barnlike in its emptiness and wild disorder. The monotonous ceaseless turmoil had died into a wide comparative silence. Where all had been life and excitement now crept an immense inertia.

At the ribbon counter, the clerks began to wearily put away the stock. At last came the sharp clang of a brass-tongued bell. The great heart had beat once more. Then the stir and bustle of departing clerks.

On her way to the cloak room Nanny Timmons came upon John Steinman, sweeping the aisles. The floor was soft with damp sawdust and the smell of it was in the air. His eyes took in hastily the unbelievable neatness of her, in the crowd of bedraggled saleswomen, the high color in her cheeks.

"Why, you look as fresh as a daisy, Nan," he teased as she passed.

"I am," she whispered, tilting her saucy chin higher.

"Where's your voice?" he laughed.

"Sold it," she retorted. "Sold everything."

Suddenly he caught her arm and bent toward her, whispering:

"Merry Christmas, kid!"

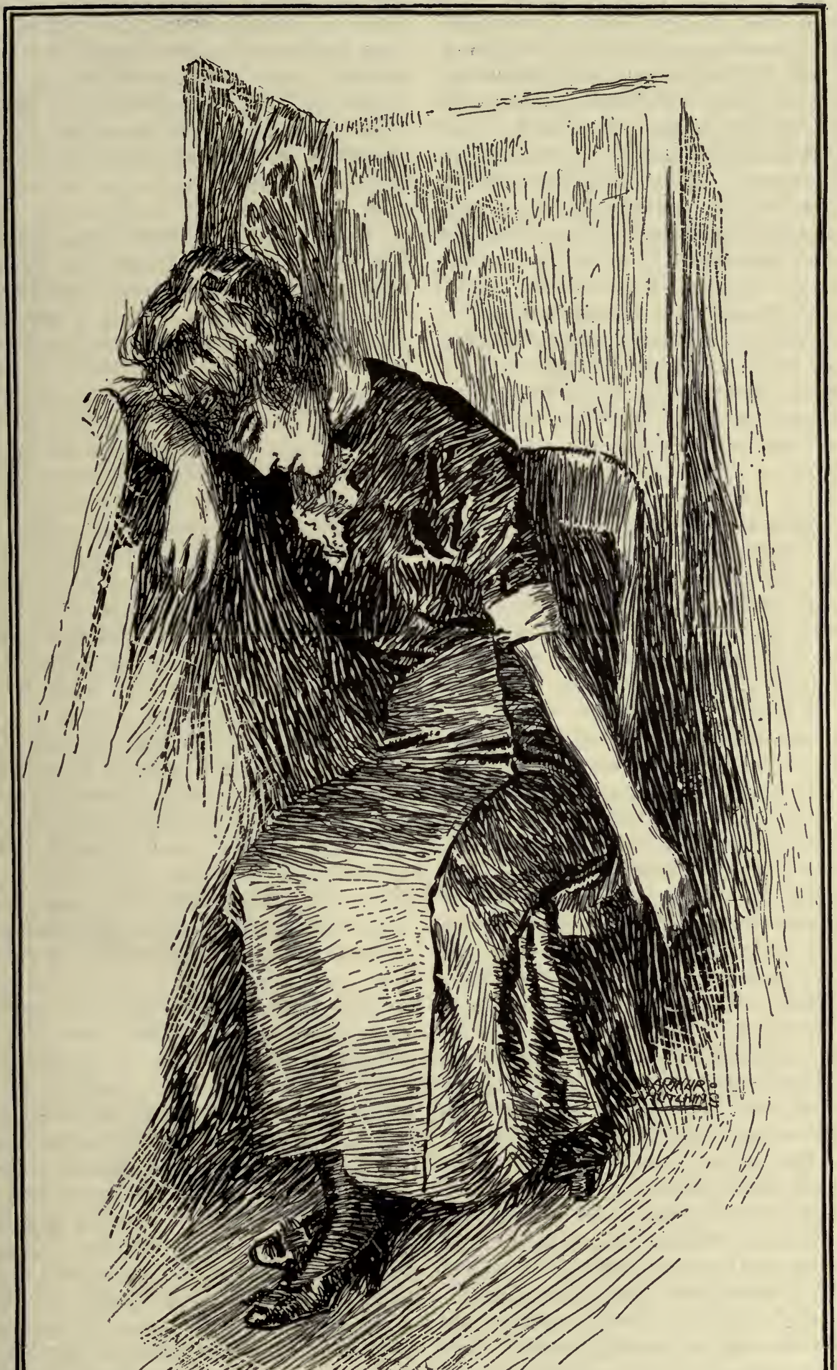
But she hurried away, her eyes suddenly hot and her heart heavy. Hurriedly crowding into the close little room, she donned the black hat and jacket and came outside to wait for Dora Metz. Dora said she was "all in," and her movements were accordingly slow and heavy. To Nan, watching the stream of girls pouring from the door, it seemed she would never come. There was a chair a little distance away, half behind a screen. She sank upon it gratefully. She could easily see Dora from there, even if Dora didn't see her in the deep shadows.

The minute she sat down she knew that she was tired, so tired that her bones seemed made of cotton and her flesh of paper. And a fire burned in her throat, which she kept trying to crush out with her hand, but the fumes only rose up hot and scorched her eyes and rose thuddingly into her head. Heavily she rested it in her hand, eyes fixed on the lighted doorway through which Dora would soon be coming, for no matter how hard it would be to get up she must not miss Dora. What would her father say about that four dollars and forty-eight cents? No matter how she explained, he would never understand. He seemed to like to think his children were fools. She could barely hear his sarcastic: "Like to give money away, don't you? Got no kind a use fer it yourself? O' course the woman kept it. What's her havin' on a fur coat got to do with that? Lord, you're easy!"

Her mother would understand, but it was her mother who would suffer most for the lack of it. No, she could not bear it tonight. Nor could she bear the children's disappointment tomorrow, when they didn't get the Christmas dinner she was to have helped buy. And Carrie's shoes! For weeks she and her mother had planned to buy Carrie shoes, but there were always so many things needed that poor little Carrie had been crowded out. Why, her own shoes bought two weeks ago were still unpaid.

Heavens, how her head hurt! Her hat pressed upon it like a ton weight. Impatiently, she reached up, drew out the pins and took it off. That was better, for she could lean her head on her arm. Heavily her eyes closed. She jerked them open in a trice, dreading even in that instant that Dora might have gone away without seeing her. And in that trice the crowd of girls had disappeared, the dressing room door was tight shut and the lights were out.

Bewildered and frightened she jumped to her feet, but even as she did so, the door opened again and there came through it, carrying a light of her own, the Lady with the Jap Mink coat. Large and commanding of presence, with the impatient frown of the afternoon still between her eyes, she walked with slow measured steps straight into the Cloak and Suit department, the light in her hand, shedding softly upon the warm luster of her furs. The girl stared wide-eyed, wondering. How had the woman gotten in after closing bell? Perhaps she had explained that she wanted to pay back the four forty-eight, and was now looking for her salesgirl. Nan tried to call her, but only inadequate whispers came, whispers which sybillated strangely through the still place, without making sound. Then as the woman with the light disappeared around the corner of the elevator, she ran after her, fleetly as she could. But a strange thing happened. Although the woman did not hasten her measured tread, Nan could not reach her. No matter how hard she ran, always the same short distance remained uncovered between them. Pant-



That was better, for she could lean her head on her arm. Heavily her eyes closed ing she kept up the chase, through the cloak and suit rooms, on into the millinery, and from the millinery into the ladies and children's muslin underwear. Burning she threw off her jacket and pulled at the fichu at her throat for air. Then she took up the chase again, back through the millinery to the cloak and suit rooms. Just as her breath was leaving and she could go no farther, the lady in the Jap Mink coat stopped, the lamp she carried went out and she stood motionless. Wildly the girl fell upon her, but her hand, instead of clutching human limbs, felt the stiffness of wood and wire beneath them. Lifting her eyes she found she was clinging to one of the dummies, which had stood near the elevator, fashionably dressed in a brown velvet suit. But even as despair seized her, her father's face looked down on her from the dummy, smiling his pleased, sneering smile. She gave up and sank into oblivion at her father's feet.

But they wouldn't let her rest. The Lady in the Mink Coat came back, and bent over her, the lamp relighted. In cross, impatient tones she began to talk, telling her how foolish she was to lie there freezing, when furs were so soft and warm and soothing to the touch. Why did she drudge like a slave, week in, week out, wearing out her youth and looks and enjoyment in things, when furs could be bought so cheap? If one wore furs, one did not work, but sat before a warm fire and ate good food and planned what nice thing one would buy next. Sometimes one went to the theatres and to hotels for dinner. What was the use of struggling when furs were so cheap? Why, the Lady with the Mink Coat even had a great soft Polar Bear rug, like that one in the window, to put her feet on. And it was good. But when she cried to know the price of furs, the Lady in the Mink Coat rose slowly and began to back away from her, the lamp lighting an evil smile. Then just as she disappeared down the elevator shaft, she called out the price and it was four dollars and forty-eight cents. Nan ran to the elevator in tears trying to open the grating, begging the Lady in the Mink Coat to give her the money. Suddenly the door slid back easily, but instead of having opened the elevator, she was looking into the second floor show window and there, stretched at huge length upon the floor, was the sure enough Polar Bear rug, grinning at her through its great teeth and inviting her to come and get warm.

* * *

Young John Steinman was preparing his dinner in the little room in the basement, where he usually spent his Sundays and holidays. It was a comfortable enough little hole, too small for any but a clear conscience, containing a couch about which newspapers were sprawled, a chair, a table, a spittoon and a merrily roaring little stove. On the latter he had just placed a pot of coffee and a pail of cold soup and with the odor of them the room was stuffy enough to satisfy any man who liked to smoke his pipe in his socks. The one window gave upon the basement area way of Keeshan and Wise's beyond and above which rose the massive walls of a National Bank, now barely distinguishable, through the thick fall of snow.

A real Christmas day, thought John Steinman, and here was he, young, lusty and alone, tucked into a basement cubby hole, guarding the riches of men who were out there in the world above him, having the time of their lives. He might as well be in jail. He sucked at his pipe cozily for a few moments, too comfortable to account for the restlessness that was upon him.

Last Christmas he had not minded. But last Christmas he had been but two months a widower, and he had not been able to get far enough away from his fellow-man. He remembered now with what bitter suffering the hours had dragged by, how at noon he had had no appetite for the lunch that his mother-in-law had put up for him and how, when the other watchman had come to relieve him at night, he had dreaded going home to the sight of the child who had cost its mother's life. That had been but a year ago, and now he looked back upon the memory as if the experience had been that of another man. He couldn't realize how Time had played his world-old trick of helping him back to his natural place among his fellows any more than he realized that his new restlessness was simply nature's bill against him for repressed youth and manhood. He was thinking as he smoked that he should like to be going out to dinner tonight, with somebody young and pretty. He should like to buy turkey and cranberries and ice cream. And then when they were comfortable and jolly with feeding, he would like to take in the Moving Picture Shows. He would like "somebody" to be blonde and pug-nosed and neat. Then he grinned broadly. He would like "somebody" to be Nan Timmons.

From her first coming to Keeshan and Wise's, he had liked her. And she had seemed to understand him. She had been kind to him, not as the others had been kind, treating his widowerhood as a mark not lightly to be passed over, but frankly genial, stopping to jolly him saucily at times, when she looked so tired that he wanted to pick her up to save her walking. Yes, he would like very much to feed her up and see her enjoy it.

The coffee boiled over in a sputtering brown liquid. By a queer leap of the mind its color recalled the dummy that had been tumbled on its back in the cloak and suit department that morning and the strange instinct of another presence he had seemed to feel. He looked at his watch. It was later than he had thought. Concluding to look around before having his dinner, he pushed the soup and coffee to safety and his socked feet into his slippers.

Silent, cavernous, the queer shapes of shrouded counters looming up uncannily in the half-light, each footfall echoing and re-echoing from the far walls, the great deserted building rose about him, but John Steinman was untroubled by mice or an imagination, and he tramped through it whistling. On a chair half behind a screen in the cloak and suit department, he found a black hat and jacket. It was not out of stock, for it had been worn. It even seemed to be vaguely familiar. He was still puzzling over it when the sound of a choked moan caused his scalp to prickle and turn cold. For an instant he listened, then with quick precision, hastened toward the sliding door of the show window—he had closed it only that morning—and drew it back.

"Gawd!" The exclamation was wrung from his lips in mingled wonder and pity. The great windows were opaque with frost and a breath of intense cold fanned his face, but the sight that almost scattered his senses was that of Nanny Timmons, limp and senseless, with the white fichu torn from her swollen throat and neat yellow hair all wild. Had he really been responsible for her condition the mussed-up Polar Bear beneath her could not have grinned more malevolently. John Steinman lifted her and the touch of the icy hands and the tortured breathing frightened him. Quickly he bore her past the smiling, brown-velvet lady into the elevator and from there to the couch in his warm little cubby hole.

Swiftly, as if it were part of a routine he had gone through hundreds of times before, he dumped the coffee from the pail, filled it with water and put both it and the soup to heat. Next he made a hurried raid into the store, coming back with a couple of blankets, a pillow, a hot water bottle and an eiderdown kimona. The pillow he put beneath the heavy tousled head, then quickly, without squeamishness, took off the torn fichu, the thin black cotton waist, the heavy bedraggled skirt, the stockings and unpaid shoes and slipped the thin, cold arms into the sleeves of the warm kimona. Over the kimona he wrapped the blankets, from the swollen throat to the icy feet, glad that he had had some experience in caring for a woman and could help her. While waiting for the water to heat for the hot water bottle, he chafed the little feet briskly in his big palms. Then taking the soup pail between his knees and lifting her head, he forced upon her some of the hot broth, carefully straining away the rice with the spoon. But each swallow brought forth little cries and moans of pain and the fluttering of aimless protesting hands from the blankets. Against the urge of pity he persisted, however, and after a while the numb body began to feel warm to his touch, to sag into a more natural position and finally to sink heavily in what seemed a restful sleep.

Big John Steinman arose at last, the

perspiration rolling from his forehead. The thought of a doctor had not entered his head, but now it struck him that she might be very sick and ought to have one. He glanced about the disordered room, at the little heap of clothes on the floor and flushed thickly. He touched her forehead, smoothing back the hair gently with his awkward fingers. She seemed better. When she awakened, he could find out where she lived and perhaps get her home. He went to the window, looking wonderingly upon the snow-packed area way and white wall of the Bank above. Only last night he had teased her about her rosy cheeks and lost voice. She must have been suffering then—the game little kid. But how in the world had he happened to shut her in all night? Suddenly it seemed terrible to him that she had been ill and alone in that freezing place, when he had been comfortable and warm. But for all he knew might she not often be miserable when he was well cared for and content? He did not even know where she lived. He had known her long and cared much about seeing her day after day and did not know where she lived. She might have disappeared from his ken completely at any time, and with a sudden deep throbbing within him he realized that that would have mattered more than he had known.

For two hours she lay motionless, then suddenly he found her staring at him.

"Hello, Nan," he said genially, reassuringly. But her eyes had fallen on the sleeve of the gay strange kimona and a look of terror was dawning in them.

"Liked Keeshan and Wise's so well, thought you'd stay, didn't you? Only you picked the coldest spot in the place," he went on hastily, trying to keep strangeness from his voice and sitting a little distance from her, elbows on knees, he told how he had found her and what he had done.

"I was waiting for Dora Metz. I must a fell asleep outside the cloak room door. Then the Lady with the Jap Mink Coat came—" she chafed her forehead, trying to remember. "I guess I'm pretty sick," she concluded weakly. "I guess I'm near dead." Suddenly she reached forth a desperate little hand.

"Johnny," she sobbed hoarsely, "I ain't no good—you don't know. I only got two fifty-two in my envelope. I gave wrong change to a woman. I couldn't help it—I was too tired. I aint slep' nights for over a week. An' tomorrow if I don't show up they'll put somebody else on my job."

The tears came to big John Steinman's eyes. So she had simply dropped in her tracks like a horse overworked in a treadmill. A sudden, deep anger tore his soul that women should have been kept going, going, like that, not only all the strained work day, but past the closing hour, far into the night as well, facing loss of position, if they failed to stretch out their strength to meet demands. And what did any of the people who were up there in the world care? Some words of his employers, which he had overheard as he stood holding the door for them the night before, came to him.

"Some season, eh?" Keeshan had said in an undertone.

"Not bad, my dear Henry, for a hard-times year," had come in the pleased accents of Mr. Wise.

John took the slim hands and leaned over the sobbing girl, with emotions which might have sounded very well had he been skilled in the nobility of the English language. "Why, let 'em take your job," he blurted out, a deep thrill in his voice. "I got another for you. How'd you like to keep house for me? I got the cutest little baby a year old, an' three nice rooms all furnished an' a steady job with a contractor besides this—how'd you like to marry me, Nanny?"

For an instant wonder choked the sickness and tears from her eyes.

"But I ain't in love—I ain't had time to think about it," she cried wistfully. "I thought I'd be—when I got married."

"But you like me, Nan?" There was a pleading note in the big voice.

"Yes—I always thought a heap o' you, Johnny," she said simply.

"An' you don't mind me doin' this?" He slipped his arm inside the blankets lifting her against him. Gravely she let her head rest in the hollow of his shoulder.

"No," she whispered, closing her eyes.

"An' this?" he bowed his face to hers,

but she turned her lips quickly away.

"It might be catchin', what I got," she croaked, then impetuously, like a sick child, her arms went round his neck.

For a while he held her, trying to forget the faster beat of his heart and think only for her good.

"Feel like goin' home now?" he suggested gently. "Want me to help you get dressed? Jerry'll be comin' to take my place."

"I guess so." She sat up wearily, pushing aside the blankets.

But when he brought her clothes, she looked up with dull heavy eyes. "Let me lay here, Johnny," she pleaded. "Let me lay here a while." Her cheeks were glowing as they had been the night before and the touch of her hands was like fire. It would have to be a doctor, after all.

His experience with doctors had been meagre. He unreasonably hated the one who had let his wife die. He decided to trust to luck. He opened the telephone directory at the back, putting his finger on one of a score of names, in the down town vicinity. The name was Bowler, and the doctor answered the telephone himself. He was just starting out to make a call, and would stop by Keeshan and Wise's on the way.

After a bit Steinman took his keys and went forward into the store to let him in. He proved to be a slender, square-jawed man in glasses. Said John Steinman:

"Doc, I just want you to look at me and see if I'm the kind of man another man believes—'cause if I don't look that way to you, I guess we can't hit it off."

Keen as a gimlet the gray squinting Doctor's eyes looked into the open brown ones of the night watchman. Dr. Bowler held out his hand. "What's the trouble?" he asked in brisk business-like tones.

When he had examined the girl in the back room, he called John Steinman in.

"It's exhaustion—" he said briefly. "She's worn out." Then his eyes kindled. "This is the third of these 'Open-Nights-Until-Christmas' outrages I've seen today. Good Lord, what do they think women are made of? The tonsilitis we will manage, though spending the night and morning in that glass refrigerator hasn't helped any, but the depressed nervous condition is another matter."

John Steinman touched the blanket kimona, a gesture of infinite protection.

"Steinman," said the doctor abruptly, "I think as men we understand each other. I trusted you on sight. Will you trust me—and follow my advice?"

The night watchman's eyes questioned him.

"I want to get an ambulance and put this girl in the hospital. Leave her there, three or four weeks, as long as I say—just resting. Go to see her if you like, but don't bother her about marrying until I let her out. Then you'll have a wife whose health won't be a thing of thread and patches and who'll be some solid comfort to you. Come now, you have plenty of time. She can't be much over nineteen, and you're this side of thirty. What do you say?"

John Steinman reddened. "I guess I ain't got the say," he smiled. "I guess her folks has the say, now. They don't know I'm livin' ". Then he squared his great shoulders. "But we'll do it, Doc, if it's best for her, an' I'll see 'em tonight an' make 'em agree."

"Good," said the Doctor. "I wish those other two women were going to be as lucky as this little girl. I've got to fix them up somehow for work, tomorrow."

Just then the figure on the couch moaned, tossing above her head a feverish hand.

"I guess I'll give up this job," said John Steinman huskily. "I'm not goin' to work for a bunch of slave drivers."

"Slave drivers, are they?" asked the Doctor gently. "How about the people who make it worth their while to stay open? Now I have talked to ever so many nice women about it, Steinman. Haven't they something to do with this insane rush just a week before the sainted holiday? Most of them say they can't get at their Christmas shopping earlier, because they can't work up the proper Christmas spirit. Well—the cost of their Christmas spirit is the Christmas Hell of others, but they seem to find joy in it."

"John," whispered the girl, half roused from her stupor.

Swiftly the big form kneeled beside her. A dashing flitter of impudence, a sickly ghost of a real Nan Timmons smile crossed her face. "Did he say it was Christmas?"

Memory's Mansion

By

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

IN Memory's Mansion are wonderful rooms,
  And I wander about them at will;
And I pause at the casements, where boxes of blooms
  Are sending sweet scents o'er the sill.
I lean from a window that looks on a lawn;
  From a turret that looks on the wave,
But I draw down the shade when I see farther on
  A stone standing guard by a grave.

To Memory's attic I clambered one day,
  When the roof was resounding with rain,
And there, among relics long hidden away
  I rummaged with heart ache and pain.
A hope long surrendered and covered with dust,
  A pastime, outgrown and forgot,
And a fragment of love all corroded with rust,
  Were lying heaped up in one spot.

And there on the floor of that garret was tossed
  A friendship too fragile to last;
With pieces of dearly-bought pleasures that cost
  Vast fortunes of pain in the past.
A fabric of passion, once vivid and bright,
  As the breast of a robin in Spring,
Was spread out before me—a terrible sight—
  A moth-eaten rag of a thing.

Then down the deep stairway I hurriedly went,
  And into fair chambers below;
But the mansion seemed filled with the old attic scent
  Wherever my footsteps would go.
Though in Memory's House I still wander full oft,
  No more to the garret I climb;
And I leave all the rubbish heaped there in the loft
  To the hands of the Housekeeper, Time.

Kings and their Kingdoms

by Lilian Ducey

Author of "Tangles," "An Unsuspected Parallel," etc.

THEY named him in the first flush of their young parenthood—she wan, exultant; he awed, still breathless, as if the mortal conflict had been his. Across the static stillness of the room their thoughts had leaped together.

"Isn't he just the wonderfulest kind of a little princeling?" her whispered words fluted and sang. At the same time, as the man drew nearer and bent over her, she patted his hand in tender consoling. He looked so white she felt sorry for him.

"A princeling—oh!" Just a trifle did his rapt awe break. He breathed deeply—for the first time in ten, long anguished hours. And over his face swept a light that made it look sublime. "Go the limit, little pal," his voice broke huskily. "He—he's a king. That's what he is. Anything lesser wouldn't have been worth—it."

What the "it" was needed no interpreting word. And since the travail of her flesh had given place to such tranquility, she wondered that his of the spirit should still beset him so.

"We'll name him Rex then—a king!" she laughed, but softly. "How do you like the Christmas present I've given you? Like him better, Billy, than the tie clasp I left on your dresser before—"

With wistful eyes the man smiled gravely, for the clouds of memory still persisted. Older, graver shone his face.

"*He's* a heart clasp," he met her mood.

"He's a king," she gave back. "And his name is Rex. Quite the most appropriate name for a baby born on Christmas day."

Being tagged so royally for his journey through life caused not even a flutter in the pink mite sleeping so calmly. From the rose-bud mouth elfin breaths came and went as calmly as if he had not come into his own. It was indeed the calmness of the king whose loyal subjects dwell in harmony.

He grew and flourished, as healthy babies must and will. From the wonderfulest kind of a little princeling he developed into a sturdy, square, little autocrat, exact in everything—and exacting too. His name suited him to a nicety.

As a heart clasp, however, he had failed signally. As a matter of truth, some corroding, although intangible influence had sifted into that little kingdom of his, wasting the beautiful young love his parents had begun with. It had come gradually but worked so disastrously that before either of them were aware of it they were giving their tongues such license that their hatred grew—just to keep pace with their tongues, as it were. And the breach widened into a separation.

This came when Rex was nearing his sixth birthday. Quite suddenly one day he found his kingdom had vanished. Over the parentless home presided a great-aunt of his. This aunt was to remain with Rex until his mother should return—unfettered. But, of course, he was not aware of that. And the letters that reached him daily from his mother bore only the burden of her love for her boy; from them he could neither glimpse nor gather why she had gone away. But that she would return his Aunt Jenny assured him so positively as to leave no doubts whatsoever in his mind. From the subject of his father, though, the aunt veered with such flimsy evasions that the dominant Rex more than once slipped the leash from his temper and demanded loudly why *he* was absent also. The truth, however, and what Rex knew intuitively to be the truth as soon as it was uttered—he came upon while playing with Robby Burnett. Robby's mother had visitors, and gossip was rife. They did not know that two little boys were playing Indian scouts out in the hall, watching from ambush an enemy's camp.

How Rex reached home he never quite remembered. Somewhere inside of him a seething volcano forced words like white hot lava to his lips. They shrieked through him until his teeth, clenching hard against the desire to scream them, *almost* forced tears to his eyes.

"Fathers ought to *stay* fathers! Fathers ought to *stay* fathers!" his feet beat out the impassioned protest as he raced for home. He fell at a crossing and scraped his knees. "Fathers ought to *stay* fathers!" he sobbed now. There was no one about, and the knees hurt. But as he mounted the steps to his home he had himself in hand again. The words he held in his set teeth. "Fathers ought to *stay* fathers!" and he searched out Aunt Jenny to face her with that incontestable truth.

There was something about Aunt Jenny that spoke straight to a little fellow's heart when he looked for sympathy, a something that left him free to forget the role of stoic that his sex demanded. Had it been a bleeding finger that was causing him to suffer he would have thrown himself on her expansive bosom and wept copiously. As it was, the hurt went too deep. The discriminating wisdom of an older year flooded him—one might bare a bleeding finger, but a bleeding heart—never! He looked Aunt Jenny in the eye. His set teeth unlocked themselves.

"Fathers ought to *stay* fathers." He brought the sentence out as a challenge, letting it lie between them in the dead silence that followed its delivery.

Aunt Jenny just gasped. The look in her eyes deepened. She was so unprepared—but the steely look, set with unflinching positiveness, never wavered as he regarded her.

"Fathers ought to *stay* fathers," he repeated again in exactly the same tone. It was more like a defiant question than a statement—a question unanswerable, yet demanding an answer. And Aunt Jenny, old as she was and self-possessed, quailed. Something very much like panic seized her. What ought she to say? How dared two people make childish lips voice such truths! How dared they bring to childish minds the realization of them!

"Fathers always do stay fathers, Rex." When she spoke it was softly, persuasively. "Who has been telling you otherwise?"

She had to wait a moment for her answer while Rex swallowed valiantly at some obstruction in his throat. His erect little figure, however, stood firm and inexorable as his argument.

"Fathers don't stay fathers when they don't live with their boys. Fathers like that are bad men. I'm going to hate my fa— Mr. Churchill now. He can't *be* my father any more."

Except for the clenching of two small fists and the thick labored breathing, Rex gave no sign that the heart in his breast was wailing with desperate protesting. He liked that father of his. Always when he could be cajoled into staying at home of an evening, he had made the bulliest kind of a play-fellow. And stories! Why, he could tell stories until a boy's eyes all but popped out of his head.

And he must now hate that father! A boy couldn't be expected to love a father who wouldn't stay a father.

He said nothing more—just turned on his heel. Aunt Jenny heard his footsteps tramping upstairs. She followed a moment later and found him, a grim little figure, seated in the window seat of the nursery. Half an hour later she looked in again and found him still so. And she turned softly away, wiping her eyes.

Supper, which she always had with Rex, for Aunt Jenny loved children, was a silent affair. Stalking off to bed later on, he made her think of an Indian hiding behind his mask of stoicism. And he suffered her good-night kiss with the same indifferent fortitude. But she tucked him in with a sigh of relief. He always slept like a dormouse—and childish griefs were soon forgotten. In the next room she picked up her sewing and with it the loose ends of her thoughts.

These thoughts were principally about his two headstrong parents. Aunt Jenny had no patience with them. But then she held rather old-fashioned notions concerning the bonds of matrimony. Every little home, to her, was a kingdom; its children monarchs, welding it against dissolution. Divorce she considered a blot on its escutcheon, the nation's damning evil.

How long she fumed about in her mind, she had no idea. From the room beyond came a sound, a queer, slow, heavy snatching at a breath— a sob, but the kind of sob that tears do not go with.

Aunt Jenny listened, blanched and moveless. When it came again, sewing and all dropped to the floor unheeded. Inexpressibly shocked she went to him, to find Rex sitting up in bed, eyes staring, emitting great, hoarse, choking sobs.

"Why sonny, sonny!"

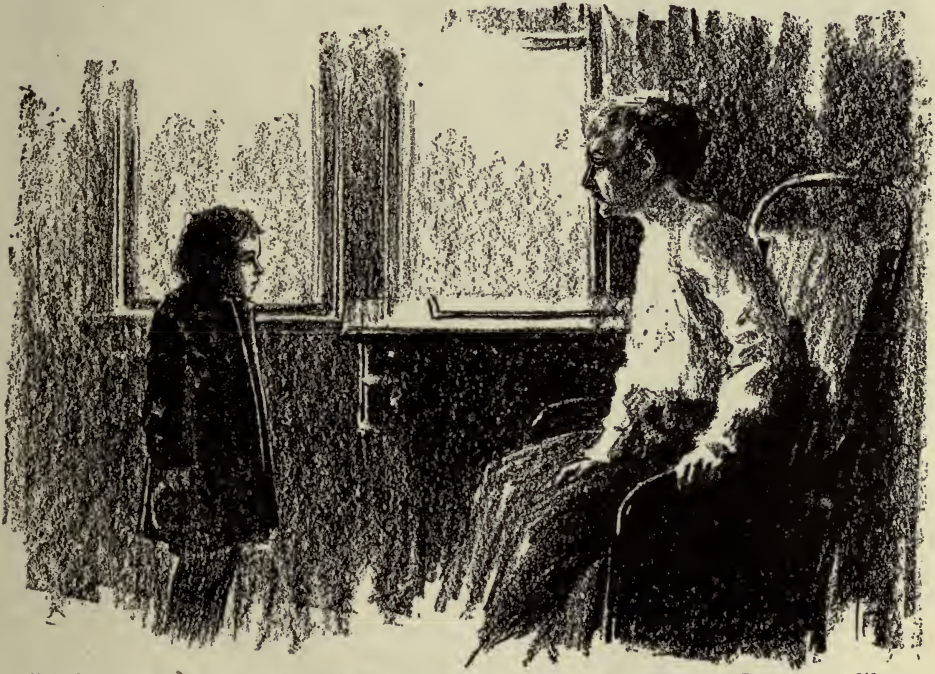
It was pitiful to see him trying to hold back the sobs. Like a battering ram flung against her heart was the sight of him. And the fount of her tears welled up to overflowing.

"Rex, Rex, my little boy!" she fell heavily to her knees and put her arms about him. "Tell Aunt Jenny. Tell Aunt Jenny all about it."

Perhaps it was her tears, wetting his cheeks, running down his neck, trickling beneath his pajama coat— Well, if old ladies might cry, surely little boys—

Suddenly the stifled sobs rose unrestrained. A flood of tears followed in their wake, and the grief found words: "Fathers ought to stay fathers! Oh, Aunt Jenny, fathers ought to stay fathers!"

Aunt Jenny soothed and petted. She wept as copiously as he. "How dared they do this thing?" was the cry in her heart. "Don't, sonny! Don't cry so!" she consoled. "Mother's coming back. It won't be many months longer."



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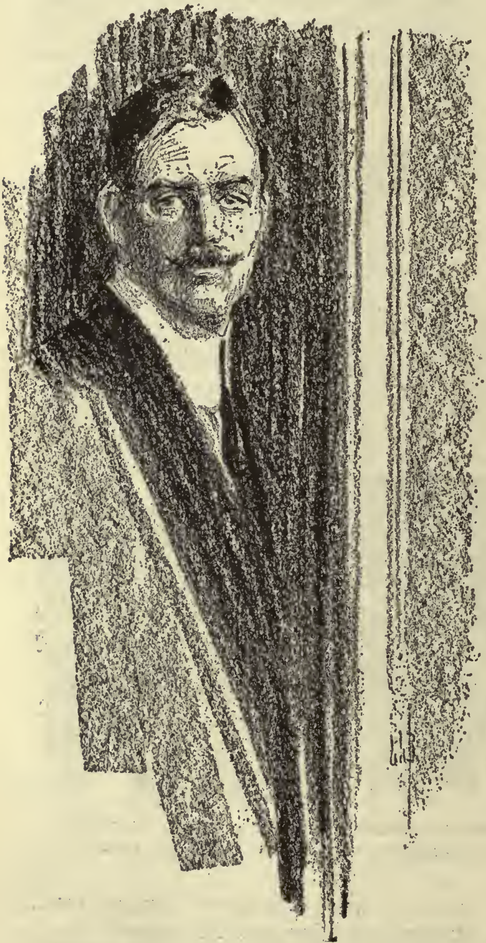
"Christmas?" Rex drew back, disclosing a tear-stained babyish face with tragic eyes. "For Christmas, Aunt Jenny?"

Aunt Jenny wavered before this pleading. Never had she felt so tempted to tell a lie. Never had she seen such unhappiness in a child's eyes. And the cause of it! It was a crime.

"Not Christmas, sonny. No, mother couldn't get here then. But she'll send her boy lots of lovely things. Christmas, sonny, is next week. Next week!"

"Mother not coming for Christmas?" his voice was weak and wobbly. Here was another unexpected morsel to struggle with.

Aunt Jenny made a desperate clutch at something that bore some resemblance to truth. "Mother has such a long way to travel; she couldn't get here in time."



Churchill was at the door, but he halted, stopping as if a hand had suddenly reached out and gripped him by the shoulder

"She could if she started long enough ahead. Why didn't she?" He checked the sobs that had begun again and turned a questioning glance on Aunt Jenny.

"But she had business to attend to, sonny. She couldn't." She tried to hold her voice persuasive, but it fell on her own ear unconvincing.

Anguish once more swept Rex's face. Something within him which his parents' exodus had left desolate, hungered and cried.

"Boys can't—they can't!—have Christmas without mothers. And—and fathers ought to stay fathers!" On the last word, his voice rose in one despairing cry. And Aunt Jenny, overwhelmed and shaken, lifted him out of his crib and seated herself in a rocker with him.

She sang a lullaby while the boy in her arms still wept. But at last his sobs grew fewer, although he still asked for mother or father or both. Eventually though, sleep opened the door of obliviousness. But Aunt Jenny kept on rocking him. Perhaps she felt it might ease his heartache. Perhaps she did it to ease her own, for this trouble touched her poignantly. She was very fond of the two who were wrecking this home.

The next day in her cheery, motherly way, Aunt Jenny petted and amused him. And day after day the petting increased. She indulged him shamefully, if the truth must be told; but there was something in his eyes before which she capitulated utterly.

She dreaded the very thought of Christmas day—the day of good cheer, good will, and peace to all. By a curious coincidence both boxes for Rex arrived with the same delivery wagon. Two boxes filled like some horn of plenty, they were. Not a word enlivened the father's gifts, but each separate thing in the mother's box was tagged and beribboned with greetings. If the writing at times looked tear-blotched—well, they came from a mother wishing with heart and soul she had vanquished her scruples and brought her boy with her. For she had hated her errand as much as she desired the result, and a streak of Puritanism in her had prevented her taking the child on it.

But in spite of Aunt Jenny the day bore down on them. Cold and blustery, it came, as befitted the season. Heretofore it had been the custom in the Churchill household to celebrate by illuminating the tree on Christmas eve, but for this time Aunt Jenny postponed the event.

So she tucked him in the night before, with never a hint of what the morrow was.

She told him a story about an old mother cat and her kittens. It was a tale that she told just as a tale, without any thought for the idea undergirding it—the mother instinct. But when she had done Rex looked up in the dim light.

"Mothers always stay mothers—don't they, Aunt Jenny?" he questioned sadly. But that was all. Soon he was fast asleep.

There was much to be done below stairs, but Aunt Jenny lingered on. She heard the sounds from the living room where Mary Ellen, the maid and Martha the cook were busily adding shining bits to the tree's glittering dress. She heard Hodge, Mary Ellen's best beau, come in. He had asked to help the night before and Aunt Jenny had agreed to it. The laughing and the merriment sifted to her through the closed doors as from an alien world. And her heart was heavy—though not with the heaviness that came from her years. More the heaviness of one who has weathered all the storms of life and is compelled to see presumptuous youth deliberately toss itself into the whirlpool of wreck and disaster.

She dozed a little, too—there in the rocker beside the boy's bed, when suddenly her drowsiness ended abruptly, and she sat up with the velocity of a Jack-in-a-box. Her name had been called.

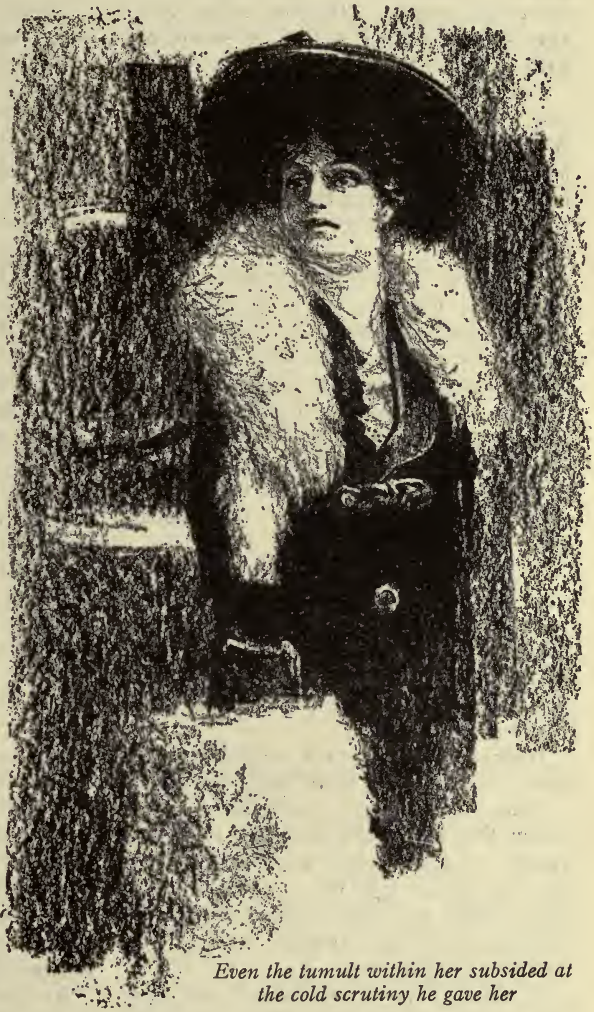
"Billy!—" she stared, unbelieving, at the man whose heavy motor coat glistened with snow. Apparently his haste had been too great to stop to remove it.

"I couldn't stay away," he flung it off now, tossing it over a chair. "Christmas! Aunt Jenny. I couldn't stand it. I got to thinking of him—and I couldn't stand it. I just had to see him!" His voice broke in a strained, unguarded, aching note. He came nearer. "I'm going to stay with the little chap over Christmas. Elinor—she's away?"

"She's away," Aunt Jenny nodded.

"I knew," his mouth shut in hard lines. "That's why I came," he paused a moment, then added dryly: "Pretty rotten business when there's a little chap concerned."

"Very." There was a world of expression in the single word. It spoke volumes for Aunt Jenny's state of mind. And she gave a little sigh as she watched the father brush his forefinger along the satin of Rex's cheek.



Even the tumult within her subsided at the cold scrutiny he gave her

At the touch, light as it was, two blue eyes opened languidly, the little arm resting on the covers moved, then a hand clasped tightly one of his father's fingers.

The next moment he sat bolt upright in bed.

"It's—it's my father, Aunt Jenny!" Eager, exultant rose his voice. He was broad awake now.

But with awakening came memory. Suddenly Rex drew himself away. Tears gathered in his big blue eyes, dripped over his round cheeks. "Fathers what don't stay fathers are bad men," he announced with a swift catch of his breath.

Churchill looked his diminutive judge over with a dim eye. He hadn't a word. And the queer flutter that stirred his heart sent a low passionate cry to his lips. With something that was a sob more than anything else, he caught the boy in his arms.

It was this tableau that a woman standing in the doorway saw—the man with his boy hugged close to his heart, brushing and kissing away the tears; the boy's pudgy hands sticking out from his bear-cub pajamas, clasped tight about his father's neck. And as she looked a struggling began that tore her heart as much as were torn the hearts of the two she was watching. The tragic tumult in her cried aloud:

"Rex! Sonny!"

At the sound of his wife's voice Churchill turned with a jerk, his set face glaring haggard in the dim light. And he held his child jealously close, while Aunt Jenny just gasped brokenly: "Why, Elinor—I never dreamed—"

Instead of finishing she went out of the room, and the two faced each other.

Grim, white-lipped composure had replaced the man's astonishment. He stared sternly at the woman, so proudly erect. But her white face did not waver; she had herself in hand again. Even the tumult within her subsided at the cold scrutiny he gave her.

"I decided quite suddenly—" her tone was as glacial as his look—"that I couldn't stand it—the being away from Rex on Christmas day."

The man just looked at her. He had held Rex all the while she spoke, but now he placed him back in his crib.

The boy, however, clung to him, looking from one to the other. "Mother! Daddy!" he pleaded piteously.

The cry of his boy was more than Churchill could endure. In desperation he tore himself away from those clinging arms, turned swiftly to go, catching up his coat as he went. The mother took out a handkerchief and unfolded it with trembling fingers. It was a tense moment, and once more Rex's voice rose supreme.

"Fathers—they ought to stay fathers! They ought to stay fathers all the time."

Churchill was at the door, but he halted, stopping as if a hand had suddenly reached out and gripped him by the shoulder. The boy's words had shot right through him, going straight to his heart. He blanched a little, but came back with swift strides.

"Elinor," he spoke curtly, "what he said is true. We haven't the right to smash everything just for our two fool selves. We haven't the right! No matter what it costs we ought to play up like thoroughbreds—for his sake."

The woman said not a word at first, but her straight young shoulders took on a piteous droop. Half incredulous of his meaning, she searched his face.

"You mean—you mean, Billy—" Her voice was unsteady. But it was the almost child-like tremble of her lips that caught the man's eye. It brought him close to her side.

"What do you say, Elinor—to beginning again?" His voice held a strained but gentle note. "Will you? We owe it to the boy. If it wasn't for him—"

But he got no farther, for a hand had slipped into his and gripped him with some pent-up message. Their eyes met for a single instant, then Billy drew his wife to him. And in that embrace, the ice of many, many months that had incrusted their hearts unexpectedly melted before the sudden flare of the love that had always burned beneath it.

An hour after, Rex, slippered but still in his pajamas, descended to the floor below. He bore himself with kingly bearing, right hand holding tight to his father, the left one to his mother. "Boys couldn't nohow get along without their fathers and mothers," he said with regal triumph.

"Well, I guess not!" Billy Churchill's voice rang happiness and laughter. "Talk about your bully Christmases!"

Dale and Lloyd's Dutch Treat

A Christmas Story

by L. R. McCabe

GOING home?"

"Home? What for?"

"Why, Christmas, of course! Does anybody who has a home stay in this great, lonely place Christmas day?"

"Home? Christmas?" repeated Janice Dale wistfully. "It's long, so long since I had a home that I—"

"Poor child," said the younger woman commiseratingly. "I have been six months in New York. It seems a century! I have presents for everyone at home. Earned them myself, and I am so proud, so happy, I can scarcely wait. I have it to the day, the hour, the minute, when the brakeman will call:

"Hallowell Station! All passengers out!"

Down Broadway she sped, her sunny smile and joyous youth transfiguring the thoroughfare while up Broadway Janice Dale thoughtfully turned ~~to meet~~ a second interrogation.

"Going home Christmas? I always take dinner with the folks. Wouldn't seem like Christmas to stay in town. Guess we'll have to defer that business matter until after the New Year. Sorry you're not going home. Good-morning."

And the head of the art department of the great publishing house, upon whose favor depended largely the bread of Janice Dale, designer and illustrator, hastened on.

The air was filled with the coming of the Christ Child. Kris Kringle revelled in the shop windows, while living prototypes confronted the passerby, their placarded backs urging delinquent shoppers to fill their neighbor's stocking with good cheer, "since Christmas comes but once a year."

"Shopping? It must be harassing work for so busy a woman." With a non-committal smile Janice Dale dropped into the seat beautiful, luxuriant Mrs. Bloom made for her in a Broadway car.

"Shopping this season," continued Mrs. Bloom, one of Fortune's reputed favorites, "is the only real Christmas I have now. The festival is to me the loneliest, the saddest of the year."

"Loneliest? Saddest?" repeated Janice. "How can there be loneliness, sadness for a woman so rich in success and friends—all that makes life spin merrily?"

"My dear," sighed the bruised woman of the world, "Christmas is the feast of love. Everyone who has a heart claim, a hearthstone makes for it that day until the city is almost deserted of those with whom one would choose to break bread or share confidence. Here's where I get off. Good-bye."

While Janice waited for the elevator to her bachelor maid studio home, along came Robson.

"Good to be alive, Miss Dale," he cried cheerily. "With sleigh bells in the air, and Jack Frost nipping ears and fingers—ha! ha!"

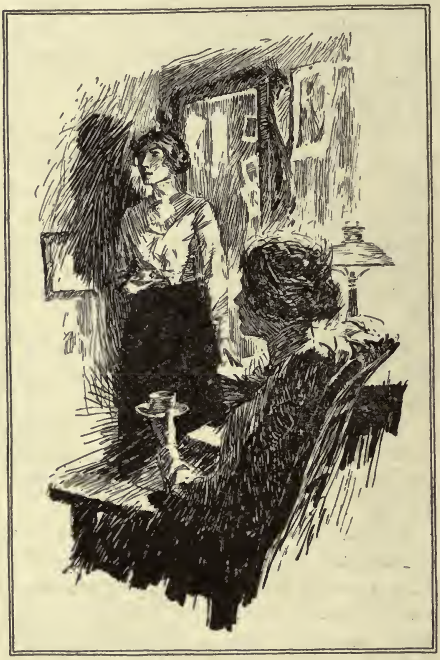
Robson was one of Nature's great army of misfits. Happily, his was the gift to turn a smile upon the jest circumstances had played by letting forty years of strenuous life find him a shiftless architect instead of the popular caricaturist he had dreamed to be.

"Soon time to hang up your stocking," said Janice.

"So it will," laughed Robson. "I was thinking this morning as I watched the snow pile up on the window sill, I wished Christmas was over. When one hasn't a stocking to hang up, or anyone to fill it, Miss Dale—anyone to care whether it is full or empty—well, well, Christmas in a great city isn't what it was down home.

"Go where one will—Waldorf-Astoria, Players or Metropolitan Clubs, a Childs restaurant or a Mills Hotel—the day is a travesty of the home festival. The luxury of one is mockery; the pretense of the other, pathos, and everywhere loneliness for the homeless, friendless dog. Excuse me, there's a man I am looking for."

Janice Dale turned the latch key to her skyscraper den redolent of the woman who worships beauty and is equal to the struggle, the sacrifice to attain it. Twilight had deepened. At the skyscraper window she stood dreamily looking down upon the great world of roofs, turrets and towers rapidly being galvanized into enchanted palaces by the magic of twinkling stars and myriads of electric lights.



Cornelia surveyed the apartment, "By putting the divan and the piano on the fire escape we might seat six, provided one were content to perch on the mantel"

Why had everything she met that glorious December day brought home to her only the loneliness of her life, the heart hunger, her almost complete personal detachment from the touch and go of the social life of the metropolis to which she had come in the fullness of youth, dreaming to achieve fame and fortune!

In the seething world beneath her eerie den were armies of artistic bread winners struggling as were Dale & Lloyd, to whom Christmas would be far sadder, lonelier and emptier than to many a waif in an orphanage or derelict in homes or asylums reared in the name of an "icy, statistical Christ."

"Oh, for the wealth of a Carnegie or a Rockefeller!"

"What's up?" cried the junior partner. "Pining for the moon?"

Cornelia Lloyd poured the coffee which helped brace the firm while it summed up the day's profit and loss.

"Two heads are better than one," said Janice, sniffing its aroma, "if one is a sheep's head. Cornelia, let's conjure out of this great lonely, selfish, adorable city—"

"Adorable, if it does come high," laughed the coffee pourer, passing the sugar.

"For a few homeless, heart hungry toilers," continued Janice, "a good, old-fashioned Christmas with the goose hanging high, and 'a spirit of April in everything.'"

"Have you Aladdin's lamp?" chirped Cornelia.

"A substitute—elbow grease."

"So far, so good! Can it be exchanged for larger quarters? Let's see—" and Cornelia surveyed the apartment with the trained vision of the architect. "By putting the divan and the piano on the fire escape, we might seat six, provided one were content to perch on the mantel. Then if our debtors, by special dispensation of Providence, should pay on demand, we might count on a goose with light trimmings."

"I have an idea!" cried Janice, ignoring the junior's pleasantry.

"Out with it!" cried Cornelia.

It was the yeast of Cornelia's sprightly personality no less than the originality of her pen that had given the junior a niche in the scribbling world and kept the senior from tarrying for long in the slough of despond.

"Let's have an old-time Christmas dinner—Dutch treat!" said Janice.

"Inspiration!"

"There'll be scores of genial spirits stranded in the city Christmas day. To one who may have the price of a good dinner, there will be a half dozen with no one to share it."

"It can be done—"

"Don't forget the high cost of living."

"It can be done for a dollar and a half a plate," continued Cornelia, figuring on the margin of a Colony Club menu. "Shall it be at a public restaurant where everybody ogles his neighbor, or—'

"Cornelia Lloyd, have you lost your wits?"

"I don't know."

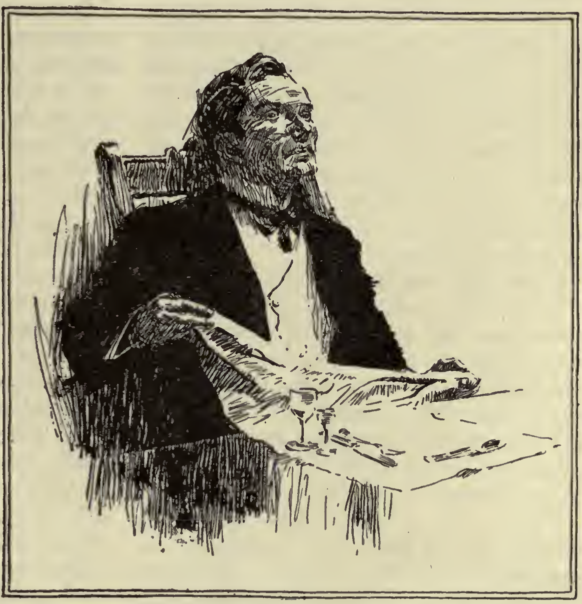
"But you do know Lucius Brown, proprietor of the Baxter, that last of the old timey hostelries with the moss of the Knickerbockers cluttering every nook and cranny."

"Know Lucius Brown? Well, I should say I do. There's nothing on this globe that adorable old bach would not do for his erstwhile Cornelia, dear!"

"See Brown at once. Reserve Christmas night a Baxter parlor—the one with the open fireplace. Put in a long table with seats for a score of couples—no hen party—and tell Brown to give us a dinner like his mother's at the Truesdale farm—turkey, roasted and basted to a brown and brought to table whole and piping hot; roast pig, ditto; goose, ditto; pumpkin and mince pie in baking dish with knife and fork astride the crust and every fellow help himself, plum pudding afloat a sea of burning brandy, etc., etc. Persuade Brown to resume his old role—host of mine inn—and carve the turkey at table. Then we shall want a Christmas tree with a trifle to each guest—'for remembrance sake.' Oh, 'twill be jolly! Then there'll be games: Blind Man's Buff, Whose Got the Button? and perhaps—"

"Pillow!" cried Cornelia, gathering the mother of ideas in her arms and whirling her round the eerie den until wreckage threatened the installment furniture.

Next day Dale and Lloyd despatched Uncle Sam's blue coated messengers with invitations that quickened varied thrills in the recipients. To assure presence at the appointed time and place, each invitation required a special treatment; Janice and Cornelia in effort to strike home effectively invoked every muse to their composition. They were, for the most part, homely summons to good cheer. They found their way to hall bedrooms in fourth rate boarding houses, attic chambers in deadly respectable lodging houses; sky-scraper studios, private mansions of worn gentility, fashionable clubs, and apartments whose mail is delivered on a silver salver.



"I cannot understand," said Lucius Brown, "how so many able-bodied, clever men have permitted so many heavenly-gifted home-makers to be this 'night of nights' without their own hearthstones"

Jack Ray's invitation was not unlike a worn battle flag, before the festive night, so often had it been read and re-read.

Jack was a popular illustrator of children's stories; irony of fate had denied him wife, children, home. He camped in a down-town hotel, and like Old Dog Tray hunted a bone wherever he happened to be.

"An old-time Christmas," mused Ray, putting the finishing touches to a battalion of giants. "I haven't had a Christmas outside of fairy tales since I was a boy.

Deuced nice of those girls to think of a mossy old chap like me."

"The absurdity, the impertinence of inviting *me* to pay for my dinner!" sneered the haughty Miss Travers, sniffing the American Beauties a delighted public had showered upon her the previous night. "Presumptuous girls to include me in their social affairs! Our acquaintance is purely business."

"Despite you are the petted child of an indulgent public," read Cornelia's note, "a good fairy whispers, perhaps, Christmas may find you a wee bit lonely for old-time joys of which you once told me—the joy of your childhood when your dear mother was wont to stealthily color garlands for the Christmas tree. Well, we're going to have a tree with as much of Christmas spirit as time, work and sorrow has spared, and it will add to our pleasure to have you with us."

A second reading found the script blotted with haughty Miss Travers' tears. She was a child again in the Indiana town where slept the mother whose heart beats would never be hers. As the festival night drew near, thought of the conventionality of the dinner she was expected to grace at a fashionable house in the Avenue stifled the songbird.

"How I need the exhilaration those thoughtful, unselfish girls promised! It may never, never come again," said Miss Travers, and putting her favorite songs, rather songs that were favorites of old Indiana days, under her sealskin coat, she motored Christmas night to the Baxter.

"Nerve of the Turks!" chuckled Hamilton Jay, opening his mail at the Union Club to find the Dale and Lloyd invitation.

"Original, honest—refreshingly honest, by Gad! Invites a fellow to pay for his Christmas dinner—one dollar and a half!"

"It includes wine," added Janice, "the wine of good fellowship not to be had outside Auld Lang Syne."

"I wonder," mused the crusty old broker, "if Lucy Morton will be there. The trio were great chums in the old days. I wonder if she remembers—if she ever suspected—"

Hamilton Jay's curiosity so got the better of him that the Union Club for the first time in many years had not the pleasure of his company at its conventional Christmas dinner, for at 7.30 sharp Jay turned up at the Baxter.

"Thank Heaven!" cried the overworked society reporter, when she read the invitation, which came on the heels of shipping home the Christmas box she fain would have carried had not fear of losing her job restrained her. "Thank Heaven, here is one place I can go to a real social event, that I won't have to chronicle before the 'forms close.' "

Not to revivify, but to bury the past, prompted the acceptance of more than one semi-detached; in consequence, "hewers of wood and carriers of water" in art, music, letters and the drama, together with money kings, the "arriving" and "arrived" gathered at the Baxter Christmas night.

Logs, good old forest vintage, no make-believes, crackled, fairly danced on the open hearth. Mistletoe, bitter sweet, winter green and holly hung from the crystal chandeliers and filled every decorative space in the high ceilinged, beflowered, papered room.

In gala attire Dale and Lloyd welcomed their guests as if under their own roof tree. Nowhere was trace of a public hostelry. So deft was the tact, so genuine the charm of their hospitality, that the most diffident was at home.

Entering the old-time dining room, each guest was given a thorough route ticket over various railroad lines to New York. Janice had scoured city railroad offices in quest of cancelled tickets.

When a guest found his or her native town, it was punched, and exchanging the ticket with a table neighbor, geographical locality was defined.

Twenty states encircled the board groaning under the spoils of forest and farm and stream. In suspended hollowed pumpkins, tallow dips shed uncertain light upon the feast garnished with "ye olden tymes."

"I cannot understand," said Lucius Brown from the head of the table, "how so many able-bodied, clever men have permitted so many heavenly-gifted homemakers to be this 'night of nights' without their own hearthstones."

"Here! Here!" was the vigorous masculine protest. "Speak for yourself."

"Alas! I did once—and—and—and it was my undoing."

"There are others," came from the shadow of the roast pig, whose succulent sides put to a brown blush Lamb's classic groveler.

When ebony Dianah had passed the turkey for each guest's inspection and brought it back laden with compliments to be served by Lucius Brown, the host of "mine inn" rose.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said. "I am not a religious man. It's forty years since I crossed the threshold of a church to worship or a Christian home to dine. But this gathering takes me back to my boyhood home, and it would be disloyalty to my dead mother's teaching to permit this feast to begin without a blessing."

Instinctively every head bowed while in organ tone appeal "mine host" invoked the blessings of the Giver of All.

"Well, if there isn't Phil Folsom!"

It was Tilly Boynton who broke the silence.

"Do you know Mr. Folsom?"

"Know him? I should reckon I do," laughed Tilly. "Lived three doors apart in Maryland."

The sloe like eyes of the winsome amanuensis to one of America's best known novelists, peeped over the rapidly vanishing turkey, to confront the faultlessly groomed Folsom, whose editorial nod made and unmade scribbling aspirants.

"Phil, this shy damsel asks in trembling awe if I know what a great personage I am addressing."

"Why, Tilly Boynton, where did you come from?" asked the slightly ruffled Folsom, whose Gotham repute was unknown to his recently arrived townswoman.

"Hagerstown, sure, twelve months ago. Yes, indeedy. How long have you been in New York?"

"Ever since—ever since—let me see—"

"Since Lavina jilted you?"

"Never got the chance," protested blushing Lavina, stunning as a Gibson poster.

"Chance was all that was wanting, eh?" said Folsom.

"Had I suspected you were destined to cover yourself with glory, and the chance had been given—" Lavina sighed adorably—"no telling what folly I might have committed."

"That was the trouble," smiled Folsom wearily, "nobody thought me worth while at Hagerstown, and now—"

"Everybody is throwing him or her self at you," laughed Tilly.

"Do tell me, Phil, where and how you live?"

"I don't live," said Folsom, sobering into the practical man of affairs. "I exist at a club."

"You poor child! Come sup with us a Sunday? Old Mrs. Drayton—you recollect the postmistress at the Four Corners?—she keeps house for Marie and me. Marie is an artist now, way up in reputation but frequently down and out in cash. We are doing at present our own cooking."

"I'll wager it's well done," said Folsom gallantly. "Promise me Maryland chicken and cornbread, and I am with you any time you name."

"Goody! Goody! Sunday week, sure."

Long before the match was put to the plum pudding, there were few who had not found a friend or a friend's friend where they had anticipated a stranger, while to more than one, fame and fortune stood revealed in the guise of an old, half-forgotten chum.

Tom Bloom came in with the truffles.

He went straight to beautiful Lucretia Bloom, whose bon mots had the table in a gale of laughter.

"You don't know me, Lucretia," he said, hesitatingly extending his hand. "I have endured it as long as I can—three weary years. Is it never to end?"

Lucretia Bloom was one of the semi-detached who had come to the dinner to get away from the past, and here like Banquo's ghost it stood before her! In a moment of pique she had deserted the great joyous, irresponsible Tom Bloom while he was struggling in Paris for a hearing. To all his efforts to woo her back, she had turned a deaf ear, declaring she would live her own life. Too proud to admit her mistake, she found solace in miniature painting, while her hungry heart fed on the plaudits that had come to this husband of her youth after her foolhardy flight.

"How did you know my whereabouts?" demanded Lucretia with a touch of the old-time arrogance.

"I did not know you were in New York until I saw you tonight enter the Baxter," said Tom. "Miss Dale designed the cover for my last opera. I write operas now, Lucretia, that managers produce, publishers print and the public pay to hear. Perhaps you may have heard of them?"

Heard! Had she not crossed to England to witness his first Savoy success—crossed alone and gone to the theatre in disguise lest they should meet!

"There never was a bluer, lonelier soul than I," said Tom, "when the Dale and Lloyd invitation reached me. "To get away from my miserable self, I came early, but when I saw you in the entry I had not the courage to go further. I went back to the club to think over the Christmases we've had together. They came tripping back, Lucretia, so real, so true, that I hailed a taxi and here I am."

"Partners for the Virginia Reel!" cried Lucius Brown.

Bon bons were unrolled mid peals of laughter, and when Janice had tied a gay apron on Tom Bloom and perched a baker's cap on his raven locks, he extended with the timorous gallantry of a first meeting his arm to Lucretia, who had not the heart —she thanked God—to refuse it.

When each semi-detached had swung a partner to the lilt of Money Musk, a gray beard shone above the Christmas tree.

"This is mine," cried Jack Ray with the infectious smile of one of his fairy goblins. He held aloft a loving cup.

"In Baxter's choicest vintage," he said. "This is one on me to be drunk to the toast:

"May Dale and Lloyd be honorably dissolved before another Yuletide, and each incorporated into a firm of God's own making, and may the newly incorporated firms continue to give their homeless friends the pleasure that is theirs this blessed Christmas night."

Several days' fall of snow lay—thanks to a delinquent street-cleaning department—white and compact in lower Broadway.

"I am sending you home," said Lucius Brown, throwing open the Baxter's street door, "as I would were we at the Truesdale Farm."

A huge wagon on runners stood without. Hitched to it were four Normandy horses hung in Christmas greens and tinkling bells. The bed of the wagon was filled with fragrant straw and roasted bricks. With the cry of unbridled youth the merrymakers piled in, and as the sledge turned into the Avenue, more than one semi-detached found courage to speak for himself, but to eavesdroppers answers were lost in Trinity's midnight chime:

"Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will."

THE LEGEND OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT

WHEN to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
There came a little blue-eyed one—
All timidly it came—
And standing at the Father's feet,
And gazing in His face,
It said with low and timid voice,
And yet with gentle grace,
"Dear Lord, the name thou gavest me,
Alas, I have forgot."
The Father kindly looked on him
And said, "Forget-me-not."

—*Heart Throbs, II.*

Two and a Pocket Handkerchief

(*A Serial*)

by Josephine Page Wright

SYNOPSIS—Wayne Hardimg, a wealthy young New Yorker, who loses his fortune and the hand of the society woman who was to be his wife, seeks refuge on a California ranch, the legacy of his mother. He finds there the caretaker and his pretty, self-possessed daughter Marian. Shortly after Wayne's arrival the caretaker dies, and rather than see Marian homeless, Wayne makes a quixotic offer of marriage. Reluctantly he takes up the ranch work previously performed by Marian's father. A letter comes from the father of his former fiancee, asking him to return to New York, but Marian is injured by a Mexican fugitive. Danny, an old neighbor, summons Dr. Ord, who commands Wayne to take the greatest care of Marian. Upon her recovery she urges him to return to the East and his old life. Meantime Billy, his New York friend and once his prospective brother-in-law, comes for a visit.

CHAPTER IX

BUSINESS good?" smiled Wayne. Marian was bending over the account books as he entered the room.

"The balance is on the right side of the ledger for the work of the year. There were a good many things to take into consideration. You were new to the work and not so—not so—" she stammered.

"I was more extravagant than your father. Is that what you are trying to say?"

"You were not accustomed to the simple life we had been leading. That you yielded luxuries as gracefully as you did was commendable," she defended loyally.

"Let me see the books," he asked, stretching forth his hand. "I cannot realize that this little parcel of ground, smaller than some men's flower gardens, has given us a living."

"Some of your eastern friends would not grant so much. They would say it has supported our existence."

Wayne found the book which he held in his hand of absorbing interest. No profound treatise on economics could have held his attention as this did. In the long rows of figures, between the lines of item entries, he saw always the personality of Marian. Who but she could have found so pleasant and profitable a market for her flowers? Marian's flowers had been a source of delight to them both, and yet their commercial value proved of no trifling importance.

"Is this a directors' meeting?" asked Billy from the doorway.

Wayne put down the book reluctantly, and Marian invited the young man to enter.

"I've come to tell you that I must make a move soon. I've just fourteen dollars and thirty cents beside my expenses home across country. You two cannot go east with me on your dividends for this year, can you?"

"Our dividends would take us tourist to Chicago," laughed Wayne, "and think of how hungry the chickens would get before we came back. No, Billy, I'm afraid that I shall not see New York for several years."

Wayne grew thoughtful, and Marian watched his face with keen, unsmiling gaze. Billy seated himself at the piano and sought in vain to win the two from their gravity. He played and sang the old college songs which he felt sure would bring a responsive word or laugh from his host. Harding continued, however, to meditate, and the young musician, discouraged, rose and passed unnoticed from the room.

Marian was the first to break the silence. She stepped to her husband's side and laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"You must go back," she commanded quietly, "to your old life. It has always called you; it is calling you now. Wait," she continued as he attempted to speak, "let me explain how simple the solution of your difficulties will prove. This property of yours has increased in value tremendously during the last few years. Danny tells me half a dozen men are waiting for the chance to secure it for home sites."

"Do you wish to sell it?" demanded Wayne harshly.

"I, Mr. Harding? The property is not mine to sell. But," she faltered, "I do wish to buy it."

This woman, the most artless and genuine Wayne had ever known, he found most difficult to understand. Through a study of her, he had learned many wholesome lessons. Not least important of these was the fact that depth of character far more than artificiality covers the nakedness of a woman's soul. The shallow society woman uses conventionality as a cloak, often as a weapon of defense, but to one who knows the intricacies of conventionality, the woman herself is not inaccessible.

Why Marian should refuse part ownership in this pocket-handkerchief ranch which she had successfully managed for several years, why she should suddenly wish to secure exclusive possession, why she should seem anxious to have him return to New York, not only mystified but alarmed him.

Seeing that Wayne did not pretend to understand her, Marian resumed her argument.

"Four years ago father bought some canyon lots in the city for very little. About a week ago an agent notified me that they could be sold to considerable advantage. I did sell them, and with the money—"

"And with the money," interrupted Wayne bitterly, "you expect to buy your own ranch here so as to furnish me ready money with which to return to New York and pick up the threads of the old life."

Marian's eyes filled with tears. Harding knew that he was making it hard for her, and he was glad. He was angry, passionately angry, and for the first time in his life, with a woman. He believed now that he saw the reason for her solicitude. Nevertheless, he determined that she must make her confession and feel, if possible, something of his humiliation.

"When I married you," he said roughly, "I asked nothing of you but the privilege of giving you the protection of my name. I told you that when you desired your freedom, it was yours. It is quite unnecessary for you to buy it of me."

At his words Marian threw back her head proudly, and her eyes flashed angrily behind her tears.

"I accepted from you, Mr. Harding, nothing but the protection of your name, and that very fact should teach you why I am unwilling to accept anything else at your hands now. I offer to buy your ranch because I want it and for no other reason in the world."

"You assume by your offer that one of us must leave. That reveals to me very plainly that you, at least, are tired of our —our former business arrangements."

Wayne's mind flew back to the night when he and Ord had talked together by the cypress hedge. Marian's childhood had passed. The woman heart of her had been born. She was fighting as Ord had fought for the right to happiness.

"There can be but one reason," Wayne continued more kindly, "why you should seek your freedom. Marian, you have learned what it is to love."

"I have learned to love, Mr. Harding," she confessed bravely, "and you who have known the sweetness and the bitterness of it, should help me. You will understand how impossible the old relationship would be now, ideal as it has been. But the solution of our problem is easy. Take the money I offer. It is yours. Go back with Billy and begin again. The months here have strengthened you physically and morally. For you the old life there will never be sordid again. As for me, Danny will come and take care of the place for me and poor, childless old Danny will take care of me, too."

The eagerness of her appeal rekindled Wayne's cooling anger. Was Danny in the conspiracy, too? Danny had always been fond of Ord. But was it Ord? Who else could it be? Why should Wayne be driven from his own property by the fickleness of a child? He looked from the window of the room and realized, with a sudden alarm, that he had no desire to leave the place. The long rows of vegetables, the lath house, the orchard, the pens of noisy fowls, inspired him with a pride which he had never felt in his handsomely appointed office in the east. There he had owned priceless oriental rugs; here the ice plant carpeted the ground with rich reds; there he had valuable pictures, here every window ledge framed a masterpiece.

"Marian," he demanded, "do you love this man enough to send me back, to send me away from our good comradeship forever?"

"I love him enough even for that," she replied.

"Then I have no choice," he shrugged. "I shall make preparation to leave as soon as possible—to leave before Billy spends his fourteen dollars and thirty cents," he added with grim humor.

Marian turned abruptly and entered her own room. Wayne left the house to join Danny and Billy, who stood talking together near the poultry yards. "What's the matter with them chicks?" Danny was repeating. "They was sweated in a brooder. See how lifeless and helpless like they look? Marian and her husband have had the time of their lives with those fool chickens. Have to shove 'em out of the brooder in the morning, coax 'em to eat during the day and shove 'em back again at night. They ain't got any more self-reliance than some of the young people of the present day. Artificial brooding for humans may be all right, but it's my observation one don't raise as big a per cent as one does under a mother's wing. Trouble is, they're too often sweated, like these dilapidated fowls here. Too many servants to wait on 'em, too many worldly pleasures, and too few unselfish duties. Too much of the intense heat of artificiality, too little of the soft, feathery touch of maternity. See how bored and languid that featherless little thing there looks. Ain't it a type? Well, sir, over to my place I take a chicken like that out of the yards and get rid of it. 'Fraid it would live to reproduce and weaken the strain."

"Billy," announced Wayne, "I am ready to go east with you at any time."

Chapter X

On the morning appointed for the journey, Billy straggled in late to breakfast. Wayne and Marian faced one another, silent and preoccupied.

"There's one good thing," the boy congratulated Wayne. "A man isn't a sentimental creature. You will leave the old place, that was the home of your mother and which has been your own now for many months, with your face turned to your new life and abmitions. Now if Mrs. Harding were leaving as you are, she would want to go about and shake hands with every pullet on the place, weep under every eucalyptus, weep over every potato plant."

"Nonsense," interrupted Wayne testily. "Marian is quite as practical a woman as I am. Moreover, natural regrets and memories are not sentimental. They are often the most real things in our lives."

Billy saw that the burden of sustaining the conversation rested upon him, and he strengthened himself with a very large and very black cup of coffee. Marian had prepared many tempting dishes, and her departing guest ate with unconcealed enjoyment. Wayne made a great pretense that did not for a moment deceive his wife.

"Wayne," announced Billy, at the conclusion of the meal, "there are three chicks out under the Wyandotte in the barn. Four eggs pipped."

"There can't be yet. The old hen doesn't come off until day after tomorrow. I set her myself," insisted Wayne.

"Come on out and see," challenged Billy.

Marian arose listlessly to follow. Wayne hurried on ahead. He reached the nest first and lifted the protesting mother from her brood.

"See, Marian," called Harding, "she's going to have a big hatch. We must—"

The flush that rose to Marian's face made him pause and continue more quietly, "Have Danny put her in the new yard and keep the other chickens away from her. Explain to him that the eggs were from a prize pen and that these chicks should turn out pretty fine."

"I should like to be here and watch them grow," mused Billy. "Must be a deal of human nature about a hen bringing up a family of chicks."

"There is," confirmed Danny, who had strolled over to bid the travelers good-bye. "Some hens would put some women to shame for good common mother sense, and then again there's some hens who are great on race suicide. I notice that the latter usually come from about three generations of incubators. After a hen gets too scientific she loses interest in having a family. Seems to think it's kind of unsanitary to set around on a hay nest."

Marian and Wayne had walked silently toward the orchard. Billy and Danny watched them with the eyes of conspirators.

"Think of something quick, Danny," implored his young friend, "the time is getting short."

Danny shook his head. "You've got to let nature take its course. Every time you crack an egg to help along a hatching, you kill a chicken. Maybe the chick will live a little while, but it will always die a chick."

"It's hands off, then," sighed Billy. "But if this chicken don't hatch, I'm going to punch somebody's face."

Marian brought back a small basket full of fruit, which she offered to her guests. Wayne called Danny aside and gave him parting instructions.

"Marian has been the superior officer here always," he said gravely, "and she has never given a foolish or an unjust command. Obey her."

The four went into the house to make the final preparation for leaving. Marian affected to busy herself about the dishes. Danny stared from the window of the dining room across the bay, over the city, beyond the Mexican mountains, miles into the future. Wayne, in his own room, brushed the whitewash of the barn walls from his traveling clothes. Billy whistled boisterously.

As the clock, the clock which Wayne had wound so many times, struck ten, Marian came from the kitchen.

"You had better start now, Mr. Harding, and run no chance of missing the boat. Good-bye, Billy," she said quietly.

Wayne took her hand in his. "Marian, Danny has promised to let me know if you ever need my help. But I should rather have you send me word yourself."

"Thank you, Mr. Harding. Good-bye." But she made no promise.

Harding stopped on the porch to light a cigar, then he followed Billy down the gravel path.

Danny followed silently to his own gate. Then he nodded a friendly farewell.

At the foot of the canyon Billy turned and confronted his companion.

"I say, Harding, let's not leave like this, you know. Seems kind of abrupt and unfeeling. Go back and see Marian alone. Tell her she's been a brick. Thank her for making a man of you."

"I mustn't, Billy. You don't know just how it is with me. I couldn't go back now."

"But you haven't kept your promise," protested Billy. "You haven't made her tell you who it is."

"Why are you so insistent?"

Billy laid a friendly hand upon Wayne's arm. "I'll tell you, old man. I like Mrs. Harding, and from what Danny tells me she's tacked her affections to a duffer who isn't worthy of her. It isn't a square deal to go off like this. No one knows what might happen to her."

"There's Danny," excused Wayne, irresolute.

Billy stood patiently in the middle of the road and watched for his friend to decide.

Suddenly, as one obeys an impulse, Harding turned and walked rapidly to the bungalow. The grounds seemed deserted. He entered the house quietly and went to the kitchen where he had left Marian. She was not there. At the open door of her room he paused, but there was no sign of her. He passed on to his own. Scattered about the room, which he had left in perfect order, were the relics of its latest occupant, sun-faded hats, worn-out boots, rusty belts and torn trousers. At the side of his bed sat Marian, sobbing tumultuously into the bosom of a ragged khaki shirt.

"Marian," he commanded harshly, "throw that rag away and come here."

The wife, obedient to the call of love, came.

Half an hour later she raised a tear-stained, radiant face from the shoulder of her husband.

"Billy," she said, a trifle dismayed.

"Billy," laughed her husband. Clasping hands, as though fearful of the shadow of the old separation, they strolled to the front of the house.

Billy was lying in the hammock, smoking a cigarette.

"Billy," said Wayne, "I'm afraid you'll have to go on to New York without me."

"I'm not going back to New York," returned Billy.

"Would you have let me go alone?" demanded Wayne.

"I knew you weren't going back to New York, either. I'm going to live with Danny and work over in the city. I got a job with the gas company last week, and yesterday I bought fourteen dollars and thirty cents worth of sombreros and khaki trousers."

Marian asked Billy to stay to dinner, promising him the biscuit of which he was fondest. Wayne followed her into the kitchen and drew a chair to the table where she worked.

As she rolled her sleeves above her elbow, the tantalizing dimple came to view. Wayne sprang forward and kissed it impetuously. The dimpled arm stole about his neck and drew his lips to hers.

"You were angry once," he reminded her.

"But you hadn't told me then that you loved me," she reproached.

"Does that make the difference?"

"It makes all the difference in the world, Wayne," she replied, using his Christian name for the first time.

As she slipped the biscuit into the oven, she called to the man on the porch.

"Billy, does Danny know about—?"

"Of course. Danny and I have known all about it for ages," scorned Billy.

THE END

LOVE AND LITERATURE

THE guerdon of an author is a gift one would not miss,
  To be a well-beloved wife is surely perfect bliss,
But the two in combination makes your work somewhat like this:

BESIDE THE MULLIONED CASEMENT'S CARVED STONE,
  Mother, where is that other overshoe?
THE FAIR ROSALDA STOOD AND DREAMED ALONE,
  Mother, what makes the Jones's kitten mew?
AND GAZED WITH BROODING EYES WHERE DOWN THE VALE,
  Mother, what does Jack mean by 'get a hunch?'
DWELLED HER BOLD LOVER, RUDOLPH OF THE VALE.
  Mother, can Mamie Jenkins come to lunch?

AND SHOULD HE STEAL ME FROM MY HIGH ESTATE,
  Mother, Jack's mean to me as anything!
STILL MUST I FOLLOW HIM? IT IS MY FATE!
  Mother, do you know where's a piece of string?
HER STERN DUENNA SWIFTLY TOWARD HER CREPT,
  O mother, do I have to take a nap?
AND—Jack, dear, won't you stop!—ROSALDA WEPT.
  Mother, please take me up upon your lap.

—*Florence L. Patterson.*

A Princess o' th' Holly

by W. Carey Wonderly

CHERIDAH, coming down the staircase of the big, old-fashioned Long Island house, looked every inch a princess. And this was as it should be, since Cheridah was a princess with a train of adoring suitors always at her heels.

To be sure there are suitors and suitors just as there are princesses and princesses, and Cheridah's, at this moment, numbered only two, the Cuyler twins. That one of them was a girl mattered not at all. They hung one on either arm, pink-cheeked, round-eyed, breathless with importance, Ted bearing a hammer and a paper of tacks, Bet with a ball of scarlet ribbon.

In the huge oaken hall with its tall, quaint chimney-piece and wide open fireplaces, Brown, the second footman, waited with a step-ladder and two great baskets of evergreens.

"Mrs. Cuyler said as I was to stay if there was anything I could do to help you, miss," he said.

"Oh-h!" wailed Bet.

"No!" declared Ted.

Cheridah smiled at him in her pretty, gracious way.

"There is nothing, thank you, Brown," she told him in her soft Southern voice. "We are going to do the hall all by ourselves, you see."

The footman looked at the twins and grinned from ear to ear. But it was a most respectful grin withal, and besides even a servant is permitted small liberties on the day before Christmas, as Ted gravely observed.

"Now, my honies," cried Cheridah, when they were alone, "now we will begin. Where shall we begin, Bet—Ted?"

Ted placed himself on the leopard's skin in front of the fireplace, and with his hands behind him regarded the oak walls with the air of a connoisseur.

"I think," he said, at length, "we had better do our ancestors first, Cousin Cherry. The evergreens along the tops of the frames, and—"

"—and a *big bunch* of holly, Cousin Cherry, to hide their faces, please," piped Bettina. "Ancestors' faces aren't one bit Christmasy, somehow."

"Sh-h-h!" cautioned Ted, glancing over his shoulder. "It isn't nice to talk about one's ancestors, Bet. Have you forgotten? —tomorrow's Christmas and if Santa should hear you talking about Great-aunt Susan or Grandfather Rossiter—well, I wouldn't give much for what you'd find in your stocking tomorrow morning. Would you, Cousin Cheridah?"

The girl laughed a low, merry ripple as she dragged the step-ladder before Great-aunt Susan's portrait in oils.

"I reckon," she ventured, with a wicked gleam in her eyes, "I can festoon this bit of green directly across our great-aunt's frown—then I'll not need the holly, Bet. . . . . That's it! . . . Eh, what, Ted? . . . Oh, Santa's got ancestors, too. He'll understand."

"Everybody's got ancestors but Mr. Manning," said Bet thoughtfully, "and mother says he's only got money—a million of money."

"How much is a million of money, Cousin Cherry?" asked Ted, squatting on the hearth-rug.

Bet gave her head a toss, and regarded Cheridah critically. She was a black-eyed, red-lipped child.

"A million of money is—a million of money," she declared airily. Then: "Cousin Cherry, if Mr. Manning has a million of money and no ancestors, and you have a million of ancestors and no money, why—"

Cheridah turned abruptly on the ladder and laughed merrily. Charmingly pretty and dainty and feminine she looked. She had turned up the over skirt of her white crepe frock and fastened it at the back, and her white, dimpled arms were bare to the elbows. In her hair—brown and abundant—she had tucked a bit of holly, and another piece, red with berries, she wore at her waist.

"Oh, Bettina Cuyler, you'll be the death of me yet—you will indeed! I positively refuse to let you play match-maker for me with a young man I have never even seen," she cried. "Now mind you! I know you are a dear, a darling, and that you love your old Cousin Cherry to distraction, but no rich young Lochinvars for me, please."

"There, you've put ypur foot in it again!" stormed Ted. "Next Cousin Cherry won't give us any gifts tomorrow."

"La la!" smiled Bet impishly.

"How do you know, Master Ted, that I *have* any gifts for you tomorrow, pray?" cried Cheridah.

"Oh, everybody that comes to Seafield for Christmas brings us gifts," returned Bet airily. "Mr. Manning brings gifts and gifts. I think a million of money must be about the whole world full, myself. Oh, such gifts and *gifts!*"

"It's not polite to be always thinking about gifts," reproached Ted.

"It is when the maker isn't near," answered Bet tranquilly—"not only polite but *sensible.* When Alice Penderton sent mother the silver cake-plate, she gave one look at it and said: 'Good heavens, it's the very one I sent Madge Poole four years ago, when she was married. I wonder where it hasn't been since then?' "

"Oh, honey chile!" cried Cheridah, laughing in spite of herself. "Down home, where I came from, you'd be in the schoolroom eating bread and milk and jam, and not lolling around in your lovely mammy's boudoir. Do you know that, missy?"

"I don't like bread and milk and jam," Bet replied sweetly. "And I can tell you what mother did with the cake-plate, too. She's going to give it to you tomorrow, Cousin Cherry!"

This time Cheridah fairly shrieked. She sat down upon the top step, her lap and arms full of evergreens, and laughed until the tears stood in her pretty dark eyes.

"Bet, Bet, Bet!" she cried again and again. "I shall publicly expose your mother if she gives that dish to me tomorrow morning, so there! I give you fair warning!"

"We'll tell her you don't want it, and then she can give it to somebody else," nodded Ted confidently. "There's any number of things mother can do with a silver cake-plate."

"Yes, Mr. Manning might like it for an ash-receiver," smiled Bet angelically. "He makes a fuss over *anything.*"

Then Cheridah laughed all over again, and presently when she was a little calmer, she glanced down to see a tall, fur-coated man standing at the foot of the ladder, with Ted and Bet clinging to his arms. Remembering the "million of money," and judging from Bet's cordial reception, Cheridah rapidly came to the conclusion that the intruder was none other than Manning himself. And Bet's first words told her that she had guessed correctly. After many bearlike hugs on the part of the twins, Bettina cried:

"Cousin Cherry, he says he doesn't want *another* ash-receiver! What shall mother ever do?"

"I think," smiled Cherry, "she had better send Augusta to put you to bed."

Bet tossed her head, flouncing out her white skirts behind her; Ted crept nearer to Manning for protection. And Manning, having been dealt an unfair blow at the sudden sight of Cheridah's lovely face atop the ladder, could only stare and murmur conventional nothings.

Bet came to his rescue.

"Cousin Cherry," she piped blithely, "this is he—this is the nice gentleman we were telling you about."

"Yes," nodded Ted. "And please, Mr. Manning, how much is a million of money? Cousin Cherry didn't know."

Then the lovely vision ran hurriedly down the ladder, dropping the holly-boughs as she came.

"Really, these children will be the death of me yet!" she declared, half-laughing, half-embarrassed. "I am Miss Beaumont and you are Mr. Manning. I am Mrs. Cuyler's cousin—and the children's, don't ever forget that, please, for they don't. We are trying to decorate the hall, having dispensed with the footman's services, but I'm afraid we're making sorry headway. Ted, will you run tell Mother that Mr. Manning has arrived?"

"No, no, no!" cried Manning, slipping out of his coat. "Don't disturb Mrs. Cuyler, Miss Beaumont. I am quite at home here, and thanks to my good friends, I am privileged to walk in, unannounced, at any moment."

"Yes, we have plenty of spare rooms at Seafield," smiled Bet. "Of course, in town it is different."

Cheridah stooped suddenly to recover some imaginary article, but Manning only laughed—a big, wholesome laugh that filled every nook and corner of the great oak hall.

"Now, Miss Bet, I sincerely hope that one—a very special one, too—of my trunks goes astray and never arrives at Seafield," he declared, shaking his finger at her. "It will serve you jolly right on Christmas morning."

"Mr. Manning—" she faltered.

"I do, indeed!"

"There's something in that trunk—?"

"There surely is—it's so full Giles could scarcely get the lid on."

"Mr. Manning—!"

"Bet, we all know my name."

"O Mr. Manning," she wailed, "if that trunk does get lost! Just think! —if it does! . . . Why, you won't have anything for Christmas to put in *Cousin Cherry's* stocking, either!"

Cheridah reached down and caught up a holly bough, but across the green leaves and scarlet berries, her glance met Manning's. And then because they were both of them young themselves, and because children are children, and Christmas is such a wonderful, beautiful season, they smiled. Somehow this smile drew them nearer to each other than could weeks of idleness at a country-house, or an entire season of balls, and dinners, and musicals.

"Aren't you going to stay in and help us, Mr. Manning?" Ted cried, interrupting the momentary silence. "Ask him to, Cousin Cherry—you're the biggest."

"I should be delighted," he cried quickly and then gave Cheridah a comical little smile which plainly said they were both in the hands of the Cuyler twins, and must make the best of it.

"You hold Cousin Cherry when she gets upon the ladder, please," Bet directed. "Hold tight, too—it would be terrible to have her fall off, you know, and she has to *lean* when she reaches Great-aunt Anne's picture."

"Yes, it would be terrible to have Miss Beaumont fall, only I don't think you need worry about that, Bet. I see that the ladder behaves itself," Manning answered, smiling.

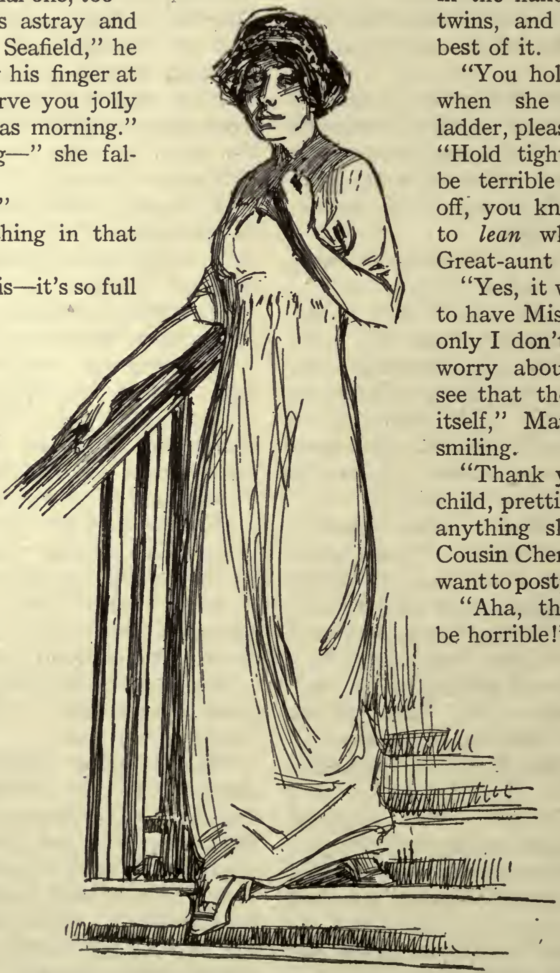
"Thank you," nodded the child, prettily. "You see, if anything should happen to Cousin Cherry, mother might want to postpone Christmas."

"Aha, that would indeed be horrible!" cried Manning, nodding sympathetically.

Cheridah, turning on her perch, shot him a quick, roguish smile.

"Which would?—my tumble or the postponement?" flashed she.

"Oh, it would



Cheridah, coming down the staircase of the big, old-fashioned Long Island house looked every inch a princess *never* do to postpone Christmas, Cousin Cherry!" broke in Bet.

"You see," smiled Manning, with a comical shrug of his shoulders, "I may not contradict a lady, Miss Beaumont."

"What a mammon-worshipping little wretch," threw back Cheridah. "I've half a mind purposely to fall from the ladder. Betty, wouldn't you honestly care if your old-maid coz tumbled down from this frightful height?"

"Oh, yes, Cousin Cherry, because then you couldn't use father's present to you tomorrow," answered Bet eagerly. "Of course, I mustn't tell you what it is—mother says we must be *surprised* when we receive our gifts tomorrow, and some of us will, I guess, too! But yours from father are beauties, just what you wanted, and now that the lake is frozen so beautifully, and Mr. Manning is here to teach you—he skates lovely, *figure eights* and *names*, you know—"

"Bet, Bet, be careful! You know you mustn't tell Miss Beaumont what her very nice present is to be," interposed Manning gravely. "It's to be a surprise, you said."

"Yes, I know," Bet nodded. "What size boot do you wear, Cousin Cherry?—mother couldn't tell."

Ted threw out his chest, wagged his head from side to side, and frowned at Manning in a manner which made that gentleman smother a laugh.

"A person mustn't mention ladies' boots before gentlemen, Bet," he said in a stage whisper.

"Piffle!" returned his sister, tossing her head. "It isn't *boots* at all, you mustn't mention, it's—"

"Bettina!" cried Cheridah, from the top of the ladder.

She clapped her hands sharply, and darted the incorrigible twin a stormy look, but Manning shrewdly told himself that a smile was perilously near the signal for cloudy weather.

"Bettina, you and Ted go over and sit by the fire until I've finished this picture," said Cheridah, with a ludicrous attempt at authority. "I'll call in Brown to do the others—we don't seem to be making any headway, and besides it is getting late. Old Santa will be with us before you kiddies are in bed next thing we know."

"Well, I'd like to meet him myself, Cousin Cherry," said Bet, with alarming frankness.

"Me, too, Cousin Cherry," cried Ted.

"And me," Manning grinned, folding his hands in a school-boy fashion.

But Cheridah was firmness itself.

"It would never, never do," she declared. "I, myself, have never seen him, and I am —quite old, you know."

"Oh, not *old*, Cousin Cheridah," cried Bet anxiously. "I heard father tell mother you'd have plenty of chances yet, and should take your time and look around a bit. But mother said—"

Manning turned away quickly, and catching Bettina up in his arms, swung her high above his head, until hers was lost among the green decorations on the massive chandelier.

"Swing me—me!" begged Ted, clinging to his coat.

And then Cheridah, with a little cry, fell from her perch at the ladder-top, and lay, a drooping white princess, on the polished floor.

Manning was at her side almost before the twins knew what had happened. Then, when they saw, Bet gave way to a steam-calliope shriek and Ted danced around Manning genuinely sorry that "Cousin Cherry was hurt."

"But I'm not at all," Cheridah smiled faintly. "See, I can stand up perfectly—I am all right—!" But when she attempted to rise, she sank back again with an unmistakable, most unheroine-like groan. "Do tell Betty to stop screaming," she whispered to Manning. "Don't let them arouse the house. Have them sit down—I shall be better in a moment."

At a word from Manning the twins went over and sat primly on the long, red settle, two splotches of white among the huge crimson cushions.

"I am going to help you to this chair now," Manning said quietly, placing his arm around the girl's waist. With his assistance she managed to stand for a second, but he was obliged to carry her almost to the chair.

"Oh, it was too silly and awkward of me," she said, with a nod of thanks and a smile. "I hope my foot isn't going to swell—I don't want to spoil the children's Christmas in any way. I—I'm so sorry."

"I think we'd better get a doctor to look at it," Manning observed. "You see whatever is to be done for it must be done quickly."

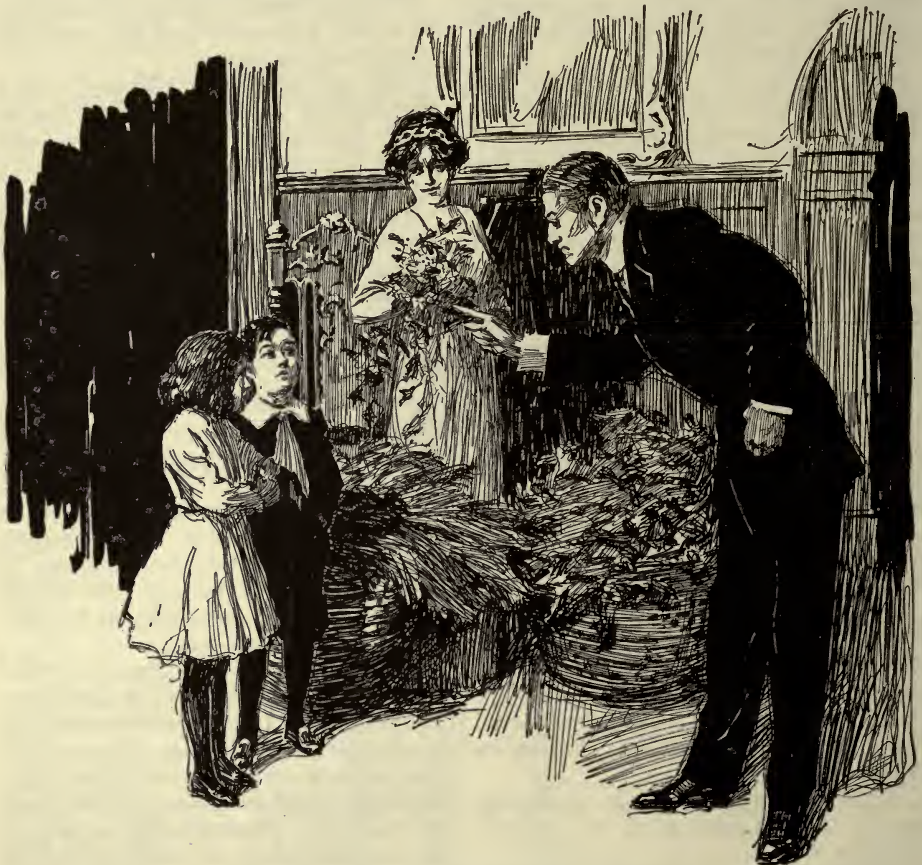
"But not a doctor," wailed Bet. "If you have a doctor that means Christmas will be postponed—you know mother. She will, she will—it will give her time to get something else in place of the cake-dish, too, and she'll be *glad!*"

"Oh, glad as glad!" chorused Ted. "Christmas and doctors never come together."

Cheridah threw a kiss to them from the depths of her deep, becushioned chair.

"I will not have a doctor, my honies—your old Cousin Cherry's word for it," she cried. "Let me sit here perfectly still for a little, and I'll be all right in a jiffy. It was only a twist, I think. Mr. Manning, if you will finish Great-aunt Anne's portrait, across the top, like we did Great-aunt Susan's. Please. . . . It is growing late, you see."

"Shall we go to bed, Cousin Cherry?" asked Ted, awed and eager to please.



"*Now, Miss Bet, I sincerely hope that one—a very special one, too—of my trunks goes astray and never arrives at Seafield,*" *he declared, shaking his finger at her*.

"No, no; not just yet. You can sit up a little longer," Cheridah nodded. "Then, when I feel better—"

"Shall I ask Therese to massage your foot, Cousin Cherry?" he next wanted to know.

Bet closed her bright, black eyes, drew her scarlet mouth into a straight, scornful line, and shook her forefinger at her twin.

"Theodore Rossiter Cuyler, you don't

know one blessed thing," she admonished. "Ladies don't have their feet *massaged* before gentlemen—silly!"

"But Therese massages me," Ted declared stoutly. "When I fell—"

"You don't count," grinned Bettina.

Ted's eyes opened wide.

"I don't! Oh-h! Ain't I a gentleman, Cousin Cherry—Mr. Manning?" he puzzled. "But if I'm not, don't tell me I'm a girl, please, please, because I hate *ruffly panties!*"

Cheridah was silent. Manning was silent, and Bet moved mincingly away from his end of the settle. Ted frowned.

"Oh," he burst out at last, "Christmas isn't as nice as the measles—not half! It's all 'sh-h-h!' and 'don't' and 'be a good boy.' Is Bet a good girl?" fiercely.

Then Cheridah opened her arms to him, and he came scurrying into the love and shelter they offered. Tenderly she kissed his brow and cheek, and whispered Christmasy delights in his half-doubting ear.

"I really think you two kiddies had better run off to beddy-bed now," she said, following a pause, during which they watched Manning on the ladder. "Run away to Augusta, and tell mother that Mr. Manning is here. I will stay until he has finished the portrait. See?—it is almost the last."

"But he hasn't hung the holly in front of Great-aunt Anne's face," whimpered Bet. "And I couldn't laugh and make a noise with her eyes looking down at me, Cousin Cherry. I don't believe she *ever* knew about Christmas, do you?"

Cheridah kissed them good-night and they turned sleepily up the big staircase.

"If Great-aunt Anne never knew Christmas, just think how lucky you two ducks are!" she called after them.

Bet turned solemnly at the top of the stairs and clasped her hands with a comical little shake of the head.

"Oh, if Mr. Manning's trunk *does* get lost—if it does!" she moaned. "Of course gold pieces for our banks are *nice*, but, oh, that trunk!"

They were gone and Cheridah, a little relieved, moved her lovely head so that she might watch Manning. He had thrown off his coat, and as he reached and moved about the muscles of his broad shoulders bespoke the outdoor life of the man. He worked swiftly but silently, and his taste was excellent, she decided. Great-aunt Anne's portrait was a triumph despite the fact that her gloomy eyes kept watch from her position above the chimney-piece.

"How is the invalid now?" he asked cheerfully, turning suddenly and facing her.

She nodded, smiling.

"Better, thanks. I will hand you the holly and greens as you want them, but please don't ask me to do any more acrobatic stunts again tonight."

"Stay there in the chair, and give your orders," he smiled back. "How's that one?—do you like it, really?"—boyishly.

"I couldn't have done it better myself," she declared with mock seriousness.

"Oh, couldn't you?" he returned, and they both laughed like a pair of kiddies themselves.

Following Grandfather Rossiter came Grandmother Carvel, and then Manning framed Aunt Letitia Sappington with evergreens and berries.

"Now if I had just a small piece of holly to stick here in the center—what do you think, Miss Beaumont?" he asked, turning to Cheridah. "Would you or would you not? You see I am in the hands of my superior officer, so kindly do your duty."

"I think I would," she nodded. "Here—" she pulled at the specially fine twig at her waist, heavy with scarlet berries—"take this," she said, tossing it across to him.

"Oh, no, now!" he cried, so vehemently that the girl flushed softly. "I like you with that pinned on your gown. It—it—looks—"

"Oh, be careful! Don't get Letitia even a fraction crooked. It would drive Edith crazy," she interposed hurriedly.

He turned and deliberately straightened the old lady's portrait. Then he faced Cheridah again.

"As I was saying, I like that bit of holly at your waist; it has such a homey, Christmasy look to it. May I let you into a secret, Miss Beaumont? Well, then, I am just as eager and crazy about Christmas today as ever Bet and Ted are. I love Christmas and home at Christmas time. Unfortunately I haven't a home of my own, but the Cuylers are always so splendid to me that I just can't resist the temptation to run down here each year, just to be with the children. When I had a home—and it was just a little place, 'way out in Nevada—it was before I struck pay-dirt, we had the bulliest Christmases possible. There were just Maw and Bert and I, and we were poor, but it was Christmas! Now I've plenty, but nobody to share it with me. . . . But Ted and Bet are jolly little pals."

"I'm sorry," she said simply. "This is my first Christmas north, you know, and I am here with Cousin Editha Cuyler because I am the only one of us left, and there was no place else to go. . . . Yes, Bet and Ted are dears. I hope you haven't lost that wonderful trunk."

He shook his head with Bet-like vigor. "I fibbed," he said boyishly. "I would as soon have thought of coming to Seafield without my dinner coat as without that trunk. Say, you just ought to *see* what's in it, Miss Beaumont."

She leaned forward eagerly in her chair, and Manning seating himself on the ladder-top, they entered into the spirit of the season with all the ardor of a pair of youngsters. The trunk must be bottomless, Cheridah declared, and he, with a laugh, told her there was more in a suit-case in Giles' box.

"But what in the world will they ever do with it all?" she cried, spreading out her hands with a pretty, helpless gesture.

"Heavens knows, but it was great fun buying 'em," he answered.

"Did you buy them all yourself?"

"Every piece—from doll to flying-machine," he grinned. "Giles was in one cab and I in another. I took everything home with me, and I had to bribe the elevator-man with a 'V' to let me bring them in. You know I live in one of those twentieth-century nuisances, a bachelor apartment."

"And naturally the man wondered," she nodded sympathetically.

"When I went away again with 'em to come down here, you know, he actually asked Giles if I was off to Matteawan," Manning chuckled. "Say, I'd like you to see those things awfully, Miss Beaumont."

"Oh, but it's too late tonight," she declared.

He glanced at the big Cathedral clock on the stairs. "Yes, it is," he said. "Can't you come down in the library early in the morning?—say, about six, seven?—six, good! Then I can show them to you before the table is fixed."

He jumped down from the ladder as she rose, a little unsteadily, but stood alone, nevertheless. At the same moment, with many squeals and much whispering, the Cuyler twins and the German bonne, Augusta, came down the staircase. In their white pajamas, looking like a pair of miniature Santas, Bet and Ted made a wild rush for Cheridah.

"Oh," piped Bet, "we were *afraid* your foot would get well before we got here!"

"It is better," smiled Cheridah, coloring a little under the child's searching gaze. "See?—I can walk. Isn't it lovely!"

"Jus' goot night—dat iss all, Miss Bet," warned Augusta, from the stairs.

Bet climbed up in Manning's arms and kissed him a sounding smack upon the lips. Then she scampered into Cheridah's embrace. Almost unconsciously the girl kissed her, then as she remembered, darted Manning a swift look. But his face was gravely earnest, and he was chatting with Ted.

"Good-night, good-night, my honies," cried Cheridah, shooing them with her hands. "Indeed you had better go. Santa may be here any moment now."

They nodded, suddenly grave, and then as if almost forgotten, Ted pulled from his pocket a long, slim, silky lavender something, and offered it to Manning.

"It's Cousin Cherry's, and please don't let Santa forget to fill it, too," he cried, in a stage whisper.

"Only there's a hole in the toe, and he'll have to fill it in with an *orange*," nodded Bet, with a shake of her head.

Then the clock chimed midnight and Augusta whisked the twins away.

"Good-night," said Cheridah softly, offering her cool, slim fingers to Manning.

"Good-morning," he corrected, smiling, "and a Merry Christmas. I will expect you to help with Bet's wonderful trunk, in the library, at six."

She turned and went gracefully upstairs.

"I'll be there," she nodded. "Now, not another word, sir! Give me a woman's privilege of the last word—a Merry Christmas to you!"

Padre Bernardo's Christmas Dinner

by

HAROLD DE POLO

Author of "Padre Bernardo," "The Tinkle of the Bell," etc.

PADRE BERNARDO, his round, pleasant face wrinkled with a great smile, his merry, twinkling eyes sparkling with more joyousness than ever, his worn cassock brushed and sponged so that it hid its age well, his coarse square-toed black shoes polished until they shone with a wondrous lustre, stood in front of his little white church on Christmas morning, bidding Godspeed and good cheer to his departing children as they made their way down the steep hill at the bottom of which snuggled the small village of La Cruz Blanca.

Seldom had he been so content, for his dear children, one and all, had enjoyed hearing the morning mass, he believed, as never before. They seemed so gay, so carefree, so pleased with the world and all it contained, that it made the good Padre's kind and simple heart grow warm and full as he watched them swing gaily down the path, singing and laughing and talking, with light, ringing voices that to him were as sweet and wholesome as the silver-throated songsters trilled their morning refrain on the trees all about him.

He looked across the pretty landscape stretched out before him as far as he could see, at the hills, the plains, the streams, sun-swept from that mellow, golden ball in the clear blue sky; he looked behind him at his little church, squat, white-washed, red-tiled, with the velvety green grass all around it like some fine and costly carpet; and then, again, his eyes dwelt lovingly on his children, garbed in holiday attire, with new, bright *zerapes*, and soft *mantillas*, and spotless, straw *sombreros*. Ah, yes, he told himself, as he had many times before, with a deep sigh of thankfulness, *Dios* was indeed good to him.

But the good Padre, if the truth must be told, was not thinking altogether of his beloved church, of his dear children, of his simple, yet stirring, mass of that morning; for his mind was almost entirely occupied with the great occasion that happened but once a year—his Christmas dinner. And for this one, be it known, he had gone to much trouble, bound that it should be the most bounteous and excellent repast that he had eaten in many a long day. He even chuckled as he thought of it; he had really, after having bought little trinkets and various presents for his congregation, spent his last *real* on the dinner he so much looked forward to.

Surely it was nice to think of. There was the big turkey, weighing not an ounce less than ten pounds, and so tender; there was the huge dish of rice with the green peppers and other seasonings which only Pancho knew how to concoct; there were the small, new potatoes, placed about the turkey, in the oven, so that they would be all brown and gold; there were many other dishes, of vegetables, of spices, of sweetmeats, and so forth; and there were, almost best of all, those two long, slim-necked bottles of old, priceless claret that had been given him, as a very great present, by Don Jorge Jiminez, the wealthy *ranchero* who lived a good six or seven leagues away but came to mass whenever he found it possible to do so.

Padre Bernardo's smile became larger, the twinkle in his eyes brighter, as he thought of these things; Ah, yes, it was to be a wonderful thing—wonderful; not one of those puny affairs that were over in half an hour or so, but a good, substantial meal that one could sit before for two hours or more. And he had invited Roberto Valdez and his bride, Rosalina, to enjoy it with him, for were they not his favorite children? Also, his good, loyal Pancho, cook and man of all work, was to sit at the table and make the fourth at the meal which he had promised would be the most marvelous he had ever cooked in all of his life.

The Padre, as he patted a little girl on the head, could not put the thought of it all away from him. Ah, even now he could taste the turkey and the claret, the two things which he liked best; the two things which, to him, were fairly the whole meal; for it was so very seldom that he had them. It was just a year, indeed, since he had eaten a well-browned bird, and the good *Dios* alone knew how many years had elapsed since the last time he had sipped such marvelous claret as those two bottles contained. He really believed, when he thought of it, that he had not done so after that time when he was a gay youth living in the gorgeous City of Mexico, when a companion, coming into his inheritance, had given a dinner with wine of a rare vintage. How he would enjoy it today!

For Padre Bernardo lived a most frugal and quiet life, eating sparsely, dressing shabbily, giving his all to his dear children when they were in need. Therefore it is no wonder that he looked forward, with such great and simple pleasure, to his Christmas dinner, for it was truly an auspicious and infrequent affair. But what pleased him as much as all else was the knowledge that he would be giving Roberto and Rosalina, his two dearest and most faithful children, a repast that, to them, just starting out upon their life journey, would indeed be a great boon. For poor Roberto had not a great deal of money, by any means, and they would have had to be satisfied with a very plain and ordinary dinner.

The good Padre laughed merrily. Everything was so sunny, so bright, so gay; how happy he was. He eyed Roberto and Rosalina, standing a few feet away conversing with some friends; dear children, how innocent they were. He noticed a young man trot gaily down the hill, whistling a lively air, and wished, as he saw the battered sombrero on his head, that he might have had the money with which to purchase a new one for him. Then he chuckled ruefully, for he had not, at the present moment, a single *real* to his name; and he slapped the deep, roomy pocket in his cassock to make sure, but heard no answering clink of coin come from the long, worn leather purse which he always carried about with him. But what of it?

Then he frowned, his eyes growing worried. If he had not been so selfish about his own dinner he might have bought a hat, as a little gift, for the young man swinging down the path. It was distressing, even terrible, to think of his having expended his last *centavo* on himself, assuredly it was. And the kind Padre's face lost its happy expression, the sparkle was no longer in his eyes, and he really looked most grieved and heart-stricken. Ah, what an unworthy person he was; how unfit for his position; how utterly thoughtless.

But, no—no! It was not all for himself, not by any means. Were not Roberto and Rosalina, and his faithful Pancho, to enjoy the feast as much as he? Certainly, certainly! And truly, when one thought of it, he *did* deserve something, just once a year. Yes, he did not like to think of it, for it appeared as if he were heaping honors upon himself, but even the patient *Dios* above would admit that he always did his utmost for the comfort of others. Of course, of course, all was well; he was justified. It was foolish to worry, for this one little day of pleasure could surely not be looked upon as amiss—no, no! And the youth with the battered *sombrero*, undoubtedly, had spent the money with which he might have purchased a hat on some trinket for his sweetheart. Surely, surely, all was well. So Padre Bernardo, honest, kind-hearted, self-sacrificing, who lived simply all the year so that others might have less pain and more ease, at last convinced himself that he had done nothing wrong in having spent his last *real* for his Christmas dinner, and once more his lips smiled and his eyes sparkled. Ah, again he thought of it! That turkey, that claret, that— . . .

But his thoughts, suddenly, were broken in upon as young Tomaso Ramirez, who worked in the single grocery shop the little village boasted, passed by and wished him a Merry Christmas in a dull, despondent tone.

Padre Bernardo looked at the stooping shoulders and hanging head, and his face, immediately, showed his sympathy. "Eh, Merry Christmas, *mi querido hijo!* But why hang thy head and speak in a voice that makes one think the world is black and bad, instead of sunny and good, with the blue sky and the singing birds?" he questioned, his voice kind and cheery.

Tomaso raised his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, again let them droop, and spoke forlornly, "Ah, Padre, I do not care for the sun, or the sky, or the birds!"

"Eh, what, what, what?" laughed the Padre, his lips smiling, but his eyes becoming soft as he noted the bitter expression on the young man's face. "Why, it is Christmas, the day on which our Saviour was born, and everyone should be glad and grateful!"

The *peon* spoke simply. "I know, Padre Bernardo. But what is one to do when one has not a *centavo* in all the world, and must eat nothing but *tortillas* for one's Christmas dinner?"

Padre Bernardo staggered back as if he had received a blow. Would the just *Dios* ever forgive him? Here was one in need—in need of food, *of a Christmas dinner*—and he himself had been thinking of nothing but the dinner that was to be his own. How selfish! how unworthy; how unfit he was to represent his *Dios* in this world!

"You see, Padre," the other continued, "I had to send my last two *pesos*, only the day before yesterday, to my mother over in Santa Rosa. She is very poor, you know, and needs it badly!"

The Padre's face was really pitiful. Ah, it was getting worse and worse; and what a creature he really was—what a creature. . . . But—but he would do the best he could to amend his sin. It would mean but a few slices of the breast, a wing less, not so much wine for each, not— . . Surely, there would be plenty—plenty!

Once more he smiled, his rotund face growing happy as his eyes sparkled joyously. "Come, my dear Tomaso, thou shall not eat only *tortillas*. Dine with me, my son, dine with me!" he said, his voice glad and laughing. He put his hand on his chest and breathed deeply with relief.

"Oh, Padre! *gracias, gracias!*" was all that Tomaso could say, as his face grew bright and he held his head high, his gloom gone.

"Eh, do not speak of it, do not speak of it!" begged Padre Bernardo. Once more he thought of the dinner, thanking his *Dios* and all the Saints that he had sufficient to enable him to save young Tomaso from the fearful bitterness of a dinnerless Christmas. Ah, yes, it was well, after all, that he had spent his last *real*.

A middle-aged couple, the man wearing a new *sombrero* and the woman a *mantilla*, which the Padre had given them but that morning, paused in front of him and again thanked him for his gifts.

He patted the man on the shoulder and told him he wished it had been more. "But come, Juan," he continued, his voice jolly, "tell me what thou hast for thy Christmas feast. Something nice, eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

The *peon*, quiet, gentle, patient in life, looked at his wife and smiled wistfully; and she, too, smiled back at him in the same manner. "Ah, kind Padre, it is just what we were speaking of. We—we have only *tortillas* and a few *tomales!* Eh, Francisca? But we are satisfied; we are satisfied!"

Again the poor Padre fell back as if he had been struck in the face, more severely this time, and told himself what an unworthy person he really was, how contemptibly selfish. Ah, here were *two* people without a good dinner waiting for them on this great and lovely day; and he, the servant of the Lord, was about to partake of a bountiful meal. He feared, alas, that he had ruined himself forever in the eyes of his Maker, by thinking only of the turkey, the claret, the many other things that would fill his own table, when he should have thought, instead, of the tables of those who were poorer and less fortunate than he. Then, shaking his head and sighing deeply, he murmured a quick, fervent prayer to *Dios*, imploring his kind indulgence. For he was but human, he vowed, after all.

Then, again, as he noticed the *sombrero* and *mantilla* he had given, he clenched his hands and looked up into the clear blue sky, as if he saw there the face of his Master. Dear *Dios*, please pardon him; he had done the best he could. He had given Juan and Francisca all that was within his power; for he had many children, indeed, to think of on the day that came but once a year. And really—really he should not be blamed for buying the turkey and the other good things. He had such few meals like it, and they were such a treat when they did come. He was but human; he could not help it. He had done what he could. And, ah, yes, a few months ago, when Juan had been sick and unable to work, had he not stayed by his side, nursed him, and paid for all the food and medicine that was necessary?

These thoughts took but a few seconds to flash through his mind, as he looked supplicatingly up into the blue sky. Dear *Dios*, could he ever be forgiven? . . Then, in a moment more, as if he had been answered from the heavens above, he heaved a sigh of relief as he told himself that, taking everything into consideration, he could not be condemned for thinking of his Christmas dinner. And he smiled his big smile that told of his renewed happiness.

But then he thought of the couple before him, and his eyes filled and he spoke tenderly. "Tell me, my poor friends, why is it that thou art in such a cruel position?"

Juan shook his head hopelessly. "Ah, dear Padre, do not worry about us. But you know how close and miserly old Ignacio Barra is. Well, he holds the mortgage of a hundred *pesos* on our little hut, and it was only yesterday that I had to pay him the half-yearly interest. It took out all; we even had to sell one of our two chairs. Ignacio Barra would not wait, and I even went down on my knees to him. But we do not worry, Padre, for it is the will of *Dios!*"

The calm, cheery manner in which these two took their trouble went to Padre Bernardo's heart far more than if they had been discontent and morose. It seemed more pitiful, more unjust, that these patient children of the Lord should be placed in such a sorrowful position. To go without a Christmas dinner. How terrible—how truly terrible!

How fortunate he himself was; how vastly fortunate. What a dinner he would have! The claret, the rice, the ten-pound turkey, the— . . The ten-pound turkey; *ten pounds!* What a bird! . . It—it—*certainly* it would be enough. Most assuredly! And what if it wasn't? Wouldn't he be able to get along with one of its huge legs, only a few slices of the breast, and some stuffing? That would be sufficient for any man. There, it was settled. A leg of the turkey, but a few slices of the breast, a single portion of stuffing, about two glasses of the wine. Enough for *anyone*, yes; and one should really be thankful that he had *that* much. And the good-hearted Padre put the thought of as much turkey as one could possibly eat away from him.

"Ah, Juan! Ah, Francisca!" he cried, in a rollicking voice, "Down with the *tortillas* and the *tomales!* Thou shalt have thy Christmas dinner with me, and a good one, too, I promise!"

And he felt well repaid, indeed, with the light of joy that illuminated the faces of his two children, as they pressed his hands and thanked him fervidly. Ah, how pleasant it was to be able to give; how very, very pleasant. Truly the greatest thing in the whole world, without exception. And—and—bah! What mattered a little less turkey and a little less claret? Nothing, nothing, nothing! So once more the Padre was blissfully happy, assuring himself that the presence of his three unexpected guests would make barely any difference at all.

The Padre continued bidding *adios* to his departing congregation, with a slight feeling of relief, if the truth must be told, when he saw that most all of them were gone and no more had spoken of having a dinnerless Christmas.

But he was to receive still another shock. Young Alberto Rosas and his wife, with their little girl, left a group of friends and came over to bid the Padre a Merry Christmas before they left, and he saw that the couple were having a difficult task to make their daughter hold her tongue regarding something which they apparently did not wish known.

"Well, Alberto! Well, Leonora! And how do we find ourselves today, eh?" asked the Padre lightly.

"Oh, Padre Bernardo, very—"

"Oh, mamma, why do we—"

"Sh, sh! Be quiet, Carmen, can you not see that we are speaking to the kind Padre Bernardo?"

"Yes, mamma, but why do we not—"

The mother, at this point, placed her hand over the little girl's mouth to still her speech. "Do not mind her, Padre Bernardo, please!"

The Padre wondered what it was all about. "Certainly not, my dear Leonora. But what is troubling the sweet child?"

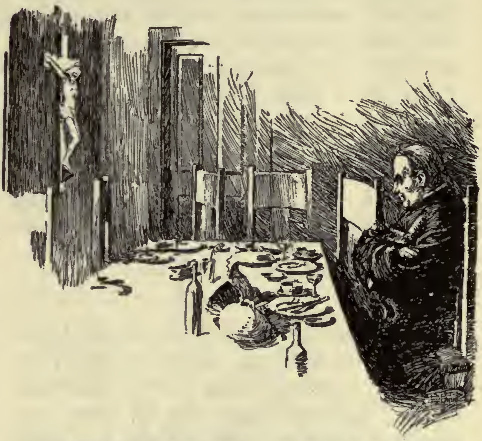
Here the little girl broke away from her mother and rushed to the Padre's side, clutching his cassock tightly between her chubby fingers and holding on closely, while she looked up into his face with her wide brown eyes sad and brimming.

"I—I just wanted to know," she lisped, "why it was that *we* are not going to have a big chicken, and lots of everything, for our Christmas dinner, as Matilda Munoz is going to have for *hers!*"

The good Padre blinked dazedly. Three more people without a Christmas dinner! "Why, my dear," he managed to say, "what art thou going to have?"

Her father, a young man whom the Padre knew was ashamed of being poor, flushed a deep red and stammered out their plight. "You—you see, Padre, this has been a bad year for our crops. I—I have even had to borrow to keep our pair of oxen alive and in condition to work. I owe at the two stores, and—well, our little Carmen was wondering why we have only *tortillas* and fried *platanos* for our Christmas dinner, while others have chickens and turkeys and everything. I am sorry, but—but I could do no better!" He hung his head as he finished, and his daughter began to cry as she saw her father in that position, thinking, childlike, that some great calamity must have befallen him.

Padre Bernardo, this time, did not stagger back as if he had received a blow. It seemed that dinnerless people abounded all about him, and he only stood there, dazed and wondering, shaking his head slowly and sadly from side to side. In his heart he felt a great pain, as he thought, once more, of his having expended his last *real* on his own dinner while other people—his dear children—had nothing but their simple, everyday fare of *tortillas*. He raised his face to the sunny heavens and again begged his *Dios* to forgive him just this once. Yes, he was a cruel monster; he knew it. He had been tempted by the delicious odor of the roasting turkey and the delicate taste of the claret. And the poor Padre continued mentally to scourge himself, thinking not at all of his daily sacrifices during the whole year; of his sitting for weeks at sick bedsides, of giving his meals away to poor wanderers, of paying out his last *peso* so that some poverty-stricken *peon* might not be evicted from his little *adobe* hut, of wearing cheap, coarse shoes and constantly mending his almost threadbare cassock, so that others might be warm and comfortable.



Suddenly his benevolent face became creased in smiles, his eyes shone with a happy blissful light

He groaned; it was absolutely *impossible* to see three of his dear children have a dinnerless Christmas. It would mean, undoubtedly, that he would have to get along with a leg of the turkey and but a single glass of that lovely claret, the two things to which he had looked forward with most pleasure. But, bah! Was there not plenty of the rice and other dishes? Certainly, certainly! And a leg of the bird and a glass of the wine was enough for anyone.

"My dear," he told the little girl, smiling happily, "thou, as well as Matilda Munoz, shall have a big Christmas dinner. For all three of thee are going to stay and eat with me. Come, come, be not sad!" and the thanks of the little family were so unbounded that it almost took his breath away.

And then, after he had said *adios* to his last parishioner, and watched him walk down the hill without mentioning his scarcity of a Christmas dinner, the good Padre let a long, loud sigh escape him, called his children to him, and walked along the side of his little church to his house behind it, for the voice of Pancho could be heard, proclaiming in glad accents that the great Christmas dinner was smoking upon the table.

* * * * *

Padre Bernardo, some two hours later, sat alone at the long, narrow table in his scantily furnished dining room. The wonderful Christmas feast was all over, and his dear children, one and all, had been filled to the bursting point and made vastly happy, vowing, as they thanked him profusely before leaving, that never in their lives had they eaten of such a glorious meal. Yes, it had been a most successful affair, indeed; and how they had enjoyed it! Well, well, well!

But the dear Padre, as he looked down at his own plate, could not help emitting a very little sigh. On it could be seen, picked quite clean, only the neck and the wishbone of the ten-pound turkey; all that he himself had eaten of the huge bird. And again, as he looked at his empty glass, he sighed; for the red ring, showing to where it had been filled, was not a bit more than half way up. Then he chuckled; it was really humorous; of the two things he liked best he had had the least. A wishbone and a neck of a turkey, a half a glass of wine! . . Eh, what? No, not even quite *half* a glass;—for he saw that it narrowed as it reached the bottom.

Suddenly his benevolent face became creased in smiles, his eyes shone with a happy, blissful light, and he folded his arms and leaned back in his chair, gazing raptly at the large, heavy crucifix that hung on the opposite wall. He had, it was true, regretted his having had nothing more than the wishbone and the neck and the half glass of such priceless wine. But what could be better than that one man, in being disappointed, should be able to make so many other human beings, who had faced a cold and gloomy Christmas, as contented and as pleased as anyone in the world? Yes, thank the good *Dios* above him, but never in his whole, lone life had he had such a joyous Christmas dinner! And Padre Bernardo clasped his hands together, leaned over the table, bent his head, and murmured a lengthy and fervent prayer of thankfulness to the great, good *Dios*.

The Incarceration of Ambrose Brodhead

by Warren Judson Brier

Author of "A Soldier of Fortune," etc.

[*EDITOR'S NOTE*—We quote in full the author's letter to the editor accompanying the manuscript of "The Incarceration of Ambrose Brodhead": "This story professes to be written by a young man whose father was convicted of murder and sent to the penitentiary (Waupun?) and after being incarcerated for ten years was proven beyond any question wholly innocent of the crime charged against him. On being released he finds that he has no recourse for damages for loss of time and the acquired incapacity through long imprisonment to earn his own living. The state will do nothing whatever to rectify its awful blunder in taking away his liberty. There is much agitation in the air concerning the liability of corporations and companies employing labor, and I think it is time to agitate this matter of a monetary reimbursement to men who, though innocent, are deprived of all that men hold most dear. I recently questioned the wardens in eight prisons in as many states, and if one can judge the circumference by so small an arc an innocent man who has suffered imprisonment can do nothing—and such cases are all too frequent. The story, written by the son whose education is interrupted by his father's incarceration, is of necessity destitute of literary merit except such merit as may inhere in plain, and, I hope, direct use of English."]

ON my long search for conclusive proof of my father's innocence of the crime for which he was sent to prison—taking the life of Pliny Dobson, the schoolmaster—I found the best report of the trial in our local paper, the *Colliston Clarion.*

Here is a part of the report, taken by a stenographer.

"Henry Bull, principal witness for the prosecution, was then placed upon the stand and duly sworn.

"Prosecuting Attorney S. A. Norcross, immediately began the examination of the witness.

"*Q.* Mr. Bull, where were you during the evening of August 10?

"*A.* I was to home until about half past nine.

"*Q.* What took you away from home at that hour?

"*A.* I heard someone hollering for help over to the master's.

"*Q.* What did you do when you heard the call?

"*A.* It was as dark as pitch and I hurried around and got the lantern and called my boys, Bill and Pete, and we all run over.

"Q. What did you see when you got there?

"*A.* Near that big bunch of lilac bushes I saw Squire Brodhead standing on the front walk.

"*Q.* Did Mr. Brodhead have anything in his hands?

"*A.* Yes, he had his big spring-blade knife in his hand and it was covered with blood.

"*Q.* His hand or the knife?

"*A.* Both of them.

"*Q.* How did you know it to be *his* knife?

"*A.* He said it was and the Squire is well knowed for his truth and veracity. He said he hadn't seen it for a long time.

"*Q.* What else did you see?

"*A.* I seen the schoolmaster, Pliny Dobson, laying dead on the ground nearby where the Squire was standing.

"*Q.* Did you try to learn whether or not the master was dead?

"*A.* No; but the Squire he got down and put his ear to the master's chest and when he got up he says, very solemn, 'Hank, the teacher's writ his last copy,' says he.

"*Q.* What did you say to that?

"*A.* "I says, 'Did you mean to kill him, Squire?'

"*Q.* What reply did he make to that?

"*A.* He says, 'For God's sake, Hank, you don't think *I* killed him, do you?' Then he went on to tell how he was coming home from Colliston a horseback and how he heard a yell for help and how he run in to see what was wrong and how he lit a match and found the master laying there and the bloody knife on the walk. He said it was surely his knife, but he hadn't no idea how it come there. Said he hadn't seen it for six weeks, I think, though mebby he said seven. I was a trifle excited.

"*Q.* Did Mr. Brodhead try to get away after you got there?

"*A.* He said he'd go for the cor'ner.

"*Q.* What did you say to that?

"*A.* I told him to stay with me and let

Bill go. I knowed there'd be some ugly questions when the cor'ner got there."

* * *

This extract, given word for word, is enough to show how father was implicated in the murder.

I was nine years old that day. Father had gone to town to get the mail and to buy me a birthday present. I sat on the porch long after my usual bedtime and listened for the sound of the horse's hoofs. It was very dark. At last mother came out and told me to wash my feet and go to bed as father was so late.

In the morning my first thought was of the present father was to bring me. Without dressing I ran joyfully down stairs. No one was in sight. I rushed into mother's room. After all these years I cannot command myself to write in detail of our agony when mother, between fits of sobbing, told me that father had been accused of an awful crime.

"Ronald, he did not do it. Believe it and say it as long as there is breath in your body," she admonished me.

The trial was a long one. It has been claimed that the court had some feeling against father on account of political differences. but there has been no very good proof of that. If our folks suspected such a thing they did not think it sufficient to warrant a change in the venue.

Unfortunately there had been a quarrel between father and the schoolmaster and that did father great harm. The prosecuting attorney, a distant relative of the master, made a great deal of it.

In the haze of many things that preceded the great calamity two events stand out in perfect outline like those snow-capped mountains, yonder, when the summer skies are crystal clear. One of them is the quarrel with the master and the other is an incident with one of the hired men.

The mental picture of the scene at the schoolhouse is perfect. Father holding my hand in his so tight that I fairly winced—before us on the schoolhouse steps the master, Dobson, his sallow face almost yellow with fear.

"You whipped my little lad until you left the marks. Why?"

Something in father's voice made the master cringe as I had seen many a boy cringe under his ready and unmerciful rod, for Dobson was an exponent of the lingering theory that "licking" and "learning" stand in the relation of cause and effect.

"Well, you see, Squire Brodhead, the boy is dull, very dull, and I thought a whipping might brighten up his ideas."

Father's left hand let go of mine and went like a flash to the master's throat. I expected his clenched right hand would strike the master full in the face while his head was pinned back against the door of the schoolhouse. But father did not strike him. His right hand dropped to his side, his left let go its hold and reached down again for mine.

"Dobson, you ever lay your finger on this boy again and I'll come here and give you something to brighten up *your* ideas if such a thing is possible."

Then the anger faded from his face. He turned and led me away.

We had gone but a short distance when we heard the master cry out, "You'll rue this the longest day you live, Ambrose Brodhead."

Habitual fear of Dobson made me glance back, but father did not turn his head.

Hank Bull, whose house was across the street from the schoolhouse, leaned silent and heavy-eyed over his gate and on each side of him was one of his pop-eyed sons. There the picture fades.

* * *

The Prosecuting Attorney tried hard to show that father had a violent temper and that he had gone to the master's house the evening of the murder to renew the quarrel, and, in one of his fits of uncontrolled anger had committed the crime.

The incident of the hired man was also greatly magnified. Like the other it grew out of father's great love for me, his only living child.

Our farm was large and father had trouble in getting the right kind of men to work.

Not long before the trial an Italian, Antony Barbano, commonly called Tony, was among our hands. He was a dark, rascally looking fellow, with a vicious cast in his right eye and a big scar, like a saber cut, extending from the bridge of his nose down his left cheek to the end of his fierce, black moustache.

He was quick-tempered, often flying into a great rage about almost nothing. Sometimes he was kind and when a streak of good nature was on him he would do many things to please me, even whittling out boats and making big kites.

One day while playing in a mow in the barn I happened to knock a pitchfork loose. Unluckily it slid down and hit Tony a sharp blow on the head.

He flew into a rage and yelled, "You leetle deevil! You coma down or I coma up and killa you."

I was so frightened that I hardly knew what I did. I went down the ladder, saying over and over, "I didn't mean to, Tony, I didn't mean to." When I was nearly down he seized me, pulled me to the floor, put one knee on me and began to beat me with his fist. I screamed at the top of my voice.

He stopped suddenly, leaped to his feet and caught up the pitchfork. As I scrambled away from him I saw father running toward the barn.

The sight of father terrified Tony and he kept yelling, "Keepa way, Meester Brodahead, I killa you, I killa you!"

As father stepped inside the door he laid his hand upon the flail against which the fork was about as effective as would have been one of the rooster feathers scattered over the barn floor.

The flail swept through the air. It missed Tony's head by a few inches, hit the fork handle and snapped it in two.

Tony stood defenseless. Like a rat that sees a weasel he scurried toward the front door, hoping to dodge past father and get out. Father was not only powerful but quick. He caught Tony by the collar, dragged him to the pond near the barn and threw him in.

A neighbor by the name of Ben Tipton was driving past and saw father give the Italian the ducking.

"Take a bath, you dirty rascal. Then come here and get your money and don't ever set foot on this farm again."

With that father laid some money on a stump and then came to the barn and led me to the house. There that picture fades.

Those are the only times I can remember seeing father really angry, but they had a great influence upon the case.

Tony went to work for Ben Tipton, the man who had seen him thrown into the pond, but when the trial came Tony could not be found. So the Prosecution brought Tipton as a witness to show that father had a violent and uncontrolled temper.

Father had good lawyers, but there was no accounting for the presence of his knife on the master's walk. The jury brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree, and father was sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for twenty years. It might as well have been for life, for he was then forty-five. The case was appealed, but the circuit court was sustained.

* * *

The parting was seared into my memory and will remain a distinct picture while life lasts. The sheriff was waiting for father to say good-bye to mother and me. Uncle John, mother's brother, was going with him to the railroad station where father was to take the train to the penitentiary in a distant part of the state.

"Mary, God being my judge, I am as innocent of the charge as any member of that jury," he declared. Mother, unable to speak, patted his cheek to show her unshaken faith in him.

Then he took me up in his arms and hugged me close, saying, "Ronald, my precious son, when you are older you must try to prove your father's innocence."

He walked with a firm step down to the gate, got into the light wagon and was driven away.

I must not linger over the awful days that followed except to make clear what occurred later.

Father had deeded all the property to mother and as soon as possible she sold the farm to pay the enormous expenses of the trial and the debts that suddenly expanded as our income contracted. When everything was paid we had but a few hundred dollars left.

One sad thing was the way people turned against us, some to whom father had been most kind being the first to desert us.

An incident which had a bearing upon

subsequent events will also serve to show how extreme was the animosity some people manifested.

Ben Tipton may have been influenced somewhat by Tony's talk, but he certainly went to a great extreme in the unfriendly treatment he gave us.

His little boy, Jerry, was about my own age, and one day Jerry came to our house to play with me and sail his boat on our pond. Of course I was greatly pleased to have him come.

While talking over our boats we noticed that they were exactly alike and found that Tony had made both of them.

After we got tired of the pond we went into the barn and up on the mow to play. We put our boats on the big beam under the eaves and began turning "summersets" as we called it.

Soon a voice from below called, "Gerald, you up there?"

"Yes, pa; I'm playing with Ronald Brodhead."

"Come down here this minute," commanded Mr. Tipton.

Jerry hurried down the ladder. As they left the barn I heard Mr. Tipton say, though I do not think he intended it for my ears, "How many times must I tell you not to play with Ronald? You know his father is in State's Prison."

I burst out crying and lay there a long time, very miserable.

But I did not have to submit to such treatment very long, for we soon moved to the State Capitol where mother's sister lived. In the city the people cared nothing about our affairs.

Mother did sewing or anything else she could to earn an honest dollar. I had better schools than in the country and, for some reason, the city superintendent took an interest in me and showed me every kindness possible, and the fund of kindness in Robert Dudley was inexhaustible. It was a childish thought but I often wondered how such a small body could contain such a big heart. I loved to see his good, honest face, surmounted by his perfectly white hair, whenever he appeared in our schoolroom.

Once in a while mother and I went to the prison to see father. We could not afford to go often. Twice Superintendent Dudley got free transportation for us, and once Uncle John paid our way.

Boy that I was I could see that the solitary cell, the restraint from conversation, the contact with real criminals, the humiliation, the prison garb and the severe discipline were making their mark upon father both physically and mentally.

A thing that worried father was that we were in such hard circumstances while he, whose business it was to provide for us, was hired out at a few cents a day, the few cents being turned over to the State that was robbing him of all that men hold dear.

* * *

Six years had passed, and father had become the most trusted of the *trusties*. On a day when the Governor and the State Board of Control were visiting the prison a fierce mutiny occurred and father did valiant service in helping the guards to quell it. It was stated that he saved the lives of both the Governor and the Warden.

The next day the papers were full of the affair and many of them openly urged that father be given a pardon.

Mr. Dudley came at once to our cottage and told mother he would go with her to the Governor and urge father's release. He also offered to start a petition for that purpose if the direct appeal failed.

But the Governor told mother it was only a political trick of his opponents to get him into a hole and prevent his reelection. Mr. Dudley did everything he could, but he was given to understand by the men who play "ring around the rosy" in the State House that school teachers don't count in politics and that they would do well to keep out of it.

From the time I was twelve years old I had been anxious to make an exhaustive search for the man who had killed Dobson, for I felt that in finding him lay the proof of father's innocence. The one thing we lacked, however, was money. Unexpected help came soon after the Governor had refused the pardon.

A letter came from a stockbroker asking if father did not hold some stock in a mine in Leadville and, if so, at what price we would be willing to sell it. We found the stock and asked Mr. Dudley to find out why it was in demand. He found that the mine, long thought worthless, had suddenly developed great possibilities. Within a month the certificates were sold for what seemed to us a great fortune.

I asked mother to let me go to our old neighborhood and look the ground over. She thought it hardly worth while, but let me go.

I went to Dobson's house. It was vacant. He had no family and no one had lived there after he died.

While at our old farm I went into the barn and some impulse prompted me to go into the loft where I had played so often. The two little boats Jerry Tipton and I had left under the eaves and forgotten caught my eye.

I took them to the floor below. There I noticed that the boats were not only made by the same person, but that they were made by the same knife, a thing that startled me beyond belief. Everywhere along the sides, the whittling in the soft pine showed that the blade had two nicks, a large one and a small one. The two little ridges were perfectly distinct.

I distinctly remembered that I borrowed father's spring-blade knife for Tony to use in making my boat. I felt sure that Tony had made Jerry's boat with the same knife. Then it flashed into my mind that Tony had killed the master with father's knife and had left it, for revenge on father or through accident, lying on the walk.

I said nothing about the boats except to Uncle John. He thought I had made a great find.

"Ronald, my boy, you'll be the means of clearing your father if this Tony can only be found, and no doubt he can," he declared jubilantly. The thought made me very happy.

Before going back home I found Jerry Tipton and questioned him as to the kind of knife Tony used in making his boat. All that he felt sure of was that no knife had been borrowed.

"Pa never let me have his knife for anything," he declared.

"Did Tony and your father get along well?" I asked.

"Had a big fight and Tony got the worst of it."

"When did they fight?"

"The last night Tony was here, just after supper. It was the evening the master was killed."

"Did your father go out anywhere that evening after the fight?"

"Yes, he was out a while," this after some hesitation.

"Shucks. You are guessing. You couldn't possibly remember."

"You bet I can. There's been no end of talk about it. Ma was afraid to have Pa leave the house for fear Tony would lay for him."

By careful questioning I wormed the information out of him that his father had gone to the master's to play chess. Fearing Tony might attack him he had slipped out of the back door to go home.

I at once came to the conclusion that after Tipton went, the master, who was Tipton's size and build, had stepped out in front and that through mistake, it being very dark, Tony killed him.

Tipton's silence could be accounted for only on the ground that he feared suspicion would fall on himself. He may have doubted Tony's part in it and thought father guilty.

When I reached home I told Mr. Dudley my theory and he asked mother for the knife. It had come back to us after the trial. He whittled a stick with it and declared that the knife had made both boats. He then brought Mr. Burnham, manager of a detective agency, to our house. After a full discussion of the case the Detective Agency began a world-wide search for Tony.

* * *

Months slipped into years. Hundreds of clues were followed up to no avail. At eighteen I started in on the case. Finally our money ran low and I was beginning to think the search must be abandoned for want of funds when light broke through the clouds.

A member of the Burnham agency wired from Denver that he had got a glimpse of a man who answered perfectly to Tony's description, but the man had eluded him. I hurried to Denver and we carefully searched the city, assisted in a measure by the police.

On the evening of the fourth day I

strolled through the poorer part of the city, eagerly searching for a clue. As I was about to retrace my steps I heard two shots fired in quick succession in a nearby shanty. A moment after a man rushed out and fled into the darkness.

My first impulse was to investigate, but I decided to have witnesses. I hurried back to the nearest drug store and 'phoned for the detective and also notified the police.

The agent and an officer came at the same time. We entered the shanty together. The officer's flashlight revealed Tony Barbano, lying unconscious on the floor. Fear gripped my heart, for I thought his secret had died with him.

He was taken to the hospital. With a priest and a notary within call I stayed all night at his bedside. In the morning, to my surprise and joy he opened his eyes and asked for water.

When he had brightened up a little the physician told him he had but a few hours to live and the priest urged him to tell what he knew about the killing of the schoolmaster.

His story corroborated my theory, except that he denied any intention of implicating father. He took the knife with him from our farm. In the scuffle with the master it slipped out of his hand and the darkness prevented him from recovering it. The notary took his oath to the essentials of the story. That afternoon Tony died.

The Governor—not the one who had refused to pardon father, for he had not been re-elected—cheerfully and promptly granted father a pardon.

Mother and I went to bring father home, but his home-coming was very different from our anticipations. Though but fifty-five he was a decrepit, timid old man, wholly unlike the man who had been dragged from his peaceful home ten years before.

The state professes to give every man justice. How has it treated this good citizen, this kind father, this devoted husband?

An innocent man, he was accused and convicted on circumstantial evidence, and incarcerated for ten weary years in a *de*formatory. I say *de*formatory, for it is all too evident that father's moral nature has lost much of its old-time firmness. He went into prison an optimist and came out suspicious of everything and everybody, especially persons employed by the State.

This poor old man who peeks into dark corners, whispers to himself, walks with the prison lock-step and who is as helpless to earn his living as a baby, appeals to the state for reimbursement for the lost opportunities of which the State has robbed him.

What is the State's reply to his petition for redress?

It runs somewhat as follows:

"Ambrose Brodhead, it is not denied that you were convicted through an error and that your 'pardon' is for an offense you did not commit. It is not denied that the State has taken your earning power for ten years, nor is it denied that it has probably deprived you of the power to earn your own living for whatever number of years you may survive your imprisonment.

"The State has made amends to this extent. It has released you and restored to you your civil rights. It has given you a complete suit of clothes and ten dollars in cash. It has paid your railroad fare, first class, back to the place where you were sentenced.

"You ask in your plea that the State, in some way, bring to book the men who made the 'egregious blunder' and compel them to answer, personally, for their error. That is absurd. Some of the officers are dead and others, though alive, are no longer in office. Besides, the State cannot hold men responsible for errors in judgment where no wrong was intended.

"It is useless to appeal to the Legislature. Our Constitution does not provide for any such contingency, and there is grave doubt without such provision whether the Legislative Department has the power to reimburse you. It might lead to no end of trouble were the Legislature to begin wrangling over a ten thousand dollar appropriation to a man unjustly imprisoned.

"No, no, Mr. Brodhead. Be reasonable. Accept it as a Dispensation of Providence and try to make the best of it. You have a son and a wife to support you, and you're lucky that the State has given you your freedom. You see it can't be helped. Success attend you. Good-bye and God bless you."

Useful Foods that Thoughtless Persons Condemn

by Harry Everett Barnard

Author of "The Danger of Patent Medicines", etc.

WE may pay ten dollars for a luncheon at the St. Regis, or get a full dinner on the Bowery for ten cents; we may dine upon seal blubber under the Arctic Circle or upon bread fruit and bananas on a tropical island; we may eat rice and birds' nests in China, black bread and sausages in Germany, soups and salads in France or come back to Boston to baked beans and pie. But wherever we live, whether it is at Hammerfest or Honolulu, Mexico City or Pekin, we eat the food most readily obtainable to furnish bodily warmth and energy.

> **Most of our foods are as old as civilization itself; meats, fish, the cereals, fruits and nuts were food for primitive man and are the standby of all people of today. There has been great advancement in methods of preparation but little increase in the variety of our food.**

Most of our foods are as old as civilization itself; meats, fish, the cereals, fruits and nuts were food for primitive man and are the standby of all people of today. There has been great advancement in methods of preparation but little increase in the variety of our food except that gained by the commercial exchange of the products of our country for those of another, so that we of the north may enjoy tropical fruits and pay for them with prepared meats and corn and wheat from our prairies.

Invention has done little to enlarge the dietary. The first dream of the alchemist was to turn base metals to gold in his crucible; the second idea that seized him, and one more worthy, was to convert gross materials into food. But all his toil and years of patient searching did not reveal the subtle differences that make the food for beasts unsuitable for nourishing man. Nor has the chemist of today, with his vastly greater knowledge of the composition of food, been able to put together carbon and hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and sulphur to make a new food. But something has been done in the laboratory, and a few products are now to be had for our table that twenty-five years ago were unknown, and we of today may enjoy a gustatorial satisfaction denied our fathers.

During the Franco-Prussian War a French chemist, Mege-Mouries, working in Paris during the siege, was led to produce something that would take the place of butter as a food for the working classes, for butter was not obtainable in a besieged city. He mixed various fats and oils together and finally produced a substance of the consistency of butter, of a sweet, agreeable flavor and of superior keeping qualities, which he called oleomargarine. The many good qualities of the new product were promptly seen by American manufacturers and soon this country became the leading producer of the "poor man's butter." Oleomargarine is now made by cutting up the choice fat of healthy cattle and heating it until the clear fat separates and rises to the top of the kettle. It is then drawn off, cooled and placed under pressure. The more liquid oil, which is called oleo stock, runs off, leaving behind a solid product known as beef stearine. The oleo oil is then churned with milk, sometimes mixed with a small quantity of butter to impart a more characteristic butter flavor, salted and made up into a marketable form.

Every step of the process is conducted with the greatest cleanliness. No rancid fat can be used nor is it possible to work in unsound material. The product has received the endorsement of chemists and scientists, health boards and sanitarians, until there is not the slightest doubt of its wholesomeness and value as a food product. And yet there exists today, more than twenty-five years after its introduction, such a deep-rooted prejudice against it that it rarely finds its way to the table in its true character. A social opprobrium rests upon it and rare is the man who will acknowledge its use or dare offer it as a food to a guest.

This unwarranted feeling is fostered and perpetuated by the fact that state after state and finally the Federal Congress has passed laws to restrict its manufacture and sale. But while state legislatures have insisted that oleomargarine shall not be sold unless colored pink, they have inconsistently allowed its use in almshouses, asylums, jails, prisons and all other public institutions as a cheap and wholesome food. In 1902 Congress, under the guise of a revenue law, put upon all oleo a tax of one and one-fourth cents a pound and upon all colored oleo a tax of ten cents a pound. All this legislation and prohibition and regulation of the sale of oleo has created in the public mind the idea that it is not desirable food, and has forced its sale under fraudulent names such as "Dairy Butter," "Jersey Roll" or "Country Roll."

For some years cheap and palatable cooking oils made by compounding cotton seed oil with animal fats, have been extensively used as substitutes for lard, for frying and as shortening in the baking of pastries. These compounds are cheaper than lard, have a less characteristic flavor and are quite as wholesome and have acquired a considerable popularity among those who fry and bake extensively. Within the last year a new substitute for lard has been placed upon the market. This new preparation is somewhat different from the original substitutes in that the chemist has materially changed its character by eliminating certain ingredients which are unstable and so make them less satisfactory for general use. The manufacturers claim that a portion of the fats which decompose readily and produce rancidity and which are deficient in shortening power, are changed by their chemical process into a stable form which is wholly unobjectionable. If the average consumer were not so averse to trying new foods, pure hog fat in the form of lard would be replaced by these more stable, cheaper compounds.

When starch is taken into the mouth it is converted by the saliva into sugar. The same thing is accomplished by treating starch with dilute acids. The starch molecule takes up a molecule of water and becomes a sugar. This sugar is called glucose. When it was first suggested as a food, a substitute for expensive cane or beet sugar, there was great opposition to its use. It was declared a poison, an unfit substance for human consumption. This was speedily disproved by the report of a committee of the American Academy of Science, who experimented with it and studied its manufacture, and a new food product was given to the world. Glucose is made by treating a starch, usually corn starch, with diluted hydrochloric acid. The starch is changed to sugar and the excess of acid neutralized with soda. The process of manufacture is simple, rapid and cleanly and free from the many disagreeable features attending the manufacture of cane sugar. And yet, in spite of its great food value and small cost, glucose is to the thoughtless consumer and food faddist not a food product but a food adulterant. Glucose candies are tabooed, glucose syrups are not desired and with oleo glucose is forced to stand outside the kitchen door, a cheap, wholesome food condemned by thoughtless people. Cottonseed oil is another food that merits the approval of every cook and every con-

If the average consumer were not so averse to trying new foods, pure hog fat in the form of lard would be replaced by the more stable, cheaper compounds.

sumer. It is cheap, nutritious and palatable and yet so great is the prejudice against its use that it never comes to our table unless disguised as olive oil, mixed with lard or incorporated in some butter substitute.

That the manufacturer has finally come to realize that his new preparations will never force their way into general use on merit alone, is, I believe, demonstrated by the educational advertising which now strikes the reader's eye from newspaper, magazine, billboard and every other medium of publicity. The merits of oleomargarine are now brought to the attention of the consumer by well-devised, truthful, persistent advertising. The value of lard substitutes is being placed before the housewife in the same effective way. The manufacturers of glucose are endeavoring to build up a market for their product, not as a sugar substitute, but as a legitimate article of food of positive worth.

The habit of food selection does not change. New foods, if they have the flavor of the laboratory about them, are denounced as artificial and are put aside.

We have long looked for discoveries by which raw material, hitherto useless, can be added to the food supply. This has been done in the case of the few instances referred to. What will be done in the future cannot be prophesied. The chemists who have endeavored to build up available food material have gone but a little way on the road to success, and even if they finally are able to construct true foods the economical utilization of their processes does not now seem possible. The living plant can produce food in the form of cereals, fruits, vegetables and, by the medium of the gross and grain fed animal organism, meat, far cheaper than the workshop or laboratory. The number of fruits and vegetables utilized for food will be greatly increased by the discovery of new varieties and a change of habits of growth. Beyond this diversion of present use the scientist can hardly hope to go.

Habits of dress change with each season, habits of living change with each generation, but the habit of food selection does not change. New foods, if they have the flavor of the laboratory about them, are denounced as artificial and are put aside. The prejudices against oleomargarine, glucose and cottonseed oil are deep rooted and will only fall before a more general knowledge of their true food value.

THE WINTER OF THE HEART

WITHIN the bosom of the vale
The lake lies hushed in ice and snow,
While winds above, and tides below
Its hoary tomb assail.

When winter's chill has visited
The heart, Love's winds may come and go;
Yet as a lake beneath the snow
The heart, inurned, lies dead.

A New Year's Greeting

EVERY year a memorandum on the editorial desk calls months ahead of time for the preparation of a fitting New Year's greeting. The reminder is looked at again and again and there is pondering over what message can be sent to readers that will touch the heart as well as please the mind and yet be something more than a commonplace, parrot-like "Happy New Year." For New Year's day has a deeper meaning than merely its repetition of formal good wishes, friendly gifts and even its seasonable good resolves and conventional hospitalities. There are many changes as the years go by, but they do not always date from the first of January, and most of them are gradual evolutions rather than precipitate and radical revolutions in character, sentiment or conditions on a particular date.

Sam Walter Foss in his charming poem, "New Year's at Hard Fact Meadows" suggests thoughts that seem especially worthy of consideration at this time.

Hope came to me last New Year, and told her pretty lie,
How she'd make the earth grow greener, how she'd scour up the sky,
How she'd make the stars shine brighter, ere the coming year was done,
Make the grave moon more resplendent, polish up the ancient sun.

But he says in dulcet numbers how he saw the vision fail:

And my bird of promise sat there on a very nearby rail,
And he lightened all my back-yard with the plumage of his tail;
And he gazed with Orphic meaning from the corner of his eye,
Which proceeding I translated, "Come and catch me; here am I."

He describes trying to catch the Bird of Paradise which never alighted; how he fished in Hope's great ocean, but the resplendent fishes would not bite; how the fairest apples of fortune grew beyond his reach; and even the woodchuck dodged and took refuge in his hole. Then a railroad pass was offered the poet on the "Go and Get There Railroad" and he took passage for the "Get There Central Station" but, after dashing through fog-banks and over the rails, he finally rolled down an embankment into the meadows of Hard Fact. How the genial eyes of Sam Walter Foss used to twinkle, as he saw that the real meaning of his lines were appreciated.

There can be nothing more appropriate in this year of bounteous harvests than to get back into his "Hard Fact Meadows" mood and in sympathy with him exclaim:

And since then I've bought a pickaxe, and a shovel and a hoe,
And I've ditched the Hard Fact Meadows, and I've made 'em bloom and grow;
Though I've raised no golden harvest, I have made my farming pay;
And I've raised fair grass upon them, and it makes nutritious hay.

But still the ancient rumors float into my meadow here,
That Hope makes prodigious promise for the coming glad New Year;
That she offers still free passage on the Go and Get There train—
But I've got my Hard Fact hay-crop to get in before the rain.

So we must like the farmer find in our own "Hard Fact Meadows drained sweet and fair," our realization of nodding daisies and sweet-scented beautiful clover, after hard toil with shovel, hoe, spade and scythe, which goes to impress upon us that in the New Year, after all our ardent hopes and aspirations, we have to deal with Hard Fact Meadows and the conditions that are around us. No Prince Charming is tripping about in these prosaic days—just earnest, patient, persistent, day-by-day effort drains the sour meadows and makes them sweet again.

In all the glow of a Merry Christmas and the renewed purposes of the New Year, the most refreshing thing is to know that hard work counts in all human efforts just the same as on the farm. We can hoe away the weeds, those nasty things that we so often resolve to eradicate, but never do; we can spade up with new energy and enthusiasm those old, hard notions that have made us impervious to the sweeter and more tender emotions of life, and then with the sickle gather in the golden grain of friendship and love—those harvests that we reap when meetly sown, as certainly as the grain follows the seed.

So if the editor were to suggest a sentiment for New Year's he would tell all mankind just as Sam Walter Foss did in his parable of "Hard Fact Meadows," to work faithfully in Life's vineyard—not forgetting that each day has its "hard facts" to deal with, and there may be as much glory and poesy in dealing with everyday duties that may never be heralded in the public prints or portrayed on canvas, which after all lead up to larger things and grander compensations. Neither is this a set sermon to others, but the editor himself, after a retrospect of the year's labors which inspired full assurance and buoyant hope for the future, was thinking of the New Year and chanced to pick up Sam Walter Foss' poems—all the more precious now that the genial friend and sweet singer is no longer with us. Without even looking at the index the book opened at this beautiful philosophy which came straight from the heart of a man who never permitted himself to believe that any life was wholly bad, or that any duty in life was so humble that it did not make for nobility of soul.

Editors dream and grow anxious at times concerning the message of the written word and fancy that if words could be spoken or read at the same and appointed moment to all the people, all over the country, there would be evolved a tremendous telepathic power that would make even the most ordinary and prosaic utterance a psychic force that no reader could resist. So now all together at one and the same moment as the clock strikes the hour of twelve, dividing 1912 from 1913, just realize that *your* editor is straining through the telepathic ether to send every reader hearty good wishes for a happy, a prosperous, a wholesome New Year.

Joe Mitchell Chapple

Capt. John W. Weeks for Senator

by Mitchell Mannering

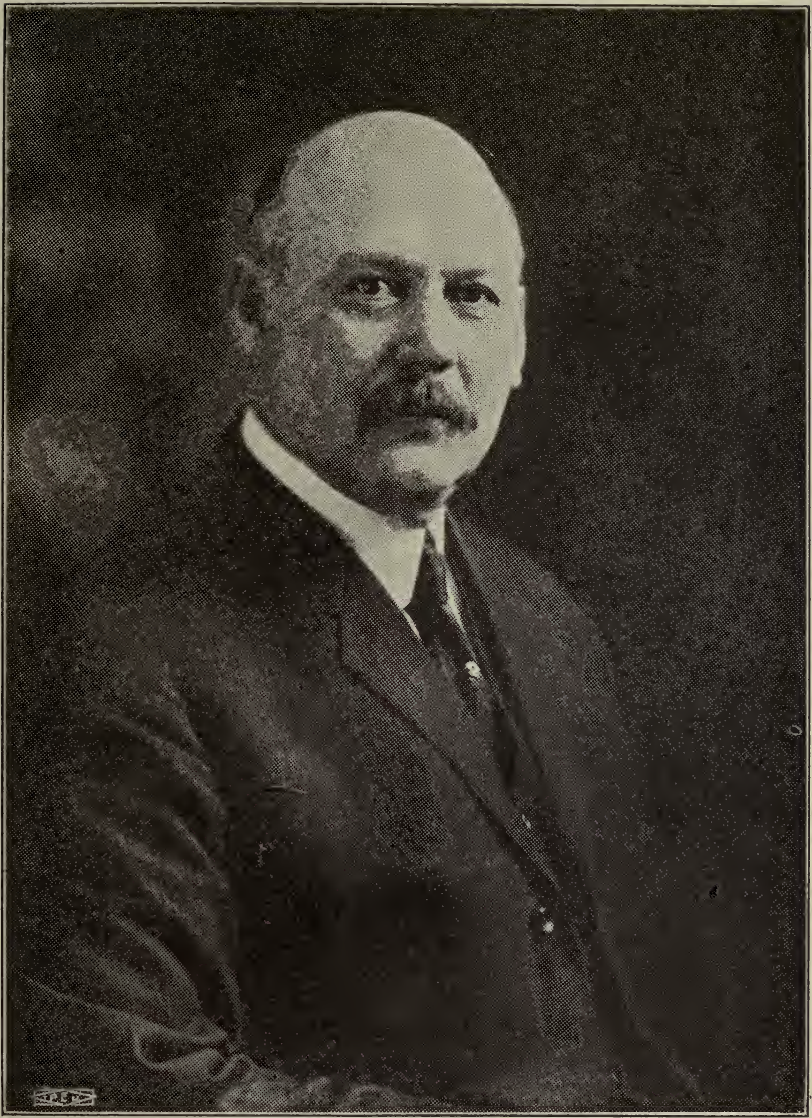
IF every Republican voter in the state of Massachusetts were personally acquainted with Captain John W. Weeks, who was so handsomely endorsed by voters of the Thirteenth Congressional District, there would be no doubt as to their choice for United States Senator succeeding Senator W. Murray Crane. Clean, high-minded, patriotic, generous in every relation of life, John W. Weeks has carried these attributes into his political career and services as a member of Congress at Washington today.

In his public life he has simply followed the natural bent of a kind disposition to do his duty to others, as well as to his family and himself. Long before he ever dreamed of entering public life he was popular because he was always doing something for his friends and associates. A graduate of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, he was early intensely interested in the development of the naval militia of Massachusetts, not only as an important arm of the State militia, but as a splendid school to develop the physical and mental training of young men. When he was first mentioned for Congress every person who had ever known John W. Weeks was his friend and supporter.

In all the years that I have known him I have never seen anything but a sunny look on his face; a calm and unperturbed poise and confidence of manner and conversation, or failed to find him a sympathetic and attentive listener to every deserving appeal or just argument. Some have suggested that it is because he listens so well that he understands and serves so well. If the entire membership of the national House of Representatives were to decide today who is best fitted for a seat in the Upper House under existing circumstances, on merit and qualifications alone, John W. Weeks would be the man of their choice. He would take up his Senatorial labors, without losing a day before he was able to give effective service to the State.

* * *

John W. Weeks entered the House of Representatives and took up his work as he has always taken up other duties in life, quietly, modestly and thoroughly, and in his brief term of service has become one of the conspicuous leaders at Washington. His persistent, business-like, conscientious work in committee and on the floor of the House has singularly fitted him to understand the needs of the hour, and to act understandingly in the counsels of the nation. He was early chosen as one of the leaders in monetary reform and his record as chairman of the Post Office Committee and Republican Congress, handling an appropriation bill of $240,000,000, which was adopted by Congress without a change or alteration even in the matter of punctuation, is an unexampled and unparalleled tribute to his efficiency as a law-maker. This training has amply fitted him for the higher service of the Senate. When there was a discussion on the Naval Appropriation Bill and John W. Weeks arose on the floor to discuss it, the House listened attentively, because, as one of the opposition remarked, "He talks like one who knows." He is particularly qualified by education and active service to solve the problems of naval service and administration as well as of the merchant marine and is already a leader on questions of vital concern to Massachusetts and New England in connection with the approaching completion of the Panama Canal. Among his numerous legislative triumphs was the Appalachian Forestry Reserve measures, which show how well he represents not only his district, the State of Massachusetts and New England, but his broader conception of the interests and claims of the whole people. Today the ability and conscientious service of a Senator are of vital importance to his constituents, not only on the floor of the



HON. JOHN W. WEEKS

Senate, but at conferences and hearings wherein cool heads, sound judgment and foresight are needed. In these emergencies John W. Weeks has never been found wanting. Tributes from ex-Congressman Washburn and other colleagues in the House with whom he has served, tell the story. His candidacy for higher office comes with hearty endorsement on every hand.

The *Congressional Record* abounds with the evidences of his ability to enlist the co-operation of his associates. Even in the face of bitter opposition, in his quiet way, he has steadily pushed straight ahead for results. On the floor of the House he has long been recognized as a most convincing speaker and the manner in which he managed the Postal Savings Bank bill in caucus and on the floor of the House deserves an article in itself, as the story of a measure of popular benefit largely secured through the efforts of a practical business man, who has a sincere desire to benefit the common people, rather than to pose as a leader in the important phases of government. His wide acquaintance is naturally of special value to the Commonwealth, especially because his acquaintances generally become warm friends.

Prominent as Commander of the Massachusetts Naval Brigade in the Spanish-American War and notably efficient as Mayor of Newton, he is comparatively a young man but with many years of experience. Those familiar with the situation will generally agree that no other man would more effectively complement the conspicuous service of the distinguished senior Senator, or prove a more fitting successor to Senator Crane in maintaining and increasing the power and influence of Massachusetts in the counsels of the nation. Progressive, constructive, and always level-headed, a strong and powerful leader, he pushes forward living up to the ancient and lofty ideals of the old Bay State. His public record has been handsomely endorsed by his re-election, wherein all candidates were measured by a rigid standard of which his district, state and nation may well be proud. The vote of the people in that district is certainly an expression of what the state at large would desire in a United States Senator, and the General Court meeting on Beacon Hill cannot fail to act with prudence and honor if it selects for United States Senator Captain John W. Weeks, who has already splendidly served his state.

Massachusetts and New England will have need of John W. Weeks during the coming four years, and this can be said without the slightest reflection on other candidates, for with the generosity and fairness characteristic of the man, his first thought during the campaign was to elect Republican legislators and leave the choice of Senators in their hands. It is difficult to find a valid reason why the legislature should not unite its strength upon the strongest man available at a time when men of Mr. Weeks' tact, forcefulness, independence and popularity are sadly needed.

Never before nor since the day when he entered public life has anyone ever had anything but a kind word to say of the character, honesty and ability of John W. Weeks, and his past services and his sterling qualifications point inevitably to him as the logical successor of Winthrop Murray Crane as United States Senator from Massachusetts.

L'ENVOI

IS it quite sensational? Send it in,
A thought inspirational? We want it in.
Will it help your fellow-man,
Doing now the best he can,
Follow up a better plan? Get it in.
Patriotic, faithful, strong—
Full of music, and of song,
Sweetly told, and not too long—we'll put it in.

World-Wide Gathering of Business Men

by Flynn Wayne

BUSINESS," the genius of the age, was concretely embodied in the Fifth International Chambers of Commerce Congress, convened at Boston last fall. More than eight hundred delegates from almost every country in the world gathered in the lobby of the magnificent new Copley-Plaza hotel for the opening session, and one swiftly realized how closely together the world has been drawn by the ties of commerce. Here were assembled representatives from Australia, New Zealand, Europe, Asia and Africa, in a single gathering for a common purpose, all earnestly seeking to converse in the English tongue—the language of commerce.

The fifth annual Congress was the most notable result of the organization, and the Boston Chamber of Commerce added still further laurels to Boston's fame as the ideal convention city of the world. Seated in the gilded chairs of the new Convention Hall of the hotel, the delegates were called to order by Chairman George S. Smith of the Boston Executive Committee, and Secretary Nagel of the Department of Commerce and Labor delivered the address of welcome followed in like vein by Governor Foss and Mayor Fitzgerald, who received hearty responses to their well-considered advocacy of the reign of universal peace, and a broader spirit of national and trade policies.

The program comprised discussions whose fully reported speeches would form a compendium of valuable treatises on modern commerce. After the general remarks there were sessions in various languages, which might have suggested the Tower of Babel but for the healing influence of a common interest. There were advocates of "calendar reform," and also for "a fixed date for Easter," by Monsieur Louis Canon-Legrand, President of the Congress.

"The establishment of an international court of arbitration to decide suits between individuals and foreign states" was discussed at some length by noted experts; as were "The unification of legislation relating to checks," "Commercial statistics and the immediate institution of an international office regulations," all indicating how much closer together the nations of the world are drawn today than even five or ten years ago, and largely because of such meetings.

"International Postal reforms" were discussed and the inevitable "high cost of living" question bobbed up as a matter of worldwide concern. Mr. John Barrett, Director of the Pan-American Union, was on hand, wearing a silk hat in deference to foreign custom, and pushing forward with his usual energy and enthusiasm the great project of Latin-American development.

On the third eventful day, President William Howard Taft delivered an address which evoked hearty applause, indicating not only the President's popularity among the delegates, but a general appreciation of his broad comprehension of international subjects.

It was an intensely practical and business-like gathering, during

DR. LEONARD HOCHDORF
Official delegate appointed by the Austrian Government

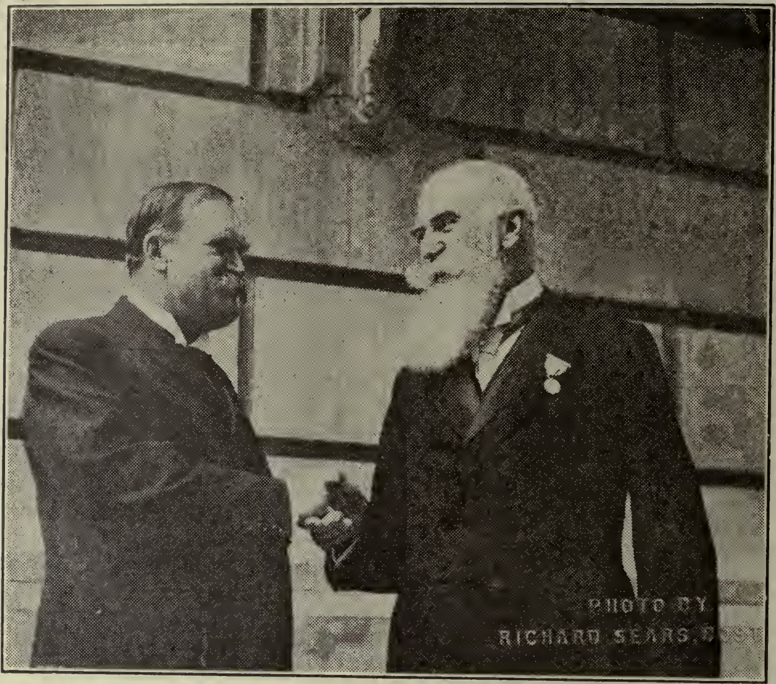


PHOTO BY
RICHARD SEARS

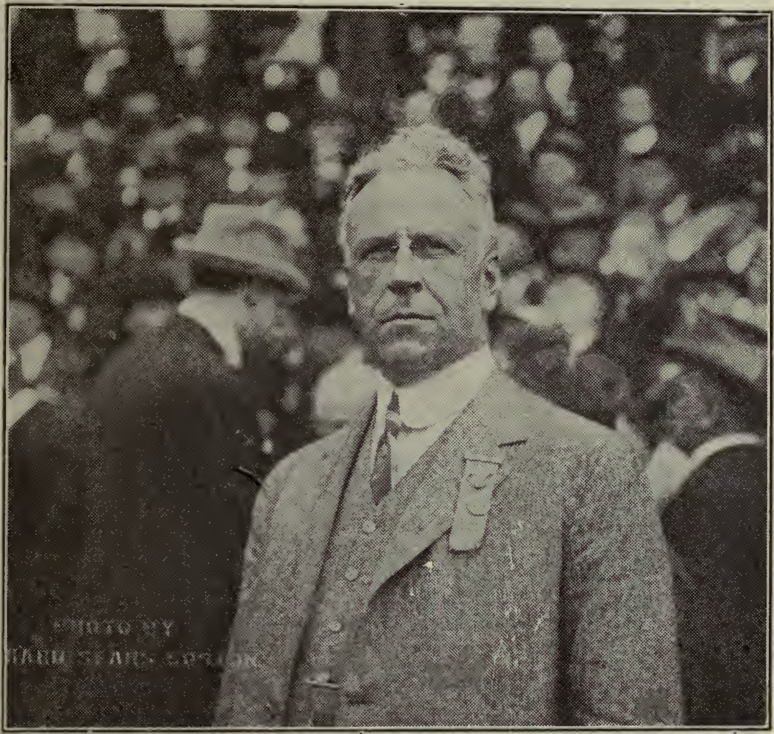
PRESIDENT CANON-LEGRAND AND GOVERNOR FOSS OF MASSACHUSETTS

PHOTO BY
BOSTON.

A SECTION OF THE CONGRESS IN SESSION IN THE BANQUET HALL OF THE COPLEY-PLAZA HOTEL which photographs of groups of delegates were taken for the purpose of a systematic classification of the physique and other characteristics.

After the adjournment, the Boston Chamber of Commerce provided an automobile trip over the North Shore and among the historic sights and scenes of Boston. Many of them were entertained at the great United Shoe Machinery plant, by President Winslow and Treasurer Coolidge. As the visitors traveled through the great, splendidly lighted building, their expressions of admiration and wonder were indeed a tribute to American industrial development. It was an old-time town-meeting sort of gathering. The delegates enjoyed everything, from the Electric Show then going on in Boston, and a trip down the harbor, to an exhibition of how the Boston fire department handled a blaze.

Then at the end of the session came the greatest surprise of all. Under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce, with Chairman John Fahey in command, the delegates were given a real American tour. Thirty-two Pullmans were chartered and ten cities were visited, in a journey of nearly 2,500 miles. In this way the foreign visitors had another vista of the gigantic proportions and distances in America. The ten favored cities vied with one another in entertaining the distinguished guests. Chicago illuminated Michigan Avenue and an endless chain of autos started. At Dayton, Ohio, the party visited the six large buildings of the Cash Register Company of international fame, and six thousand employees with waving flags gave them a greeting that will never be forgotten. To many of the visitors this was the most impressive scene—the smaller industrial city and the place where cash registers are created; for America today stands for cash and



EXECUTIVE CHAIRMAN SMITH AND EXECUTIVE SECRETARY BOTTOMLY MINGLING WITH DELEGATES

A GROUP OF DELEGATES

PHOTO BY
CHARD SEARS CO

HON. JOHN BARRETT, DIRECTOR GENERAL OF THE PAN AMERICAN UNION, AND OTHER DELEGATES TO THE FIFTH INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS all it implies the world round. Pittsburgh, New York and the other cities maintained the splendid pace set by Boston, in demonstrating what the limitless hospitality of the New World means.

* * *

At the banquets the conversation did not flow as freely between guests from various foreign countries, because "Yes" and "No" are rather uncertain answers to offer in responding to courteous words in a strange language, that to the uninitiated have less significance than the rhythmic rattle of a drum.

Many of the delegates who had never previously thought of speaking English, acquired some phrases to a nicety. "Thank you very much" seemed to come first, but to hear a lady from whose lips only the most dignified and liquid Spanish was wont to issue saying "Beat it!" to an astonished porter, or "Come along Honey" to a taxi driver, shows that some mischievous interpreter was taking liberties with classic Bostonese. The genial Colonel from Buenos Aires was explaining to one Japanese delegate, who looked obliquely and wisely at him, and noted everything that the primitive expression "me see," assured all others that "He saw."

The gathering cost upward of $70,000, but Boston hospitality ceased only when Captain Colony had the guests on board again, ready for sailing from New York. Out of more than 840 pieces of baggage, not one was missing. The foreign guests could not quite become accustomed to our checking system—they felt they had to look after things in person, with a lordly wave and a shout at "p-ortier" until it seemed like a transplanted scene from some eventful tour abroad.

The guests made their adieus and good-byes in sixteen languages, but they understood one another perfectly and lingered as if loth to part. There was but one sentiment expressed in the various tongues concerning the congress. It exemplified the advantages of "get-together" in world-wide organization and universal methods of doing business. The words of all languages clearly understood by every delegate were "good-bye, Boston, good-bye."

They returned home with vivid memories of the city that bade them welcome and the charming sights and scenes from Bunker Hill to Back Bay. Secretary McKibben of the Chamber of Commerce and Mr. Richardson of the Press Department "did their duty"—up to Lord Nelson's standard. The arrangements were so thoroughly organized that to many of the delegates the badges became a distinction, appreciated almost as much as a royal decoration. They felt at home in Boston, and voted unanimously that Boston has a just right to its claim of being "The Hub."

The international keynote sounded at this convention reflected credit not only upon the Boston Chamber of Commerce, but upon American business methods and business chivalry. One of the delegates remarked while we were chatting in the lobby of the Copley-Plaza, "I have often read that you never really know a country until you visit it; you never know people until you look into their faces and live among them. But the one thing that is more and more impressive after all is how universal are the ties of business." With these memories of a notable world-wide gathering, of hundreds of business men of the two hemispheres, the delegates will initiate more and more ideas and methods in commercial transactions that will effect economy and expand the benefits of the trade universal.

A Practical Worker in Sociology

by

Mary A. Quincy

AFTER an editorial experience that served well in gathering material for enthralling stories, Miss Clara E. Laughlin has demonstrated in her recent work that the real literature of the times comes through the personal contact of the writer with the people in their everyday thought and activities. Miss Laughlin is a many-sided person. In the course of events she has been a "bread winner," as editor, manuscript reader, literary adviser, editorial writer, biographer, fictionist, magazine featurist, and just now has stepped over the threshold into the sacred precincts of dramatic production. She has been a delver in Washington and elsewhere, searching for data on Lincoln's death, facts in reference to child labor, and information on immigration, but always concentrating her energies and covering every phase with that thoroughness that delights the editor.

"The joy of my life," she says, "is that new interests are ever developing," and she insists that life with her grows more and more interesting as the horizon of investigation widens.

Miss Laughlin's articles on the problems of the modern, self-supporting girl, and on her schooling, have attracted widespread attention and have proved her keen powers of observation. Miss Laughlin is the type of American girl who goes ahead and does things and never loses zest or interest in her undertakings.

* * *

She was a literary editor at eighteen. She had been a bookworm since she was something less than two; and so, as she says, her preparation was not inconsiderable. Until she learned to read, her mother read to her. Once she had gained the ability to command enchantment for herself whenever she wanted it, she became almost immediately not only a consumer of literature but an apprentice at producing it. At the age of nine she wrote an essay on "A little learning is a dangerous thing." "And if," as she says, "an author writes best out of his own experience, I should have done something quite astounding on that text." At twelve her self-elected theme on graduating from grammar school was "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." "This speculative and commentative philosophy," she declares, "gave place when I was fourteen to a

MISS CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

passion for writing history. I decided to become the author of a book about the queens of England. I was perfectly acquainted with Miss Strickland's eight portly volumes (which I delight in to this day) but felt sure I could improve on them. I made a beginning; but the difficulty of unearthing interesting material about Berengaria of Navarre brought the enterprise to a discouraged and early end." After this she seems to have gone back, in her writing at least, to the philosophical, for in her last year of schooling (which ended when she was sixteen) she read a list of books from among which the pupils of her class were to choose an essay subject, and found none that engaged her interest; Dickens and Scott and George Eliot and even Thackeray were all "old stories," to her. Asked what she would prefer to write about, she declared: "Vathek," by William Beckford.

Recollection of all this gives her, now, infinite amusement. "Science and languages, mathematics and the arts, were all dead letters to me. I knew literature, and an astounding amount of history, but I had a completely compensating ignorance of everything else scholastic."

However she knew so much about books that at the age of eighteen she was invited to become literary editor of "The Interior," the ablest religious journal in America, and in this capacity she continued for a number of years. The passion for books gave place slowly to the passion for life, for direct, first-hand observation. And as this happened, she began herself to produce books which other people wanted to read. Nowadays, she confesses, only two classes of books absorb her, history and biography—the life of other days—and any book from a commerce and labor report to a philosophical treatise which throws light on the conditions of life and struggle in our own day.

* * *

Miss Laughlin has published fourteen books, exclusive of anthologies and other volumes of which she is the editor. And she must be easily one of the most successful magazinists in the country, for she delivers at least two dozen articles (always on order) to the leading periodicals each year, besides a few short stories and an occasional serial. Her first play is soon to be produced.

When I asked Miss Laughlin for some "biographical facts," she declared that she had, not five minutes before, finished filling in a question sheet sent her by the editor of a new work to be called, "Woman's Who's Who of America," and that the episode had convinced her that she had no biography. "To nearly all the questions I was able to answer only 'none'; they asked me from what college I had graduated; with what degrees; what official positions I have held; what philanthropic societies I belong to; what clubs; what orders; and so on, and on, until my poor, blank sheets looked as if I, like Topsy, had 'jest growed.' I had nothing to 'brag on.'"

When I suggested that, as nearly everybody in the United States either is a writer or intends to be, it might be of general interest to know something of her working methods, she answered that she works six months out of a year, and travels six. Her output for the six working months aggregates about three hundred thousand words, or about two thousand words a day. She goes to work at seven in the morning and works steadily, uninterruptedly for four, five to eight hours, rarely as long as ten. Four hundred words is a good hour's work; sometimes two hundred is the limit. Miss Laughlin doesn't believe in sitting around waiting on inspiration. She believes that the way to woo inspiration is to tackle your job and wrestle with it till the inspiration comes. "And it does come!" she declares. "Any hard worker, at any trade, knows that. Over and over again, you go to your job blindly, not knowing how it's to be done, but only that you must do it. And as you work, and work, and work, the way becomes clear, and you finish, exultantly if wearily, what you began all but doggedly and with a faint heart."

She regards a rigid self-discipline as the foundation not only of success but of happiness, for "work is the basis not only of power but of content. Victory in life is to waste your work; slavery, is to let it waste you."

Is Sturdy Citizen Soldiery Passing?

By John Gordon

ARMY men are naturally desirous of keeping their war strength closely up to the superior efficiency of the navy, which, from the weakest arm of the service, is today greatly in advance in strength and fitness for active operation. It is doubtless true that a descent once achieved on any of our coasts would find the United States unable to meet in the field a force of two hundred thousand men and that that number could be landed in United States territory by a prepared assailant in a very brief space of time.

It is now proposed to recruit the regular army to its maximum strength, and to increase the organized land forces to at least seven times its present strength, which approximately is fifty-five thousand regulars and one hundred and five thousand militia.

To this, out of the thirteen million, eight hundred thousand men liable to military service, probably one hundred thousand drilled and qualified marksmen could be added from among the regulars and national guardsmen, who have retired to private life within the last six years. Besides these, many myriads of riflemen would certainly throng to the colors from private life, and a large part of our foreign population have served "with the colors" in the fatherland, but the proportion of our citizens who are able today to bring into the field expertness in handling firearms and skill and confidence as marksmen is undoubtedly much lower than it was even thirty years ago.

Everything has been done that could be done to prevent the masses of the people from retaining and exercising that skill in arms which once was so nearly universal. For today the whole tendency of the law and business is to bring up the mass of the people in utter ignorance of the use of firearms, and this in many and various ways. The game laws of the several states ask ridiculously high prices for a licence to shoot game, and in some it is also necessary to get a license to keep a gun, rifle or pistol. Regardless of the fact that the rulers of Europe, with few exceptions, encourage the formation of rifle clubs, and the acquisition of marksmanship, our criminal codes have been crammed with legislation imposing fine and imprisonment upon the American citizen who shall drill, meet bearing arms or in any way mimic the discipline and pomp of war without special license from the state or its executive.

The citizen soldiery has been closely shorn of any attractive features and becomes an almost dreary spectacle of uniform and equipment which, however effective and suitable in actual warfare, does not awaken public interest and soldierly enthusiasm as did the old-fashioned brilliant combinations of what were irreverently termed "Fuss and Feathers." Wealthy and spirited young men in times of peace do not care to parade in uniforms which to say the least are scarcely less inspiring than the penitentiary garb.

With the diminished interest of the "beaux and blades" has also come a disposition to discriminate against a workman or clerk who is bound once or twice a year to devote a few days to needful preparation for the defence of his country and the wealth of the very men who would discharge or dock the employee who retained his place in the militia.

The constant depreciation of all war as wrong, brutal and indefensible; the repression of youthful ardor for anything in the way of holiday celebration except the deglutition of ice cream, lemonade, candy and pastry, and attempts at oratory, tableaux vivants, and the distribution of cheap flags, tin horns and wilted flowers all have their influence in making our people anything but the "fierce democracy" whose fathers successfully met in combat again and again the trained veterans of Europe, and the hitherto resistless mariners of Great Britain.

There has always been difficulty in inducing our young men to enter the regular army, to disfranchise themselves and become for a season a mere cipher as an individual; and subject to the strong spirit of caste exclusiveness which has always characterized the officials of the regular service. Very few young men will willingly place themselves in the unfortunate social position with which popular opinion or prejudice invests the average enlisted man of the Federal service. I do not defend it and regret that it is so, but for nearly three hundred years the "gentleman volunteer" has lost nothing and gained much in popularity by carrying a musket in the ranks, and gained nothing comparatively by faithful regular army service, in a like capacity.

Whatever may be the apparent attractions and merits of the new plans of army reorganization, it is safe to say that even grave danger to the republic will never induce educated, self-respecting Americans to enlist freely in the regular service.

It seems peculiar that no great effort has ever been made by the general government to encourage and assist the several states to increase the numbers of the Naval Brigade. There are few towns of any size on the sea-coast, great rivers or lakes where one or more full companies could not be organized and kept up at small cost. A cheap boat-house and armory room, a motor launch and suitable artillery would attract a class of young men who could give the time to necessary boat-drill and ball practice and would form a powerful naval reserve as well as a strong and useful element of coast defence.

On Reading Kipling's "The Feet of the Young Men"

O'ER the city hangs a pall, dark, immense and dense;
O'er the sea there comes a call (to the sense, intense)
Bidding me go hence,
Calling me away
With the morning's ray.
But the bars that lie between that morrow and this day
Are soft hands that lift unseen, praying me to stay!

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy,"*

The Golden Northwest of China

Condensed from the Consular Report of Julian R. Arnold, Amoy

by Franklin Dent

CHINA, like the United States, has "a Golden Northwest," in which wheat is the principal crop. The Provinces of Honan, Shensi and Shansi, with some fifty millions of inhabitants lie almost entirely within that wonderful "Loess Belt," which is covered with a brownish-yellow loam, coating the mountains, hills, valleys and plains, to a depth varying from a few yards to hundreds of feet. It seems to be a very fine sand, full of organic remains, and especially with numerous thin tubes of carbonate of lime, which make the undisturbed loess extremely solid.

Too porous for the cultivation of rice, it becomes with plenty of rain or irrigation one of the most productive soils in the world. No fertilizers are needed, and when the wheat crop is cut, the farmer spreads a little fresh loess over the stubble, plows it in, and plants his fall crop, thus securing throughout the belt two crops every year.

In Honan the chief winter crops are wheat, barley, peas, beans, sweet potatoes and rapeseed for oil. There follow cotton, millet, maize, beans, and hemp; while many fruits, berries, nuts, etc., are raised for home use. The immense fields of the opium-bearing poppy once raised in these provinces have been almost stamped out by recent laws, and cotton and wheat have increased accordingly, especially along the new Pei-Han railway, and since the building of the modern roller flouring mills at Hankow and Shanghai.

Where there are steep hillsides, the loess is so hard that whole villages are housed in caves, excavated in the sides of the cliffs. Sometimes five tiers or terraces of such homes turn a hillside into a very hive of cave-dwellers.

In June, the passenger on the Pei-Han railway can ride for hours through an immense plain of billowy wheat, stretching away to the dim horizon on every hand, and broken only by the adobe-walled villages and their surrounding foliage, for the people do not live on detached farms. Thirty-six millions of people live in Honan, and eat little else but the products of the soil.

Further northwest from Taiyuanfu to Sianfu in Shensi, and thence to Chengtu in the Province of Szechwan, runs the Great Western Road, twelve hundred miles long, built centuries ago that the provinces might bring in their tribute to the Manchu conqueror. Over it throng myriads of clumsy two-wheeled carts drawn by from six to eight horses or mules, carrying perhaps a ton or so of cargo, and among them crowds of coolies with back-loads of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds, which they will transport fifteen miles a day, and sometimes carry from five hundred to one thousand miles. To feed these and millions of foot-travelers, thousands of eating-stalls line the road, serving steamed wheat rolls, noodle soup, dough strips, doughnuts fried in vegetable oil, pea jelly, pea and bean soups, and wheat porridge. No intoxicating liquors are sold, and even tea costs too much for common use, but a kind of "Postum Cereal" made of wheat, peas or millet, and certain herb teas may be had. The vegetarian enthusiast would come into his own in

Shensi, where a cent buys a large bowl of noodle soup or porridge, with a big, steamed wheat roll and a sugared doughnut.

As the wheat is planted in rows and carefully weeded, the grain is generally in beautiful shape, yielding from thirty to forty bushels to the acre. It must be promptly harvested, both to prevent damage and to hasten the fall planting, and, as in America, a flood of harvesters flock into these provinces, chiefly from Kansuh, where the harvest season is later. Each brings a bag of cornmeal, a pot, a felt coat, and perhaps a few furs for barter. His sickle, a straight blade eight inches long, is beaten out of soft native iron and costs about five cents, but with it at the rate of twenty-four cents an acre, he can average ten cents a day, and wrapped in his felt coat save half-a-cent a night by sleeping by the roadside. Cradles are rarely used, locust branches are trained and grown into three-tined forks; the shovels are of wood, and a hay-rake costing five cents is made of a green bamboo with the end split, the strands spread fan-wise, and the ends turned down to make the teeth.

The ploughshares and cutting blades of the sickles and scythes are the only metal implements used by millions of these Chinese farmers, who with their clumsy carts and big wheelbarrows go out to harvest with their whole families, except the unmarried girls, who are strictly kept at home during this general picnic season. In the field at 5.30, with an hour for breakfast from 8 to 9, and another working spell from 9 to 11, the happy family then goes home with loaded vehicles to return about 4 P. M. and work until there is just enough of the long twilight left to take home other loads of golden grain, all of which are stacked about the little, compact threshing-floors, to be threshed out and winnowed by the boys and women.

In the Wei Basin of Central Chansi, with its three millions of acres of land, declared to be the richest land in the world, it is claimed that Chinese civilization and empery had its birth several thousand years before Christ, spreading eastward to Shantung, west to Szechwan, and south down the great Yellow River, the Yangtse Kiang. Prices of animal food are low in these provinces; eggs nine for a cent; chickens, five cents apiece; mutton, four cents a pound, and pigeons a cent each. Soft coal, one dollar per ton; a servant's wages, seventy-five cents a month. A missionary told Consul Arnold that her food for a month cost her two dollars and a half.

But the Great Western Way sees more ominous throngs today; armed bands, savage rioters, trembling fugitives; the vengeful levies of the Manchu dynasty, and the determined revolutionists of Wu Ting Fang's new republic. Will these thronging millions be brought into the life and light of that "barbaric" activity, which filled so many Chinese hearts with the hope of revivifying with its beneficent energy the ancient "Celestial Kingdom"?

Why I Am and How It Happened

by Oscar Frichet

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is not often that you get a real biography written in the form of an autobiography. Some time ago, at the request of many readers, the Editor wrote to Mr. Oscar Frichet for some data to help him in preparing a sketch and received the enclosed. It is one of those frank, candid and natural glimpses of real life that is always so refreshing. We quote the article verbatim, as an interesting and charming communication from one of the popular young authors of England.

IF my memory does not play me false, I think the first thing I ever wrote was a six-verse poem. I was about sixteen then, and this offshoot of my infantile brain had the misfortune—I consider it a catastrophe now—to appear in all the glory of type in a corner of a newspaper published in a suburb of London town. It was a poem about the budding trees in the orchards, the gambolling lambs in the fields, and the songs of the sweet-voiced birds, and it might have given the subscribers to that newspaper the impression that they were blackberrying in a country lane, if the compositor hadn't knocked all the romance out of it by reversing a couple of lines and spelling a few words after his own fashion. That was the only poem I ever produced for publication; but, perhaps, one day, when I have reached my second childhood I shall seek the muse again.

Maybe it was that little incident that forced me later on to take to satire and caricature. With the exception of what I was taught at school by an able master, I have never had a lesson in art. As an apology for whatever crudeness lies in my work I might repeat the words of one of our masters of the brush: "The real artist can never sink down to the level of the caricaturist—the latter is a mere animal with the unenviable gift of drawing exaggerated curves and straight lines."

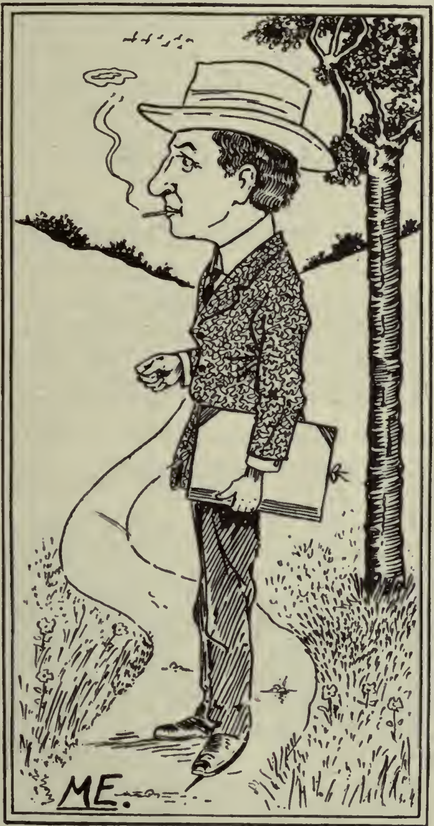
The art of joking per caricature with kings, princes, barons, baronets, millionaires, hobos, and all manner of notable commoners, and making harmless fun of their little peculiarities, mannerisms, and so on, lies, I think, in the one word—observation. You must observe and be constant in observing if you wish to become a caricaturist.

There are very few things worth quarrelling about, and I know of no serious estrangement which has originated in either a caricature or a column of satire. Of course, there are occasions when caricaturists have overstepped the boundary line of good taste and, in consequence, been threatened with violence of an acute kind by their victims. Up to now I have steered clear of differences with the gentlemen I have pictured and written about in a satirical vein, but a London caricaturist, more famous than myself, was once chased around his studio by an army officer whom he had hit off pictorially. The offended soldier, sword in hand, threatened to exterminate the artist as, spluttering something about intolerable buffoonery, cartoonery, and colossal impudence, he pursued his libeller round and round the room.

OSCAR FRICHET (IN THOUGHTFUL MOOD)

I have been told that less than a decade ago a French artist fought a duel for every caricature he produced. Matters have put on a different aspect since then, as anyone can judge by counting the number of caricaturists that are busy every day of their lives with cardboard, pens, and Indian ink 'twixt Pekin and Peru. The French caricaturist dips his brush far more deeply in gall than does the Englishman or the American.

The late Caran d'Ache once said when speaking about the art of caricature: "You English are splendid draughtsmen, but your caricature is different from ours. You are not allowed to say too much." That is exactly true; the law of libel is so very strict under the Union Jack. Yet, notwithstanding the Statutes, caricature over here in England is looked upon as something to be proud of by those who have the honor to be caricatured. The majority of the members of the House of Commons kick up their heels with pure joy when they pick up an illustrated journal and find themselves caricatured therein. You see, when a man is caricatured it is a sure sign that he has hit up against a little fame, but when he is left severely alone by the members of the artistic family he is insignificant. I believe it was Disraeli who said that he overheard some of the lesser lights of the Commons remark that they would pay handsomely to have themselves portrayed in caricature, never mind in how ludicrous a fashion. That was a long, long time before I was thought of, or I might have trotted down to Westminster and touted for a little custom.



AS SEEN BY HIMSELF (ON AN "OBSERVATION" TOUR)

I am sure that very few caricaturists are satisfied with their work. So far as I am concerned I never see a caricature of mine in print without saying to myself: "There now, look at that nose and that eye! How much better they would be if they had been a little more exaggerated!" Before completing a caricature for publication I invariably make several rough sketches, and use the one which has the smallest number of lines in the face. To my mind the fewer the lines the better the caricature.

I have turned my hand to many different things since I took to journalism, and I certainly think those men who say there is nothing new under the sun to write about have somehow got smothered up in the shadows. New things are cropping up every day, and the man who writes topical articles will find abundant material for his work in the columns of the daily papers—only there is a knack in digging it out. And the fictionist can find plots for his stories at the street corners, in the police courts, and, if he writes thrillers, in the mortuary. And if he is a good walker he can tread upon his "local color."

Some men dictate their literary work—I don't; I couldn't if I tried, I'm afraid. I prefer to be shut up alone in my workroom with only my typewriter as a companion.

The mechanical aid to writing is a very good friend to the man who writes, but, if he types as he composes, his style is likely to suffer. Having no style worth mentioning, I do most of my work straight off on the typewriter.

I have heard it stated that better work can be done by the literary man in the quietude of the country than in the noisy streets of the towns. Born and bred in London and having worked in it all my life, I am trying at the moment to prove the truth of that statement by residing in the heart of Sussex, where the people are so unenterprising, and so little in sympathy with this globe-trotting age, that some of them have never cast their eyes upon the sea which rolls up on the beach of Eastbourne, eight miles away.

MY LOVE

By MARVIN FERREE

HER young face is softly fair—
  Pearl of morning flushed with red—
And her dark brown, silken hair
  Makes a glory round her head.

And her voice is soft and low,
  Clear as music, and as sweet;
Hearing it, you hardly know
  Where the sound and silence meet.

All the magic who can tell
  Of her laughter and her sighs,
Or what heavenly meanings dwell
  In her kind, confiding eyes.

All her ways are winning ways,
  Full of tenderness and grace;
And a witching sweetness plays
  Fondly o'er her gentle face.

True and pure her soul within—
  Breathing a celestial air!
Evil and the shame of sin
  Could not dwell a moment there.

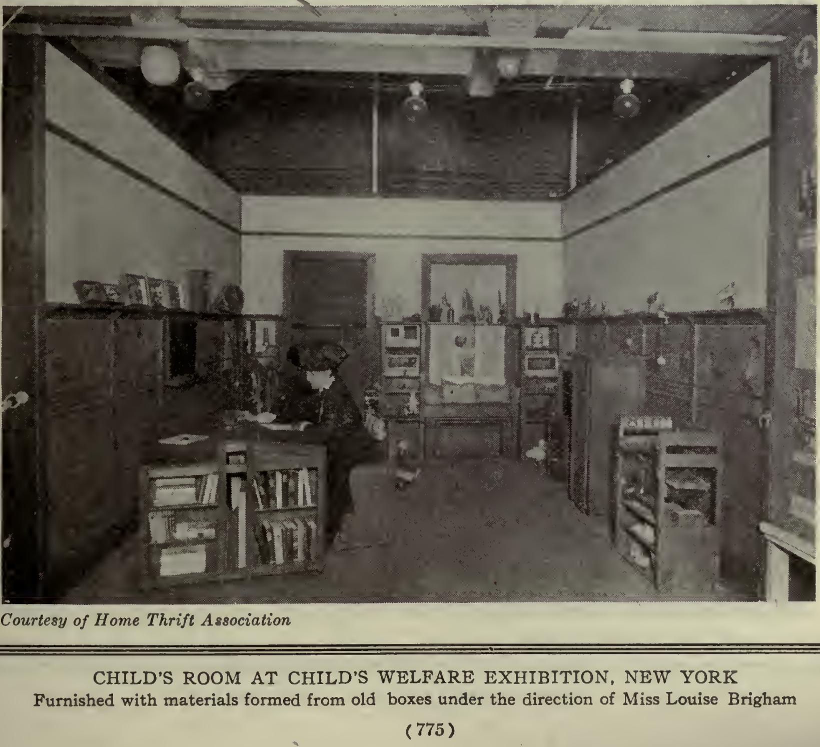
Is it but a vision, this?
  Fond creation of the brain?
Phantom of a fancied bliss?
  Type of beauty void and vain?

No! the tides of being roll
  Toward a paradise to be,
Where this idol of my soul
  Waits and longs for love and me.

A Visit to "Box Corner"

by John Crocker

BOXING is not an exclusively athletic term in these practical and utilitarian days. The making of useful and ornamental things for the home, from the boxes, that in other days adorned the rear of stores, is the nucleus of armament that has made "boxing" a pursuit that contains both amusement and substantial results. The utilization of waste products, the wooden cases, calls for an appreciation of the skill of the boy who loves to tinker with his kit of tools and *make things*. The inherent constructive impulse of the American boy is encouraged, and habits of thrift established that have already reaped rich returns in the enthusiastic work of the Home Thrift Association of New York City. The success of the work has led to work of a similar nature being taken up in other cities until there is promise of few packing cases going to waste in the future. It is thrift personified—tried and tested. This organization, innovated by Miss Louise Brigham, author of "Box Furniture," revealed at the New York Child Welfare Exhibit and later at the Chicago Child Welfare Exhibit what can be done with waste material. In this exhibit was the Child's Room furnished with seventeen articles of furniture, made from boxes that cost $10.47, designed to meet the requirements of a boy of twelve, a girl of nine and the baby. Miss Brigham's first work was begun in connection with sand gardens and home libraries in Boston, and gradually extended to the West. She established two Sunshine cottages in Cleveland, which are now famous. Her work is not confined


Courtesy of Home Thrift Association

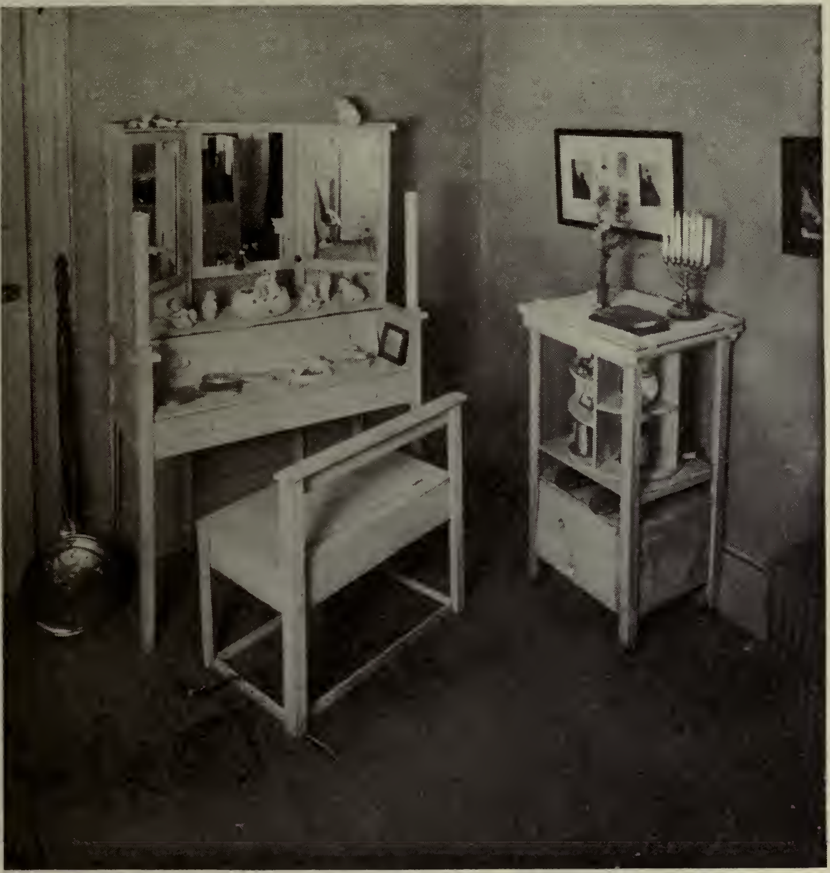
CHILD'S ROOM AT CHILD'S WELFARE EXHIBITION, NEW YORK
Furnished with materials formed from old boxes under the direction of Miss Louise Brigham

Courtesy of Home Thrift Association

THE FIRST STEP IN MAKING BOX FURNITURE

Courtesy of Home Thrift Association

INSIDE MISS BRIGHAM'S WORKSHOP



Courtesy of The Craftsman

THE CORNER OF A BEDROOM IN ONE OF MISS BRIGHAM'S BOX-FURNISHED APARTMENTS
The furniture was designed by herself

to the boundaries of the United States. While in Holland she introduced basket-weaving in social service work and under her direction the students of the university furnished a clubroom in a settlement in Denmark entirely with boxes. She also carried on a similar work among the mountaineers of Kentucky. In appreciation of her splendid work, New York City gave her the use of the old Gracie Mansion, in the Carl Schurz Park, where she has established a workshop for boys.

The articles made vary from a baby's wash-stand up to bookcases and tables and show how easy it is to have things right and not necessitate the outlay of money. Hundreds of visitors have admired her home, "Box Corner," a beautiful five-room apartment in New York, furnished entirely with the material found in the cast-off box.

In one room were twenty boys working at their benches; in another room were boxes, paints and materials, while a third room was devoted to exhibition purposes. One hundred and fifty boys attended the workshop and more than two hundred articles were made during vacation days this summer. The object of the Association is in keeping with the spirit of the times: to eliminate waste; and to develop a sense of order and efficiency. Genius is discovered in the youngest child. The native arts and industries among our foreign friends are preserved, and homemaking is most effectively aided in this practical work.

MISS LOUISE BRIGHAM

The economic lesson taught is of incalculable advantage, for it shows how neat and appropriate furniture can be made from what is ordinarily thrown away. Broom handles are used for curtain poles and clothes lines are used for hanging flower boxes and curtain cords, and altogether the work fosters that love of order and ability to design and create which fixes its impress in later life on the creative genius of the people. Later, weaving, smocking and other old-time arts will be introduced. It seems fitting that the old Gracie Mansion in New York, which for one hundred and fifty years has witnessed so many scenes of important history, should be the chosen place for this revival of old-fashioned arts and crafts combined so economically with the utilization of waste material.

Just to peep in at the Child's box-work room in New York, Chicago and Buffalo makes you want to have a saw and hammer too, when you see the little group in the workshop making chairs, tables and dressing tables from old boxes. Miss Brigham's work is difficult to describe. It is a glimpse of working out and living problems of life that seem intricate and unlovely when described in words. Her work has none of the suggestions of tenement or slum. It possesses the frankness and practical spirit of the times. It is an education in Home Thrift, and thousands of boys and girls in America are interested no matter where they may live, because it inspires them with a desire to create, to make things, to *do things*—which is the crying need of American life. The principles of art are applied to the commonplace and the overlooked possibilities of waste material.

There is nothing crude in box furniture. The creations are attractive in design and show how the plebeian box after its first usefulness is utilized can be made to serve in making the home more beautiful and attractive, giving also the larger idea of what can be done in wasted moments with wasted materials in the other phases of life.

THE COMING

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

IT was a great metropolis
That watched with hushed and bated breath
The coming of the Conquerer
Whose lightest word was life or death.

The money changers in the mart
Grasped up their hoards of gleaming wealth:
"Oh, we shall fall in ruin's clutch
Who live by niggard trick and stealth!"

The publican and pharisee
Each in his own distinctive way
Gave forth lament or reverent prayer
Or cursed or praised the fateful day.

The mother clasped her child in fear;
"Oh, now my little wild son sweet,
Come hide within my bosom warm,
For terror comes with trampling feet!"

Low in the hush the shepherd spoke:
"His hosts are fierce and bright
A pillar of the cloud by day—
A glowing flame of fire by night!"

The siren laughed aloud in scorn:
"Though he be war with war's alarms
I'll kiss him on his swarthy cheek—
I'll clasp the whole world in my arms!"

Then in a corner of the street
There crept a beggar old and dumb—
Apd never soul of all that throng
Knew that the great Lord Christ had come!

"The Rainbow": a Great Comedy

by Ann Randolph

NEIL SUMNER, who has been separated from his wife for twelve years, has lived a somewhat lonesome existence in spite of the group of gay associates who have assisted him to spend his income. He has reached a period of life when the future seems gray and the past sere. Suddenly the horizon is illumined by a rainbow—a rainbow of promise, promise of new and wholesome joys in the freshness and youth of his seventeen-year-old daughter Cynthia, who returns from France, where she has lived with her mother since the separation. It is this daughter who stirs the heart of Sumner, and causes the once gray ashes to glow with warmth. She is for him a new birth into a fair and joyous world.

Upon this outline is built "The Rainbow," by Mr. A. E. Thomas, and produced with great success by Mr. Henry Miller.

In the opening scene we meet Sumner in his New York apartments, surrounded by his gay companions at the card table. There is talk of races and losses in stakes, and later there is a visit from the beautiful but unconventional Mrs. Palmer, whose aged husband is too blind to read the gossip that is linking her name with Sumner's.

With the morning comes another lady visitor, Miss Betsy Sumner, Neil's sister, who announces the coming of Cynthia. That young lady, she explains, has a will of her own, and has determined to see her father—in fact, to come to him for a visit. Neil is overjoyed. He rushes out to order the apartment made ready for his guest, when Cynthia and her maid arrive.

Cynthia (looking about with disappointment)—O auntie, isn't he at home?

Betsy—Of course he is. He'll be here in a moment.

Cynthia—Have—have you told him?

Betsy—Oh, yes. I've told him.

Cynthia—Does he—does he want me? O aunty, which is his room?

Betsy (pointing) —There.

Cynthia (in rapture)—Oh!

Betsy—Yes, that's the sacred spot.

Cynthia (looking about her)—And here's where he lives—my daddy—oh, I love this room. I do love it. (Enter Sumner. He stops at table, staring at Cynthia. She, too, stands stock still, gazing at him. After a pause, Betsy steps forward ceremoniously.)

Betsy—Miss Sumner, allow me the honor of presenting your father, Mr. Sumner. (Father and daughter approach each other slowly, smiling, but each a trifle shy. She gives him her hand. He takes it in both of his. She smiles up at him for a moment and then slips gently into his arms, murmuring softly: "Oh, daddy! daddy!" Betsy looks at them a moment, and then goes out of the room.)

Sumner (as Cynthia raises her head from his breast, still holding both her hands)—My little Cynthia! Is it really possible?

Cynthia (shyly)—I—I've grown—haven't I?

Sumner—Grown! Why—I—I shouldn't have known you. Think of that. I might have passed you on the street and I shouldn't have known you.

Cynthia—Ah, but I'd have known you.

Sumner—Why, child, how could you? You were hardly more than a baby when—when you—

Cynthia—Yes, but mother has a picture of you.

Sumner—Oh, has she?

Cynthia—Oh, yes.

Sumner—Ah, a very old one, it must be—

Cynthia—But it looks like you, daddy. You haven't changed so very much.

Sumner—Haven't I? Now I should have thought I had.

Cynthia—Oh, no. You look a lot like the picture. I should have known you anywhere. Only—only I didn't know you were so handsome.

Sumner (laughing it off, but clearly delighted)—Now—now—see here—you mustn't talk like that.

Cynthia—Oh, but I didn't. Nobody ever told me.

Sumner—Really, if you go on this way you'll turn my head, you know. I'm not used to it.

Cynthia—Oh, please turn around, daddy dear.

Sumner (turning around)—Turn around?

Cynthia—Yes. I want to see your back.

Sumner—Good Lord!

Cynthia—Oh, what a dear back—just the kind of a back I wanted my daddy to have.

Sumner—Why, you absurd little angel. (Catches her in his arms.)

"Happy days follow in the Sumner home; father and daughter become ideal companions"

Cynthia—Oh, it's just too splendid!—It—it can't be true. (He holds her hands as she leans back, forming a pretty picture.) Oh, daddy dear, if you're only half as nice as you look—

Sumner—Ah, I'm afraid I'm not. (Sees that this sounds conceited and laughs.) Oh, I don't mean that, of course.

Cynthia—Ha! Ha! Ha! That did sound funny, didn't it?

Sumner—What I meant was that I—well—I'm not much used to being a father and—well, you must give me time. But I'm going to do the best I can, the very best I can.

HENRY MILLER

Cynthia (stepping back)—Oh, I do love you when you smile.

Sumner—Do you?

Cynthia—You've got the sweetest smile.

Sumner—Really!

Cynthia—Didn't anybody ever tell you?

Sumner—I don't think it's been called to my attention—at any rate—not recently.

Cynthia—Oh, please smile all the time; when I'm with you, daddy, dear.

Sumner—I'm afraid it would get monotonous. Besides, I have a splendid frown.

Cynthia—Oh! (Dubious.)

Sumner—Oh, yes; you should see me when I frown. It's very awe-inspiring.

Cynthia—I'm sure I should be terribly frightened. Please don't ever frown at me.

Sumner—All right, I won't, if you promise never to leave me.

Cynthia—Ah. Mais c'est un brave homme, mon papa! Je t'aime! Je t'aime! Je t'aime! (She gives him her hands again.) But I forgot. Perhaps you don't understand much French.

Sumner—Only a little, my dear.

Cynthia—Then I shall teach you, shall I?

Sumner—Yes, indeed; that will be fine.

Cynthia—And the very first thing I'll teach you all the pet names I know and you shall call me by them. Will you?

Sumner—Oui, ma petite, avec le plus grand plaisir du monde.

Cynthia—Oh, you fraud. You do know French!

Sumner—Only a little, and I'm afraid my accent is rather—eh?

Cynthia—Well, perhaps it's not exactly Parisian, but—

Sumner—Whenever I find a man who can understand *my* French, I'm always suspicious of *his* French.

Cynthia—Dearest daddy, I wouldn't care if you were deaf and dumb.

Sumner—No! I dare say there are a number of people who would prefer me that way.

Cynthia—Oh, daddy, how can you say so! I think you've got the sweetest voice.

Sumner—Do you, now?

Cynthia—Indeed I do. Didn't anybody ever tell you?

Sumner—Not a soul.

Cynthia—Honestly?

Sumner—Honest and true—black and blue! Now that I come to think of it, I must be surrounded by a singularly unobservant set of people.

Cynthia—Oh, daddy, now you are making fun of me. Ce n'est pas galant, mon papa.

Sumner (puts his arms around her and she leans back on his breast)—Making fun of you! Not unless one makes fun of one's dearest and best.

Cynthia—And—and you're sure you want me?

Sumner—Want you?

Cynthia—You are sure I won't be—in the way?

Sumner—My dear, I've always wanted you—always—but never so much as now.

Cynthia—Oh, daddy! daddy! (She turns in his arms and buries her face on his breast.)

* * *

Happy days follow in the Sumner home. Neil, Betsy and Cynthia open the old house at Long Island, and father and daughter become ideal companions. There is but one cloud in Neil's horizon—the old, doubtful friends will not take his retirement seriously. He realizes that Cynthia

AN EVENING IN NEIL SUMNER'S APARTMENT
Surrounded by gay companions at the card table. There is talk of races and of losses in stakes

must be kept from their contaminating influence, and has practically made himself understood when Mrs. Sumner comes to see Neil. She has heard the gossip that surrounds Neil and Mrs. Palmer, and has met on the grounds some of Neil's former companions; is this, she charges, the atmosphere for her daughter? Neil pleads in vain and the mother's decision as to "what is best for Cynthia" triumphs. It is planned, however, that Cynthia shall not be told she is leaving her father. She was preparing to spend a day or two with her mother, and is not told that this parting with her father will be the last, although Neil knows that he is losing his daughter forever. Cynthia, prepared for the trip, comes in to say good-bye.

Cynthia (dropping a small bag on the settee, then goes over to left of Neil)—Well, daddy, dear, sorry to have me go?

Sumner (turning away from her to conceal from her any evidence of his woe)—Can you ask?

MISS RUTH CHATTERTON
Who gives a charming interpretation of Cynthia Sumner in "The Rainbow"

Cynthia (smiling brightly)—But are you? (Gives him one glove to hold while she puts on the other.)

Sumner (trying to adopt her own cheery attitude)—Very.

Cynthia—Honestly?

Sumner—Honestly!

Cynthia—Honest and true? Black and blue? (She leans her head on his breast, and he struggles under the strain of conflicting emotions.)

Sumner—Honest and true. Black and blue.

Cynthia—Hope to die?

Sumner—Yes, dearest—hope to die.

Cynthia (wistfully and after a pause—taking a step back)—Mayn't I take some message from you to—mother?

Sumner (a bit jarred)—Why, no—I think not.

Cynthia—Oh, please, please, daddy. It would make her so happy.

Sumner (with irony and turning his head away)—Would it?

Cynthia—Oh, indeed—indeed it would—and me, too.

Sumner (unable to resist her appeal)—Very well—then—say to your mother that I hope she hasn't missed you as much as I am going to. Can you remember that?

Cynthia—Oh, daddy! As if I couldn't! (Looks up at him.) And don't look so glum! Why, anybody'd think you weren't ever going to see me again as long as you lived. Do smile again, daddy. (She places her arm around his shoulder and with her left hand takes his face and tries to coax the smile from him, while he bravely tries to smile. Haven't I told you over and over again how much I love you when you smile? (As he smiles, she steps back to admire her work of triumph.) That's better, daddy, dear, but still—not so very much. Now, daddy, that *isn't* one of your very *best* smiles.

Sumner—Isn't it?

Cynthia—No—it's only a kind of a second best smile, I guess.

Sumner—I'm sorry, dear—. But it's the best I can do just now.

Cynthia (seizing the lapel of his coat and shaking a monitory finger at him)—Oh, you dearest daddy in all the world, don't you be a silly or you'll have me crying in a minute. (She buries her face against his shoulders while he struggles to maintain his grip on himself, places his hand on her shoulder and quietly hushes her, after which she continues brightly and cheerily.) Why, just think, it's only for two days. I'll be back bright and early Thursday morning and you'll meet me at the station, won't you?

Sumner—Why not? Why not?

Cynthia—And will you telephone me tomorrow?

Sumner—I'm not sure about that, but—you'll hear from me.

Cynthia (a pause of puzzlement)—Oh, it's going to be a surprise. You're coming to town yourself. (Delighted at the idea.)

Sumner (turning away and almost breaking down)—No—no—dear—I'm not coming.

Cynthia (after a brief pause)—Oh! Well, then—other glove, please. (She holds out her hand for it, he turns and tries to smile at her.)

Sumner—Must you have it?

Cynthia—Of course!

Sumner—Let me keep it—please.

Cynthia—Oh, you silly daddy, of course I will. Wouldn't you like the other one, too?

Sumner—No, I'll send you a whole box of them, instead.

Cynthia—Send them? What for, when I'm coming back so soon? Why, I wouldn't have time to get them. (She breaks into a laugh which he forces himself to join.)

Sumner—Of course not, what a stupid daddy I am.

Cynthia—And remember—Thursday morning—if you don't meet me at the station I shan't kiss you when I see you.

Sumner—Thursday morning—(on the verge of a breakdown)—Yes—yes—but you must—must hurry along—you—you haven't much—(He turns away.)

Cynthia (coming to him quickly)—Why, daddy, dear, you're not crying!

Sumner (pulling himself together and laughing bravely through his tears)—Crying! What nonsense! But I don't want you to miss your train.

Cynthia—All right, daddy, dear, will you feed my birds?

Sumner—Of course.

Cynthia—And take care of Gyp and see that she has plenty of exercise?

Sumner—Yes, indeed.

Cynthia—And make McPherson keep the horrid bugs off my pretty roses till I come back? (In anguish, averting his face that she may not see his tears and gently forcing hers back.)

Sumner (in anguish)—Till you come—child—you must hurry. (She turns to him brightly.)

Cynthia—All right, daddy, dear. I'm ready now. Kiss me. (He crosses—takes her in his arms, crushing her in the embrace. He kisses her repeatedly and holding her head in, he lifts his agonized face, and raises his hand to his brow to steady himself, when he has quite mastered himself—he again kisses her and speaks.)

Sumner (brokenly)—Good-bye, my little maid, good-bye!

Cynthia (breaking from him)—Good-bye! No, indeed, au revoir.

Sumner (with a show of laughter)—Yes—yes—that's what I mean, of course. Au revoir, au revoir.

Cynthia—Now say what I taught you in French, daddy! Say you love me.

Sumner (almost choking over the words)—Je t'aime, je t'aime!

Cynthia—With all your heart.

Sumner—De tout mon coeur.

Cynthia—And you worship me.

Sumner—Je t'adore! Je t'adore!

Cynthia (sitting on settee)—Oh, daddy, I believe I'm going to cry now. (She dabs at her eyes with her little handkerchief.)

Sumner (quickly coming to her and pettingly raising her.)—Cry! Nonsense! What an idea! Why, only think—weren't you saying it's only for two days—come now, be off with you.

Cynthia—Yes, I know it's silly of me to make such a fuss about it. (Neil with his arms around her swings her over to his right and gradually forces her up to the door, Cynthia trying to linger all the time, and speaking brightly, while he, feeling himself coming fast to the breaking point, in great distress tries to meet her responses bravely. He keeps his face from her all the while, finally reaches the door and blindly gropes for the knob to open the door.)

Cynthia—And you'll meet me Thursday morning when I come back?

Sumner—Yes—yes—when you come back.

Cynthia—And you won't forget Gyp?

Neil—No, I won't forget your Gyp.

Cynthia—And all my little birds?

Sumner—Nor your little birds.

Cynthia—And my pretty roses? (She is in the doorway, still looking at him, ignorant of his agony. He has to force her out to close the door.)

Sumner—No—no—I won't forget your little birds and your pretty roses—and I won't forget anything—I won't forget. (At last he succeeds in shutting the door upon her. Then his voice breaks. He leans heavily with his face against the door murmuring brokenly.) I won't forget—I won't — (His voice dies away in a stifled sob. Again the thunder grumbles, now sharply and nearer than before, and the curtain slowly falls.)

* * *

And now a year passes. Cynthia and her mother and Aunt Betsy live quietly at the Villa Marchese, Mentone. Cynthia is older and more of a woman; she has suffered from the separation with her father, whom she adores. She has also fallen in love. But she will never marry, she says quite firmly, unless her father approves of her choice. Neil's whereabouts seem uncertain when the family lawyer bursts in with news that Neil is even now on his way to Mentone. A medal is to be presented to him by the American consul, for bravery in an insurrection, and the Villa Marchese is the only accessible spot for the ceremony. Here once more comes the time of parting. Neil has appealed in vain to his wife that they begin over again; but it is Cynthia who finally brings about the reconciliation. "I love you both; I want you both," she cries, with arms outstretched to both parents; "I cannot live without you both."

And as the two clasp their daughter in their arms, Neil echoes her cry, and the three are made happy again.

The One-Way Trail

By Arthur H. Goodenough

MANY and devious roads men take
For love, for lucre, for longing's sake;
And some are so strange that they make us quail;
But the strangest of all is the One-Way Trail.

You may journey by land, you may journey by sea,
And eastward or westward your trail may be;
But sooner or later you shall not fail
To find and to follow the One-Way Trail.

Numberless paths has the world today,
And some are grewsome and some are gay,
And some are golden and some are pale,
But the end of them all is the One-Way Trail.

You may cross the globe, you may span the sea,
But the end remains as it was to be,
And, late or early, you shall not fail
To leave, at the last, by the One-Way Trail.

By many and curious ways men come;
Some fore, with singing, with sorrow some,
To tarry awhile in this tearful vale,
But they all depart by the One-Way Trail.

The high and the humble, the vile and the just,
From their sandal shoes shake off the dust
Of the gray old earth, and behind the veil,
Their feet take hold on the One-way Trail.

It begins in death and ends in doubt,
For the secret still is to be found out,
And human skill is of no avail
When it touches the things of the One-Way Trail.

It reaches to Heaven, it touches Hell,
Men say, but none have come back to tell;
And deep in the distance, dim and pale,
Is lost the end of the One-Way Trail.

You may feast in the hall of the millionaire,
You may starve in the pauper's hovel bare,
You may win success or may faint and fail,
But the end of it all is the One-Way Trail.

The ties of chance and caste all melt
When the magic spell of change is felt;
The saint austere and sinner frail
Go side by side on the One-Way Trail.

We may walk apart to the very last,
But the naked soul forgets its caste,
And breeding or birth will not avail
To divide the dead on the One-Way Trail.

You may journey by sea, you may fare by land,
And the why thereof you may understand;
But you shall not know till your heart-beats fail
Why your ghost goes out on the One-Way Trail.

God send us mercy! God send us peace!
And solace and love and a quick release,
And the Spirit of Grace, when the flesh shall fail,
To pilot us, then, on the One-Way Trail.

Books o' the Month

TRULY this has been a year of many books. Publishers have remarked that few seasons have been so productive of "best sellers." There have been many successes, yet at no time has any one book "held the boards" for any considerable time. Some will complain that no real masterpiece has emanated from the dead level of this surfeit of fiction. But with offerings coming in rapid succession from the pens of a hundred popular authors, each with his own set of followers, one book must necessarily move aside for the next in order of publication, and the book-reading public takes its choice. George Barr McCutcheon, Robert W. Chambers, Harold Mac Grath, George Randolph Chester, Holman Day, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Meredith Nicholson—not to forget our English favorites, Jeffrey Farnol, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Anthony Partridge—here is a notable group of authors who have helped make 1912 a pleasant year for the novel-reading public.

They have pictured for us every phase of life and adventure, each in his own way, with his own special excellences.

EVANGELINE BEAULIEU
The Canadian heroine of "The Red Lane," Holman Day's powerful romance of the borderland

A TALE that is strong with the local color of the Canadian borderland is "The Red Lane,"* by Holman Day. There is a sweetness, a quiet nobility in the heroine, Evangeline Beaulieu, that reminds one of the Evangeline immortalized by Longfellow. Educated by Canadian nuns, the girl goes home to her father to find him conducting a border saloon, a resort for smugglers. She finds also that the man to whom she has been betrothed by her father is the chief of the smuggling band, and she gives her pure young love to the American detective who is sent to spy upon them. Her father, however, is her first consideration, and it is only because she cannot reform him that she leaves home. Her trip down through the country to the village where she is to teach school is one that the novel reader will never forget, in that it introduces an old Canadian fiddler, one of the most beautiful characters in the fiction of all time. There is also the quaint figure of Father Leclair, Evangeline's new pastor, his wholesome, homely, but pathetic little flock, and the virile young American lover of Evangeline. Each character is drawn with a master's hand, the coloring is exquisite, and the plot moves charmingly, never losing interest. "The Red Lane" is a book that can be read once for the story, again for its color and character drawing, and still again for its grace of style.

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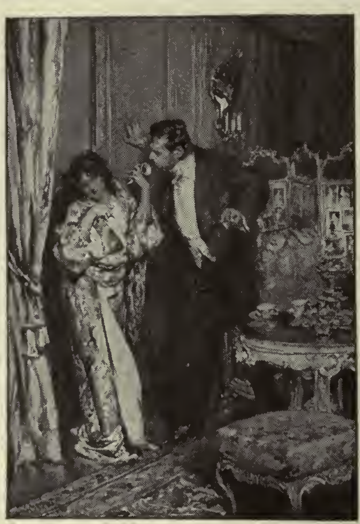
* "The Red Lane." By Holman Day. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price $1.35.

* * *

HAPPY titles are at times misleading. Mr. Mac Grath's "The Place of Honeymoons,"* has a deal of mystery and misunderstanding before the goal is reached. The plot introduces a beautiful young Irish girl, Nora Harrigan by name, who becomes a great opera singer as Eleonora de Toscana. The great public is at her feet, but she has a dangerous rival, and this woman appears to be mysteriously connected with Edward Courtland, an American millionaire who pursues Nora with a devotion that seems unique.



ONE OF THE THRILLING SITUATIONS WHICH CROWD THE PAGES OF MR. MAC GRATH'S LATEST NOVEL, "THE PLACE OF HONEYMOONS"

There is action aplenty. An abduction, a duel and a fist fight (between Courtland and Nora's father, formerly a leader in the ring) are passed as the reader hurries through the chapters in a breathless desire to unravel the mystery which seems to be known only to the two principals and the rival singer. At last Papa Harrigan stumbles upon the truth while searching in his daughter's trunk. It is only a piece of paper, but it reveals a fact that compels honest Harrigan to take his rebel daughter in hand and pave the way to an understanding. "The Place of Honeymoons," is a typical Harold Mac Grath story.

* * *

IN "The Sign at Six,"* Stewart Edward White has daringly portrayed "Monsieur X," an aged scientist who has so perfected his control of electrical power that within the scope of his batteries, in the Atlas Building in New York, he holds the peace, comfort and even the lives of the inhabitants at his mercy. He determines to drive "McCarthy, the Boss," into exile, and warns him again and again that a sign will be given him, usually at six o'clock P. M. The first evening the whole electric system of the Atlas Building is paralyzed; the next night the whole city is deprived of electric light and power for two hours.

A further defiance of the unknown is followed by a cessation of light and sound waves in the Atlas Building, and the next evening the same phenomena terrorize Gotham for two terrible hours. Next morning McCarthy is told to sail for Europe at noon, on pain of death, and refusing is, like Pharaoh, surrounded in broad daylight by "a darkness that can be felt," and obeys, but not on the Celtic as ordered. Monsieur X then calls upon the people of New York to produce the fugitive, or to suffer in his stead. To warn them, power, light and sound waves are suspended at intervals the succeeding evening, and the next afternoon control of the heat waves is demonstrated by the deaths of the Mayor and four others at the City Hall. This is followed by a declaration that at six o'clock all life will be in like manner destroyed.

Percy Darrow is the only investigator

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* "The Place of Honeymoons." By Harold Mac Grath. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price $1.30.

* "The Sign at Six." By Stewart Edward White. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price $1.25 net.

who has traced to his laboratory, a supposedly unused storeroom in the Atlas Building, the author of these warnings and phenomena. He acts just in time to save New York from desolation, destroys the batteries of Monsieur X, who becomes utterly imbecile, and burns the papers containing his secret, which he says, "would give to men an unchecked power which belongs only to the gods."

It is a remarkable book, although lacking in places the dignity and impressiveness which made Bulwer's "The Coming Race" and "Strange Story" classic in this kind of literature. The elements of friendship, love and esteem for the hero give a human interest to the story.

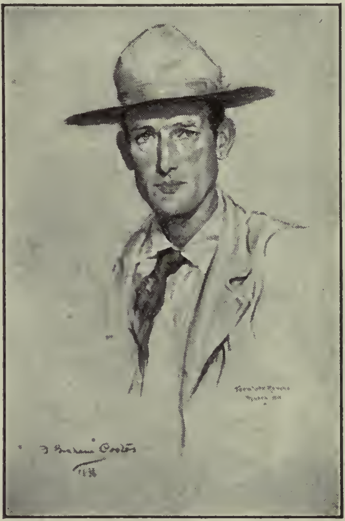
* * *

ODD, very odd, is Mr. Harold Bell Wright's latest offering, "Their Yesterdays,"* which is obviously intended to mirror the "yesterdays" of each individual reader, and the author insists on an unconditional surrender to this idea. Now for the story. A little boy crawled under a hedge and saw a little girl, and they became playmates. Then the families moved away, and in time both the little boy and the little girl were living lonesome lives in the great metropolis. For many chapters their paths do not cross again, although their thoughts drift back to each other and those childhood days. Then, as by a common impulse, each is drawn back to the old spot where they first met, and after that they are lonesome no longer. Not a bad little plot, but Harold Bell Wright has failed to make either of his characters convincing. The book has the atmosphere of a school primer, and is not at all up to the standard of "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

* * *

STOUT heroines are hardly romantic, but like fat actresses they make good fun, and thus Martha Gamble fills the bill in "Her Weight in Gold."† Martha's father yearns to see her happily married, and offers as a wedding dowry gold equivalent to her weight. Handsome but impecunious Eddie Ten Eyck bids for the bulky prize package, and is snapped up. Just before the wedding, however, Martha falls ill, and during her illness Eddie sees the gold melt before his very eyes, for Martha as a bride tips the scales at only seventy-three pounds and eight ounces. The passing months bring Martha back into her own, and the last we hear of Eddie is a faint remark about the Mountain and Mahomet. For Martha grows so fat that she cannot walk!

The illustrations are vivid and in line with the story. It will not be denied that Mr. McCutcheon can write humorously; but we prefer to remember him as a novelist, the creator of "Beverly of Graustark" or "Truxton King."



HAROLD BELL WRIGHT
Whose fame was made almost over night upon the publication of "The Winning of Barbara Worth." His latest book, "Their Yesterdays," is reviewed in these pages

* * *

DETECTIVE stories, and tales that record the successful solution of some family, political, criminal or business secret, intrigue or psychical complication, have steadily increased in number, since Sir Arthur Conan Doyle set the pace in his creation of "Sherlock Holmes."

The problems solved by "Astro, Seer of

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* "Their Yesterdays." By Harold Bell Wright. Chicago: Book Supply Company. Price$ 1.30 net.

† "Her Weight in Gold." By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Price $1.00.

Secrets," and his love affairs with "Valeska Wynne," as related in "The Master of Mysteries,"* are all that are given to us to indicate the author or authoress, whose name itself is an added mystery to the score or more of short stories, which deal with almost every phase of crime and mystery.

Astro, a most delightful charlatan of the Cagliogostro type, has a most fascinating confederate in Miss Valeska, and both raise their career above the sordid level of utter duplicity and pillage, by a real sympathy with all deserving objects, and indeed with the weaker criminals whom their skill succeeds in bringing to justice.

C. CUTCLIFFE HYNE

The creator of "Captain Kettle," a favorite character in American fiction. The latest exploits of this amusing old fellow are told in "The Marriage of Captain Kettle"†

Part of these sketches have a really humorous if surprising termination, and with little exception, all are interesting sagas of modern social and criminal experiences. They are very liberally illustrated by Karl Anderson and George Brehm.

It will doubtless be an added charm to the book that it contains "two cipher messages—one revealing his (the author's name) and the other his reasons for withholding its appearance on the title-page," and the puzzle element still has charms for a large proportion of the American public.

* * *

THE fortunes and misfortunes, the dizzy heights of fame attained, and the abysses of shameful defeat and despair into which they were plunged, the glory of France and her descent into the depths of defeat and loss, will ever make the history of the Napoleonic rulers of the great French people a favorite theme for the statesman, philosopher, historian and novelist.

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews in her latest novel "The Marshal"* depicts a French farmhouse under the shadows of the Jura Mountains, in which *Grandmere* Beaupre tells the children how in the sweet May-burgeoning of the spring of 1813 Napoleon the Great had passed that way and for a few hours had made her roof his shelter, and how the little Francois, who was then a child of barely three years, had come into the midst of the splendidly uniformed staff and tugging at Marshal Ney's sword-hilt had been accidentally knocked down by the great captain, and promptly picked up by a younger general, while the Emperor himself suggested that Marshall Ney owed some reparation "to this young soldier of the empire," for the beauty and innocence of the child had touched all hearts.

Then the general who had comforted the little Francois proposed that Marshal

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* "The Master of Mysteries." Anonymous. Illustrated. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price $1.35.

† "The Marriage of Captain Kettle." By C. Cutcliffe Hyne. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

* "The Marshal." By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price $1.35 net.

Ney should give the babe the *accolade* of knighthood, with the sabre which he had admired, and the heroes laughed at the pretty fancy of the suggestion.

Although he smiled, Napoleon himself did not laugh, but in one of those strange moods, that in him partook somewhat of prescience or prophecy, declared that he himself would bestow the *accolade*, and demanded Marshal Ney's sabre while the young general caused the little Francois to kneel, which the babe quietly did, closing his eyes and folding his little hands as if in prayer. Then amid the silence, the Emperor laid the keen, heavy blade lightly on the child's shoulder, and said clearly: "Rise! Chevalier Francois Beaupre. Some day perhaps, a Marshal of France under another Bonaparte."

And with this pretty and somewhat weird picture of his infancy kept ever before him by childish memories and the recitals of his relations and neighbors, the peasant life of Francois Beaupre became ennobled by a high resolve to be worthy of the great Emperor's accolade, and devoted to his dynasty whenever he should be needed.

So the story depicts the brave, honest, simple, yet sagacious and honorable career of a young man, who serves every friend with so lofty a sense of self-sacrifice, that his life is upon the whole a story of pain and loss of all those great prizes of love, wealth and prominence which men consider alone constitute success. He is loved and loves again; is popular but refuses to be honored; and having turned over these prizes to friends less noble and more selfish than himself is at last wounded to the death in Louis Napoleon s primal failure at Boulogne, to secure the support of the French army, and kneeling at his feet receives from him also the accolade and hears with glazing eyes the kindly words of his Prince: "Live, my brother Francois—Chevalier Beaupre, Marshal of the Empire."

* * *

CERTAIN characteristics of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" may be recognized in the hero of "The Jingo,"* George Randolph Chester's latest volume. A young American, by name Jimmy Smith, is shipwrecked on a foreign shore and picked up by the Princess of the Realm. He is accepted by the royal family and becomes a suitor of the Princess Bezzana, but has a rival who is stirring up trouble. War is imminent, and the country is unprepared for the crisis. Into this breach steps the young American and begins to modernize the ancient kingdom. After this introduction the plot is developed largely as an instrument for the humor of Jimmy Smith as a Chester creation. The book is good fun, and is written in the author's popular style.

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER
One of our most prolific writers. Aside from his "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford" stories, he has several new volumes to his credit every year

* * *

MANY Christmas book-buyers who desire a gift volume that is especially decorated, bound and boxed for the holidays have learned to expect precisely what they want from Mr. Ralph Henry Barbour. This year the Lippincotts publish "The Harbor of Love,"* one of those pretty romances that seems to scintillate with Christmas love and good cheer.

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* "The Jingo." By George Randolph Chester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price $1.35.

* "The Harbor of Love." By Ralph Henry Barbour. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price $1.50 net.

The story is founded on the old, old condition of a father who does not agree with his daughter upon her choice of a husband, and there are amusing developments and a conclusion that is eminently satisfying. Above all, it is a handsome book, with illustrations, press-work and binding that are a delight to the eye.

THE LOVERS
One of the scenes illustrated in the new edition of "Little Women," Louisa A. Alcott's delightful story for girls

NEARLY two generations ago Louisa M. Alcott's sweet and simple story of four New England sisters, their joys, their helpfulness, their loves and sorrows, made "Little Women"* the book of its season and a classic forevermore. Dramatized of late, it has re-awakened public interest, and a new edition illustrated with scenes from the play comes from the press of Little, Brown & Co., and brings again before the reading public beautiful Meg, Joe, Beth and Amy, as in the long ago, but ever young, generous, dutiful and loving. Every young girl ought to possess a book which must inspire in young hearts that generous purity and fervor of life and purpose which have in all ages characterized the dear little women whom men venerate as prophet, martyr, heroine, sweetheart, wife or mother, in every age and country, and will venerate until time shall be no more.

* * *

ONE of the season's charming books for children is "Uncle Peter-Heathen,"* by Emilie Blackmore Stapp, literary editor of the *Des Moines Capital.* It is dedicated to a real "Uncle Peter," a delightfully human individual. Uncle Peter was growing old—but was not aware of it. He had the genial bon-hommie of the Kentuckian, a home-loving spirit. After the death of Aunt Prudence he lived with his niece and nephew and the resourceful twins, Prudence and Patience. There is something attractive in the mere alliteration of these names, but those girls—who would not fall in love with them? "Uncle Peter-Heathen" is a combination of ideal grandfather and jovial uncle, and the story tells us how he is led back into the golden kingdom of Young Happiness. The fresh

RALPH HENRY BARBOUR
A writer of wholesome romance. "Joyce of the Jasmines," last year's Christmas offering, is followed this season by "The Harbor of Love"

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* "Little Women; or Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy." By Louisa M. Alcott, Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price $1.50.

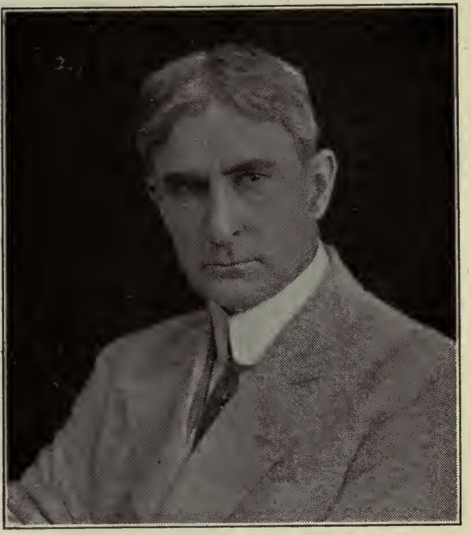
* "Uncle Peter-Heathen." By Emilie Blackmore Stapp. Philadelphia: David McKay.

spontaneity and affections of the childish fantasy make his heart whole and blithe again, and by the same process the reader is charmed with these nimble fancies and fun-loving children. The characters just live in the memory of every child and the illustrations and make-up of the book are clever and attractive. It has already taken its place as a leading juvenile book of the year. The world cannot have too many books like "Uncle Peter-Heathen." Miss Stapp has in her books of juvenile life furnished that refreshing touch of child life which is so rare in these hurly-burly days and has blazed a path distinctively her own in the literary work of the times.

* * *

WITH the terrible possibilities of domestic relations as affected by negro suffrage in the South, Mr. Thomas Dixon in "The Sins of the Father"* has built up a powerful novel. Major Norton, a typical Southern gentleman, a brave and distinguished veteran of the Lost Cause, a master-spirit of the Ku-Klux Klan, and a leader in journalism and politics, breaks down negro domination, secures the impeachment and degradation of a "Carpet-bag" or rather "Scalawag Governor" and is in all things the terror of negro politicians, and the pride of the dominant race, including his beautiful and greatly-beloved wife. But this paragon of all the manly virtues and leader of Roman firmness and decision, is seduced by a beautiful octoroon, who after the death of Mrs. Norton claims shelter for herself and provision for her child. Twenty years elapse, at the end of which Norton's son Tom returns from college to take charge of his father's paper. Norton takes the stump to campaign against negro suffrage, and Cleo writing in Norton's name invites her daughter to make a first visit to the home of her guardian, where Norton's son falls in love with and marries her.

MISS EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP
The literary editor of the *Des Moines Capital* and the author of "Uncle Peter-Heathen," a charming story for the children



THOMAS DIXON
A forceful writer whose books do more than entertain

The horror of the situation impels Norton to kill his son and commit suicide himself, but Tom is not killed, and awakes to life and the assurance that he has not married his half-sister, but the white daughter of poor, but highly respectable parents. The novel followed the dramatic version of "The Sins of the Father," which Mr. Dixon produced in the fall of 1910, playing the principal role.

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* "The Sins of the Father." By Thomas Dixon. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Price $1.35 net.

FOUR charming tales of real live Santas are included within the covers of "A Little Book of Christmas,"* by John Kendrick Bangs. They relate in a delightful manner how children, both rich and poor, have their dreams of the good old saint realized in a happy way, and the grown-ups, too. The book is daintily bound and well illustrated, and will be a delight to any little folk who may be favored with it. It gives a delightful glimpse of one of America's most charming authors and personalities—John Kendrick Bangs, humorist and humanist.

MISS ROSE O'NEILL
A favorite illustrator of American children. Thousands of little ones eagerly await new stories of her "Kewpies"

KEWPIES" or "Kewps" appears to be Miss Rose O'Neill's synonym for "Cupids." Chubby, nude little creatures with bright eyes and a perennial smile, they act as a bevy of "good fairies" or beneficent goblins, to guard, amuse and care for "Dotty Darling" and her baby brother.

With these and other characters Miss O'Neill has told in verse and duly illustrated the description of the Kewpie Band, the Kewpie circus, Thanksgiving Feast, Christmas Tree, a Kewpie Valentine, Teaching Dot to Fly, Meeting the Baby, Saving the Baby, The Trip Delightful, in all of which the Kewpies play a benevolently elvish part. The book is small quarto, and is a seasonable gift for the little ones.

* * *

FOR some reason "The Money Moon"* did not enjoy the spectacular success of Jeffrey Farnol's first book, "The Broad Highway." Yet it is in every way a delightful story, told in the graceful style that so distinguished the author's first great novel.

George Bellew, a young American, who has both time and money aplenty, sets out on a pilgrimage through the beautiful Kent country—"The Garden of England." In his travels he comes upon a curly-headed little namesake, who afterward becomes "Small Porges," while the elder George is called "Uncle Porges." Together they go to Small Porges' home, where they meet the lovely Auntie Anthea. And then both Porges insist that they cannot be separated, so it comes to pass that Bellew is accepted as a member of the household at Dapplemere.

There are charming scenes between the

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*"A Little Book of Christmas." By John Kendrick Bangs. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price $1.00.

†"The Kewpies and Dotty Darling." By Rose O'Neill. New York: George H. Doran Co. Price $1.25.

*"The Money Moon." By Jeffrey Farnol. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Price $1.25 net.

two Georges, and the romance between the visitor and sweet Anthea is unfolded as the story progresses. "The Money Moon" is a real love story, sweet, human, and beautifully told.

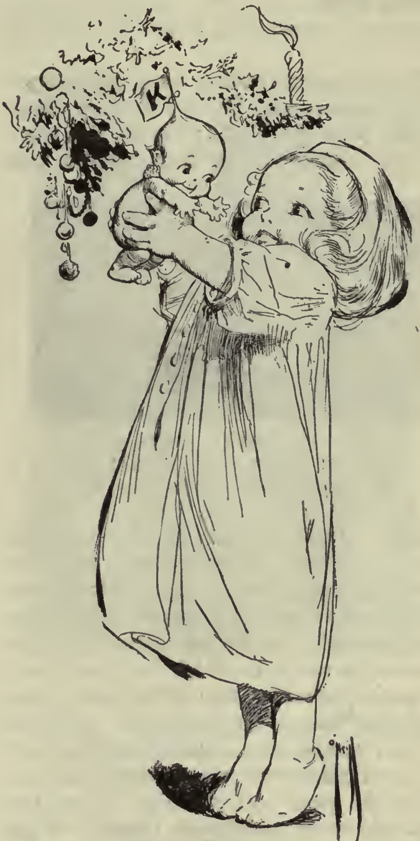
* * *

(THE FOLLOWING REVIEWS ARE OF GENERAL WORKS)

IN these days of strenuous and feverish haste, when the great demand is for the maximum of results through a minimum of means, it is a pleasure to read of a man who has lived beyond the rush and clatter which seems to prevail, who has shown the real value of constant study and concentration and who has received a genuine reward such as has fallen to William T. Richards, marine painter and practical philosopher.

The brief outline of his life in "Richards' Masterpieces of the Sea,"* by Harrison S. Morris, illustrated with several reproductions of Richards' best-known pictures, gives an excellent impression of this man's strong yet amiable and retiring character. Well fitted as the author is to interpret and discuss artistic subjects, this work should be especially valuable to all students and lovers of art. Richards' personality and work stand for all that is faithful and honest in art, and while Mr. Morris is fortunate in his subject, he has certainly given an impressive glance of that persistent student of the wave and shore. The illustrations, while not in color, show conclusively, as the author takes pains to impress, that Richards' greatest accomplishment was his ability to draw well.

JEFFREY FARNOL
One of the new figures in the book world. His romances are laid in the Kent country, fondly called "the garden of England"



DOTTY DARLING AND A MEMBER OF THE KEWPIE BAND, REPRODUCED FROM MISS ROSE O'NEILL'S SKETCH

VISITORS to the recent Durbar were treated to a succession of magnificent and interesting sights as described in "An American Girl at the Durbar,"* by Shelland Bradley. The King and Queen of England here showed themselves to their loyal Indian subjects, and potentates of both races met at the festivities of the "tent city." But by far the wittiest part of the book is that giving the adventures of two lone Englishwomen in a remote district of India after the Durbar was ended. Traveling in India is not a way of comfort by any means, especially when one is not familiar with the native language. Altogether this is an instructive and entertaining book.

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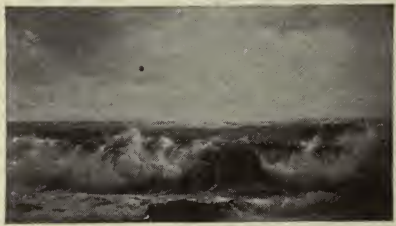
* "Richards' Masterpieces of the Sea." By Harrison S. Morris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

* "An American Girl at the Durbar." By Shelland Bradley. New York: John Lane Company. Price $1.25 net.

* * *

THE American Indian, as a picturesque aborigine, may be said to have disappeared from the United States, yet there are still some 250,000 men, women and children of the whole and half-blood, who still, to a greater or less extent, maintain tribal relations, occupy reservations, and are subject to certain rules and regulations administered by Indian agents. This responsible position, which has practically subjected to autocratic rule many myriads of human beings, has been conferred on all sorts of people, and administered in every aspect of conscientious and faithful service, and utter greed and rascality. Even the best and most consistent friends of the unfortunates committed to their charge, have been sadly handicapped by the political authors of their appointment, and the demands of the Interior Department for the abrogation of existing treaties, and the acquisition of more Indian lands to satisfy the greed of individual and corporate spoliators.



REPRODUCTION OF A SEA STUDY
By the late William T. Richards, one of the most persistent students of the wave and shore

Major James McLaughlin, a Canadian by birth, was in 1871 employed as an assistant by Major W. H. Forbes, then appointed Indian agent at the Devil's Lake Agency, Dakota Territory, and has ever since been in like service, chiefly as Indian agent at the Standing Rock Sioux reservation, Dakota Territory, and later as United States Indian inspector, traveling all over the western reservations, giving him today a record of nearly forty-two years of constant service. In his "My Friend the Indian,"* he has contributed to our Indian history a vast amount of interesting matter about Indian life and character, details of the principal events and conditions which led to the final breaking away from their reservations (under the organizing ability of Sitting Bull and the fighting chiefs of the tribes of the Sioux confederation or nation), of that great migrating host, gathered from every quarter for hundreds of miles, which was attacked by General Custer, then commanding the Seventh United States Cavalry, June 25, 1876, and utterly destroyed the two hundred and twelve officers, men and civilians, under his immediate command. His rendition of the Indian side of the story, as related by the wife of Spotted Horn Bull, a chief engaged in the fight, stands almost alone in all our meagre Indian history.

If the book has a fault it is the evident and persistent attempt to deny to Sitting Bull any iota of courage, generosity, or even ability, save and except the power to deceive and mislead his people. In contrast with the accounts given by contemporaries who met the great "hostile," and indeed in McLaughlin's own statements, his estimate must be taken with a very large "grain of salt" and his account of the way in which Sitting Bull was done to death, December 1, 1890, reflects somewhat on his good judgment unless it was his purpose to bring on a fight, in which Sitting Bull should be eliminated from

A QUAINT FRENCH SCENE
Photographed by Caroline Atwater Mason, the author of "The Spell of France"

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* "My Friend the Indian." By James McLaughlin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. Price $2.50.

the problem of "peaceable assimilation." Certainly, there is no intimation of regret that the chief was killed, or that a sufficient force of United States cavalry was not sent with the Indian Police whose arrest in itself was the last and most bitter humiliation that could be offered Sitting Bull and was almost certain to bring on an attempt at rescue.

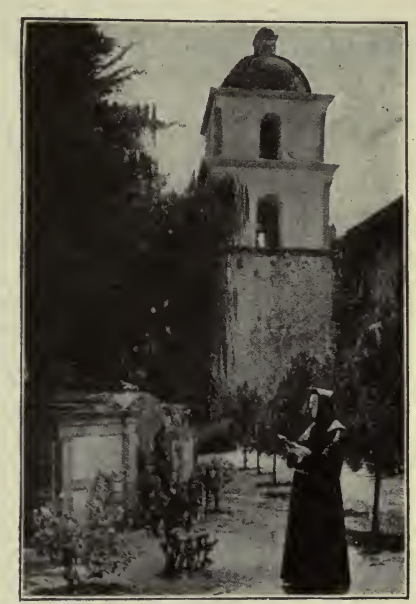
Beyond this one and evident bias, the book has many charms and great value.

* * *

MR. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN has added to his other publications "A Tale of Two Conventions"* in which the story of the Republican Convention at Chicago and of the Democratic gathering at Baltimore are depicted in lively colors and with a self-restraint that impresses one with the practical fairness of "The Great Commoner." While the popular demand for this work may have passed its flood-time, the thoughtful student of American history and politics will be interested in learning from so authoritative a source the lessons to be drawn from these memorable national gatherings of 1912.

* * *

AN ancient land full of floral delights and impressive natural scenery whose effect is intensified by majestic ruins of Roman, Saracen, and medieval French military, municipal and monastical structures is opened to the American reader in an interesting, scholarly and at times most romantic and engaging way, in Caroline Atwater Mason's latest travelogue, "The Spell of France,"† published in the charming "Spell Series" of L. C. Page & Company. Finely printed, tastefully bound and lavishly illustrated in colors and photogravures, its chief charm is nevertheless the natural, vivacious and at times enthralling way in which the author blends well-digested history, powerful, yet clear descriptions, character portrayal, and a fine vein of romance and enthusiasm. A work which had only illustrated and described the rugged majesty, castellated heights, and embowered ramparts of Roc-Amadour, the grim ramparts and Roman Aqueduct of Avignon, the immense arena at Nismes, the flower farms and perfume factories of Grasse, and many other beautiful and impressive scenes, would interest, but not so feelingly as this interpretation of the past and present of fair Provence. "The Spell of France" cannot but prove a welcome gift to any intelligent recipient.



AT THE FRANCISCAN MISSION
An American scene that rivals the beauties of Europe in picturesqueness. A photograph reproduced from the color plate illustrating "Three Wonderlands of the American West"

WEALTHY Americans or occasional tourists who can throw money away on the average European tour and the survey of scenery which is often tame, and interesting only from its association with the traditions of a remote past, have a grand recompense in the savage grandeur of the Alps, the beauty of the Mediterranean coastline of Southern Europe, and the charm of sea-born Venice and queenly Florence and Genoa.

But how such a one can fail to visit the numberless wonders and splendid scenery of the Yellowstone, the mountain glories and wonderful giant sequoias of the Yosemite and the marvelous Grand Canyon must always excite wonder not unmixed with a mild contempt for such unpatriotic indifference to the charms of his own lands.

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* "A Tale of Two Conventions." By William Jennings Bryan. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price $1.00 net.

† "The Spell of France." By Caroline Atwater Mason. Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Price $2.50 net.

To those who would love to go, but cannot afford the time or money, the gods have been good in that they have inspired Mr. Thomas D. Murphy to write and L. C. Page & Co. to print, illustrate and bind his "Three Wonderlands of the American West,"* in which splendid color reproductions of Moran's unrivalled paintings of the most wonderful scenes of these great national parks, with almost equally effective photogravures of more quiet and colorless beauty and grandeur, go far to solace one for the inability to gaze upon them and wander "loose and free" among their unrivalled wonders. The book itself would be most interesting if wholly unillustrated, but as it is, must be considered the gift book of the season in its line of interest.

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* "Three Wonderlands of the American West." By Thomas D. Murphy. Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Price $3.00 net.

THE SWING

By ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD

A LITTLE lad in a grapevine swing,
  The soft grass tiptoes to kiss my feet—
And there in the thicket are birds a-wing
  That call to each other, wild and sweet.
The violets wink with their one bright eye
  As I rise and fall in the flower-kissed air
And over me bends the far blue sky,
  And I know it is springtime everywhere.

The tree tops beckon—ah, how they call;
  If I only could reach them how glad I'd be,
For I'd know how the stately ships and tall
  Come sailing in from the trackless sea.
Where the light-house stands, how the sea gulls fly,
  O trees, though I seem such a tiny thing
I shall look o'er your green wall by and by
  When I rise to the height of my grapevine swing.

But *mine* the rim of the purple hills,
  Mine the sunshine on peak and glade,
Mine the music of hidden rills
  And the joy of a heart that is unafraid.
Mine the birthright of joy to be,
  The wonderful future that shall bring
The whole wide world to my feet—ah me,
  For the little lad in the grapevine swing!

For the days are many that lie between
  And the swing of life has gone up and down
In unmapped shade. Still the tree tops lean
  And whisper of wealth and of high renown
That lie beyond them. I shall not see
  The promised vision; and yet I cling
Close to the world's heart warm and free,
  Nor mourn the glory that may not be,
Content that God's blue sky smiles on me,
  A little lad in life's grapevine swing.

There's a Dear Little Boy Coming Home Today

OH! What do you think the angels say?"
Said the children up in Heaven.
"There's a dear little boy coming home today,
He's almost ready to fly away
From the earth we used to live in.
Let's go and open the gates of Joy,
Open them wide for this new little boy,"
Said the children up in Heaven.

"God wanted him here where His little ones meet,"
Said the children up in Heaven.
"He shall play with us in the golden streets—
He has grown too fair, he has grown too sweet
For the earth we used to live in;
He needs the sunshine, this dear little boy,
That gilds this side of the gates of Joy,"
Said the children up in Heaven.

"So the King called down from the angels' dome,"
Said the children up in Heaven.
"My darling boy, arise and come
To the place prepared in thy Father's home,
To the home my children live in.
Let's go and watch at the Gates of Joy
Ready to welcome this new little boy,"
Said the children up in Heaven.

"Far down on the Earth do the dear ones weep,"
Said the children up in Heaven
"For the dear little boy has gone to sleep.
The shadows fall and the night clouds sweep
O'er the earth we used to live in.
But we'll go and open the Gates of Joy.
Oh! why do they weep for their dear little boy?"
Said the children up in Heaven.

"Fly with him quick, O angels dear,"
Said the children up in Heaven.
"See! he is coming! Look there! Look there!
At the jasper light on his light brown hair
Where the veiling clouds are riven.
Ah—hush—hush—hush—all the swift wings furl
For the King Himself at the Gates of Joy
Is taking his hand, dear, tired, little boy—
And leading him into Heaven."

—*Anonymous.*

Strange and Interesting Things About Ohio and Her People

by W. C. Jenkins

SEVEN years ago two young Ohio bankers resolved to abandon the field of finance and cast their lots in another direction. The one, Edward W. Crayton, was cashier of the Licking County Bank at Newark, and the other, Charles F. Johnson, was connected with the State Savings & Trust Company of Columbus. Both were graduates of Ohio colleges, Crayton from Columbus Commercial College and Johnson from the Ohio State University Law School. It seemed pretty clear to these young men that the ladder which leads to distinction in banking is pretty difficult to climb, and they decided to enter another field of endeavor. Without any knowledge of each other's intentions, both chose real estate as a means of acquiring commercial success.

As bankers each had observed that in the great drama of life, thousands are hastening their arrival into bankruptcy court by a reckless disregard for honor and truthfulness, and right at the beginning of their commercial career they declared they would forever avoid this avenue to failure.

These men began with the determination to succeed. Each went his own way, and in the course of a few years Crayton was president of the following real estate companies: The Ohio Cities Realty Company, The Empire Realty Company, and The Columbus Real Estate and Improvement Company, while Johnson was president of The Thompson-Johnson-Thompson Company and The Columbus Lands Company. Three years ago these two gentlemen and associates decided to join forces and The Dominion Land Company came into existence with a capital stock of $750,000, with Crayton as president and Johnson as secretary. The stockholders of this corporation are prominent in Ohio banking and other commercial lines.

EDWARD W. CRAYTON
The president of The Dominion Land Company

While the real estate business, like life insurance, seems to be the last omnibus on which the unsuccessful ride, there are many men who have not only achieved distinction in this line, but have given dignity and character to the business; prominent among these men are Edward W. Crayton and Charles F. Johnson of Columbus, Ohio.

Let it be stated that the cardinal principle upon which these men obtained success is that they never make promises without following them with performances; they never hold out any false lights for the guidance of possible customers; in fact, their sole aim is to tell a prospective purchaser of real estate the truth about the property as they understand it. During the past seven years they have either directly or through companies in which they were interested, sold nearly ten thousand lots, and it would be difficult to find dissatisfaction amongst their customers.

The first subdivision platted by Messrs. Crayton and Johnson was in the Indianola section of Columbus. This sale was a great success, and the property is now built up with beautiful homes. These gentlemen have platted and have been interested in about sixty additions in and outside of Columbus, Ohio. The principal high class additions which the Dominion Land Company has placed upon the market are: Indian Springs, East Cleft, Windermere, Glen View Heights, Ardmore and Dominion Heights.

Ardmore, the star addition of The Dominion Land Company, is a natural beauty spot on the east side of Columbus. East Broad Street, the fashionable residence street, extends through this new addition, and hence it meets the requirements of both city and suburban home owners. The Ardmore addition, consisting of 178 acres, represents an investment of nearly half a million dollars. While real estate values have greatly increased in Columbus since this acreage was acquired by the company, the price fixed upon the lots is based upon the original cost of the property. The latest features in suburban developments have been adopted and every street is a real boulevard. The streets are eighty feet wide with macadamized roads, gas, sewers, cement walks, double rows of shade trees, parks and shrubbery, all of which illustrate the carefulness with which these real estate men handle highly restricted properties.

CHARLES F. JOHNSON
The secretary of The Dominion Land Company

It would be folly to assert that any real estate corporation is being conducted upon an altruistic basis alone. Men go into business because they expect to make a profit on their investment. Nevertheless, reputable firms like The Dominion Land Company teach economy and urge people to be thrifty and save their money. In a sense they are home builders and makers of happy families. They help the state by adding to the value of taxable property, and hence they increase the capital of the country.

Give right incentive for men and they will save. Give right incentive for men to acquire homes and homes will be acquired. Make it difficult for men to get possession of property and thousands will pay rent instead of acquiring their own homes. The American home is the safeguard of American liberties. Well-managed real estate companies are bringing [into existence more homes each year than ever before. Columbus, the capital of Ohio, is one of the most inviting cities of the Middle West. Its population has more than doubled in twenty years, and is now in the neighborhood of 240,000. It has excellent railroad facilities, natural gas and good street railway and other public service. The Ohio State University, with over four thousand students, is located at Columbus, and an excellent public school system providing educational facilities of the very best for the capital. The city is growing in every direction. Real estate has advanced rapidly in price, and a future tinged with prosperity for home owners seems certain.

In furthering the commercial and social advantages of Columbus, the Dominion

INDIAN SPRINGS BEFORE DEVELOPMENT

Land Company seeks only to add a class of citizens to the population who are satisfied. When men are induced to locate in a community by glitterings through false advertisements, they often encounter disappointment and do not make the most zealous workers in the cause of civic advancement. This fact has always been well understood by both Mr. Crayton and Mr. Johnson and they strive to guard against the acquisition of any dissatisfied element to their suburban population. Better far, they say, lose a dozen sales than bring one citizen into the community who will have a grievance against the individual or corporation that induced him to purchase. A satisfied customer is a friend and the best advertisement a merchant can possess, and this is particularly true and applicable in real estate affairs.

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

DON'T you like to meet just average people? Most of us, as one said, are very much like the rest of us. We look in the glass and we discover we are not particularly beautiful—then we talk and we know that we are not always clever. We realize that we like to play better than to work and we like to lie abed late in the morning, despite poetic rhapsodies on the beautiful sunrise. In all parts of the world people have the impulse to do about the same thing at the same hour every day.

This occurs to me when I view a celebrity and look for the halo. I know he gets up in the morning, puts on his shoes, washes his face, grows hungry and eats his breakfast, dinner and supper and after a few stretches and yawns is ready for bed. If we want to get along well in this world it is just as well to find the lines of the least resistance and do what the plain, humble bulk of human society are doing. All over the land people are leading their own quiet lives in their own way. And when they vary from the regular program, they may become either celebrated or notorious.

It is the average man and the average woman that the NATIONAL is trying to serve. We are average people ourselves, and we are only trying to reflect the spirit of Sam Walter Foss, when he sang so eloquently "The Songs of the Average Man," and the immortal lines of "The House by the Side of the Road."

* * *

AS I go over manuscript in the train, it seems like a rather irksome task while others are peacefully snoozing or playing whist. The rocking train appears to punctuate and wiggle irresistibly, but I keep right at it, going over line by line to smooth out, iron out and make it seem more spontaneous. Consolation comes in reading of how Lincoln interlined and emasculated the first draft of his important letters and state papers; and was not the immortal Gettysburg address itself a sorry sight when the Great Emancipator had finished it, on the train trip up from Washington?

Somehow I have come to appreciate the peculiar sense of rest that comes from the roar of a train, as some crave the roar of the sea. Besides, you feel that you have to do something, and when you are confined for twenty-four hours to the limits of a sleeper the accumulated manuscripts come out of the bag before you know it.

Amid the laughter and explosive comment of two whist parties, one poker game, a bridal couple trying to entertain friends who are going with them a little way, a deaf lady going to California, and a dear little baby with lusty lungs, who could feel dull?—so I line and interline, but wonder sometimes how those stories of Irving Bacheller writing "Eben Holden" on railway trains ever originated.

It is astonishing, nevertheless, what one can do in picking up these odd moments in going to and fro, and there is an exhilaration in knowing that you can start an article in the morning and cover five hundred miles in the writing of a single day. Train written literature may not have all the charm of Ruskin's "Brantwood" or the polish of Macaulay's essays, but somehow I feel that we average people do better and more work when we are punched or kicked into it rather than waiting to "woo the Muse."

* * *

SINCE the days when I read "Robinson Crusoe" and "Tom Brown's School Days," I have been impressed with the importance of a story's end. In the last chapters of "The Minor Chord," the first attempt in the field of fiction, I left the denouement, as it was in my mind, uncertain.

HON. FRED DENNETT
Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, whose story "A Beat in the Mail" is under discussion because of its conclusion

I just said "The chord was struck," and allowed the reader to imagine whether a major or minor chord ended the strain that was to decide the fate of the lovers. It was the natural issue of the plot and the situation, but after the story had been published in the magazine, a great many letters were received, asking "Which chord was struck?" Some tempestuously insisted that the book should have a happy ending and a major chord should usher in love and happiness; others again declared that the sad experiences and struggles of the heroine should in the eternal future of things continue to be characterized by a minor chord. And a few demanded to know if the author wished to emulate Ibsen, in leaving the minds of his readers clouded with doubt. So what was a perplexed writer to do?

And then one night the whole problem was battled out, and it was decided—the lady of the house agreeing—that a minor should be suddenly transposed into a major chord. And now everyone seems to be satisfied, and everything points to it as the real and logical conclusion.

This personal experience has led me to have consideration for other writers who dislike the suggestion frequently made by editors to change the ending of a story. Usually it is, "our readers always want stories to end right," for indeed it is no secret that readers today will turn as soon as they start a story to look over the closing pages and "see how it comes out." If not satisfactory, biff bang goes the book into a corner.

Now for example there was the December story, "A Beat in the Mail," by Mr. Fred Dennett, United States Land Commissioner at Washington, which ended in a suicide. We felt that the optimistic readers of the NATIONAL would not stand for it, so with the consent of the author we brought a tragic contemplation of society to a happy conclusion. In order to be perfectly fair to the author, we will state that his original ending was perhaps more logical and "true to life." You remember the conditions: a newspaper man, whose life exemplified this motto: "*The welfare of the paper first; that of yourself and family afterward*," arrives home, exhausted by nervous strain, to find that his wife, cruelly cut because of his seeming "neglect," has left him.

He becomes wholly crazed. The matter seems to him first of all a news feature, and because he cannot bear to see his paper "scooped," he sits down and writes the story, with an account of his own suicide. He telephones the night editor to send a reporter for the copy, and drinks poison. The end as originally written by the author runs as follows: "At two o'clock young Thornwall went whistling up the steps and went direct to the den. Carter was in his chair facing the entrance, his head bowed on his left arm, which was resting on the table. In his right hand was the copy.

"He's asleep—Mr. Carter!—Mr. Carter! —Great God! He's dead!"

Now after the story had been read in the editorial office there was much comment on the conclusion. Certainly Mr. Dennett had written a strong story, but it was too, too unpleasant. Then someone suggested that the situation might be saved by having the wife return at the crucial moment. A number of interpolations were required, and some explanatory matter to make the end conform to editorial requirements for consistency. When we read the proofs of the story as revised, we believed that we had made a happy and also a possible end to "A Beat in the Mail" without detracting too much from the force of the story.

But Mr. Dennett, however, insists—and we are impressed with his argument—that the change in the ending of the story somewhat destroys the problem feature which he intended to submit to the reader, namely: "To what extent a trained newspaper writer, with his nerve somewhat on a frazzle edge through overwork and, therefore, in a condition to yield to training rather than to control, would go in the writing and offering for publication of a story which would tell the disgrace which happened to his own family, in his anxiety to see that his own paper was not 'scooped' in securing that which the public demands."

Mr. Dennett's letter touches upon another interesting point.

"I notice what you state about the happy termination necessary for a magazine story," he says. "This brings before me the thought that for its magazine fiction the public demands a story with a happy ending. For its newspaper narratives of real life it seems to call for accounts of accidents, sensational tales of tragedy and paragraphs which tell of misfortune or misdeeds."

In all it is a pretty argument, and one that lies close to the editorial heart. What do our readers think of it? We have decided that the thing to do is to submit the matter direct to a jury of readers and thus get away from any arbitrary decision of our own, because after all the magazine is made up from first to last for its readers, and it is for its readers to decide.

It might be said of manuscripts in general that the happy ending prevails, and our readers complain that it gets tiresome once in a while. The editor himself can quite sympathize with the author who follows out an artistic impulse and tries to portray life as it is. So here we are between two fires. Now let us have the opinion of the ultimate consumer, and then we will hand it on to others who we believe will appreciate this as a general suggestion to the craft.

* * *

ELECTRICITY is never absolutely safe. You may use the common fixtures many millions of times, and yet some hidden defect or breakdown of the distributing system may eventually cost you your life or property," said one of Edison's right-hand men as we worked to perfect the central display of an exposition.

A few years later the instantaneous death of this trusted Edison employee while turning on an incandescent which he had used hundreds of times before emphasized the truth that electric lighting cannot be too carefully looked after.

From investigation by fire-fighters and insurance experts, certain conflagrations have been shown to be due to incandescent and arc lamps, or to wires laid bare by various causes. As many readers of the NATIONAL will use beautiful electric light effects in Christmas and holiday decorations, the warnings of an electrical expert are recorded.

Cotton, velvet, plush, flannel, which has a fuzzy cotton nap, is apt to take fire from electric fixtures. A large plush theater curtain which had been considered absolutely safe when exposed to sixteen candlepower incandescents, ignited when in contact with a thirty-two candle bulb and was destroyed, although fortunately discovered in time to save the theater. An incandescent lamp wrapped in a wet cotton towel fired the towel and burned part of it to a coal. Another left lying on a cheap mattress ignited the cotton covering and excelsior and caused a serious fire in the store.

Sparks from an arc light in a department store set fire to a line of cotton and shoddy cloaks on one of the tables. An electric flat-iron left with the current turned on set fire to the covering and table, and the fire spread, causing much damage.

Uncovered wires left touching a leaden gas pipe have often melted an aperture in the pipe and ignited the escaping gas.

Mice and rats may gnaw off the covering of a wire and accident may "short circuit" the current to do damage to property and even persons. Supporting a bulb a little above any inflammable matter by a silk or rubber fastening will prevent actual danger from the current or bulb.

A "thought in time" may save a conflagration.

* * *

EVERY time I go over my library I think that like that other place it must be walled as well as paved with good intentions. There are books meekly and patiently waiting for attention marked for immediate reading years and years ago, and I made up my mind that I would go back and take up these old neglected friends, even if I had to steal a half hour a day away from the newspapers. When you stop and reflect you see how many stray moments and fragments of time could be utilized in reading a little of a good book if you have it handy. Now I have adopted the plan of taking books out of my own library just as I take out a public library book, leaving one on my chiffonier, one on my dresser, one in the parlor, one in the dining-room, one in the office, and one at every other place where I am apt to have a moment to spare, and lastly I have a little volume I can slip into my pocket while riding in the street car.

By following this plan I often come upon a bit of prose or poetry that is especially profitable and timely in connection with current events or my own individual needs and experiences.

For instance, last night I came upon the

THE ALUMNI GYMNASIUM OF CORNELL COLLEGE, MOUNT VERNON, IOWA following poem by Miss Edna Dean Proctor, which first appeared in her "Russian Journey," and was written many years ago when she made her tour through Russia and looked on the minarets of Constantinople. The poem seems to be peculiarly appropriate at this time and is published by permission of the author. It has a metrical swing worthy of the martial spirit of the Bulgarians, Servians and Greeks, and it must be a humiliation to the Russians who have so long looked forward to the possession of Constantinople to find the smaller and younger nations of the Balkans accomplishing the purpose which Peter the Great made the chief end and aim of Russian policy.

THE RUSSIAN'S DREAM OF CONSTANTINOPLE

Hail to the glorious morning
  When the Cross again shall shine
On the summit of Santa Sophia,
  O city of Constantine!
And that day of sack and slaughter
  When the wild, despairing cries
Of "Kyrie Eleison!" fainter
  Went wailing up to the skies,
Shall be lost in the splendid triumph
  As the Church reclaims her own,
And the Patriarch welcomes our Lord, the Czar,
  To the Caesars' ancient throne!

In the sky of the south, at midnight,
  We have seen God's flaming sign,
And we know He will drive the Moslem horde
  In wrath, from his sacred shrine!
Silent will be the muezzin
  As the sun on Asia sets;
Folded the Crescent banner;
  Crumbled the minarets.
Then, under that dome of glory
  Victorious chants we'll raise,
While the saints look down with loving eyes,
  And the gems of the altar blaze.
Hail to the day when the Eagles
  And the Cross shall gain their own,
As the Patriarch welcomes our Lord, the Czar,
  To the Caesars' ancient throne!

* * *

MAGAZINES are issued so far ahead of time nowadays that the January issue practically becomes the Christmas number. On the December cover of the NATIONAL was found a suggestion of approaching Christmastide in the elderly skater whose awkwardness attracted the sympathetic interest of the boys gliding easily over the mirror-like ice. The holiday cover on the January NATIONAL has the true Christmas spirit. The illustrations in the NATIONAL reveal the genius and skill of young artists who are pushing their way to the front.

Many favorable comments greeted the Washington department, which appeared last month for the first time in new dress, but retains the familiar elbow-touch with men and events which characterizes the editor's monthly chat. Washington as the capital promises more than ever to be the center of intense popular and widespread interest in this country, and the NATIONAL, which has long made this a special feature and occupied the foremost position in giving liberal and varied accounts of "Affairs at Washington," will continue to perfect its service, which indeed has so far been appreciated that in some instances the magazine has been used in teaching current history in the public schools to stimulate an interest along civic and patriotic lines.

In connection with the promise that the NATIONAL for 1913 will take a decided step forward both in literary quality and in general appearance, comes the announcement of George Ethelbert Walsh's new serial, "The Lure of the Treasure."

Ever since Mr. Walsh began to send manuscripts to the NATIONAL, some years ago, we have closely watched his work and have noted his progress in the field of fiction. It was, therefore, especially gratifying to be given an option on his greatest effort, the serial story, "The Lure of the Treasure." One of the editorial readers declared after reading the manuscript that the plot was worthy of Oppenheim, the heroine of Louis Tracy, and the color of Harold Mac Grath. A liberal instalment will appear in the February NATIONAL, fully illustrated—in fact, Mr. Walsh's heroine will have the place of honor on the February cover. "The Lure of the Treasure" is our first New Year's offering, and is an indication of what may be expected in the story pages of the NATIONAL during 1913.

* * *

MANY an American boy will confess that his first real interest in history came after he had become acquainted with Ridpath's History of the World. Ridpath's histories are perhaps more generally distributed and more popular than any works of the kind that have ever been distributed among American people. John Clark Ridpath has illuminated history as have few writers of his time.

Born in Indiana and endowed with a strong love of history, a broad human sympathy and a practical viewpoint of things, he dug out information as a farmer boy—the basic information which has made his histories so universally popular. There is a touch of Lincolnesque spirit in everything the late John Clark Ridpath wrote. He was a delver and a plodder, something after the manner of Lincoln, and from his early youth he devoted his life to historical research, teaching and writing. In the very histories themselves we find the spirit of the interested and enthusiastic teacher, for he more than understands, he teaches.

THE LATE JOHN CLARK RIDPATH
One of America's greatest historians

Mr. Ridpath was a real Hoosier product. He was graduated from the Asbury University at Greencastle, Indiana, during the Civil War and later became superintendent of education in the public schools of his state, just at the time when the great school of Indiana authors was budding into prominence. The literary spirit of Indiana can be traced to the influence of just such men as John Clark Ridpath. His first history was the "Academic History of the United States," written to meet his own personal needs in teaching. The volume soon became a textbook used generally in public schools. Thus his whole historical work was a natural evolution and the result of an enthusiastic desire to spread information. Mr. Ridpath was one of the first to introduce the scientific spirit into writing, using maps and charts while always maintaining a graphic style, and always telling his story in a human way. He has emphasized how essential human history is, after all, and how it is even more fascinating than fiction. He makes history a summary of human knowledge, touching all things that have to do with men and nations. No wonder that Mr. Ridpath's work should have the hearty endorsement of presidents, governors and eminent men in all parts of the country. No history has ever been more universally or enthusiastically endorsed. John Clark Ridpath was just the type of real, old-fashioned, kindly and sympathetic school teacher who is more interested in the information he can give in part and the ideals that inspire than in the exploitation of his own egotism as a writer or an author. One of the stalwart characters among American historians is John Clark Ridpath.

* * *

IN a corner of the desk I found a volume, the gift of a friend, entitled "The Promised Land." It is the story of her life by Mary Antin, a romance before which all ordinary fiction "pales its ineffectual fires," for it embodies the simple, yet inspiring autobiography of a Russo-Jewish girl, born within the "Jewish pale" of Polotzk, an obscure town. She portrays the strange conditions of her father's life, illumined by learning, culture and comparative comfort in Russia, but exposed to no little danger and continued insult and obloquy, until at last there seemed to be no hope in the future, except in flight to that new "Land of Promise" beyond the seas.

She depicts those sharp, cutting childish impressions of the chasm between Jew and Gentile, of life where a Hebrew was a Jew to be hated and spat upon; of the faithful mother who when for two hours of the day she was released from serving in the store, strove with might and main to conquer the world of knowledge, and of the father, a strict disciplinarian, but who delighted to answer his children's simple queries and to enjoy life with them. Her description of the interior of her house, of the windows with deep sashes and heavy curtains, and the wall garden whereon gorgeous dahlias grew, all present a picture that remains in the memory long after the pages are turned.

The horizon widens as the author describes how the boundaries of hope enlarged and emigration to America was considered; the struggles with sickness and losses, the children's outings in the country and the description of lonely winter scenes on the ice-covered Dwina all give us glimpses of another world.

With the simple yet powerful description of the Mosaic Chronicles, she describes the family exodus the day when the steamer ticket arrived, and her mother received long messages to take to friends in America. She tells of the sharp surveillance of railroad travel in Europe, the long sea voyage, and the emotion excited by her first sight of the American shores, with the routine of arrival at Boston, and of official but kindly inspection and assistance. It was a May day when they arrived and all seemed so bewilderingly strange, so delightfully unexplored to this girl child from Russia, who gives her first impression of the West and North Ends, and Union Place, where she looked up past the upper stories of stores and tenements and saw the May blue of American skies. She soon learned the novel privileges of the poor, of the public baths, the musical and educational advantages and the grand, cheap outings at Crescent Beach, but always with the horror of being pointed out as a "greenhorn."

On a bright September day she entered a public school, the most memorable day in her life, and apparently in that of her father, who with a solemn joy that we can scarcely comprehend, presented his chilrden to the teacher and thanked her in farewell with an adieu which was almost a benediction. Then the author details the gradual evolution of the little Russian girl into an American maiden. The description of Powderhouse Hill and other historical places is worthy of the most enthusiastic of native-born admirers.

Her tribute to the public schools in making foreigners into good Americans is hearty, and she relates how the miracle is wrought. She insists that American-born children should be taught afresh the story of the founding and growth of their country; of the flocking of their brothers and sisters from the far ends of the earth to the flag they love; of the recruiting of our armies of workers, thinkers and leaders. She undertakes to tell with wonderfully simple eloquence how an American is made and educated through the public schools. Her description of Washington's birthday, of the newspapers, of old Hanover Street, of her advent into "Newspaper Row," of her first poem, and experiences as an authoress are followed by a remarkable chapter on "Miracles," and of the books she has read and loved.

"Manna," an interesting chapter, describes Dover Street and how the city fathers provide the people of the slums with sanitary streets, excellent schools, kindergartens, and branch libraries; yet stop at the curbstone of the people's life.

Follows "The Burning Bush," "A Kingdom in the Slums," and the closing chapter on "The Heritage," which retraces her steps from the bare room overlooking the lumber yard to the satin drawing rooms of the Back Bay, where afternoon tea is graced by gentle ladies whose hands are as delicate as their porcelain cups.

The past is referred to as a cradle, and as one of America's youngest children she pays tribute to the priceless heritage of her upbringing. "Acknowledgments and Conclusions" reflect in its valedictory a dedication full of feeling: "To my mother who bore me; to my father who endowed me; to my brothers and sisters who believed in me; to my friends who loved me; to my teachers who inspired me; to my neighbors who befriended me; to my daughter who enlarged me; to my husband who opened the door of a greater life for me; to all these who helped me make this book, I give thanks." What more grateful or touching tribute could be offered to the uplifting beneficence of American education and liberty? And how much an American born can learn from the life career of Mary Antin!

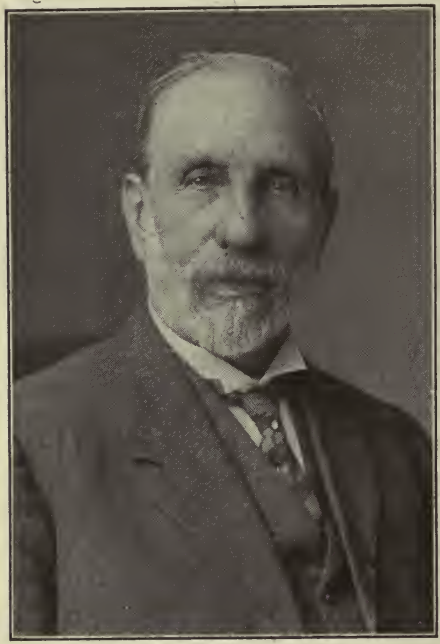
* * *

STOCK gambling and wild-cat promotions fail to show any considerable increase. This is admitted by all who have kept track of the record of financial operations.

"It isn't any wonder," said a gentleman who a few years ago was daily in touch with men in this line, "for even the Holland 'tulip mania' wasn't much more violent than the fever of stock speculation in the earlier years of this century.

"I look back to a vision of fine offices, costly furnishings, elaborate advertising and big salaries and wages for scores of people whom I knew personally, who lived 'not wisely but too well,' and who today have utterly dropped out of existence so far as any ordinary research can discover their whereabouts. The only exceptions are generally working for small salaries or have changed their domicile and scope of operations.

"The investors? They have in most cases made up their minds to profit by bitter experience, and keep out of stock investments. It will be some years in my opinion before we shall see 'the flush times' of 1900–1903 come round again, although I do think," he said reflectively, "that it is well we are over those times, when nearly everyone was ready to take a flyer in an oil well or a plantation on the moon."



WILLIAM CARTER
The founder of William Carter Company, one of the most successful manufacturers in the country

* * *

WHAT a gracious thing it is that we can forget some things occasionally. One of the most delightful souls I ever met put this idea tersely into a few words: "Forget your neighbor's faults. Forget all the slander you have ever heard and forget all the temptations." Sometimes it seems that our public men are cultivating a habit of faultfinding when it would be a relief to forget. How much better one feels if he can forget harsh words or a quarrel. "Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday"—this is sound advice—"and start with a clean sheet for tomorrow." What a glow hallows our memories of yesterday as only those things worth remembering come to view, forgetting all the little gibes, slights and cuts, and those things that make too many temperamental souls miserable through life. "My ambition has been to reach that point," declared Emerson, "to be the ideal condition of manhood; to be an individual in the full, unmeasured sense of the word, one that could not be insulted or flattered; always knowing his own limitations, with a sympathetic appreciation of the fact that an insult offered by one in hot anger is only an insult to the one who utters it, and that subtle flattery is insidious in retarding that supreme effort demanded in doing things well."

* * *

IN one of the most picturesque towns of New England are located the factories of The William Carter Company underwear. Wherever underwear is known the name of Carter is likewise known. The trade-mark of the firm has become familiar in all parts of the country.

When William Carter came to Needham Heights from England as a young man, he made up his mind to make underwear on American soil that would excel that made for generations by his forbears in merry old England. The Carter union suits are famous the world over. President Taft and nearly all the notables of this country are the proud possessors of the Carter soft-knitted armor. The product of today is simply an evolution of painstaking study and generations of skilled weavers.

There is a generous sort of home spirit about the Carter factories interwoven into the warp and woof of the goods they make —I know because I have been there on a holiday and have also been there during working hours. A hearty spirit of co-operation which predominates on all occasions.

From early boyhood the Carter boys were reared with the knowledge of knitting, and knitting work is to them as familiar as their native air.

The father and sons live close together and near the factories, just as it was in the olden days of New England factories. The winsome "1860" Carter girl in her charming gown of the times when Carter underwear was first made has become a trade-mark quite as well known and popular among merchants as to the consumers all over the country. In a world-competition for quality and workmanship the dreams of young William Carter, arriving from England sixty years ago, have been more than fulfilled in the products shipped day by day from Needham Heights.

HORACE A. CARTER
The treasurer of The William Carter Company

* * *

THE viewpoint of an individual at diferent ages is interesting. What one thinks of life at ten, twenty, or forty shows only a bloom that matures at sixty. My friend Captain Charles W. Hall talked as follows, after passing the threescore mark:

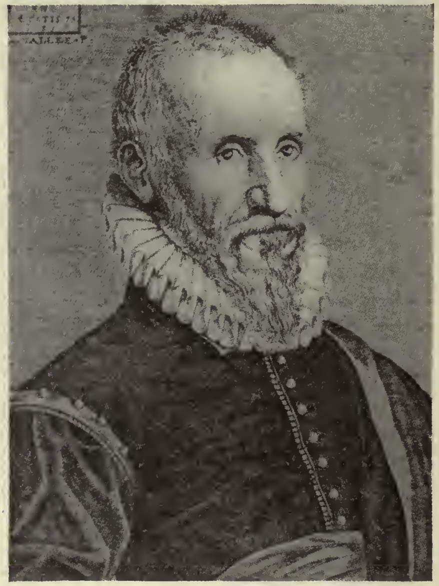
"As I realize that I draw nearer to that inevitable night which ends all human desire and mortal labor, I look back over a generation of active work among men and recall a long list of names, now graven on tombstones, who were once active, untiring and persistent business men. A large number of these died before their time, or at least went down long before the ordinary wear and tear of human existence should have ended their labors.

WILLIAM H. CARTER
The general manager of The William Carter Company

"A large number of these knew that they were using up their vitality and needed rest and recuperation, but said, as thousands do today, 'I can't be spared from my business.' Some of them, when too late, heeded the warnings daily repeated by the worn-out stomach, laboring heart and overtaxed nerves and brain, and lengthened a little the life which had been foolishly wasted, and often to little purpose, even in a financial sense. Home, love, social distinction and public usefulness—all had been sacrificed to the Moloch of gain and often, indeed, from a mistaken idea of the true aims of life and the demands of morality and duty.

"Nearly all these men were mistaken in their views of what makes men really successful in business life, and some were driven to death by employers and partners, whose iron strength bore better the stress of unceasing effort, and whose lower mentality and sensibility could neither accomplish as much nor suffer as much in the like period.

"It is a great truth and a terrible fact that some men are kinder to their cattle and horses than they are to themselves or employes or associates, and yet neither the wearied body or the worn-out brain can begin to accomplish in long hours of incessant effort what the same individual can easily do if he enjoys needed rest and suitable relaxation. There is nothing so certain as the untimely collapse of vital force confined to one incessant grind of labor and thought, unrelieved by occasional holidays and indulgence in innocent and manly relaxations. It is equally true that the man who justly realizes this and gives himself and those with him a fair chance to recuperate, will gain more in the way of cheerier effort, increased ambition and effective service than one who holds himself to an unceasing grind."



AMBROISE PARE

The celebrated French surgeon of Henri IV, who, in 1536, swept aside the crude and torturing treatment of wounded soldiers, which had up to that time prevailed, and inaugurated the milder and more effective process of modern surgery

All of which is the sound philosophy of a man who has lived—and living brings an experience that nothing else supplies.

* * *

MORE than two thousand high schools are now teaching thirty-seven thousand people up-to-date ideas on agriculture and farming in the United States. A normal school training in scientific agriculture is equipping the teachers for these schools. The state colleges of agriculture formerly had trouble in finding men qualified for this teaching, but the boys who have gone out of these schools and on the farm, are now returning to help others along the way of expert agricultural knowledge.

While visiting the Agricultural Department, I have been impressed with the correspondence that came directly from farmers reciting their experiences. Improved farming is, after all, the one great, essential problem of today. Every state and territory is beginning to realize that the basic growth of the country rests on the progress of farming and farm life, first and last, and that other problems are more or less subsidiary to the proposition of making the land produce enough food to feed the millions of people dependent upon it for sustenance.

Evidence is offered on every hand at the headquarters of the Agricultural Department that the young folks no longer look down upon farm work. From Texas a young lad of seventeen who won the first prize in a competitive contest with boys of his neighborhood, now personally offers a prize of one hundred dollars for anyone producing not less than ninety-three and one-third bushels of corn on an acre of ground. He knows what can be done, and has set the pace in Texas. This young man pays warm tribute to the help obtained from the Department at Washington, and the expert instructors of the agricultural schools are also reaping a rich harvest.

Silhouettes

By Dr. Ralph M. Thomson

NO other boy, and I'll swear it's true,
Can half compare with my lad of two!
Blood of my blood, and bone of my bone,
Breathing and living, and all my own!
I never look in his manly eyes,
Warm in their love as the summer skies,
But that I see,
Revealed to me,
Soul-pictured paintings of Paradise.

He never laughs but the darkest day
Forgets its grief, and the earth is gay;
And sunbeams dance in a cloudless sky
To his glad song when he passes by.
With treasured hope and a thrill of pride,
And faith as deep as the seas are wide,
From temptings vile,
That would beguile,
His trustful heart in my heart I'll hide!

Lord, how I titter when folks agree
The little shaver resembles me!
(Innocent tot, if he only knew
That there is slander in such a view!)
Pure little lips for my lips to press,
Frail little form that I hold to bless,
Prophet you are,
Come from afar,
To lead me out of the wilderness!

Often I think when I see him there,
Rocked in his crib, so free from care,
How he has taught me in joy to sing
The happiness of an angel king!
His little heart when the hand of Age
Has penned my name on his mottled page,
Will love me still,
I say, until
My soul seeks rest from its pilgrimage!

Was that a wee little voice that cried?
Startled, I woke from my sleep and—sighed.
Memory stood at my couch and smiled,
And sweetly spoke, and called me her child
One with the vision that left me then—
One with the fatherless hosts of men,
'Neath slumber's skies
I closed my eyes,
To dream the dream of my dreams again!

MAKING Home Profitable" has a decidedly impossible sound in these days of high prices. I can even now see the good women whose business it is to run our homes hold up their hands in despair—and, I might add, the good men, also, who have the bills to pay. But, if you wish to know how the miracle is accomplished, just read and study diligently "Making Home Profitable," by Kate V. Saint-Maur, and you will be imbued with enough of the "back to the land" spirit to satisfy the most ardent exponent of that doctrine. And what makes this book more valuable and trustworthy is that it does not point out to the unwary a rose-strewn path to success. No; the thorns are all there, as in real life, but—and this is as it should be—they are not only pointed out to us—each and every one—but the author goes a step further and shows how they may be avoided. She has had the experience and her readers can reap the results.

"Making Home Profitable" is a homely story, but it is most wholesome and interesting even to one who is not yet initiated into the many mysteries of raising chickens, ducks and geese. It has a vital interest, for it shows what one woman did, and what woman has done woman can do again.

City dwellers are all too prone when thinking of country life to see only the hardships, as if there were no pleasures. Town life is artificial—in the heart of the great city one can see a few stunted trees, perhaps, and the florists' windows supply glimpses of rare flowers. Were it not for the parks, life there would be, for some, an endless round of brick buildings and paved sidewalks, with little sense to the busy worker of the great free country beyond, with its profusion of fresh, pure air, almost limitless range of vision, and a luxuriant growth of wild flowers—some call them weeds—such as the dandelion, the daisy, the wild rose and others too numerous to mention.

But I have digressed. I was to have shown you how home could be made profitable.

In a country place we may consider chickens favorably as a source of income. And with eggs at sixty cents a dozen they are indeed plausible subjects for our attention. And then, with this as a beginning, we go on to ducks and geese, turkeys, pigeons and what not, all contributing their share. Besides, of course there is always room for a vegetable garden, without which no country home is complete, and for one's pleasure as well as profit, there are the flowers, "and because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air." To go with the "posies" one can keep the bees to sip their honey and store it up as food for human use. The possibilities of the farm as outlined seem endless, and to have the home a constant source of income instead of being a constant outlay would seem to the most casual reader an ideal state.

E. E. S.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

A SICK ROOM DISINFECTANT

BY MRS. J. T. G.

Put a little freshly-ground coffee in a saucer, and in the center place a small piece of camphor gum. Light with a match, and as the gum burns allow the coffee to be consumed with it. It is pleasant, healthful and cheap.

Prevents Fat Splashing

To keep deep fat from splashing, when croquettes are dropped into it, sift a little flour in the fat when it is hot.

When Boiling Milk

Rinse out the saucepan with a little hot water, then apply cold water. This will keep milk from scorching.

In Cooking Cauliflower

Turn it downward so that the scum may not settle on the white part.

Home-Made Dustless Dust Cloth

May be easily made by soaking squares of old flannel or cheese cloth in paraffine or floor oil over night and wringing out tightly. Washed in lukewarm water they will last indefinitely without re-oiling.

FINE BAKED POTATOES

BY MRS. W. E. B.

Select potatoes about same size, wash and bake. When done, slice top end off, scrape out the potato, mash in a bowl, add butter, salt, pepper and cream or milk. Beat until white and creamy, and then fill each potato skin with the mixture. Set in oven until ready to serve.

Freshen California Grapes

When they are withering by laying in a pan of cold water over night.

To Keep Butter Hard

When there is no ice, place butter on plate, cover with crock and put a wet towel over all.

A DISCOVERY

BY L. W. M.

Often in opening a bottle the cork gets pushed in. By pouring contents temporarily into another receptacle, then inserting a looped string and inverting the bottle, the cork may easily be removed by pulling the string.

TO WASH WHITE CHIFFON VEILS

BY G. E. M.

Make a strong suds of white soap, borax and warm water. Put in a bottle with veil and let stand until the water is nearly cold. Shake well and change water until all dirt is removed. Then shake in clear water with borax and a little bluing. Do not wring at all, but shake out well and pin at full length on smooth flat surface until dry.

PAINTING ROOFS

BY EXPERIMENTER

When painting roofs in summer, if the hot weather causes the paint to run, have varnish added to the paint in proportion of one-half pint varnish to a gallon of paint. The varnish gives body to the paint and will prevent it running off.

Gutters and Eaves

In painting gutters and eaves troughs, put putty in leaks, paint and then take a strip of cloth (partly worn muslin is all right), paint both sides and put over leaks, letting it extend four inches each way. When dry it is as sound as any part of trough.

Summer Squash

In cooking summer squash, enclose in a thin bag (a sugar bag is fine), cook until well done, put in colander and press all the water out, then dish and season.

To raise early tomatoes make a little trench an inch or two deep and four inches from plant. Place in it a tablespoonful of nitrate of soda and cover. This can be repeated in midsummer if weather is dry.

TO DESTROY COOKING ODORS

BY MRS. A. L. C.

Keep a box of cedar dust in the kitchen, and when any disagreeable smell arises from cooking, put a little of the dust on hot part of stove and the scent given out will purify the air immediately.

Ink Stains in Books

Oxalic acid, diluted with water, applied with a camel's-hair pencil and absorbed with blotting paper will effectually remove ink stains from books. Two applications generally suffice.

For Nervous Headache

A mustard plaster or hot water bottle at back of neck will relieve a nervous headache.

An Egg Hint

Eggs that are to be kept should stand on the small end and not the broad end. Then they will not settle.

Uncooked Oatmeal a Toilet Requisite

Oatmeal should be kept on the toilet stand and rubbed on the hands after washing. This dries and softens the skin, preventing it from becoming red and rough when exposed to air.

Remedy for Bruises

Bathe well in hot water immediately and there will be no discoloration of the skin.

TO WASH WOOLENS

BY M. E. R.

To prevent wool garments from shrinking soak them overnight in cold water when they are new. Afterwards wash them always in hot suds, made with a good white soap and soft water, rinsing in water of the same temperature. Wring dry and shake well before hanging out in the wind, and the flannels will always remain soft and shrink little.

MAKE JELLY IN COOL WEATHER

BY MRS. W. E. B.

Strain the juice, heat it and can—without any sugar. Later, when weather is cooler and sugar cheaper, make up as you want to use it.

Good Jelly Points

For tender jelly, cook until it drops in heavy drops from spoon.

If jelly is desired stiff, cook until a little dropped into a cup of cold water will reach the bottom whole.

Two kinds of fruit juices will make better jelly than one kind.

A teaspoon of tartaric acid to two quarts of cherry juice will make jelly—with the usual amount of sugar.

Strain juice through cheese cloth bag. Don't squeeze, but use pulp for marmalade.

AN EXCELLENT SPRING TONIC

BY A. A. C.

Thoroughly wash six lemons, and put them, with a quart of water, in a granite dish. Let them simmer ten hours, adding water as necessary to keep up to a quart. When thoroughly cooked, strain all you can through a colander and put back in the water in which they were cooked. Do not sweeten. Take a tablespoonful in the morning. This is excellent to remove the languid feeling so common in the spring and for putting the system in good condition to resist disease and the ill effects of heat. It is also good for rheumatic troubles and for loss of appetite.

WORTH KNOWING

BY MRS. S. C. M.

Denatured alcohol works like magic in removing pitch or paint from woolen clothing.

New Way to Hang Skirt

Slip on the skirt being made, then slip another that hangs particularly well over the new one. Stand up on a chair and have someone put common pins in the new skirt at bottom of old one. Turn up the hem at row of pins and the skirt will be found to hang perfectly even.

FRINGED TABLE LINEN

BY L. E. B. M.

To prevent the fringes on table linen from matting and becoming lumpy, hang to dry without wringing. Just before ironing brush straight with a whisk broom.

Pin-Cushion Stuffing

Finely ground, dried coffee grounds make a good filling for pin cushions.

A Brass Cleanser

Cut a lemon and sprinkle with salt. Rub with this and then with a polishing cloth.

To Trim Round Lamp Wick

Empty the font, turn wick down a little, light and let burn until it goes out of itself.

For a Pneumatic Ink Well

A glass can cover placed over a pneumatic ink well will prevent the thickening which comes from evaporation and dust.

To Mend Screen Doors

Use fine annealed wire or some of the wire ravelling. Put back and forth instead of thread, and the patch will hardly show.

During Thunder Showers

If those who must be in the kitchen would wear rubbers (whole ones) and use holders made of many folds of old silk when handling stove furniture, faucets or pump handles, the chances of receiving an electric shock would be greatly lessened.

THAT DISAGREEABLE ONION ODOR!

BY N. A. D.

Drinking a glass of milk is said to remove the odor of onions from the breath.

To Cleanse Paint Brushes

Kerosene oil will soften old paint brushes, then wash them in warm soapsuds.

Sweetens the Air

For a disagreeable odor in the house, sprinkle dried lemon peels on the stove.

A Brass Lacquer

Mix shellac and alcohol. When the shellac is dissolved it will make a thin varnish. Apply to brass bedsteads and all brass articles with a small brush.

In Making Jelly

Put the fruit into the jelly bag; put into kettle and cover with cold water. After it is cooked tender, hang the bag on a hook and let it drip all night. After the jell is made fill the glasses and cover with melted paraffine.

In Washing Colored Clothes

Put one cup of vinegar in the water in which they are washed to prevent the color from running. Iron while articles are damp.

To Cleanse Panama Hat

Wash the hat in a warm castile soap lather, to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. Rinse well in tepid water, using a soft brush, then rub with a soft cloth until the hat is dry.

Testing Cakes

A broom corn is the common way, but not always the most sanitary. To be sure of having a supply of **clean** broom corns take out several from the **new** brooms purchased and lay aside for future use. Push a stalk into the cake and if it comes out clean the cake is done. Some put the ear to a cake after removing from oven and if they do not hear a little singing sound they know it is done.

To Can Beets

Cook the beets, peel as for serving, and then put into warm cans. Dissolve one cup of sugar in one cup of vinegar and fill up the cans with the hot vinegar.

Home-Made Fly Poison

Beat together the yolk of one egg, one-third cup of sweet milk, one level tablespoon of sugar and a level teaspoon of black pepper. Put on plates and set where flies abound. After a few hours the floor will be covered with stunned flies. Sweep them up and burn.

Pineapple as a Remedy

Pineapple is good for any kind of a sore throat. It is also said to be useful in cases of diphtheria, as it is a powerful acid and cuts the membranes out of the throat. Fresh pineapple is best, but canned may be used.

A New Pie

Chop together one cupful of cranberries, one cupful of seeded raisins and one cupful of mixed nuts and figs. Stir in one cupful of granulated sugar, a tablespoonful of flour, a saltspoonful of salt, three-quarters cupful of water and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Scatter chopped nuts over the top and bake in two crusts.

Bleaching Ivory

Wash it and then expose to the sun, which will help to bleach it.

Extracting Juice of Lemons

Pour boiling water over lemons before using them, and double the amount of juice will be extracted. Lemon pulp will cleanse the teeth nicely.

TO REMOVE FISHBONE

BY M. B. T.

If a fish bone becomes fastened in the throat, drink the juice of a lemon, which will soften the bone so it can be readily swallowed.

A DOUGHNUT HINT

BY F. B. W.

Doughnuts will not absorb the grease in which they are fried if to each batch one-fourth teaspoonful of ground ginger is added. The taste of the ginger cannot be detected.

To Relieve a Cough

Add eight drops of eucalyptus to one tablespoonful of glycerine or maple syrup and take three times a day.

TO SHARPEN SCISSOSS

BY F. C. W.

Open the scissors and file each blade on the bevel side only at an angle of forty-five degrees.

Chapped Hands

Wash well each morning with soap, then rub in a small amount of vaseline.

Render Kicking Cows Harmless

By wrapping a short rope firmly around both hind legs. Let her pitch until she is satisfied and she will never give any more trouble.

TO HEAT IRONS QUICKLY

BY MRS. W. E. B.

Turn iron skillet over the irons; use a holder to lift skillet to get irons out.

Apple Jelly

Wash apples, pare them and make apple sauce, saving the skins and cores. Pour hot water over these, let boil down to half the quantity, then strain, add sugar, cup for cup, and boil again until it jellies. Red skins make red jelly.

RECEPTACLE FOR HAT PINS

BY C. S. B.

Decorate a wide-mouthed pickle bottle to match other dresser ornaments. Filled with fine shot it will stand firmly and prevent rust.

The Handy Broomstick

Save clean broomsticks for rolling your doilies and centerpieces over. They look much better than when folded. Also use one to roll veils on, and for silk goods when laid away.

In Knitting Scarfs

Make a chain with the crochet hook as long as the scarf is to be, then pick up the stitches on a knitting needle. The work will look much nicer.

To Lighten Dark Stairs

If cellar or attic stairs are in a dark corner, cover each step with white or very light colored oilcloth. This will prevent danger of falls, and will be easy to keep clean. A dark hall could be treated the same way.

For the Home Dressmaker

Using a warm iron in cutting out clothing will do away with using pins for tissue paper patterns. Lay the pattern on the cloth and press it lightly with a warm iron. The pattern will cling to the cloth.

EGGLESS RECIPES

BY MRS. W. E. B.

Soft Gingerbread: One cup New Orleans molasses, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of shortening, one cup of water, one large teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the water, one teaspoonful ginger, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon and one quart of flour. Stir molasses, sugar, shortening and spice together, then add water and flour. Stir hard. This makes a large cake. Add raisins for a change.

Coffee Cake: One cup sugar, one cup New Orleans molasses, one cup cold coffee, one-half cup butter, one cup raisins, spice to taste, and one teaspoonful soda dissolved in the coffee.

Cake: One cup sugar, two tablespoonfuls lard (just level), one cup sweet milk, two cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, a pinch of salt and flavoring to suit.

Frosting: Three spoonfuls sweet cream, one cup powdered sugar, one tablespoonful cocoa and flavoring. Creamy and easily made.

Crumb Cakes

Soak two slices light bread in a pint of buttermilk over night. In morning add one teaspoonful soda, a little salt and sugar. Stir in one beaten egg and enough flour to make a good batter. Fry as any batter cakes. Adding buckwheat to thicken instead of flour will make fine buckwheat cakes.

IRONING CURTAINS

BY L. W. S.

When ironing muslin curtains stretch a clothesline above the laundry table reaching a level with one's head or arms, and as you gradually iron the curtain put the ironed part from you on the line, and you will have a smooth, well-laundered curtain.

Frying Liver

Before frying liver, dip each piece in milk and then it fries a rich brown and is not hard.

Washing Chiffon Veils

Use tepid water, add a pinch of borax and then make good suds with white soap. Let the veil soak in this for twenty minutes and then squeeze it gently with the hands until quite clean, but never wring it or twist it. Rinse through several waters, adding a little bluing to the last. Lay smoothly on a towel and press between the layers until dry. Very hot irons will yellow chiffon.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DECALOGUE

BY MICHIGAN

Thou shalt not discard thy good dress because it is faded, but bleach to a pure white.

Thou shalt not pay out much money for corn plasters, because a salve of soda and lard will cure the very worst corn on thy toe.

Thou shalt not use damp fruit, or thy cake will be heavy; after washing the currants and raisins, thou shalt be sure they are thoroughly dry.

Thou shalt not throw away sour cream, but use it in place of butter, when thou art baking.

Thou shalt not dry white gloves or hose in the sun, lest they turn yellow.

Thou shalt not discard thy rubber bag because of a hole, but fill with hot sand or salt, and 'twill give you all the heat that thou needest.

Thou shalt not let the juice ooze out from thy pie, because thou canst prevent it by binding the edge with a strip of white cloth wrung out of cold water.

Thou shalt not pay large sums for dry cleaning, but thou shalt use "elbow grease" with a cake of magnesia.

Thou shalt not allow cheese to mold, when a cloth wet in vinegar and put over it will prevent.

Thou shalt not use thy new baking dishes until after thou hast put them in a pan of cold water, set where it will boil, and then set away until water has cooled.

The Convenient Brass Fastener

Brass fasteners will prove the quickest means of putting up a scrim portiere. They are also easier than sewing or pasting when necessary to make over a box.

It is not alone the convenience, or the freshness, or the crispness, or the unusual food-value, or the digestibility, or the cleanliness, or the price, that has made Uneeda Biscuit the National Soda Cracker.

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NATIONAL BISCUIT
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AN EXCELLENT PASTE

BY M. C. H.

To a tablespoonful of dry flour add half a tablespoonful of powdered alum. Mix smoothly with a tablespoonful of cold water, set on back of stove and pour into it two tablespoonfuls of boiling water and cook for a short time, stirring briskly so that it will not be lumpy. When done, pour into a wide-mouthed bottle while warm and use a wooden paddle to take it out with. If desired, this paste may be perfumed and will keep indefinitely. It is most useful in passepartouting pictures, as it often happens that the cloth suspension rings give way as the gum is affected by the humidity of the atmosphere. If this paste is used to attach rings they will never slip from the picture. It holds as firmly as would a screw on a wooden frame.

How to Transfer Prints to Steel or Glass

If you wish to transfer prints to steel or glass, make a varnish as follows: Gum sandarac, four ounces; mastic, one ounce; Venice turpentine, one ounce; alcohol, fifteen ounces. Digest in a bottle with frequent shakings. Moisten the print slightly on the back by laying a wet cloth upon it. Lay it with the face next to the varnish, commencing at one side so as not to enclose air bubbles. If the print is small, press it close down with the fingers; if large, with a soft roller. Be very careful that all parts of the print come in contact with the varnish. Lay aside to dry. After it is dry, wet the back with water and cautiously rub off the paper with the finger. Rub lightly toward the last, using plenty of water, and the surface of the varnish will come up smooth, with the ink of the print solidly imbedded. Then, to give it a fine finish, apply a thin coat of mastic.

How to Preserve Patent Leather

Patent leather shoes may be kept new looking a long time by a daily application of sweet milk. Dip rag in little milk and rub over the shoe, then polish with a dry woolen cloth. This preserves the leather and gives it brilliancy.

INK STAINS ON FINGERS

BY E. B.

To remove ink stains from fingers, apply match heads. Dampen the fingers and the match and rub match on the spot until stain is removed.

RHUBARB JAM

BY MRS. J. M. F.

This is very nice for fish and meat. Cut up two pounds of rhubarb fine, add one pound of sugar and let stand over night. Next morning add one-half cup vinegar, one-half cup water, one cup sugar, and one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and ginger. Boil an hour or more.

BAKING POTATOES

BY L. M. B.

To bake potatoes in one-half hour, build hot fire, lay potatoes on top of stove and cover with bread tin or dripping pan. Turn once.

To clean sink or bathtub pour in a little kerosene, sprinkle in some scouring powder and rub.

Iron Rust in White Goods

Dip goods in water, lay on grass or hang on line in bright sun and pour on spots oxalic acid. Goods must be very wet or acid will make holes. Sometimes rust disappears quickly and again a second application may be necessary.

In Making Jelly

Hang bag containing fruit on rod projecting from shelf over stove. Set basin underneath on something so juice will not scorch, and juice will drip out quickly in such a warm place.

For Baby's Cold

Give the little one hen's oil or sage tea sweetened with honey, also honey and butter melted together.

Prunes

Eat dried or stewed prunes for constipation. Give prune juice to small babies, and for older ones rub prunes through sieve.

Good for Chapped Hands

Try out mutton fat, strain, pour in a few drops of perfume, and pour into dishes to harden into cakes.

TABLE OILCLOTH

BY D. B.

Before using table oilcloth paste at each corner on the wrong side a square of cotton cloth. This prevents the corners from wearing out as soon as they otherwise would.

To Whiten Towels

Dingy towels may often be restored to normal whiteness by putting in a kettle of cold water, adding white soap shavings and lemon juice and letting come to a boil. Rinse in tepid water, then blue water and hang in the sun.

Cleaning Vinegar Cruets

Put in a spoonful of soda and fill cruet about half full of warm water. Shake well.

Hanging Tablecloths

When hanging tablecloths and sheets on the line, hang by the hems, as this will save the hems and keep the wind from whipping them out.

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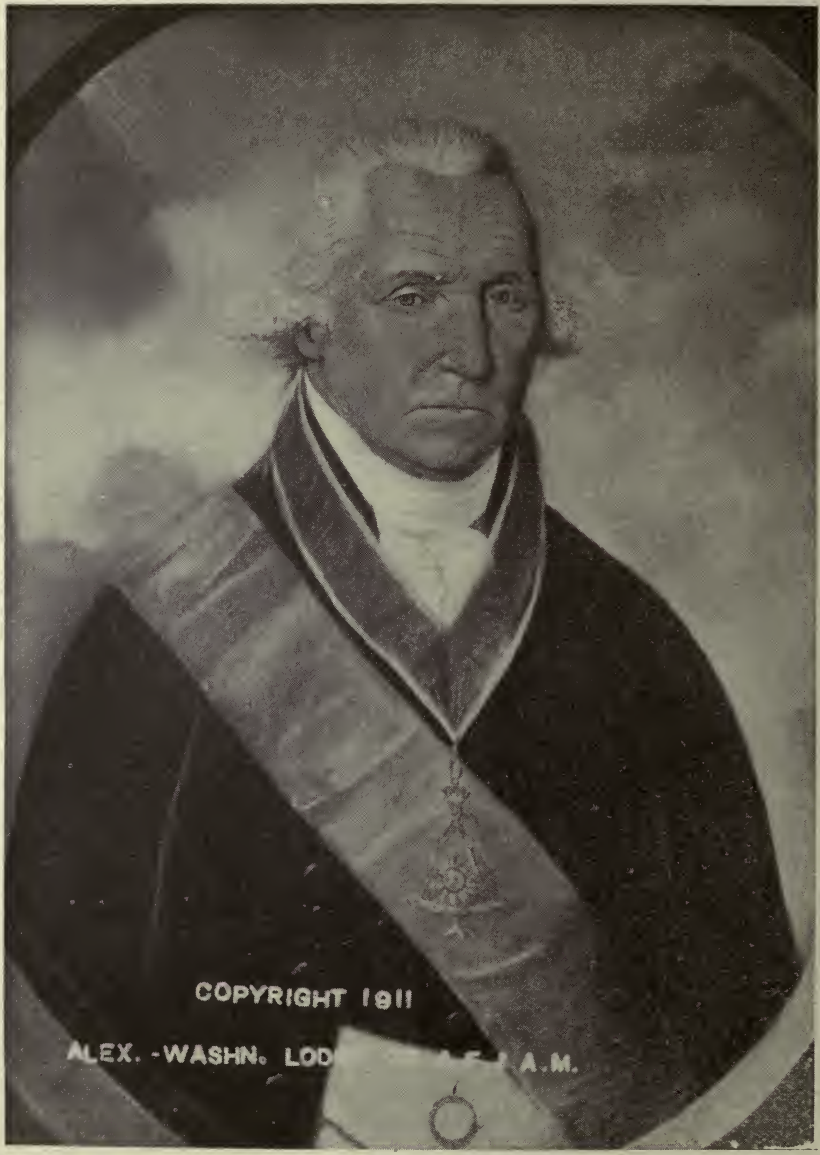
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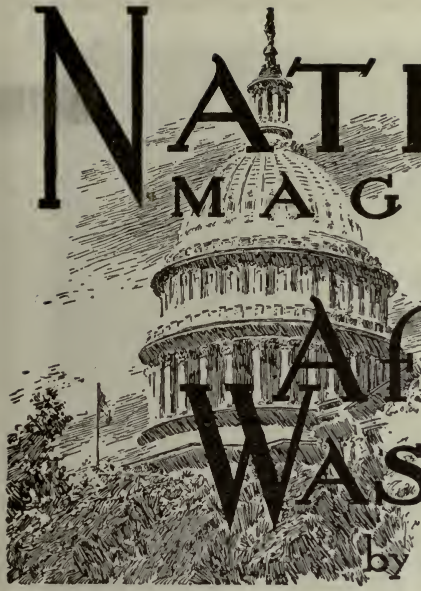
THE WILLIAMS PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON
Known as the only portrait in existence which shows the General in old age

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1913



Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHO could visit Washington with the month of February approaching and not have visions of the Father of his Country and of Abraham Lincoln, both of whom were born in the month sacred to Saint Valentine? In all the many visits I have made to Washington, I have never passed the Capitol that I have not thought of Washington's last wish that he might be buried under the dome which his genius had prefigured and made possible.

The many paintings of Washington are an interesting study of themselves, but the one I like most is the old "Williams portrait," published this month as the frontispiece in Washington's honor. It seems to be more human than that steel-plate, far-away ideal which one finds in the busts of Washington. There is the man Washington after a life of usefulness, his eyes aglow with the sense of maturity and of high achievement. Again and again I visit Mount Vernon just to look at the old plantation and at the tomb which, like the Holy Sepulchre, has received the respectful homage of the great and good in the world. And now it seems that our own Washington, "traitor and rebel" in 1776, is to be honored by a monument within the sacred and historical walls of Westminster Abbey. What greater evidence of a century's progress in peace and harmony could be conceived!

* * * * *

IN strong likeness with the steady glory of Washington, which grows as February days lengthen, bringing suggestions of coming spring and the bursting buds, is a picture of the immortal Abraham Lincoln, the great American, the great heart, the good heart, whose gaunt and stooped figure so often and so wearily walked up and down the Avenue in the darkest days of the Republic. I was talking the other day with men who were recalling the days when they had seen Lincoln in the flesh and had talked with him. They spoke of the troublesome times after election when doubts existed even in the minds of his supporters as to whether he was equal to the emergency. But when once his form towered on the Capitol steps and his first inaugural address was

MME. LEFEBVRE DE LA BOULAYE
The charming young wife of the second Secretary of the French Embassy

delivered, bespeaking the calm and tolerant spirit of the man, there was no doubt after this of the full measure of the manhood and ability of Abraham Lincoln. As Colonel Peter Hepburn described him on that occasion: "Everything about him physically unattractive, ungainly, loose-jointed, and his face in repose sad and melancholy; the dark, leathery skin, wrinkles, moles, nothing winsome; but once the eyes gleamed and a smile radiated from the eyes, the soul of the man gleamed out with the warmth of a burst of springtime sun. It was in his smile and the twinkle of his eyes that the soul of the man was revealed."

THE Lincoln spirit really pervades Washington from the beginning of February. After arriving at the capital I went about in search of a new Lincoln story, but as a doughty old veteran informed me, every good story known since the Civil War has Lincoln's name associated with it, and one cannot tell the real from the false.

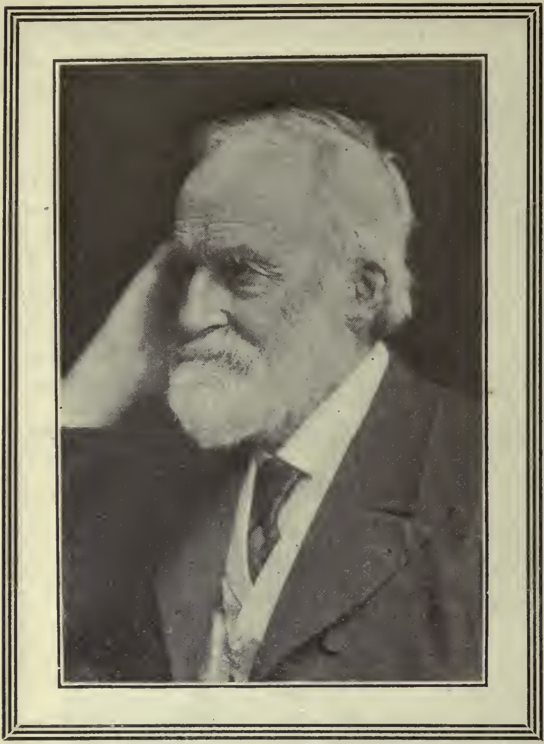
Even in the rush of the closing of the third session of the Sixty-second Congress, even on the threshold of a new administration, all parties, all races, all creeds vie with one another in honoring the name of Lincoln, and it seems appropriate that the birth month of two great Americans should be February, when the old world swings out of the cold blast of winter with the hope of spring, summer and autumn. Almost every public speaker has his lecture and address on Lincoln, and I could not resist the chain of Lincoln thought as I went about the old Treasury Department, the White House, the old book store, toy shops and other places he visited. The capital city, with all her beauty of architecture and massive buildings and parks, will never have anything that will keep alive her glory and fame longer than those scenes and relics which perpetuate the memories of Lincoln and Washington.

* * *

MUSINGS like these are well enough, but readers want to know what is going on in this month before inauguration, so we will peep in at the Senate. In the early morning hours the usual routine is followed, Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire is in the chair and business is being dispatched. The messengers rush about with cards, for it is early; no cards are received after the Senate resolves itself into the court that is trying Judge Archbald. The whole setting of the Senate has become that of a court of justice.

MR. LEFEBVRE DE LA BOULAYE
Second Secretary of the French Embassy, a recent arrival in Washington. He and his family have been given a warm welcome in the French Embassy circle

Tables are being brought in for the reporters. The Senators are sitting as jurors trying the case. The lawyers on either side sit well in front, and with books and papers go at their work in regular legal form. The witnesses stand at the right of the presiding officer and give testimony. When a Senator desires to ask a question it is sent to the chair and read aloud to the witnesses. Senator LaFollette in his new brown suit; Senator Page with his new glasses;



Silas Hubbard, M.D.

The veteran Illinois doctor who insists that Lincoln was neither "ugly" nor "ungainly"

Senator Warren with an extra twirl on his military mustache; Senator Root with that swing of his one hand to the palm of the other; Senator Lodge tearing paper vigorously, are in their seats; and down the center aisle comes Senator Tillman, universally beloved, now a trifle tired looking and lacking some of the fire of old days. Moving silently in and out, Senator Crane seems to be just watching things. Outside in the corridor Senator Gore, "the blind orator from Oklahoma," is feeling his way to the door with his cane. Senator Bailey is following proceedings prior to his retirement.

Senator Bacon from Georgia is now on the floor and is severely reprimanding the galleries for offering any demonstrations as responses are given by the witnesses. Senator Stone of Missouri tiptoes in and out, leaving his rubbers in the committee room, while Senator Smoot, erect and with short, quick steps, moves about the room as when he was a feature of the tariff debate. Senator Cullom, the veteran "Uncle Shelby," for half a century past a prominent member of national legislative bodies, is following every move of the proceedings from his seat near the front. Senator Perkins, the veteran of California, is faithful in attendance. Senator Simmons of North Carolina, looked upon as coming chairman of the Finance Committee, and Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska—in fact, a score of the senators on the Democratic side are commented upon by visitors in the gallery as possibilities for leaders of the Senate.

* * * * *

AS the years go by any anecdote concerning Abraham Lincoln becomes of interest. The venerable Dr. Silas Hubbard, of Buffalo, is one of the few living men who knew and listened to Abraham Lincoln while still a lawyer, and not in politics. He says:

"I went to the court house at Bloomington, Illinois, in 1856, to hear Abraham Lincoln defend his clients, Doctors Carothers and Rogers, against a suit claiming damages for mal-practice.

"The plaintiff, a Mr. Fleming, had been injured at a fire; both legs were broken and set by the defendants. Fleming claimed that the injured limbs were improperly set and treated, so as to cause a permanent deformity, refused to pay their bill, and sued them for damages. Mr. Lincoln, and Stuart, his

JAMES McMILLAN GIBSON

The son of Preston Gibson, the playwright. He is named for his great-grandfather, Senator James McMillan

partner, wished to postpone the trial until the cure was perfected or the damage, if any, had developed itself. I was about to settle at Bloomington with Dr. Freeze, who was one of Lincoln's witnesses, and I made affidavit giving my opinion as a surgeon that the patient ought to be further recovered before a suit for damages could be fairly adjudicated.

"There are many who talk of Lincoln's homely face and awkward and ungainly manner, but I failed to notice anything of the sort as he tried the case, and I admired his manner of speaking and his clear and logical arguments to the jury. I did not think then that he would ever become President of the United States, but I did realize that he was a very smart and talented man, and that these doctors had secured in Mr. Lincoln and his partner, Mr. Stuart, the best legal talent in the State of Illinois. Mr. Lincoln was humorous and often witty in his cross-examination of the defendants, and in the end won the case for them."

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THE appointment of Mr. William Corcoran Eustis as chairman of the Inaugural Committee, was the conclusion of the first great fight for position. There was an active campaign for the chairman of the inaugural ceremonies at Washington, who is as such the highest functionary of the land, while his wife is for the time the "first lady of the land" and leads in the inaugural ball. Mr. Eustis is a resident of Washington, well known and popular. He comes of a family that has been intimately associated with Washington life for many generations, and he is a grandson of the donor of the Corcoran Art Gallery. He is a young man of vigorous executive ability, and Washington society will shine in the coming inauguration as it never shone before.

FROM a modest office in the State, War and Navy Building the American Red Cross Society is doing its part in the Balkan War. More than seventy-five thousand dollars has already been sent abroad. The Red Cross never inquires as to the merits or demerits of a calamity, but goes direct to the relief of the victims. The reports sent in to the State Department of the condition in the Balkans were most pathetic because there was such a lack of preparation in the medical departments. Every physician has been pressed into service. The American consul at Belgrade in describing the condition of four thousand prisoners tells a most heartrending story.

Aside from the work of the Society in time of war, great strides have been made in the purpose of Miss Mabel T. Boardman to make the American Red Cross synonymous with help in any calamity, in any part of the world. In connection with Red Cross work in China, expert engineers have been inspecting the rivers with a view to preventing disastrous floods. Heavy loans of $16,000,000, which it is hoped will be obtained by the Chinese government, are to be provided to prevent abnormal floods and to provide for ten crops in five years instead of five crops in ten years, the reclamation of seventeen thousand acres, and not only this, but improved health for the people. In Mexico the consuls have been helped in bringing back hundreds of people to America, and it is well known that many who would be too proud to accept "charity," think it an honor and distinction to receive the help of the Red Cross. In Nicaragua two thousand bags of beans were recently distributed. In the Titanic disaster was shown the splendid work of the Red Cross, for among the steerage passengers a Canadian woman left alone with

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THE NEW BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING
Now nearly completed. There will be plenty of light and air in the new building

her children was provided with $500 a year for ten years to help her and her little ones. In the Mississippi floods eleven Red Cross nurses did valiant service.

Miss Boardman, who has recently been decorated by the Emperor of Japan for her Red Cross work, is at this time enthusiastic over the corps of nurses to be provided in rural neighborhoods, where for a period of four months the nurses will go among the people and in the schools, fitting themselves to teach those things that will make people more self-reliant in times of disaster. Dr. Shields, as field agent, has been going about the country in special cars giving special instructions and first aid work. In some cities of Pennsylvania three lectures were given in a day, and the keen public interest taken in this work is most gratifying. All sorts of accidents are anticipated, including electrical and asphyxiation disasters, and the Doctor also takes up sanitation, the ice-box, sewerage, protection of milk supply and the destruction of flies—all those simple things that have to do with health and comfort of the public, not forgetting the fundamental study of hygiene and home nursing.

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HON. LUTHER CONANT, JR.
Who succeeded Herbert Knox Smith as Deputy Commissioner of Corporations. Mr. Conant is a Brooklyn man, though born at Acton, Massachusetts

The scope of the Red Cross work can hardly be realized, and if once brought to the attention of all American people benevolently inclined, there would be a speedy consummation of the plan to provide a million and a half endowment fund. The great ambition of Miss Boardman is to have a sufficient endowment for the Red Cross so that when calamity comes the Society will not be obliged to make an appeal and wait for contributions, but will be able to use the income for small disasters and for giving first assistance in case of great disasters before money can be received.

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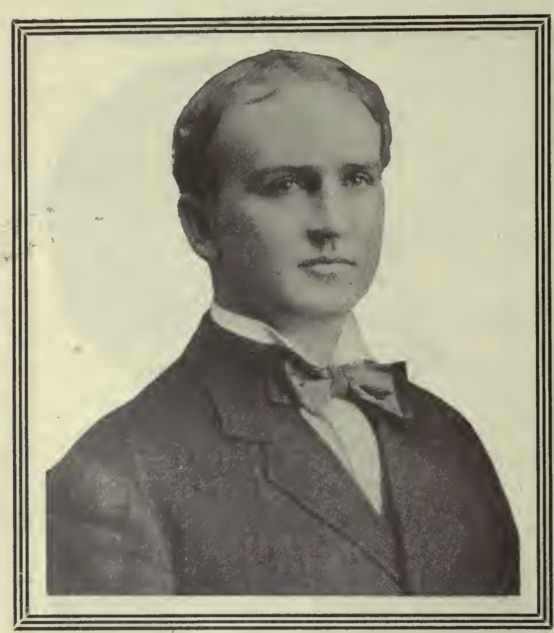
THE visit to this country of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the famous English actor, recalls the fact that he is the one Englishman to whom almost every spark of wit in England is credited. When knighted, so the story goes, the King asked him if he had the artistic temperament. "I wonder," Sir Herbert answered, "is it a gift of God or a visitation of Providence?"

Tree does not look much like a humorist. He towers six feet, with fuller proportions than in his prime on the stage. He is supposed to be a dreamer, and every story of absent-mindedness ever known has been told about him. He wears a monocle and has the rich, resonant tone of the English actor. He does not hesitate to tell jokes on himself and delights in the story of how in an English railroad carriage he found a youth smoking a cigarette. Sir Herbert looked at him austerely. "This is not a smoking compartment," he said. The youth started guiltily, threw the offending cigarette out of the window and said "Sorry." And then he noticed that the actor had a lighted cigar. "But you are smoking," he protested. "Yes, no one has objected to it," said Tree testily, and handed the youth a cigar.



JOSEPH P. TUMULTY
Secretary to President-Elect Wilson, who it is expected will become "Secretary to the President" on March 4th

Though he looks dignified enough to wear the seventy years popularly credited to him, Sir Herbert is only fifty-nine years old. He was the son of a London grain merchant, by name Julius Beerbohm, and he added Tree to his name when he began to take part in amateur theatricals, because, he says, they said he looked "more like a wooden tree than an actor on the stage." Afterwards he had the name duly legalized.

He insisted that he enjoyed his American visit, the first in sixteen years, though he promised when sailing that he would return before another sixteen years for a long visit. Meantime England welcomes back her favorite actor and humorist.

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ONE name that is becoming prominent at Washington is not so tumultuous as it looks. Since President-elect Wilson's entrance to public life Mr. Joseph P. Tumulty has been with him constantly, and like all efficient secretaries the young man seems to know everyone, and how to handle men and affairs. When the President-elect visited the Tumulty home to greet the new son and heir who arrived coincident with Democratic victory, he felt that honors were easy. There was an initiation of presidential handshakings on the part of the new administration, when the little son of Joseph Tumulty grasped the hand of the President-elect and looked with babyish wonder and innocence into his eyes. Doubtless the young man will soon understand his opportunity, like that of all American lads, to become President in his turn.

There will be a sigh of regret when President Wilson leaves Princeton, for during the weeks after election he bravely and serenely received the tumultuous spirit of the "Tigers" and carried himself calmly and modestly among the wild huzzas of the college boys and the shower of congratulations. Even while sitting in his pew in the First Presbyterian Church he heard his old friend and college mate talk about him, pray for him and applaud him without any evidence of presidential perturbation. The searchlight of public interest has followed President-elect Wilson from Jersey to Bermuda, for the going and coming of a new president make another geographical center of political interest.

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EVERY time that I enter the Supreme Court of the United States while in session there is a deeper and more profound regard for our form of government, whose founders so wisely, so thoroughly and definitely met the onsweep of the greatest problems. Before you are seated nine men hearing the arguments of attorneys, pro and con, some of them listening with closed eyes, others at times reading and giving their attention to briefs before them. Seldom does the average spectator realize the intense concentration of their minds on cases as one succeeds another. Every justice must examine every case personally, and think about it alone, weighing in his mind all the decisions that have been brought to his notice as well as those which he himself has remembered or looked up. Alone with his conscience and his God, each for himself says "yes" or "no" and there is no answer back. The work soon brings upon such justices a somewhat sombre realization of responsibilities. The hot passions and careless decisions of everyday life fade away under the rigid requirements of Supreme Court justice.

The judge, with all his mental faculties alert, tries to determine the points wherein the opposing parties agree, and then to follow out the lines of divergence. The only convenient right and wrong way is not always apparent, for sometimes there appear to be two right ways converging. Free from all possible material influence the strong, concentrated mental work soon develops a type of manhood that has long been looked upon as unparalleled in the history of a nation.

Against the storm and stress of passion, with mind concentrated on the divergent points, the Supreme Court of the United States is in itself an inspiration. When one

MISS EDITH
Daughter of Lieutenant and Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, third, the great-granddaughter of President Grant, and the granddaughter of Senator Elihu Root

realizes that many propositions brought forth as new ideas are found to be after all old and often exploded reactionary projects, then the "lamp of experience" flashes in recalled precedent. The pure democracy or rule of the majority was a failure in the Republic of Greece, because there was no check on the masses, and the only real government is one that protects the weaker against the encroachments of the strong. That is the real modern ideal, and when one thinks that the nine men of this august tribunal are considering not only the rights of a single individual out of ninety millions of people, but involving in some degree a construction of the Constitution of the United States, there stands revealed the glory and majesty of the Great Republic.

The procedure of the Supreme Court furnishes an example of how many of the vexatious problems of a country might be eliminated by simply sitting down and thinking it over, and holding in check the primal and barbaric impulses of human nature. As Lincoln often said, "Justice is simply the faculty of placing yourself in the other fellow's place and doing unto him as you would be done by, preserving at all times and at all hazards a simple and direct faith in humankind and respect for the majesty of law as properly and legally enacted, and a reverence for those higher ideals and impulses which constantly need stimulation sometimes through worry and misfortune."

THE PETITION FOR THE LIBERTY BELL

The great reel with signatures of half a million school children of California was drawn through the streets of San Francisco prior to being sent to Philadelphia. The children have made a picturesque campaign in trying to secure the Liberty Bell for the Panama-Pacific Exposition

MR. WILLIAM CORCORAN EUSTIS
The chairman of the Inaugural Committee, which will have charge of the unofficial exercises at which President-elect Wilson will be ushered into office. Mr. Eustis is a member of one of Washington's oldest families

Even when the members of the Supreme Court doff their black robes and pace the corridors in the simple garb of their fellow-citizens, one cannot but observe in their bearing among men, the difference between them and the executive officer. Words are weighed, pessimistic impulses are thrown aside as the wheels of justice, through the minds of men, work out the problems before them. The very nature of the cases in recent years has attracted a greater popular interest to the Supreme Court than ever before because the old veil of mystery and the arcana of ancient legal verbiage has been dissipated and in the plain language of the people the tribunal at Washington has been meeting and mastering vexatious and intricate problems. The attendance in the circular benches under the domed ceiling of the Supreme Court during sessions indicates that the Washington tourist is not overlooking the shrine of justice.

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ONE public official in Washington is known to wear a wig—no, I will not mention his name, but he is not of the age when he should be wearing a wig. He returned to this session of Congress with nicely waving locks instead of being sparse atop. It was so cleverly done that all the bald-headed men wanted to know at once what remedy he had been using, and it looked so like a case of some hair restorative—or hair conservative—that the cloak room was agog over the wonderful success he had achieved. Now the same Congressman's bald head had been the butt of unfortunate jokes for several sessions, and he thought it was time for revenge, so gathering together his now admiring colleagues, he told them in a confidential way that he had at last found a real remedy. He said it was a private prescription, and he would do them a favor and get some for them. Bottles were brought, plain and fancy, some even brought milk bottles to get a sufficient quantity. Many paid $5 and $10 a bottle for the new restorer. Then the officials began vigorous work upon their scalps. It was not until some weeks after that the secret leaked out—they had been rubbing salt and water on their heads, while the joker had received more than enough to pay for his handsome wig, which is now the admiration of many social functions, and he wears it with equanimity and dignity. He says that no longer is the head uneasy that wears a wig, and whenever wig is mentioned among that coterie of the good and faithful who invested in hair remedy, they agree with Dr. Wiley that pure wig protection is needed for guileless congressional wags.

MR. A. WASHINGTON PEZET
Visiting in Washington with his father, the Minister from Peru. The young man is a graduate of Harvard University and has ambitions as a playwright

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MANY Congressional elections have involved a picturesque tinge of romance. When Peter Goelet Gerry appeared at the Baltimore Convention as a delegate from Rhode Island, enthusiastically supporting Speaker Clark for nomination, it was little thought that the young man of thirty-three would in a few months represent effectively the exclusive Southern district of Rhode Island. He was one of the committee to notify Woodrow Wilson of his nomination and immediately began work in the rock-ribbed Republican State of Rhode Island for the Democratic nomination. A smile went around when it was announced that Peter Goelet Gerry was the Democratic nominee in the Second District, for the name was better known in exclusive Newport society than in political circles of Rhode Island.

An old and tried organization was working against him, but young Gerry comes of fighting stock; a son of Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry, and a great-grandson of Elbridge Gerry, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and one of the most eminent public men of the Revolution. In 1811 Elbridge Gerry, then Governor of Massachusetts, redistricted the state, thereby originating a political term that has come down through the ages. As the story goes, Gilbert Stuart remarked after the General Court had finished its redistricting that one district on the map was an excellent likeness of a salamander; but a wit near by said, "call it a Gerrymander," and "Gerrymander" it has been ever since. The grandfather of the new representative, Thomas

Gerry, was in the United States Navy, and his father was the founder of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The laws under which this society and also the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were originated and conducted, as well as the laws on the subject enforced in all the States of the Union, were framed by Elbridge Gerry.

Peter Goelet Gerry, too, has carved out his own career. He secured the degree of B. S. at Harvard in three and a half years instead of four, which indicates his record as a student. Following graduation he took up the study of law and became associated with the firm of Gardner, Pirce & Thornley in Providence, Rhode Island.

In 1910 he married Mathilde Townsend, then the reigning belle at Washington. The ceremony was attended by President Taft, his cabinet and the White House circle and was one of the most notable weddings ever held in the capital city.

While a member of the most exclusive social circles at Newport, Mr. Gerry is a young man of democratic instincts. His first political service was as a member of the city council of Newport, and every roll-call found him present. While naturally shy and modest, yet he showed what can be done when the Gerry blood is up, and in the congressional campaign every voter was reached by a personal letter. He determined that everyone should know he was in the field and founded his platform upon the terse promise, "I'll keep my pledges. I believe the tariff should be revised downward, not without preparation, but carefully, schedule by schedule, and without kicking the props out from under business, bring the cost of living down to where it belongs in the quickest possible time."

HON. PETER GOELET GERRY
The new Congressman from Rhode Island, the son of Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry, and a member of the most exclusive social circles. His wife was Mathilde Townsend, known as the most beautiful woman in Washington

Mrs. Gerry is deeply interested in politics, having lived most of her life in Washington. She attended the National Convention at Baltimore, has been actively identified in philanthropic organizations and with her husband will be a favorite in Congressional circles.

Mr. Gerry is a sturdy, level-headed, modest, broad-minded, earnest young man who has taken up his public career with just the same enthusiasm and earnestness as any of the young men who have arisen from poverty and seclusion to prominence in public life.

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WASHINGTO

HARVEY W. WILEY, JR.

The son of the pure food expert. The young man was snapped by the photographer while in an amiable mood on one of his outings

AFTER he had started several fresh sheets in making a three instead of a two, after January 1st, the philosophical congressman from Ohio mused: "Now we see the passing of Ohio men in federal affairs. Today he must come from New Jersey or Virginia, sah, and I have been thinking as I have been trying to write this date, what an important thing a date line is and how it has come with the advent of the telegraph and cable. We never used to date a news item, and now every event has a separate date. You cannot send a letter without a date fore and aft, and with parcel post a package must have a date. This world is all dates, and some young men and young ladies I know use the word also. Their dates, after all, are the most sensible, for the date line is a misnomer. It may be dated at London on January first, 1913, but it is not January, 1913, here when it is read. Every point east of where it is just midnight of Saturday it is Sunday. The meridian of 180 degrees passes through the eastern peninsula of Siberia. Russia treats the whole of her possessions as being comprised within the same day. Before the United States purchased Alaska the Asian day was extended even to the American continent. It was a day later at Sitka than at places due north from that place. When the American flag first floated over Alaska the day was changed and the date line shifted to the west of the Aleutian archipelago. When a vessel crosses the Pacific from east to west it drops one day from the calendar upon passing the date line; in going from west to east it repeats one day, but it is all made up in the average, trying to make a three out of a two.

Personally, I do not like this 13, but when you think that it is the first and only 13 we will have in a century to come"—but then the philosopher took up another sheet of paper and started over again.

* * * * *

THERE are echoes in Washington of a new literary lion in London, none other than John Masefield, whose strange career and vivid word pictures have captured the critics and people. He has lived his thirty-eight years in a world of adventure that can be compared only to the life of our own Jack London. Born in Shropshire, England, Masefield disdained school and books, and was early indentured to the captain of a merchant ship. His career as a sailor, a tramp and saloon bouncer in New York, and keeping a bar in a Sixth Avenue saloon now seems to add rather than detract from the interest in his new book of verse. Of course he had a friend, a sponsor, and one that commanded respect, to wit, J. M. Barrie, the author of "The Little Minister" and "Peter Pan." John Galsworthy has also befriended him. The poet Yeats played no unimportant part in his career, for it was after a summer spent with Yeats that John Masefield's first book of verse appeared. At once his work attracted attention, and but recently he was awarded by the Royal Society of Literature the Edmond de Polignac prize for his poem, "The Everlasting Mercy." His poems and plays are popular in Washington circles, and his promised visit is awaited by a host of American admirers.

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WASHINGTON

SENORA DONA LUZ MENDEZ
The pretty daughter of the Guatemalan minister, who arrived from Paris to spend the winter with her father in Washington

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PUBLIC conscience of the country is evidently awakening, for more than $6,000 was returned to the United States Treasury the past year, to appease the still, small voice within. The fund, which was started in 1811, has now reached the sum of $431,801. The largest amount ever received was $35,000, and the sums range from a few pennies to large amounts. They are always anonymous, and these are the one kind of anonymous communications to which public officials pay attention. It has been popularly supposed that money of this kind goes into a separate fund called the "conscience fund," but as a matter of fact as soon as it is received it is converted into the general fund of the Treasury and expended the same as any other receipt. There was a long lapse between the receipt of the first contribution in 1811, for the next conscience-smitten writer did not appear until 1827, but ever since that year the expenditures of the country and the receipts of the conscience fund have been growing.

COUNTING THE GOVERNMENT MILLIONS

There are 1,350 of them—not dollars, but millions—and it took twenty-four experienced counters two weeks to do the counting. During this time armed guards were detailed over the counting rooms and the passageway from the vaults

THE birth of a new political party brought forth a number of new anecdotes that are always ready on occasion. "This pretty tale of the former Governor of Virginia," said a story teller in the cloak room, "might also have application to our distinguished colleague, Victor Murdock.

"Ex-Governor Andrew J. Montague was addressing a gathering of farmers recently in his race for Congress from the Third District. The farmers used their bandannas frequently, for it was a warm day. Finally Mr. Montague drew from one of his pockets a white linen handkerchief and began removing the perspiration from his forehead.

"'Where's your bandanna?' yelled one of the assemblage.

"The orator hesitated, but only for a moment.

"'Gentlemen,' he said, with a low bow to his audience, 'you have only to look at my head to realize I am the original bandanna.'

"Laughter was followed by round after round of applause, and the sandy-haired candidate had his audience with him for the rest of the afternoon."

LITTLE MILLICENT CHANG
The granddaughter of the Chinese Minister, now in Washington

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NEWSPAPER men have expressed their budding hopes that the new Congress will develop some of the old-time types of story-tellers. There have not been many in public life of recent years, and about the last of his kind was "Private John" Mills Allen of Mississippi, who always wore a red necktie and was a prominent figure during the early days of the McKinley administration. He always knew how to tell a story, and made his home town, Tupelo, famous. He knew how to put his proposition in a characteristic way which was readily understood. One of his friends, a Confederate veteran who lost two legs and one arm in battle, wanted a small office, and Allen was asked to nominate him in the convention. He did it in one of the most brief and effective speeches ever known in political contention. Private John Allen placed his candidate as conspicuously as possible on a chair, and then when the time came rose and in that sweet, dulcet tone for which he was famous, said to the gathering: "Gentlemen of the Convention, I desire to nominate all that's left of my old friend, John Jones."

That was all; he sat down; but Jones swept the convention without a dissenting vote, and "Private John" Allen added still more to his laurels as a statesman with the briefest nominating speech ever offered at a convention.

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THERE was trouble in one Washington household on Christmas Day. A photographer was about snapping the pets of celebrities. In the yards he found cats, dogs, birds and other pets out for the air, but when he came to one house he found a billy goat tied up in the yard. The goat looked like a bass drum, but he was the idol of the household, and was exiled only because he had been admitted to the room where the Christmas tree was decorated, and ate the gilded balls and ornaments. He did not seem to appreciate the Christmas tree, but the bright, glistening tinsel made an irresistible appeal and he proceeded to interest himself.

Another tree had to be provided post-haste, and that is why the billy goat got no Christmas dinner and stood outside in disgrace while being photographed.

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POLITICAL dramas never seem to prove popular in Washington because political dramas do not seem to get the right angle on political maneuver. The dramatists work vigorously, but the exaggerated overplaying of details necessary for dramatic effect does not appeal to the practical mind that sees the plain, everyday operation of affairs. One new play has worked in campaign contributions, and the use of the dictaphone, but the real Washington play has not yet been written, according to those who are best known in Washington affairs. Perhaps it will come along some day and the right proportion of light and shadow will be revealed and not overdone. It seemed almost uncanny, even in these days of wonderful inventions, to stand in the office of a secretary and see him talking to a box in the center of the table, and hear it talk back again from different departments of the great building. The conversation could be heard, not only by the one at the desk, but by everyone in the room as readily as if the speakers were face to face.

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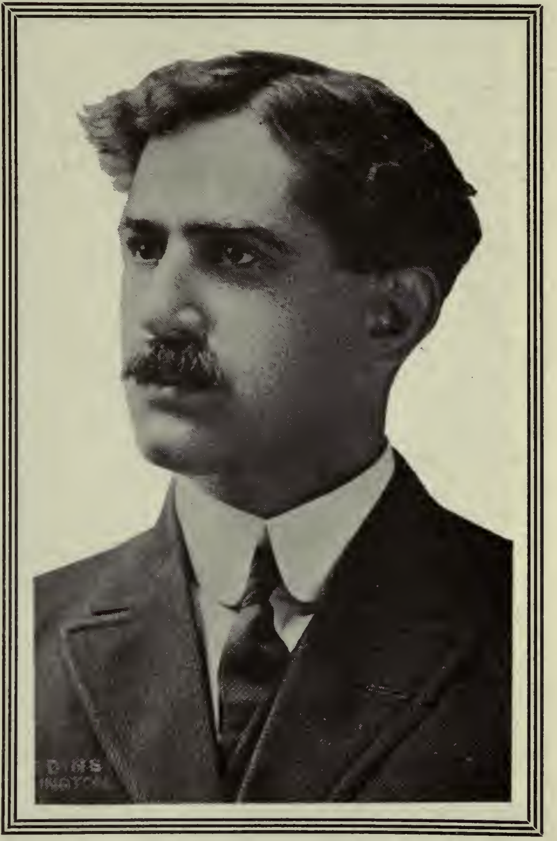
THE Treasury Department in Washington is doubtless the best protected building in the world, but even at that there have been times when additional protection has been thought necessary. To the Treasury Department especially many of the "cranks" and insane people come with their stories of thwarted claims. During Hon. Milton Ailes' administration as assistant secretary a shelf just under the desk was provided for a revolver, for at that time a number of "cranks" were appearing, demanding money, which they imagined was due them from the Treasury Department.

When Mr. Francis W. Taylor became secretary to Secretary MacVeagh, he found a change had been made. An electric contrivance was connected with the watch who are on duty night and day, ready to respond to the call. One day when chatting with a number of newspaper men, Mr. Taylor leaned back and chanced to touch the button at his knee under the desk. Immediately the guards rushed in armed to the teeth, ready to take the marauders. They looked rather quizzically at the innocent-looking journalists, among them Jerry Mathews, but Mr. Taylor let the "play" go on, and majestically waved his hand. All present were bundled out so promptly that they can testify to the efficiency of the new system.

THE country had been thoroughly "Wileyized," and the traditional fate of Billy Patterson was nothing in comparison to the search for a successor to Dr. Harvey W. Wiley. After the name of Dr. Carl L. Alsberg had been announced, however, the feeling that no man could fill Dr. Wiley's place was measurably dissipated. Dr. Alsberg is a chemical biologist, and has been in charge of the poisonous plant laboratory of the bureau of plant industry. He is accounted the most highly-trained chemist in the government service, and has long been an acknowledged authority on scientific subjects, writing in both English and German. Dr. Alsberg is a young man, still in his thirties, or about half the age of his predecessor. Nevertheless it is generally felt in Washington that Dr. Alsberg will be a vigilant director of the bureau that has become all important in recent years.



DR. CARL L. ALSBERG
Successor to Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry. Dr. Alsberg has been in the employ of the government since 1908 and was formerly connected with Harvard University

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JUST a day before he sailed for the last time to London, I enjoyed my last pleasant interview with Whitelaw Reid at his home on Madison Avenue, New York City, a few weeks prior to his death. His work as ambassador to the Court of St. James he felt was the crowning achievement of a long and busy life, and his eyes sparkled as he referred to the old days in Ohio, of his stirring experiences as a war correspondent and of the later years when he became editor of Horace Greeley's paper, the *New York Tribune*. He was then at work on the last addresses that he delivered in England, which made a most profound impression. On that day before he returned from Albany, where as one of the regents of the new Educational Building, one of the largest structures ever devoted to educational work in the world, he had attended the dedication, his eyes glowed as he pointed out the fact that his home country had erected such a useful and pre-eminent monument to the cause of education. He was a keen and cutting writer in early days, and it is told that he wrote an editorial during the gloom of Horace Greeley's defeat for the presidency so vigorous that it evoked an apology from his chieftain.

He was very close to the hearts of the English people, and their general admiration and respect for the late Whitelaw Reid was manifested in the scenes at Westminster Abbey and at the ceremonies which attended the return of the remains to his native land on a British man-of-war.

The hospitality of Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid at Dorchester House in London did much to impress British and cosmopolitan society centered at London with the growing importance of the United States of America. In all the magnificence of those surroundings, Whitelaw Reid never drifted from the simplicity of his nature and his uncompromising Americanism. The Ohio printer boy followed with keen interest the career of his friends at home, and was a student and philosopher to the end. He virtually gave his life to return to the post of duty. Heretofore it had been his custom, owing to pulmonary trouble with which he had been affected since a young man, to spend a part of every winter in the dry climate of Mexico, but he felt that duty called him and he went back to his post in spite of the counsel of friends and physicians.

Whitelaw Reid was born at Xenia, Ohio, in 1837, graduated from Miami University and began making political speeches at an early age. During the Civil War he was a captain and volunteer aid on the staffs of General Thomas A. Morris and General W. S. Rosecrans, but it was his work as correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* during the Civil War that attracted public attention. His graphic descriptions of the battles of Shiloh and Gettysburg, of which he was an eye witness, are classics. He became a cotton planter in Louisiana and wrote "After the War"; succeeded Horace Greeley in 1872 as editor of the *New York Tribune*, and was nominated for Vice-President on the Republican ticket with Benjamin Harrison in 1892. He twice refused the appointment as minister to Germany, but was appointed a special ambassador of the United States to attend Queen Victoria's Jubilee. As a member of the Peace Commission to Paris in 1898 and during the Spanish War, he proved his ability as a world diplomat, and as special ambassador at the coronation of King Edward VII he demonstrated his fitness for the most important diplomatic post of his country as ambassador at the Court of St. James.

Always an active writer, his books on "Schools of Journalism," "Newspaper Tendencies," and "Town Hall Suggestions" show the remarkable range of his abilities in grappling with the problems and tendencies of the times. Few ambassadors have ever been closer to the rulers of the countries to which they have been sent. He enjoyed an intimate personal friendship with King Edward the Seventh and his son, King George. At heart a typical American, it was his lot to talk with and concerning kings, emperors, rulers and diplomats, but never in all his life have his keen blue eyes been lowered before the glance of any man or potentate. He exemplified the spirit of democracy in his unrelenting patriotism and the virtues of his native land. The force and brilliancy of his speeches commanded a respectful hearing. Whenever Ambassador Reid was announced for an address in England, there was always a large audience of interested hearers and readers of his works. As he leaned his head upon his hand that last day I saw him, stroking his gray beard, he made inquiries with the old-time reportorial instinct. Mr. Reid in reminiscent mood maintained that distinctive individuality characteristic of his country, and the country's universal regret at his passing is a fitting tribute to his memory and his splendid success in life.

HON. FRANK S. BLACK, FORMER GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

"Born on a Maine farm in 1853; graduated at Dartmouth in 1875; lawyer in Troy; member of Congress; Governor; then lawyer in New York fifteen years, and all the time a farmer." Governor Black is known as one of the best orators in the United States and his collected "Addresses" are treasured in many libraries. His famous "Tribute to Abraham Lincoln" is quoted on page 932.

ON THE first Sunday following election, President-elect Wilson greeted the newspaper men in his library with the remark, "Well, I have spent a very proper Sunday." After a moment's reflection he added, "I hope you gentlemen attended church today." Two of the most pious looking of the group confessed that their wives had gone to church, but the others remained silent. "This going to church by proxy is not recognized in the canons," said the President-elect with a twinkle in his eye; and the reporter from New York wondered whether he had any reference to the artillery service.

There were many other callers that day, but Governor Wilson was heard to say that the office seekers had shown a singular thoughtfulness in leaving him alone thus far.

While the Governor was enjoying the holidays in Bermuda, Senator John D. Prince, president of the New Jersey Senate, acted as Governor of the state. Mr. Prince is a professor teaching Semitic languages at Columbia, and the sentiment grows that there will be an academic flavor to the President's personnel during the coming four years, as it is quite natural that men would incline toward those in the same calling and those working along the same train of thought. One thing, however, has been tabooed, and that is addressing the President-elect any longer as "Professor."

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SCIENTIFIC experiments now and then furnish a hope for the "politically submerged." The development of submarine vessels has been continually arrested by the sinking of such craft in locations where they were detained at the bottom of the sea until the air supply became exhausted and the crew perished. A French inventor constructs his boat in two stories, as it were, the lower one containing the water ballast, and so affixed to the upper hull that it can be detached, the upper portion at once rising buoyantly to the surface. A buoy, with its cable strongly affixed to the lower hull, follows the released craft to the surface, and can be used to recover it. This experiment was related with much interest to Republican leaders who assembled in Washington before the first of the year to decide upon plans for the future. President Taft has definitely announced that he will never again become a candidate for the presidency, but is deeply interested in the rejuvenation of the defeated party.

* * * * *

"WHO winds the clocks?" inquired a pretty young girl, one of a group of tourists who were fairly galloping about the State Department. The guide, looking as wise as a college professor, was nonplussed for the moment, and wondered what question was coming next from the inquisitive little Miss from Missouri. Just then the clock-winding messenger appeared in the full light of day. The myriads of clocks on the mantels were tickled. The clock in No. 212, ticking away among the portraits and shades of departed Secretaries of State, was given a final twist.

"There now, it seems bedtime," commented the loquacious young lady. "No one could conceive of a picturesque winding of the clock unless just before the lights and the cat are 'put out.' " And the clock winder kept on winding, conscious of the importance of keeping Uncle Sam's secretaries and clerks informed down to the minute.

George Washington's Penknife

by Edna Mary Colman

A MOTHER'S loving admonition, a son's ready obedience—and a pocket knife. To these is the United States indebted for the exalted position it today occupies among the nations of the earth.

Historians tell us of deeds of valor of Washington and his brave little band of Continental soldiers. Poets sing of the unselfish patriotism of the men and women of that time who so willingly gave both life and fortune that the oppressive yoke of England might be struck from the neck of Young America. School children declaim of Washington as "First in War, First in Peace and First in the Hearts of His Countrymen." But Washington as the obedient son, Washington as the tired and discouraged soldier, ready to lay down his burdens and declare the Revolutionary War a failure, Washington as the soldier held to his duty by a promise he made his mother when a boy, this phase of the man is almost new to the American public.

Hidden away in the archives of Alexandria Lodge No. 22, A. F. & A. M., in the quaint old city of Alexandria, Virginia, a lodge sacred to every Mason in this country, for it boasts the honor of having had Washington as its charter master, and because here some day is to be erected the mammoth Masonic Temple of the United States, is a little human interest story of the immortal Washington that should be given the light of day, for it is a story that belongs to all of the people.

When a young man, George Washington had an ambition to become an officer in the British navy and obtained through the influence of his brothers and the Fairfaxes, a commission as midshipman. The elder Washington had died when George was but eleven years of age and the mother of the future first president had allowed him to take up his abode with his brother Lawrence at Mt. Vernon.

After obtaining his commission George made all his preparations for his departure, when his mother informed him that he must abandon the idea. To call this a disappointment does not begin to express the boy's feelings, for his brother Lawrence—to whom he was greatly attached and whom he tried to imitate—had won honors in his naval career. But with unquestioning obedience, though a heavy heart, he resigned his commission and returned to his studies to fit himself to be the surveyor of the immense Virginia tract of land granted to Lord Fairfax, who all through life was one of the stanchest friends and most loyal supporters of the young man.

Mrs. Washington made no outward show of her appreciation of this sacrifice of her son's ambition until some time later. When ordering the yearly supply of clothing and household supplies from England, she included in the order a good pocket-knife. Upon its arrival she presented it to her boy with the injunction "Always obey your superiors," and it was his compliance with that command

TROWEL USED IN LAYING CORNER STONE OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL

that later fixed the Star of Destiny of the new nation. The boy carried the knife with him constantly, and frequently related to friends the injunction that accompanied it.

It was during the terrible winter spent at Valley Forge that even Washington's spirit almost failed him. Through the neglect of an unstable congress his men were ragged and starving and he became discouraged. He wrote out his resignation as commander-in-chief of the Continental army, and called his Staff together to notify them of his resolve.

The news cast a pall of gloom over the little circle of officers seated at the council table. They knew that such a step, at that time, would be a calamity. General Knox was among the officers present who tried to argue Washington out of his resolve. But the darkness of despair had settled upon the soul of the Commander and he could not be moved. Suddenly Knox remembered the story of the knife.

"General" he said, "will you loan me your knife?"

Unsuspectingly Washington pulled it from his pocket and handed it to him. Holding the knife so all could see it, General Knox exclaimed in a voice tense with emotion:

"Always obey your superiors." Turning to Washington he continued: "General Washington, the American Congress is your superior, and it has instructed you to conduct this campaign. Should you resign now you would fail to carry out the instruction of your mother."

Washington was deeply impressed, and promised to think the matter over. The next day he tore up his resignation.

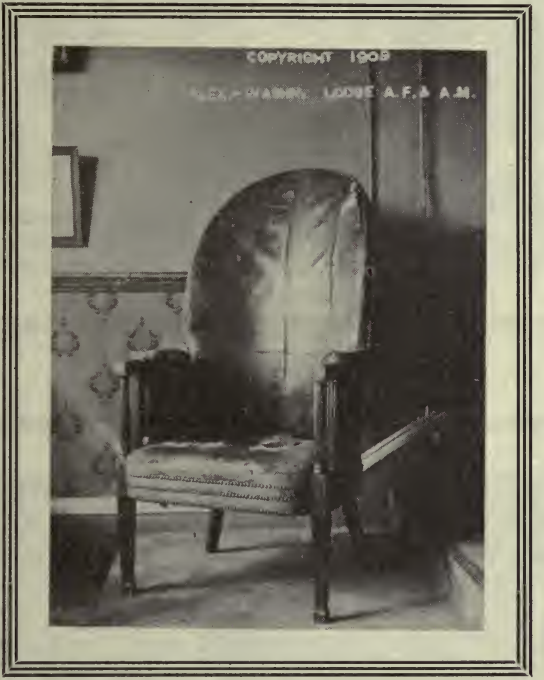
* * *

This little knife, with its worn handle and well-ground blade, that changed the map of the world, was given to Alexandria Lodge in 1812 by Captain George Steptoe Washington, a nephew of the General, and one of the executors of his will. It is one of the few authentic bits of personal property with any pretense of historical interest, which is not a matter of general knowledge. It may be seen in the wall cabinet, which is filled with priceless mementoes in the shape of personal belongings of Washington, and of all of the articles which comprise this most interesting collection, the little penknife which he treasured and carried for fifty-six years is the most inconspicuous.

WASHINGTON'S BEDCHAMBER CLOCK

Among the contents of this cabinet may be mentioned the General's white wedding gloves, his farm spurs, pruning knife, pocket compass, cupping and bleeding instruments, bootstrap, coat button cut from coat worn at first inauguration and a black glove worn at his mother's funeral and at all public functions for a year following her death, in accordance with the custom of the time. The larger number of these was given to the Lodge by Captain George Steptoe Washington a hundred years ago.

The cabinet also contains the Masonic apron worn by the General when Master, and at the laying of the corner stone of the nation's Capitol. This piece of the fraternal regalia was the gift of General Lafayette and the handiwork of his talented wife. It is of cream colored satin embroidered in gold with the French and American flags entwined, their colors still retaining some of their original brilliance. It came to Washington accompanied by the handsome sash and pearl inlaid box with which it was presented to the Lodge in 1812 by Lawrence Lewis, the nephew of the General and the husband of his adopted daughter, Nellie Custis. This apron has been worn but seldom since the death of Washington and then only on the most noteworthy occasions. Among these rare instances, it was worn by Lafayette in the Lodge in 1825, at the laying of the corner stone of the Washington Monument in 1848, and at the corner stone ceremonies of the Yorktown Monument by Grand Master Peyton S. Coles, 1881.



WASHINGTON'S CHAIR

President Taft also had the honor of donning this apron of much age and many honors at the Washington Birthday Celebration of last year at the Alexandria Lodge.

Another aged and highly prized relic which is a contemporary of the apron and likewise only sees the light of day when it participates in the fraternal exercises of this venerable association on each twenty-second of February, is the little silver trowel used by General Washington, then President of the United States, when laying the corner stone of the national Capitol, September 18, 1793. This ceremony was conducted by the Grand Lodge of Maryland which then and until 1811 held jurisdiction over the present District of Columbia. Right Worshipful Master Joseph Clarke, Grand Master, pro tem, officiated. In the order of procession to the site of the new Capitol, President Washington with Dr. Dick on his right and the Grand Master, pro tem, on his left, marched behind his own lodge, "22," who acted as escort of honor to the President. On arriving at the site, the column in front divided, taking two paces to the right and left, and faced each other, saluting the procession which filed between them.

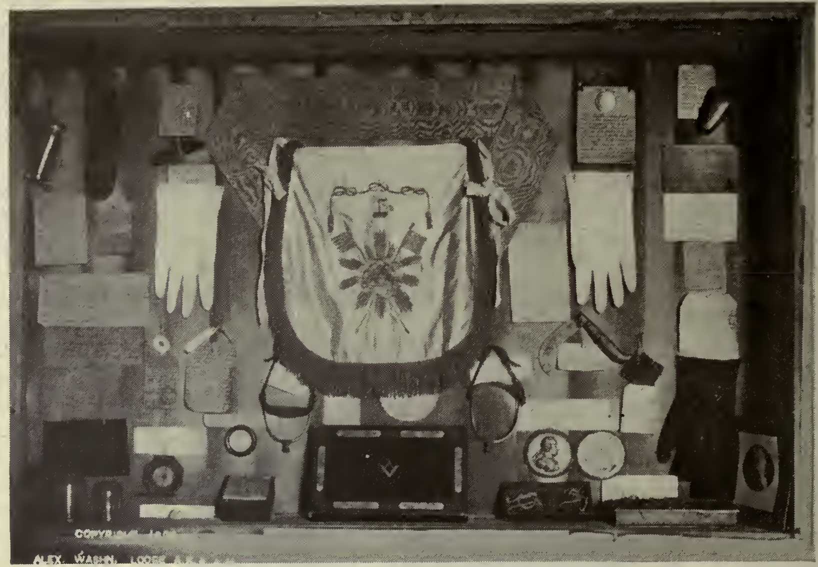
The President and Grand Master, pro tem, and the Worshipful Master of No. "22" taking their stand to the east of a large stone and all of the craft forming a circle westward, stood for a short time in solemn silence.

The Grand Marshal presented to the commissioners a silver plate appropriately inscribed, which was read and delivered to Washington, who with the Grand Master, pro tem, and the Worshipful Masters descended into the cavazion and laid it on the corner stone of the Capitol of the United States.

The whole company then repaired to a nearby booth and feasted and revelled until nearly sundown upon barbecued meat and other dainties, and at the conclusion of the festival a salute of fifteen guns was fired by the artillery.

The three Commissioners in charge of arrangements were Thomas Johnson, David Stewart and Daniel Carroll.

The fact that the corner stone of the Capitol at Washington was laid with Masonic ceremonies, is alone responsible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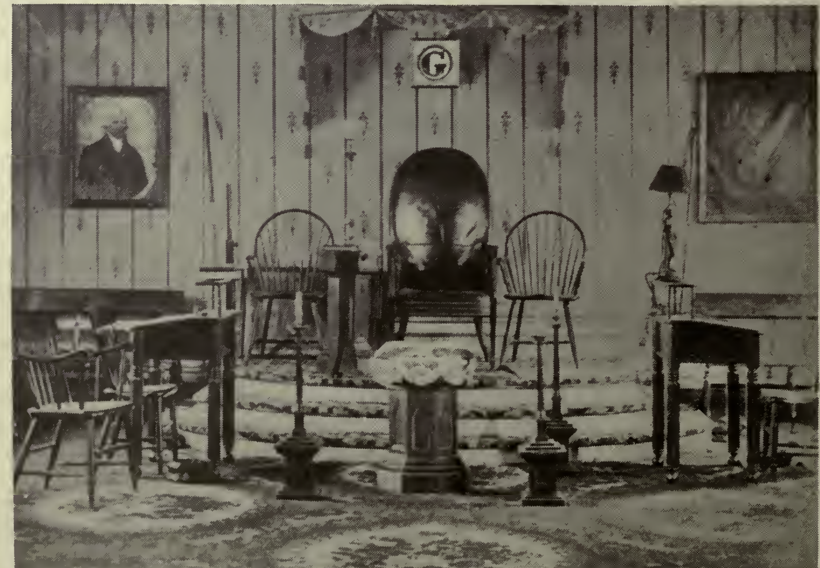
WALL CABINET CONTAINING PENKNIFE



LODGE ROOM IN WASHINGTON'S TIME

for its position, for like Solomon's Temple it faces the rising sun. Hence the current idea that the city fathers expected the bulk of the city's growth to be eastward and so planned the Capitol to front in that direction is as absurd as it is erroneous, for had that been the idea the White House most surely would have been differently located.

The little silver trowel was last used on an important occasion by President Roosevelt during the ceremonies attendant upon the laying of the corner stone of the new Masonic Temple in Washington, D. C. It is such a dainty, ivory handled, beautifully engraved silver affair that it is difficult to associate it with such mighty events of history.

* * *

Of all of the various things scattered about the Lodge room which reflect the character and personality of its charter Master, there is one before which even the most indifferent observer must needs pause with reverential awe. This is the quaint little old bedchamber clock which told off the passing of the hours for the regulation of the daily schedule of the duties and pleasures of the master of Mt. Vernon and whose silent hands still point to the hour and minute when this, "the greatest life in history" closed its earthly span.

On the death of the General, Doctor Elisha Cullen Dick, one of the attending physicians and a lifelong friend, cut the pendulum cord and stopped the old-time piece at twenty minutes after ten, P. M., December 14, 1799. Later on Mrs. Washington gave the clock to Dr. Dick for the lodge, and for 113 years this little timepiece has kept its silent memorial vigil. It is the only piece of furniture that belonged in the bedroom at that time which has not since been restored to its old place.

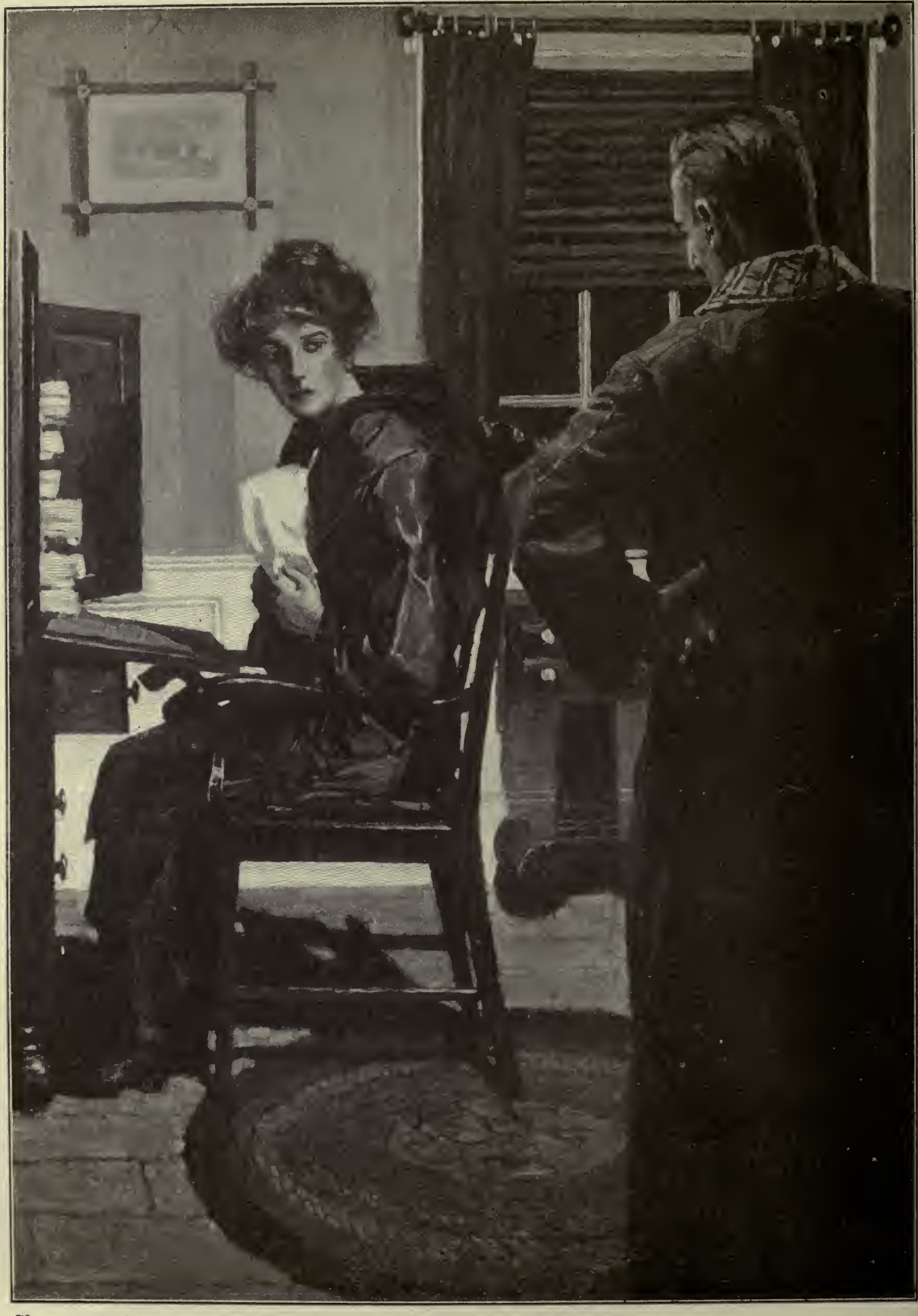
Quite as worthy of attention and respectful homage is the fine old chair occupied by the General when Worshipful Master of No. "22." This splendid old Gainsborough with its mahogany frame inlaid with white holly and leather upholstering was imported from England for the Mt. Vernon Library and transferred to the Lodge without doubt so that the great Craftsman might more comfortably adjust his length and weight while presiding there. After 117 years of continuous usage it naturally began to show signs of age and consequently a glass case was provided for its preservation.

During the course of its existence it has held many distinguished men, chief of whom was General Lafayette during his visit in 1825. Once a year, on the anniversary of Washington's birth, this historic treasure is brought from its case and put back in its old place of honor and used during the day's patriotic exercises.

One of the most interesting of all Washington mementoes is the Williams portrait which occupies a conspicuous position and is pointed out as the only portrait in existence which shows the General in old age and in Masonic regalia. This is a flesh-tinted pastel made by order and at the expense of the Lodge for which Washington gave a number of sittings while in Philadelphia in 1793. A year later it was finished and ready for the inspection of the critics. Before it was accepted as satisfactory it was viewed not only by his fraternal associates who had known him a lifetime, served with him in war and shared in all of the events of his varied and remarkable career, but was carefully examined by the most critical of all judges—his family. To the members of the Lodge of that day posterity owes a lasting debt of gratitude for providing a likeness which is considered the truest replica of the original of any in existence.

Fabulous sums have been offered for this portrait, even the Government entering into the bidding, but past associations and its Masonic character preclude the probability of its ever being sold.

When the Lodge of Alexandria accomplishes its cherished dream of erecting through the co-operation of all of the Masonic organizations of the United States, a memorial to "Washington, the Mason," then all these treasured relics and time-honored souvenirs of the life of the immortal Father of his Country, in the Great Memorial Hall, wherein generations yet unborn may reverently behold the priceless relics of the Father of his Country, will be provided with a fireproof repository.



She started violently and with an unconscious movement clutched the papers to her bosom. At the same moment she turned and glanced, apprehensively and suspiciously, at Halliwell

"The Lure of the Treasure"—see page 85

The Lure of the Treasure

by George Ethelbert Walsh

I

UNTIL two days before he was found dead in bed under suspicious circumstances, James Everard had never had a visitor in the ten years of his residence in the old white mansion on the outskirts of Meadowcroft.

That one visitor tramped up the gravel walk under the century-old oaks, knocked on the paneled door, and was admitted by the old man servant, but his visit was short, and when he returned from the interview he carried a broad, ugly grin on his scarred face, and stopped once or twice to look back at the house and chuckle softly to himself.

He had one armless sleeve tucked in the pocket of his coat and swung in his right hand a knotty stick of unusual size. When he reached the broad highway, he shook the stick angrily and glared with malevolent passion at the house just visible through the vista of trees. Then he trudged away and vanished.

The police heard the story of the stranger's visit and threatening actions, but their suspicions of foul play could not be verified by any single fact. They were baffled at every turn. Their utmost efforts failed to connect the man with the death of the owner of the mansion, and no amount of detective work could trace the fugitive.

James Everard was found dead in his bed, half reclining on two pillows, and staring with a horrible expression on his face at an open window. In death the fear and terror written in the eyes were so plainly visible that people shuddered when they saw it.

But there was no evidence of foul play. If any man ever died of fright it was James Everard. The police reluctantly admitted that it was no case for them. The doctors officially reported his death as probably due to heart disease, but as they filled in the report they shrugged their shoulders and whispered secretly among themselves.

The only surviving relative of the dead man was Allen Halliwell, a nephew, who lived in New York, and a telegram was sent to him. He confessed to the authorities that he knew very little about his uncle. "Years ago," he said, "Uncle James had a quarrel with the rest of the family and has had nothing to do with any of us since. He was always very eccentric and possessed of a violent temper."

Most of his life had been spent in roaming about the world. He had been a sea captain, and had commanded a number of ships. Beyond that fact Halliwell knew little of the private affairs of the deceased.

On the day of the funeral young Allen Halliwell appeared and followed the coffin to the cemetery. A simple service was held at the house. A few of the citizens of Meadowcroft attended out of respect for the dead, but when the funeral started for the cemetery only a single closed carriage, other than the one occupied by the nephew, followed it. Halliwell was a little surprised that anyone should undertake the trip, for it was a bleak, cold day, and the ride was fully five miles through a lonely part of the country.

When he dismounted at the cemetery the other carriage drew up and four men got out of it. Halliwell gave a little gasp of surprise as he counted the men and noticed their dress and appearance. They were not citizens of Meadowcroft, or if they were, he had failed to recognize any of them at the services at the mansion. Still he had been very busy and had not looked around much at the mixed audience.

Somehow, he thought, he would have noticed such men if they had been present, so different were they from ordinary people. Two of them were bearded and grizzled, and the other two were clean shaven, but equally odd in appearance. One was short and fat with a wooden stump in place of a leg; the other tall, thin and angular, with a wonderful reach of arms.

One and all they had faces that were as unprepossessing as their bodies. If not downright ugly, they were marked by scars and pitted with small-pox to make up for any lack of natural defects. Halliwell stopped and stared at the strange quartette.

He was still staring when the short, fat man with the wooden leg approached and said:

"We missed our train, an' was too late for the sarvices at the house. Hopes you don't mind our comin' here. It's out of respect for Jim there that we're here. You his nephew?"

Halliwell nodded his head affirmatively. Then he asked:

"You knew Uncle James?"

"Knew him? Lordy now, my son, we knew Jim as we know the hair on our head! We sailed with him for ten years."

While speaking the others came up. The one with a red beard broke in sharply as if in reproof of his companion:

"Ain't you got your manners 'bout you, Stumpy? Why ain't you introdoocing yourself properly?" Then turning to Halliwell, he added, sweeping off his slouch hat as he spoke: "We's all friends of Jim Everard, an' when we reads in the papers of his death we, being in port for a week, runds down to pay our last respects to him. Poor Jim! We'd lost sight of him for nigh ten years."

A long arm and hairy hand was then thrust out to grasp Halliwell's hand. It was the tall, lanky stranger.

"Sir, I shake hands with you," he said solemnly. "If you're any kith or kind of Jim's, I'm honored in meeting you. If ever there was a saint on earth it was him who lies so silent there in the coffin. Sir, I could shed tears over him and count myself honored in doing it."

With a hairy hand swept across his eyes the speaker thrust away any tear drops that might have welled up. He looked so mournful and pathetic that Halliwell forgot his repugnance for the scarred face and long, swinging arms. Possibly beneath the rough exteriors of the men there were honest hearts and good, simple, innocent souls.

The only one of the quartette who had not spoken to Halliwell was the man with the scraggly black beard. As if too absorbed in the desire to see his old shipmate before the coffin was lowered he had walked toward the open grave. Halliwell noticed that he limped a little, as if one leg was a little shorter than the other, but what most attracted his attention was the enormous size of the man. His broad back was so huge that had it not been for his extraordinary height, it would have seemed a deformity. The head, the arms, and the legs were in corresponding proportion. Halliwell thought of a giant he had once seen at Barnum's circus and wondered vagely if the man was not the same.

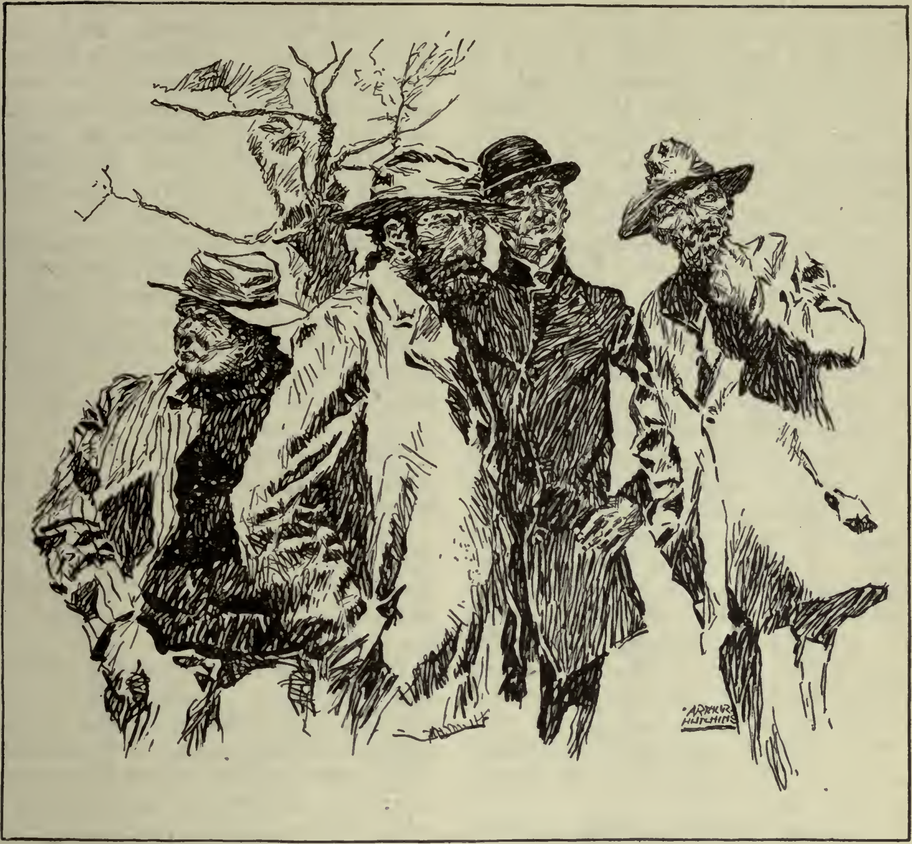
"Blacky can't wait to pay his respects to you," Red Beard remarked, noting Halliwell's glance toward the giant. "But that ain't strange, seein' him an' Jim was great friends."

"Yes, great as my affection was for your uncle, it was surpassed by Blacky's," chimed in the man with the long arms. "I hopes, sir, that you don't think none the less of me for confessin' it, sir."

Halliwell smiled. Somehow the conversation of these queer characters amused him and yet they aroused a slumbering suspicion in his mind. It was a very lonely spot in the cemetery. Rows of huge trees and a high, dense hedge of privet hid the public highway entirely from view. The rows of white stones stretched out in endless vistas, but they marked the city of the dead rather than of the living.

Halliwell was no coward, and in his day he had met dangers with a cool and even head. He now dismissed all signs of apprehension from his mind and made a move as if to approach the open grave. Stumpy, who had stood in the background, suddenly blocked his way, placing a friendly hand on his shoulder:

"If so you don't object to it, me an' my mates will take a last farewell of Jim alone. The sarvice is a solemn one with us, an' we would consider it a favor if you'd order the grave-digger an' the harse-driver away."



One and all they had faces that were as unprepossessing as their bodies. . . Halliwell stopped and stared at the strange quartette

"Stumpy never tells the whole of the truth," interrupted Red Beard. "We've come ten miles today to bury our little keepsakes in the coffin with Jim. They ain't much, but being what they be they's all we can do for him, an' Jim would understand."

The man drew from his coat a much battered piece of jade carving, which he proceeded to thumb lovingly.

"Jim thought a heap of this, an' he's goin' to have it now. We stole it from a heathen temple when we was in Bombay, an' Jim kept it a part of the time an' me the other part. We agrees when one of us dies, he takes the little image with him for good. Jim's drawed the winning card an' it's hisn."

Stumpy turned the battered piece of jade around in his hand and mournfully gazed at it. He was like a child parting with his last toy.

"Sir, I'm not to be outdone by any of my mates," the tall, lanky individual added. "The best I have is Jim's."

He drew from his pocket a golden cross with curious workmanship wrought in filagree and raised enamel marking the top and base of it. Halliwell judged it might be a priceless treasure picked up in some foreign port.

"An' me," said Red Beard, "has got my little keepsake for remembrance."

He drew something from his coat, but it was carefully wrapped in tissue paper. He shook his head, but made no attempt to remove the paper.

Halliwell began to feel annoyed, but when the four men crowded around the coffin which now lay exposed on the cold ground before the open grave, he could not resent the apparent intention of the strangers to honor the dead. After all his uncle had probably been more to these old comrades than to any of his own family. He motioned the undertaker and the grave-digger to stand aside. They withdrew a pace or two while the four men surrounded the coffin.

They ranged themselves about the dead in such a way that when the big man stooped, as if to perform his last rites of farewell, Halliwell was unable to see what he was actually doing.

Whatever it was, he was a long time at it. Halliwell grew impatient, and was on the point of interfering when Stumpy said:

"Blacky, it's my turn to say farewell. The sarvice must be short."

He stepped forward and apparently placed his piece of carved jade in the coffin. Blacky's broad back shut out Halliwell's view, but Stumpy was clumsy and awkward. Halliwell thought he saw the arm of the man thrust down in the coffin rather further than the circumstances warranted. He coughed and made a motion as if to step forward.

But Stumpy was almost immediately on his feet. As he stepped back Red Beard took his turn.

"It's getting late and we must be brief," Halliwell said, clearing his throat.

"Sir, you're right. We must be brief, comrades. To the dead time is nothing, but to the living time is all. I wait for the last look, sir, and then we thank you an' say farewell."

Halliwell did not attempt to interfere with the ceremonies again. He glanced toward the undertaker, but that individual's face was as blank and mystified as the grave-digger's. Both were silent witnesses, and both were at a loss for an explanation. But then, old James Everard had always been eccentric, and it was not strange that his burial should be marked by strange ceremonies. Possibly it was a request of the dead.

When the last of the quartette had finished, Halliwell motioned to the undertaker to screw on the coffin lid. Then changing his mind he stepped forward himself and looked into the face of the dead man. It was a quick, searching glance.

It told him much. The clothing of his uncle had been considerably rumpled and the satin lining had been torn in places as if rough hands had tugged at it. There were no signs of the keepsakes which the men had professed a desire to place in the coffin in memory of their old comrade. Instead there was every indication of clumsy rifling of the corpse.

Halliwell stood up, white of face and tense with emotion. Convinced that the men had some design which he could not fathom, but certain that they had come there to rob the dead of anything of value buried with him, he was too enraged for a moment to speak. When he got his voice he exclaimed angrily:

"You scoundrelly grave-robbers! Get out of this cemetery or I'll have you thrown in jail!"

"Sir," retorted the tall, lanky man, "you speak but what is in your mind, and not what is in your heart." Then, turning, he added: "Come, comrades, we go. Let the dead bury the dead."

They walked hurriedly away and Halliwell heard them chuckle softly. They were not men to enrage without inviting unpleasant consequences, and Halliwell felt that in the lonely cemetery it was the part of wisdom to let them depart in peace. After all they had not obtained anything, for his uncle had been buried in the plainest manner and carried nothing of value to his last resting place.

He watched them enter the carriage and drive clumsily away. All this time the driver of the carriage had remained seated on the box—when the men tumbled in he picked up the reins with one hand.

Halliwell noted his peculiar way of driving. Just as they reached the last turn in the roadway, he started and turning to the undertaker, exclaimed:

"That driver had only one arm! Who is he?"

"Never saw him before, sir," was the response. "Yes, I noticed he had only one arm."

"Did you see his face?"

"No, I was busy watching the others. But—but—"

The two gazed into each other's eyes. Then Halliwell said:

"Do you suppose he could have been

the strange man who visited uncle two days before he died?"

"I don't know, sir, but he did look suspiciously like what I've heard of him."

Halliwell frowned.

"What do you suppose it all means?" he murmured.

"It beats me, sir. I supposed they were friends of your uncle."

"So did I. But now I think they must have been his enemies."

"It looks so, sir, but they can't hurt the dead. I'd be a little careful myself, sir, for they may be having designs on you."

Halliwell promptly dismissed any such idea from his mind.

"They have nothing to gain by that. No, I think they were looking for something in Uncle's coffin. I wonder if they found it."

"I don't know what it could have been, sir, for there was nothing in his clothes. I prepared and dressed him and I know, sir, what was in the coffin."

"They put nothing in it, did they?"

"I'll find out, sir."

With professional skill, the undertaker made a search of the coffin, and finally smoothed down the ruffled clothes of the corpse and shook his head.

"Nothing whatever, sir."

"Then I wonder what it all meant," Halliwell mused.

But he could make nothing of the conundrum proposed by himself, and he tried to forget it. The coffin was lowered into the grave and Halliwell stood bareheaded while the dirt was shoveled over it. Then he returned to his carriage and was driven rapidly back to the old mansion among the oaks.

II

Allen Halliwell spent the night in the home of his late uncle, which, as there were no other heirs to claim it, would by law come into his possession. There was no question about his right to it, and no one in Meadowcroft thought it strange that he should stay in the old mansion. It was late when he returned from the cemetery, and there was no train, except a slow local, back to the city that night.

James Everard's old servant prepared a bed for him in a room adjoining his late uncle's library. Like all the rooms in the mansion it was of generous size, and the furniture, while old and cumbersome, was in good condition and reflected the taste of an earlier decade.

Halliwell looked around the room with a certain amount of curiosity, and examined desks, bureaus and the few pictures hanging from the walls. In the old man's library he found many queer articles picked up in foreign ports, which he judged were more or less intimately associated with his uncle's earlier life.

There were carved elephants made of teak-wood, brass and bronze curios of the Orient, handsome pieces of ivory, a perfect specimen of a bull elephant's tusk, a Japanese sword rusty with age, a motley collection of East Indian masks, several grinning images and idols, a Japanese dirk and creese, a bolo, a pair of polished cymbals, the long bony snout of a swordfish, a shark's tooth set with diamonds, and a multitude of other articles collected from various quarters of the world.

There was a queer desk of inlaid metal standing on four legs of twisted wood, with a low top, and many little pigeonholes cut into it by some skillful carver. Papers and memoranda were filed away in these holes and small drawers. It was probably at this desk that his uncle transacted most of his ordinary business, and possibly some of the papers there would give him a clue as to the late James Everard's financial standing.

Halliwell did not know whether his uncle had any property or not. He was not sure that he owned the house in which he lived. For an hour or two he examined the bundles of papers which, for the most part, were totally uninteresting. They referred to small details about the house and marketing accounts. Here and there a memorandum was found which referred to some book the old man had been reading.

There was a generous library of books, consisting largely of sea stories and sea lore. Halliwell judged from the marks in many of them that his uncle had consulted them frequently.

Finally from a drawer in the desk he drew forth a packet closely covered with fine, cramped writing. A glance at the first few pages convinced him that it was a sort of diary that the old man had attempted to keep. This would probably reveal something of his uncle's private affairs.

As he read over the pages he realized that he was being carried many years back into the old man's life. Instead of a diary it was an account of his earlier adventures, leading up to some great event which Halliwell could only faintly imagine. He turned the pages two or three at a time and found mingled with the fine writing drawings and diagrams, which had been inserted to explain the text. It was getting late and as Halliwell had left the city very early that morning, he finally closed the manuscript and yawned.

"I'll leave this for tomorrow," he decided. "I'm too stupid and sleepy to wade through it."

He put the manuscript back in the desk and closed the compartment. Then he locked the desk and retired to his room.

He was not long in preparing for bed, nor much longer in dropping into sound slumber when once snugly ensconced in the soft bed. He slept without dream or nightmare, and was totally oblivious of all that was going on about him. Usually a very sound sleeper, he was more so this night because of the hard ride and experiences of the day.

Nevertheless he woke up suddenly with a sense of impending danger. At first he lay there staring silently at the ceiling, listening intently. A bar of light entered the room through a crevice in the library door, and a faint, rustling noise assailed his ears. Someone was moving around in the other room, and the intermittent flash of light indicated that the intruder was making use of a pocket electric lamp.

Halliwell rose quietly, reached for his pistol and made his way noiselessly to the door of the library. There was no light in the room save that furnished by the pocket lamp of the burglar, and Halliwell was startled to discover that the intruder was a woman. A dark cloak was drawn over her gown and a hood of some crimson hue was thrown back, revealing an exquisite head and face. She was seated before the desk reading the papers and letters abstracted from the various compartments. A partial view showed Halliwell a profile of remarkable beauty, crowned by luxuriant hair that, even in the dim light, gleamed like burnished gold.

While he looked she rested her chin on her hand and seemed lost in abstraction. He was fascinated by the picture. Totally unconscious of his presence she sighed, and a frown knitted the brows in tiny wrinkles. Then she resumed her task, removing paper after paper, but always returning them to their places, after a hasty inspection, with a little show of annoyance.

In silence Halliwell watched her for several moments and then stepping softly into the room he turned on the electric lights. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked quietly.

The woman started violently at the sound of his voice and immediately snapped off the light from her pocket lamp; but this availed her little, for the electric bulbs over her head were flooding the room with light. Seeing the futility of this, and realizing that she was trapped, a hand sought the folds of her dress. Anticipating her intention Halliwell added with a smile on his lips:

"I wouldn't do that. If you must know it I am armed, and while it may be ungentlemanly to draw a gun on a woman I must protect myself."

She turned and faced him, alarm in her eyes. They were deep brown eyes, large and well formed, and the brows were arched in perfect curves.

"Perhaps there is something in the desk that belongs to you," he observed after an embarrassing pause.

She continued to stare at him in silence, the fear in her eyes growing less as she took note of his features and the smile on his lips. The blood that had receded from her face was returning slowly, dyeing the cheeks to a beautiful crimson. She half rose from her seat.

"Yes, there is a paper here that rightfully belongs to me," she made answer. "Otherwise I wouldn't undertake such a risk as this."

Halliwell looked puzzled. He was not sure that she was telling him the truth. Yet her eyes were frank and fearless, and she did not look the role she was playing.

"I was not aware that anybody had a claim to Uncle's papers," he replied finally, "but if you can establish a right to one I shall not deny you."

She smiled for the first time, a bright, dazzling smile. Halliwell was conscious of a strange fascination that her beauty inspired in him. She shook her head slowly, and looked down at the floor.

"I'm afraid," she said slowly, "I could not convince you of my right to the paper without telling you more than I am willing. No, I couldn't do it."

"What is the paper?" he asked suddenly. "Show it to me, and I may be able to decide then."

"I haven't found it—not yet."

Halliwell rested both arms across the back of a chair and watched his fair burglar with keen, searching eyes. She was certainly good to look at, and not at all like any of his preconceived ideas of a thief.

"Suppose," he began slowly, "that you find the paper and show it to me. Then—if it is of no value to me—I may decide to let you take it."

She hesitated a moment and frowned.

"I couldn't do that," she replied, "not without telling you first it is of value to you—that is, it might be in time if you cared to use it."

"That's frank. I'm inclined to make concessions. Suppose you look for it."

Still standing she glanced from him to the desk. A longing flashed from her eyes, and her hands twitched convulsively.

"You want me to do that?" she cried. "You give me permission to look for it in this desk?"

"Yes, and when you find it you will pass it to me for inspection."

A flash of suspicion entered her eyes, followed by a slow, cunning look. She hesitated. To find the paper only to have it taken by another was not a pleasant prospect.

"I will stand here in the middle of the room," Halliwell added. "You have full permission to go ahead with your search."

"Suppose I find it and conceal it in my dress?" she said with a flash of defiance.

"I'll risk it," was the reply. "I don't think you will do that."

"Why not?"

"Why? Because I trust you."

She stopped and pondered this. Then with a delicious little laugh she replied:

"I will accept your offer. It will not take long."

Halliwell nodded and she seated herself at the desk. With slow deliberation she began pulling out the papers from the compartments. The first she examined with little care and returned them to their places. A deep flush lay on her cheeks and her eyes were sparkling. None of the papers however seemed to interest her, and a frown gradually puckered her forehead. Halliwell began to wish that the search would continue indefinitely. The beauty of her hair, eyes, brows and softly curving chin and neck held him in delicious thralldom.

The seconds ticked away slowly, merging into minutes, and still the fair intruder kept at her work. Once when she sighed heavily Halliwell leaned forward:

"Won't you let me help you?" he asked. "I know the contents of the desk pretty well."

She turned a swift, inquiring look at him. "Have you taken anything out of it?" she asked suspiciously.

"Nothing that I didn't put back again. Everything is there just as Uncle left it."

Apparently reassured by his words she resumed her work. Suddenly she gasped and half turned to him and then bent over some papers that she had found. Lower and lower the golden head drooped, and the fingers, handling the leaves, trembled so that they rattled the paper. She was so absorbed that she seemed to have completely forgotten Halliwell.

From his position he could see plainly the nature of the document she was examining. It was the manuscript he had been reading early in the evening—the one he had carelessly laid aside to finish in the morning.

Swiftly and deftly she turned page after page, glancing up and down the fine writing with eager eyes that seemed to take in whole pages at a time. The clock ticked away the seconds with monotonous regularity. The woman had forgotten Halliwell!

Suddenly she reached the part of the manuscript marked with crude diagrams and drawings. She started violently, and with an unconscious movement clutched the papers to her bosom. At the same moment she turned and glanced, apprehensively and suspiciously, at Halliwell.

He gave her a reassuring smile that brought the blush to her cheeks.

"If that is what you want you are welcome to it," he said quietly. "I started to read it myself, but I didn't finish it. I thought it was an interesting account of Uncle's early life. I promised myself the pleasure of finishing it in the morning. But I can forego the pleasure. It is yours —if you want it."

The woman rose from her seat and faced him, the papers still clutched in her hands.

"You—you will let me have this?" she stammered.

"I certainly have no intention of trying to take it from you. I promised you that."

"But do you know what is in it?"

"No, not even vaguely."

She bit her lip. For a moment she stood uncertainly before him. Once she made a motion as if to hand the papers to him, but his voice arrested her, speaking easily and naturally:

"It belongs to you. I have no claim on it. Besides I'm not particularly interested in Uncle's early life."

"How do you know that it does not contain information that may—may concern your life—things that may mean much to you?"

"If I never know anything about them, I will not be disappointed at the loss. I never want to know unless you tell me. If some day—"

She suddenly recovered her composure.

"Yes, that is it. Some day I may be able to enlighten you. When that day comes you may think better of me for this night's work. I'm not sure that I'm doing right now, but there are others I must consider—their rights and their wrongs."

Halliwell stepped forward. "I know," he said in a low voice, "this midnight visit is prompted by some strong reasons which would exonerate you. You have not stolen those papers. I have presented you with them. Let the matter end there."

"You make it easy—very easy for me. You will let me go now?"

"Yes—if you must," he stammered. "But—won't I ever see you again?"

"You forget that I promised some day to tell you why I do this thing. But for the present, good-bye!"

He accepted the proffered hand, and held it for a moment in one of his. "Good-bye!" he murmured finally.

For an instant their eyes met. Then she turned, gathered the cloak around her slender figure and moved toward the open door. Halliwell accompanied her to it and let her slip out into the darkness. When her form was swallowed up by the outside blackness he sighed, closed the door, and returned to the desk in the library. For some minutes he stood there, lost in thought, looking down at the seat which she had recently occupied. Finally he murmured aloud:

"I wonder if I am wholly an ass!"

Following which statement he returned to his bedroom and attempted to finish his broken slumber.

Allen Halliwell returned to his apartments in New York the following day, carrying with him all the papers that seemed to be of any value. There was little enough in the estate to interest him, for beyond the house, which seemed to be free and clear of encumbrances, and a small plot of ground in Meadowcroft, there was no tangible property. The old man's fortune, if he had any, was a mystery which the utmost search of his papers failed to unravel.

The house and furniture on the outskirts of Meadowcroft were put up for sale, but as there was little demand for real estate in that part of the country the chances of realizing anything immediately were vague.

Halliwell spent odd moments in going over the old man's papers, but they yielded little information of value. More than once he paused to speculate upon the nature of the old manuscript which he had permitted his fair midnight visitor to carry away with her. Every time his thoughts drifted back to that strange adventure, he found himself thinking more of the woman than of the contents of the manuscript.

Who was she? What interest had she in his uncle's estate? How was it that she possessed prior information of the character of the bundle of papers, and of what value were they? Undoubtedly, he reflected, they furnished a clew to his dead uncle's fortune—if there was a fortune in existence.

The more he reflected, the more convinced he grew that there was some great secret about his uncle's past, of which he knew nothing, but which his midnight visitor fully understood. Otherwise, why should she run the risk of burglarizing his house the very night after his burial?

"Probably I've been a fool," Halliwell said with a shrug of his shoulders. "I may have sacrificed a fortune for a pretty face. Well, so be it. Still"—regretfully—"she might at least have given me a chance to meet her again."

With hands thrust deep in his pockets, he lay back in his easy chair and gazed up at the ceiling. It was a modest apartment in which he lived, but it was fashionable, richly decorated and up-to-date in its appointments. Halliwell lived here alone with his valet—a quiet, secluded place where he could entertain his friends occasionally or live apart, when he desired, from the busy, bustling world.

After reading and re-reading the scattered papers of his uncle the young man smoked quietly. The papers had brought no enlightenment either as to the existence of a fortune or to the identity of the woman. Somehow Halliwell had cherished the notion that he might find somewhere a reference to the lady. For this reason he had read, more assiduously than usual, packet after packet of yellow sheets covered with the fine, cramped handwriting of his dead relative.

He gave up the search, however, and with a sigh tried to resign himself to the inevitable. "The deuce take it!" he finally ejaculated. "I should like to know the mystery of it. If for nothing but the adventure in it, I should like to know who she is and what she found in that manuscript."

He got up and walked across the room several times. Once he stopped and murmured: "She said some day she might enlighten me." Hope entered his eyes, but as quickly left them. "I guess that day will never come," he said, "or if it does it will be so far in the future I won't have any more interest in the subject."

He seated himself at the table, lighted another cigar and picked up a book to read. But he could not follow the print. His mind reverted unconsciously to the thought uppermost in his mind. Suddenly he sat up and slapped his knees. "By Jove!" he whispered, "I wonder now if there was any coincidence between the two!"

He thought of the queer scene at the cemetery when the four strange men had attempted to rifle the coffin. Could there be any connection between their attempted robbery and the midnight visit of the fair lady? Certainly they were all looking for something. What was it his uncle possessed that two attempts should be made within twenty-four hours to get it?

His interest was revived, and for a few minutes he sat still, trying to solve the puzzle. He was in the midst of such baffling thoughts when the door in the hall opened softly. Halliwell's back was to it, but he did not turn. Williams, his valet, had been out for the evening, and his return at any moment was possible. So he merely said without moving:

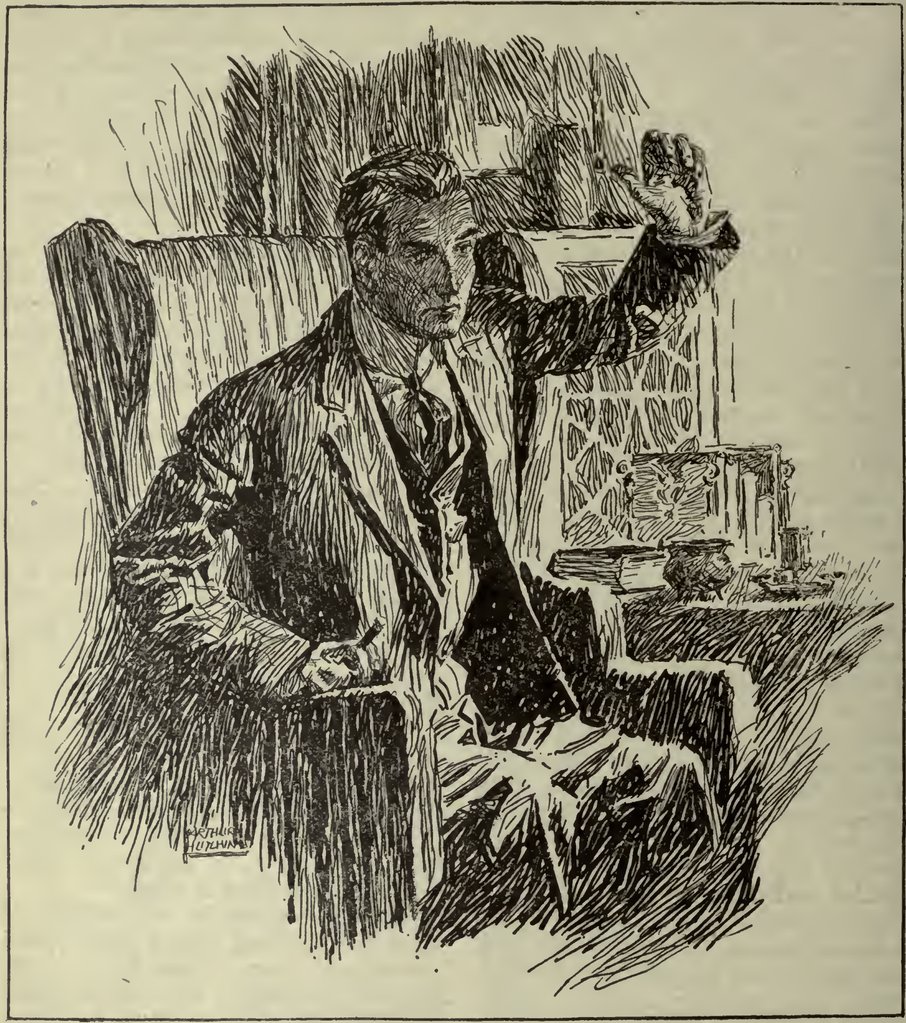
"That you, Williams? Back early, aren't you? Or is it late?"

He pulled out his watch to see the time. As he did so a hand was placed on his neck. He attempted to turn, but he could not twist his head far, for the hand clutched his throat and held it in a vise.

Halliwell was sturdy and athletic of build, and he swung himself upward with tremendous power, almost breaking the hold on his throat. He was conscious, before he saw the face, that the hand was rough and hairy, and likewise that it had tremendous constrictive power. When, in the scuffle, he twisted around so he could see the owner of the hand, he gave a little gasp of astonishment.

The man before him had an evil-looking face, but it was the red beard which attracted Halliwell's notice. He could not forget that beard. He had seen it but once, and that was in the cemetery when the farce had been enacted by the four strangers paying tribute to his dead uncle.

"You're most as spry as old Jim," the man remarked as he coolly placed a knee on Halliwell's stomach and pressed him back in the chair.



"By jove!" he whispered, "I wonder now if there was any coincidence between the two!"

"Sir, it hurts us to treat Jim's dear nephew with such harshness, but it is necessary for the good of the service," said another voice close to Halliwell's ears. He recognized the man who was called "Sandy"—the long, lank, ungainly creature who had been one of the grave-robbers.

Halliwell was gasping for breath and the hold on his throat caused blurred spots to dance before his eyes. He wondered vaguely if the men intended to strangle him to death without so much as giving him a chance to speak. He stopped struggling and fighting, hoping that this would induce Red Beard to relax his fearful hold.

"Here, Red, get a gag in his mouth and a rope around his arms." Halliwell turned his eyes a trifle and was not surprised to see that it was Stumpy who now spoke. He looked for the fourth member of the mysterious quartette and was not disappointed. Black Beard was stooping over the table littered with his uncle's papers, turning them over roughly, breathing hard as he did so, and studying each carefully.

Out in the hall Halliwell heard a step. His heart gave a great bound. If Williams, his valet, was returning he might give the alarm in time to save him from further rough handling. But the face which suddenly appeared in the doorway took away all hope of relief.

If anything the man approaching was more evil looking than any of the others. He stood in the doorway scowling a moment, and then turned and walked back down the hall. He was evidently on guard to intercept anyone entering the apartment. In that brief glance permitted him, Halliwell noted, however, that the man had only one arm.

Suddenly the remembrance of the day at the cemetery came to mind. The driver of the carriage who took the four men away from the cemetery had only one arm. Likewise, the man who had visited his uncle a few days before his death, and whose strange appearance at the old mansion had started rumors of foul play had only one arm. Even in his moment of desperation, Halliwell's mind connected the two, and he puzzled his brain to solve the riddle.

They gagged and trussed him up so that he could barely move or breathe. With his face turned toward the ceiling, and his eyes bulging from their sockets under the torture of the gag and the recent strangling, Halliwell lay like a lamb for the slaughter.

The men walked noiselessly around the room, examining everything, even to turning upside down the vases and tobacco jar. They talked in low tones, but occasionally some words would blurt out louder than the speakers intended. They were for the most part uttered to express anger and annoyance.

"They ain't here!" Red Beard exclaimed once.

"Hum-m! " growled the big black giant, making a sound like wind blowing through trees. "They may be, an' they mayn't. Jim couldn't have swallowed 'em, an' died peacefully."

"His nephew may have marooned 'em somewheres," suggested Sandy. "S'pose we asks him?"

Without further words Sandy picked up Halliwell and straightened him on the sofa so that he could breathe easier.

"Sir," said he, removing the gag from his tortured mouth, "it may be you have sense enough not to make a noise if we loose your tongue a mite. If so, wriggle it a little an' get the kinks out of it afore we ask you a few questions."

Halliwell, black in the face, strove hard to speak, but his dry, parched mouth seemed so filled with his swollen tongue that he could no more than utter an inarticulate murmur. The muscles of his jaws ached so that he doubted if he could use them again. Sandy watched him a moment, and as his jaws worked without any sound coming from them his captor grew suspicious.

"It wouldn't be safe to holler just now," he said, menacingly, producing an ugly-looking knife. "No, sir, there are times in every man's life when wisdom says 'keep mum.' This is one of 'em."

Halliwell had no intention of making an outcry. The odds were too heavily against him; his only hope was to pacify the men and not to defy them.

"Now, if you got your tongue loosened maybe you'll answer a few civil questions," Sandy added. "Firstly, what did you do with the rest of them papers of Jim's? Secondly, and lastly, where's the one with diagrams and figures, with a little pine tree standing up on a rock?"

Halliwell tried his voice. It was only a whisper at first, but he could articulate with some degree of accuracy.

"I—don't—know—anything—about —such—a—paper," he stuttered with an effort.

"Then, firstly," replied Sandy, "we'll truss you up again, and secondly, we'll cut out your heart for lying to us. Now, sir, that's a bit hard on us, we being gentlemen and sea-faring men of standing. It would be much better, I argue, to out with the whole story, an' not keep us here at all hours of the night a-torturing of you."

Halliwell, with the recovery of his speech, regained some control of his nerves. The men were evidently on the search for something they were determined to get even at the cost of his life. If he could convince them of his innocence, they might be induced to depart without shedding blood. Otherwise—well, it was a dubious and uncertain future.

"All of the papers I brought from my uncle's house at Meadowcroft are right there in that desk," he said, pointing to the rifled desk before him. "I have not taken one away. You are welcome to the whole lot. I do not know or care what you're looking for. You're on the wrong trail if you expect to find something that I've hidden. Now take the papers and get out! I am tired and sick of the whole business. I wish Uncle James had willed his possessions to somebody else. It was unfortunate that I was ever his nephew."

Sandy watched him carefully. When he had finished the evil-looking face was turned away for an instant.

"Blacky, may be you has the art of extracting the truth from this innocent nephew of Jim," he said with a leer, speaking to the giant. "I leaves him to you."

For the first time Halliwell got a good look at the black-bearded one. The face was almost as massive in appearance as the huge shoulders and elephantine limbs. The dense growth of whiskers gave to it a setting of gloom and fierceness. The eyes, deep-set beneath scraggly brows, were sharp and pig-like.

He approached Halliwell with a tread that made the floor squeak. He limped a trifle, as Halliwell had noticed in the cemetery, but this apparently did not interfere with his progress. He planted himself squarely in front of the sofa, and in a deep, booming voice that was held down in pitch with difficulty, he said:

"You got just a minute—sixty seconds—to spit it out. Got a watch? Huh! You can time your own death watch."

He stooped and jerked Halliwell's gold watch from his pocket and placed it on the sofa near him where his eyes could see the ticking off of the seconds.

Without another word he turned and resumed his task of searching the room. His sharp, pig-like eyes roamed swiftly from object to object. They took in the pictures and prints on the wall, swept the mantelpiece with its few vases, and darted easily and searchingly from table to desk.

Halliwell watched him with a sense of impending fear. The man was so cold and ruthless that he did not doubt his death-knell would be sounded on the tick of the minute. Murder was no more to this creature of blood and iron than kicking a dog that stepped in his way. Halliwell realized that his fate hung by a slender thread.

Sandy approached him again and looked at the ticking watch. "Thirty seconds," he said with a leer. "Sir, you hold life cheap. How's the pulse?"

He leaned over and felt of the wrist. The touch of the hairy hand sent a violent feeling of disgust through Halliwell. With a quick movement he threw off the hand.

"Keep your dirty paws off," he exclaimed sharply. "If I'm to die, I don't want to be handled by such filthy swine!"

He had reasoned that the men were either trying to scare him, or that they were cold, bloodthirsty murderers. If the former he would call their bluff, if the latter he would meet death bravely. He would not give them the satisfaction of being intimidated by them.

"Little fighting cock, eh?" Sandy jeered. "Well, sir, it's many such as we've baited an' had fun with, but they generally squealed at the last."

Halliwell glared at him. In his mind he was weighing the odds. The gag was out of his mouth now, and his voice had been entirely restored. He could summon assistance at the last moment and make escape for the men difficult. If this was his only possible revenge he would do it before they could lay hands on him to throttle him again.

The big black-bearded man, whose back had been turned to him, suddenly said without so much as moving his position in front of the desk: "Time's up! Kill him, Sandy, an' don't make a mess of it."

Sandy was only too ready to obey orders. He tested the ugly-looking knife with his fingers, leering hard at Halliwell, who cleared his throat for a final effort to summon help.

But the words never formed themselves on his lips. Sandy never had an opportunity to raise the keen-edged knife. His finger stopped mid-way on the blade, and his eyes grew sharp and alert. There was a commotion in the hall. Every man in the room looked toward the door with startled fear. The one-armed confederate who had been on guard suddenly poked his head in the room. He seemed to signal to the others, and instantly they came to attention.

There was the rustle of a silken skirt, and Halliwell saw framed in the doorway the beautiful face of the woman who had visited him in his uncle's home that memorable midnight. The men touched their hats at the sight of her, and she, with a nod, returned their salutations. Her eyes met Halliwell's, but there was no sign of recognition in them. Then they sought the face of Blacky.

"Is there no other way?" she asked simply, indicating by a nod that she referred to Halliwell.

"None that we can think of, ma'm," Blacky replied.

She remained motionless for a moment, swaying slightly, Halliwell thought, as she half supported herself against the door. Her eyes were contracted as if in deep thought. Finally, the face lighted up, a flush entered the cheeks, and with sparkling eyes she spoke:

"There *is* another way."

Blacky looked at her, his eyes puzzled and surprised.

"Yes, ma'm," he responded. "There is another way—but what way may that be?"

The woman showed her white teeth in a smile. It was a bewildering smile, and the men seemed to feel it as did Halliwell. She nodded her head, as she answered: "A woman's way."

She laughed softly and musically as the men stared in puzzled surprise. "A woman has a way that is denied to men," she added. "You must go and leave him to me."

There was a suppressed grunt from Blacky, a shrug of the shoulder from Sandy and the one-armed man at the door scowled and seemed unconvinced. Blacky finally broke the tension.

"You're right, ma'm," he said. "A woman has a way that a man hasn't. We'll leave him with you."

With that he walked to the door. The woman stepped aside to allow him to pass. The others slowly and silently followed. Halliwell heard the outside door open and close with a click. He was left alone in the room with his fair midnight visitor.

(*To be continued*)

NIAGARA

By ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE

POURING the tribute of our Northern Lakes
Over the worn lip of its broken rock
The cataract leaps; it gives a heavy shock,
And Echo in her caverned palace wakes;
Upon our ear the voice of waters breaks
So loud it seems Jove's thunderbolt to mock;
The savage, hearing, deems he hears the talk
Of Manitou, and his awed spirit quakes.

We watch the waters, listen to their roar,
And for ourselves confess we have no word
To tell how awe-inspiring these are;
They have been lifted to the clouds before,
Unseen by mortal eye, by ear unheard,
And this the greater wonder is by far.

Johnny-Jump-Up

by Eleanor Duncan Wood

"ONE, two, three, four, five," counted Johnny triumphantly, leaning far out of the window so that no saucy blossom in the bed below might hide from her. "There now, Mammy, you said there wouldn't be one out till the end of the week, and just look at 'em."

The old darkey sniffed contemptuously. "You sho' is de contraries' white chil' livin'. Hyah you is a-misatin' an' a-ta'kin' on 'bout a passel o' triflin' Johnny-Jump-Ups any po' white trash could hev. Why, they ain't even the boughten kin'. Ain't got no better sensin' ter come up year after year, same's pusley. Now ef you could a seed yo' grandma's gyarden—"

Johnny held up a warning finger. "If I had, Mammy Melissy Mason, it would have been an awful thing for you. You'd have had nothing in the wide world to tell me about."

Melissy, fat brown arms akimbo, snorted disdainfully. "Listen ter dat! I wouldn't, wouldn't I? Whut 'bout de big plantation, an' de gre't house whar de do's wuzn't nebber shut? Whut 'bout de big dinin's wid ol' Miss at de head of de table dressed up same's Miss George Washington? Lawd, Lawd, chil', de comp'ny an' de dancin' an' projickin' in dose days did beat all. An' we-all's chany an' silber—"

"Well," broke in Johnny, "we've got *them* left anyway. They're about all the company didn't eat up."

Melissy regarded her mournfully. "You don't seem ter sense how po' you is. You ain't got nothin' but dis triflin' little white house, wid de same ol' contrapshuns in it whut wuz yo' ma's an' her ma's befo' her. Why, chil', you ain't even got yo' rightful name. 'Stead o' bein' Miss Johanna Abigail Ar'thusa Gilbert, you is jest *Johnny*, even ter de half-strainers whut's come up sence we-all went down. But whut makes me so outdoin' mad wif you all time is, y'ain't got sense 'nuf ter be mo'nful. You jes' put on day ol' straw hat an' dat washed out white dress an' strut off wid yo' haid up like you had sumpin' ter be thankful fur."

"I have," said Johnny and once more she leaned from the window and gazed out past the lilacs and syringas, and the great elm where the wild grape clung to the white road that stretched ribbon-wise between the bluegrass pastures. "I'm thankful I was born in Kentucky. I can't help but think I'd have been a misfit anywhere else. Doubtless God could have made a fairer land, but doubtless also He never did," she paraphrased whimsically. Then forgetting Melissy and with tender fervor, "And when He made it I like to think He took the soil of the Nile, and the skies of Italy, and the fruits and flowers of Eden, and flung in the breezes of Heaven for good measure. And deep in our hearts is woven the love of it, and the joy in it, so that we can only dream of Paradise as another and eternal Kentucky. All of which is Choctaw to you, Mammy, dear, and translated means that if you don't go put on dinner we won't have any, and I'll make you help me rub the silver for a penance."

Melissy retreated grumbling, and Johnny donned a big apron and began her task. The May sunshine, sifting through the young greenery of the elm, flung into relief the heavy mahogany furnishings of a bygone day. On the long sideboard were ranged the silver pieces that constituted a large part of Johnny's slender inheritance and which her common sense told her should years since have been exchanged for the antiquity hunter's gold. But they were part and parcel of the old lavish life, and women are tenacious creatures when it comes to sentiment and tradition. As it was the old flower-bordered garden all but furnished their simple living. Melissy's wants were few, and Johnny had eliminated her own personal expenses to the vanishing point.

As she bent above the flagon she was polishing, the sunlight showed threads of silver in her soft brown hair. There were delicate lines too, around the sensitive mouth, and beneath the clear eyes, set wide apart, and purple as the Johnny-Jump-Ups abloom beneath her window.

She looked her three and thirty years, but by some magic of telepathy one knew that those years had been made up of busy, cheery days and peaceful nights. Romance had touched her but once and then only to sadden. In compensation she had been dowered richly with those two great gifts, love of nature and of books. These had kept sweet and sunny the brave spirit that was her inheritance from the stout old Admiral, whose "Courage, my brothers, 'tis no further to Heaven by sea than by land," has flung down the gauntlet to Time as well as Death.

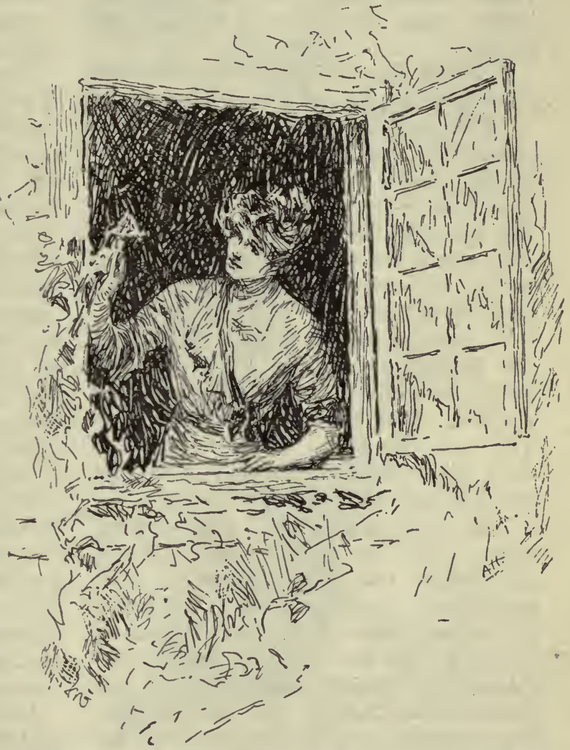
As Johnny paused in her work to glance at the tall clock ticking decorously in the corner, a little girl opened the door and advanced calmly to the center of the room. "Good morning," she said. "Perhaps you've forgotten me, but I'm Muriel Preston. We came to Grandfather's last week. He thinks I ought to like the lambs and the chickens, but I don't care for them. The chickens peck one's legs and the lambs jump as if theirs were just straight sticks, one at each corner. I thought I would come over and see you. You remember I came before—a long time ago when I was a very little girl. It was a year ago, I think."

"Yes," Johnny answered brightly. "It has been a long time. 'Way last summer—and that's an age when one is seven. Glad to see you, dear. Did mother come with you—and Daddy?"

She faltered a little over the word, but the child shook her curly blonde head emphatically. "Only mother," she said, "Daddy couldn't come. He's coming later." She lifted heavily-lashed brown eyes—her father's eyes—to Johnny's face. "Are you ever bored?" she asked suddenly.

"Never," smiled Johnny. "In the first place, I'm too busy. And in the second, I'm not rich enough."

"Well, my word, but Mother is," announced the child with decision. "She says it's a beastly shame to cut three good weeks out of every year to come down here. You know there's just nothing at all to do or see except"—dimpling suddenly—"watch the flies take a skate off Grandpa's bald head. Mother says she bets to herself which'll slide first just so as to keep awake when he begins on 'Befo' the Wah.' What's that queer looking thing on the pitcher?"



"There now, Mammy, you said there wouldn't be one out till the end of the week, and just look at 'em"

"That," said Johnny, polishing busily, "is a coat of arms."

"Don't look much like any coat I ever saw," Muriel answered languidly.

"No," admitted Johnny, "it don't, but it helps mightily when one hasn't a new one of the regulation kind."

"I don't see—" began Muriel, when there was a knock at the door and a tall, graceful woman in an elaborate house-gown entered.

"Good morning, Miss Gilbert," she said.

"I've come ostensibly to look after my daughter, but really to keep from killing Father. He was starting in on what the commanding general said to him at Missionary Ridge. I have heard it nine times by actual count and I was beginning to see red and to have visions of him weltering in his gore at my feet, so I thought I'd better leave. Don't bother to get up. Hand me that fan, Muriel, and run along home. You can 'cover my retreat,' as Father would say. Do you know it's hotter than sin coming through the fields?"

She sank into a chair and accepted the glass of water Johnny brought her.

"What a dear room this is, and what absolutely stunning mahogany," she chattered. "Really the best lines ever. Sort of suits you, too—background, atmosphere, that sort of thing. You ought to have sold them to me years ago. They're quite lost on the natives—I beg your pardon, but that's what they are."

"I can't agree with you, of course," said Johnny pleasantly. "We're provincial, I know, but not more so than you New Yorkers. You think the universe ends with your city limits. However, I don't mind candor, and I know you always did find Kentucky a howling wilderness."

"Not half so gay as that," was the quick retort. "It's too dead to howl. Would you believe me, Miss Gilbert, I can't even get up a game of bridge. I've asked all the neighbors. I was that desperate, though I knew the sort of thing I'd probably be up against. And what do you think was the result? The most devilish ones confessed to a little euchre, but the real long suit of the community was Flinch. Flinch! Suffering Saint Simon, what do you think of that?"

She bit daintily at the edge of her fan, then waved it at a portrait above the mantel, "Who's that worthy?" she asked.

"That's my father," said Johnny proudly. "He was painted in the uniform he wore at—"

"Help!" interrupted her listener. "I know what's coming, and say not so, fair lady. By the way, not that I care an atom for formality, but why haven't you been over?"

"I hadn't heard of your coming," returned Johnny truthfully. "You see Mammy's had an awful spell of lumbago, and, of course, I couldn't leave her. The worst of it is she thinks she's confused. She insists on wearing salt in one shoe, and silver in the shape of a ten-cent piece in the other. These protect her from further damage, of course. But she's breathing out threatenings and slaughter against poor simple Aunt Malviny Williams, who has simply no mind at all, and, under the erroneous belief that she is a hen, spends most of her time scratching and cackling. Poor old Mammy!"

"In heaven's name," broke in the Northern woman, "why do you burden yourself with her? She must be a lot more care than she is help. Why don't you send her to the asylum or the poorhouse or somewhere?"

For a moment Johnny's clear eyes blazed and she brought her small clenched hand down on the old pier table in sudden anger, "Send Mammy to the poorhouse!" she cried, "Why, how dare you?" Then as quickly her anger passed. "Forgive me," she said, "I had forgotten you were from the North. Of course, you don't know what the faithful Southern mammy is to her nursling."

Mrs. Preston shrugged her graceful shoulders. "Don't bother about me," she said. "Really I had no idea how pretty you were till you fired up like that. Of course, your gown and hair are simply impossible, but you must have been a dream when you were sweet and twenty. I wonder Jem didn't fall in love with you."

Johnny grew a shade paler, but she held her head gallantly, "Can you imagine it when you were in the world?" she smiled.

"I surely can," returned the other candidly. "You're you, and you're a part of the things he loves. Why, do you know, successful as he is, prominent as he is in his line, he'd cut it all and come back here to live tomorrow if I'd let him. Not for me, though. I'd die first. So we stay on in little old New York. But this is what he'd really dote on. The life of a country doctor, and a gentleman farmer on the side like his father before him. And how you would have fitted into the picture! I'd spoil it," she leaned her white chin on her hand and went on moodily, "I've spoiled a lot beside. Possibly Jem's life—one can't live up to other people's ideals—and certainly my own. Did you know I was an actress when he married me?"

"Yes," Johnny nodded, "I knew."

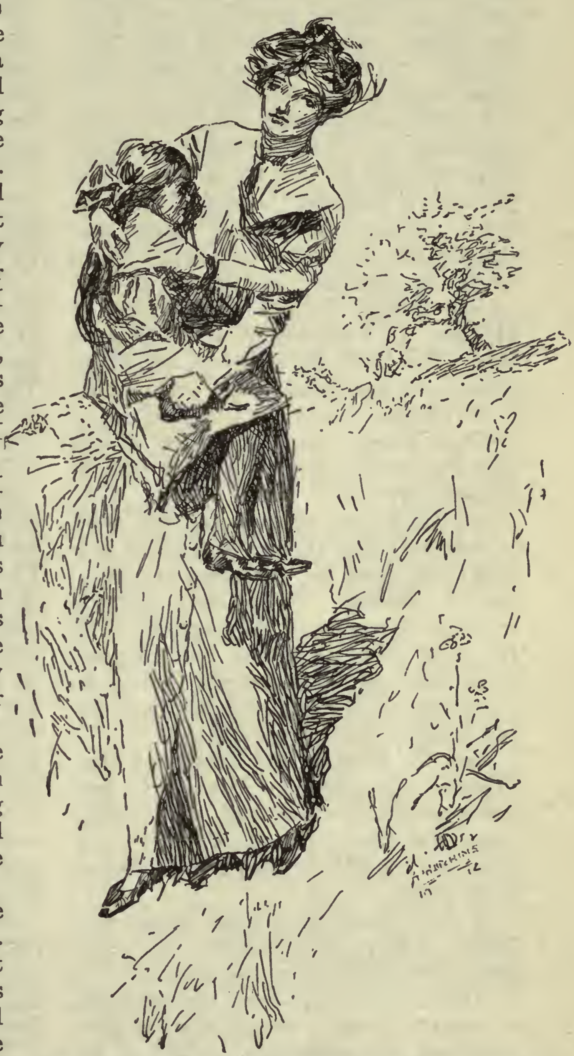
"Well, I ought never to have given it up. It was in me to act, just like it's in most women to fool with a house and babies. You see I'd worked up from the bottom and was beginning to make good. And then Jem came and sort of swept me off my feet. Why, do you know I was even fool enough to promise him I'd never act again? And I've kept my word. My dearest enemies can't say I'm a liar or a quitter. But what a mistake! I wake in the night longing for it. The lights and the people and the applause, and I'm even little enough to be jealous when some of the men and women I've acted with come into their own and I have to look at them from a box."

She rose suddenly, "I must go. I don't know why I've afflicted you with all this rot, Miss Gilbert Prove you forgive me by going for a drive this afternoon. I'll stop by for you. I'm going to drive the Imp. They say he's skittish. That's why I want to drive him. Don't say you can't go. I know it's hot but we'll go fast enough to stir up a breeze."

At four o'clock Mrs. Preston drove up to Johnny's door all in white from the picture hat, with its sweeping plumes, to her suede shoes. Muriel looked like a little blush rose beside her.

"Ready, Miss Gilbert?" sang out the mother. "Climb right into the ark. The Major calls it a phaeton, but that's a pipe dream. Anyway, there's room in here for all the animals and that hat you're wearing ought to make you feel awfully at home. Are you all right? The Imp's inclined to be nasty, which makes it interesting. I had a fight with the Major about driving him, but I won out."

Down the white road they spun. The elms flung protecting arms above them, and in the lush grass of the pastures the sheep lifted their heads inquiringly. And the Imp, small ears laid back, clean of limb and long of stride, scared at the sunlight flickering on the road, at a cottontail suddenly possessed to cross it just in front, at a blossoming spray of wild grape that hung too close to his sensitive nose.



After the first moan Muriel lay quiet against her shoulder. Around them the air palpitated like that of a furnace

The fighting blood in the woman of fashion was up. "You fool," she said, "I'll teach you," and raised the whip.

"Oh, don't," cried Johnny. "No one has ever—"

But it was too late. Down came the whip, and the Imp, with a snort of mingled rage and fright, sprang away in a wild flight uncontrolled and uncontrollable.

Houses and fields shot past them in a white blur of dust. The birds rose startled and screaming from the wayside bushes and trees. Muriel sobbed a little under her breath. "Keep him in the road," said Johnny. "Maybe we won't meet—there now—watch out for the culvert!"

And there where the road was at its narrowest, the Imp suddenly swinging round a curve at breackneck speed came full upon a monster, the like of which he had never seen. A monster roaring and snorting and carrying on its back strange devils in stranger garments. It was coming toward him with a speed equal to his own. In a moment it would be upon him! The bank sloped away steeply on either side, but clearly there was nothing to do but jump—and the Imp jumped.

When Johnny came to herself it was with the consciousness of a sharp pain in her left wrist.

She had instinctively clasped the child in that wild leap through space and now found her close by, breathing regularly, but unconscious. At a little distance were the remnants of the phaeton. The Imp was gone, no doubt, still running. Gone also were the automobile and its occupants, fleeing fast and far from the possibilities of a damage suit.

Near the wreck of the vehicle lay Mrs. Preston, her erstwhile immaculate garments torn and blood-soaked. At Johnny's touch the heavy lids lifted, "It's my back, and I'm all in. Just my luck. Where is Muriel?"

"I don't think she's much hurt," said Johnny faintly. "I'm going to see to you first. Let me lift your head a little."

"Don't touch me," came the imperious command. Then a whimsical smile flickered over the white lips. "Isn't it the limit for me to be forever put to the bad by a fool country horse afraid of a machine?" Suddenly she reached out a slender hand, "Don't let them shoot the Imp when they catch him, if they ever do. It was my fault. You know it was. And my word, you're the right sort. You never screamed. I hate a woman that screams."

For a moment breath failed her, but the strong will triumphed. "I'm going to be game," she whispered, "but it's the beginning of the end for me. I can't stand being a down and outer for long. Jem'll do all that can be done, of course, but afterward keep an eye on the child, won't you? Poor Muriel, she'll be lonesome enough either in New York or at her grandfather's. I wish you could take her, but that's too much to ask." Her eyes closed wearily.

"No, it's not," cried Johnny. "It's not going to be as you say, don't even think of it, but if it were you must know I'd do anything for you and the child."

"Would you?" gasped the woman still more faintly. "Then promise to take her, I'd someway like to have her grow up like you. She'll grow—into—the—picture." Then so low that Johnny had to bend almost to the white lips to catch the words, she whispered, "You—and the child—and Jem—maybe it's just as well."

Muriel came back to consciousness moaning piteously. Her leg was evidently broken between the knee and ankle. Johnny struggled for composure and decision and thought rapidly. Medical aid must be had as quickly as possible, but how to get it? The accident had occurred on a cross-country turnpike and in the irony of circumstances there might be no one along for hours. Obviously she must go for help. There might be incalculable danger in delay. She knelt by the child.

"Dear," she whispered, "try to understand. I am going for help for you and mother. Won't you be a brave girl and be quite still till I come back?"

But Muriel clung to her sobbing frantically, "Don't leave me! Take me with you. You'll never come back and mother can't help me any more. I'll die if you leave me."

The imploring childish hands clasped and clung desperately about Johnny's neck.

"Listen," she said, "I will have to carry you. I can hold you on my right arm and keep your poor leg from hanging with my left even if my hand is no account. But it will be hard, dear, and you must hold quite still, even if I hurt you. I'll try my best not to. I know where I'll go. It's only half a mile away and maybe I can get there. Steady now; I'm going to lift you."

After the first moan Muriel lay quiet against her shoulder. The sinking sun blazed hotly upon their bare heads. Around them the air palpitated like that of a furnace. And always the child's weight made the pain of her broken wrist more unbearable. But she struggled on. Across ploughed fields and through pastures where the blackberry bushes caught her garments and held her back with the malice of inanimate things. "How could you?" she found herself saying with a sob in her throat. She crossed a "branch" where she stopped a moment to let the cool water wet her aching feet, but only for a moment, and then she hurried on again in the fierce heat and blinding glare, fighting the pain and nausea that strove for her undoing.

Once she stumbled and almost fell and the half mile seemed to stretch into ten and twenty. Though her spirit was steadfast, her brain wavered a little. It harked back to the unfortunate whom a cruel age had compelled to walk barefoot on red hot ploughshares, to shipwrecked mariners who died crazed with thirst—and it seemed to her she was one with these. But always she struggled on and so at last she came to the goal—to the white, wide-porched house, where strong and eager hands took her burden from her. Then without a word she fell in the first faint of her life across the threshold.

* * * * *

The Johnny-Jump-Ups of a second summer bloomed in the bed below their namesake's window. Muriel, grown taller and more rosy, gathered a great handful and held them up to her. "Take them, the dear things," she said, "Do you know they're just the color of your eyes? And somehow they always make me think of you."

"Why?" smiled Johnny.

"I don't know," the child answered slowly. "There's the name, of course. And then they're so brave and bright, no matter whether there's shade or sunshine. And maybe, too, it's because they seem to sort of love and cling to the ground they grow in, not just simply put up with it and grow away from it like the lilies. Mother said that once, before—before—" The child's eyes filled with tears.

Johnny took the dimpled hand in hers, "I know," she whispered. "Mother's heart was always great and noble."

"She used to say," continued Muriel, "that the Johnny-Jump-Ups were just you and your Kentucky."

"And like you, too, they have a heart of gold."

It was a man's voice that spoke, and looking up from her sewing, Johnny saw him in the open door. There were tired and saddened lines about mouth and eyes, and the snow was beginning to drift upon his temples, but it was the face of the boy who had gone away.

"Dear flower of this dear land," he said, "I have tried the world and I am weary of it. I want to come home 'for good' as the children say. The soil draws me, and my child draws me, but I can't stay unless you bid me. Oh, Johnny, Johnny, there was a boy who forgot; but there is a man who remembers."

The perfume of the wild grape drifted in at the window. In the old elm a cardinal caroled rapturously to his mate of Love and Home. Johnny laid a hand upon her heart to still its rapid beating, and then her eyes met his in infinite understanding and forgiveness.

"Stay," she said.

The Old Scrap Book

(Suggested by the cover of Heart Throbs)

By William Edward Ross

OPED is my jar of rose leaves;
Leaves whose perfume invokes
Memories hallowed by sorrow—
Sorrow that sears and chokes.
Age of the cap and knitting;
Age of the wrinkled face;
E'er through the leaves of my scrap book
Love's golden thread I trace.

Halcyon days of springtime;
Halcyon days of truth;
Filled with the fragrance of roses
Fresh from the garden of youth.
Dead are the roses that bore it;
Withered their petals and gone;
But through the leaves of my scrapbook
Ever their perfume lives on.

Golden-tinged days of Summer;
Golden-tinged days and long;
Filling the eye with beauty,
Filling the heart with song.
Hushed are the songs they brought us;
Folded the songster's wings;
But through the leaves of my scrapbook
Ever their music rings.

Scarlet-draped days of autumn;
Scarlet-hued leaves, and gold;
Russet, and red, and yellow,
Nature's gay pigments unfold.
Blown are the leaves she painted;
Bare are the trees, and dead;
But through the leaves of my scrapbook
I see the gold and the red.

God's silver winter of promise;
God's silver threads of night;
Streaking the locks of chestnut;
Dimming, by age, the sight.
Gone are the roses of springtime;
Gone are the daisy chains;
But in life's winter their fragrance,
Sealed in my scrapbook, remains.

Sauce for the Goose

by Helen Ward Banks

PART I

"WHY do you let her stay there, mother?" Bob asked savagely. I had been recounting one of my passages at arms with Mrs. Smith.

Aunt Molly laughed. "There's no use, my dear. Marie insists on earning her own living, and a secretary's position is as easy a way as any. Mrs. Smith really doesn't eat her, you know."

"But Marie is such a little sport," Bob protested, "and her blue blood sticks out everywhere. It makes me mad as an Indian to have that blacksmithess trample her."

"Hush, Bob," Aunt Molly said. "It doesn't affect Mrs. Smith that her father was a blacksmith. As for Marie, she knows she has a home here whenever she will take it, or I have a lord ready for her whenever she will marry him."

"She's as stubborn as a mule," answered Bob disconsolately. "I wish she *would* marry Leighton."

"How can I when I've never even seen him?" I asked, and followed Aunt Molly down to the waiting car. I had taken lunch with her and she was to take me back to Mrs. Smith's new palace, where Mrs. Smith ruled Mr. Smith and Angeline and me. If Algernon had been home, I don't know whether he would have been of the ruled or the ruling, but he was on the Pacific Coast. Algernon was Angeline's twin.

Bobby came sulkily after to put us in the car. He was only sixteen and had not yet learned to control his spirits. "If that pigeon-hawk doesn't let up pouncing on Marie, I'll give her a pointer," he growled.

"Don't!" I begged, for his pointers were usually pretty pointed. "I am twenty-two, quite big enough to earn my own living. I get a big salary and am bountifully housed and fed. Don't fret about me, Bob."

"She'd better look out all the same," Bob muttered, and then the big motor swept us away.

Mrs. Smith met me in the hall. Aunt Molly had found the place for me, but Mrs. Smith did not know that I was her niece. If she had thought that I was related to Mrs. Robert Gerard Burnham she might have treated me differently. But to her I was merely a paid servant whom she could trample under foot as she continuously trampled her husband and daughter. They were made for it: slight and unprotesting, sandy-haired and pale-eyed. I wasn't. It made me tingle in every nerve of my body.

"You have been gone a long time," Mrs. Smith said.

I murmured something and passed on up to my room. I had still half an hour left before the clock would point to my afternoon duties, and I needed a little breathing time. But no sooner had I closed my door than I opened it again to Angeline. I knew it was Angeline, for her knock always sounded like a summer squash; everything she did was flabby. Her sandy hair was as sleek as usual, all her freckles were in place, but her pale blue eyes were red with weeping. Tears were not becoming to Angeline; her one beauty was her smile.

"Come in," I said patiently. There were two Smith topics I dreaded: Algernon's virtues and Angeline's woes. I could fend off Algy usually, but I hadn't the heart to turn down Angy.

"How pretty you look," she said as she came in. "I suppose mother's been at you again. It always makes your eyes shine like stars; mine just get red because I can't help crying."

"It isn't worth tears," I answered, forgetting that the gnashing of teeth to me was as tears to Angy.

"Oh, but it's different with you," Angeline replied, "you aren't in love."

"No, thank heaven, I am not," I

answered, "and I never mean to be." Bobby's frequent matches that he planned for me—down to the present Lord Leighton—bored me almost as much as Angy's tears and Algy's praises. "Is there anything new?"

There was nothing new. Her beloved was a clerk at Benton's and she was taking lessons of him twice a week in silver-working. The hours between were blank, except that they were filled with terror lest her mother should discover that she was in love with Henry. Her father knew and didn't mind, but neither of the innocent doves would think of trying their wings while the hawk had pouncing power.

"You're of age and your father's behind you," I said, "why don't you defy your mother and announce your engagement to Henry?"

Angeline melted into a heap on the divan. "Defy mother! You're mad! Nobody but Algy ever did that."

"How do you know Henry isn't after your money?"

"He loved me in the West before we were rich. He is so beautiful and noble, but mother will never let me marry anyone under a duke."

I had seen Henry; he had red cheeks and black hair. But Angeline loved him.

"Mrs. Burnham has a lord on tap," I said meditatively, "but he isn't a duke. Your mother might buy him."

Angeline giggled hysterically and I laughed with her, glad to end her tears.

But it was our undoing. Mrs. Smith hated people to have time to laugh. Her sharp tap fell on my door, as different from Angy's as iron from slush. Mrs. Smith was born to dominate, as Angy was to yield. When the door was opened, she filled all the space. I couldn't help thinking what a fine blacksmith Nature had spoiled making Mrs. Smith a girl. She alone was ignorant of the fact that the whole colony knew of her origin.

"Go to your room, Angeline," she said. "You know I do not like you to waste time like this. Miss Vandervere, I am ready for you now."

Angeline fluttered away on frightened wings and I followed my employer downstairs. The blue blood in me that Bobby said stuck out, was red enough just then. I had sold my birthright of social knowledge for the pottage of her silver coin, however, and I had to endure it. Sometimes when the door was shut between us I made faces at her, but now we were *vis-a-vis*, so I covered my wrath with official coldness.

"The first matter I wish attended to," Mrs. Smith said, the silk of her bodice creaking with every word she spoke, "is some new visiting cards."

"Just like the last?" I asked.

"I leave that to you," she answered. "It is one of the things I pay a big salary for."

My teeth gnashed inaudibly, but I kept at my duty. "You have always had 'Mrs. James B. Smith.' Why not have the whole of the second name?"

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "It's an awful name. I wouldn't even be buried with it."

"What is it?"

"Benaniah," she whispered.

"Mrs. James Benaniah Smith" wasn't exactly a euphonious combination, but she'd take it if I advised it. She deserved something. But while I hesitated, a funnier, wickeder temptation assaulted me.

"Why not let the 'B' stand for something else, then?" I asked, "and hyphenate it with the Smith? That would be very distinguished. How would Bellows be? Bellows is a good old name. 'Mrs. James Bellows-Smith.'" I wrote the name and showed it to her.

"I wonder I never thought of that before," she said with gratified vanity. "Order the cards at once, and I want some writing-paper, too, with a crest on it like Mrs. Horatio Swift's."

"I suppose there is a Smith coat-of-arms," I said doubtfully, but Mrs. Smith tossed her head.

"I don't want anything so common as that. I want one of my own. Make me one."

By her tone she might have said "Black my boots." I wasn't used to being told to black boots.

"The name Bellows-Smith will want something very especial," I said, with the crinkles going up my spine that always made for wickedness in me. "Of course a coat-of-arms must be warlike. Shall we take two battle axes and cross them—like this? The crossing always shows Crusader's blood, and no family is really old without a Crusader in it. Then for good luck we can have down here a four-leaf clover or a horseshoe. I think the horseshoe works in better—there, like that. Now we must have a crest. Perhaps I can make a device to show the Crusader's spirit on its way to heaven."

"It looks more like a pair of bellows than a soul," criticized Mrs. Smith bluntly.

"I never really saw a soul," I answered suavely. "Sometimes I wonder if some people have any to be seen. The bellows will stand for a conventional symbol of the expiration of breath and it will account for the Bellows in your name. There, that, well-drawn and colored, will be very striking. We need a motto though. 'We strike to win.' How will that do?"

Mrs. Smith was not quick in comprehension. It did not occur to her that the crossed battle-axes were in reality blacksmith hammers.

"Send it to Benton's and have it engraved," she said.

"I think Miss Smith is going out this afternoon. Perhaps she will leave it," I ventured. "She could talk the matter over with them."

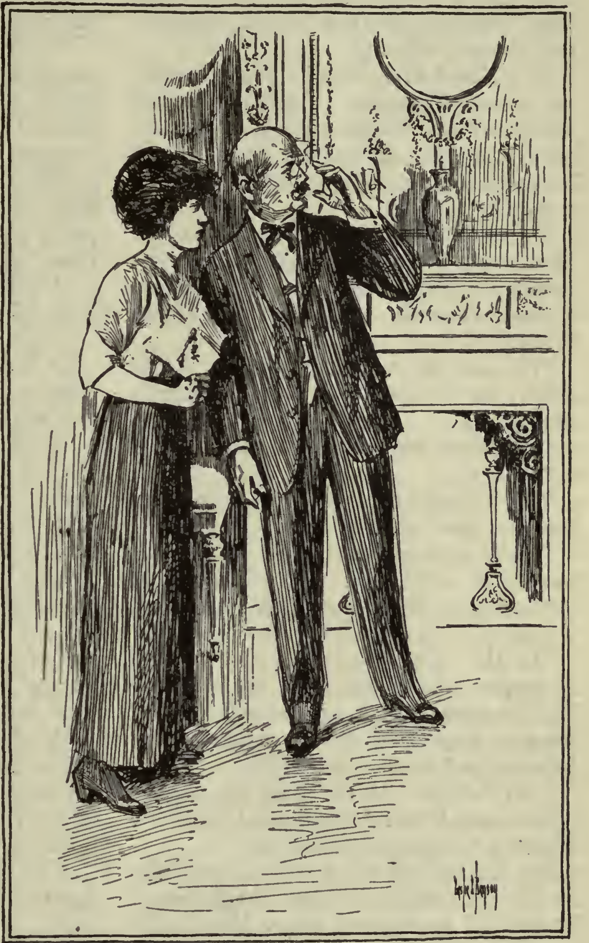
Angy would bless me for that. It would give her and Henry one blissful moment to clasp hands. Poor little pigeons! I didn't mind help rescuing them from the hawk. But there was no one to rescue me. I wouldn't be a dependent on Aunt Molly and I wouldn't marry a lord unless I loved him. Well, I was tougher than Angy. I got mad enough to burst, but I didn't cry.

"Order the car for Miss Angeline at five," Mrs. Smith commanded, "and tell her I wish her to be ready. She must show herself more. She's on the way to be an old maid, and that I won't allow. She'll be twenty-six next month. It's old age for a girl. Now with a boy it's different. Algy—"

"I think I hear Miss Smith in the hall," I said rising.

"I have not finished," Mrs. Smith said. "I will dismiss you when I wish you to go. As I was saying, Angeline must find a husband. I am going to give a party soon, and I want you to find out some way to make me acquainted with the proper people to invite."

"That's easy enough," I said impertinently. "I'll ask them to call."



"If Algy is the household god," I said in desperation, "why don't you send for him to come home and straighten things out?"

"That will be all for the present," the pigeon hawk said coldly. She resented my manner, but she had to stand for something, for I was her only channel to good society.

I carried away the sketch to give to Angy. She wouldn't recognize the hammers either, but she needn't mind them, poor little soul, for they would strike for her a blow for liberty.

As I closed Mrs. Smith's door, I almost ran into Mr. Smith. He was treading noiselessly and blinking his pale eyes, for when the door opened he had thought the hawk was about to pounce. I followed a sudden impulse.

"Mr. Smith," I said in a low voice, for Mrs. Smith's ears were never where you thought them, "would you be displeased if your daughter were to marry Henry Collins?"

"I'd like her to marry whoever would make her happy," he said, nervously edging on.

"You know him for a good man?"

"Yes."

"She's breaking her heart for him. Couldn't you help her out?"

"Me?" he exclaimed under his breath, coming to a full stop. "I couldn't stand for anything Mrs. Smith opposes. Now if Algy—"

"If Algy is the household god," I said in desperation, "why don't you send for him to come home and straighten out things before Mrs. Smith marries Angy to a lord and breaks her heart?"

"Sh!" he said. "Is she going to do that?"

"She will if somebody doesn't interfere. Would you mind if I helped out?"

For the first time I saw Mr. Smith rise to his full height. "Miss Vandervere," he said, "I know what salary Mrs. Smith pays you to make her a great lady. I'll give you twice as much if you'll put her back to plain Julia Smith and the comfort we used to have."

"And no questions asked?" I laughed. I had to laugh to keep down a lump in my throat. I felt so sorry for the poor little man. I *knew* that Mrs. Smith had no soul. He didn't answer, for Mrs. Smith's door creaked again. He dashed noiselessly into his den, and I pursued my way to Angeline. Her eyes grew bright and the color rose to her cheeks as she heard of her errand to Benton's.

The next time I went to Aunt Molly's I told Bobby what I had done. He lay flat on the divan and roared till I was afraid his mother would come and find us.

"Bully for you, Marie!" he cried. "I didn't know you had so much ginger under that flax of yours."

"I only did it to help Angeline," I murmured weakly. It wasn't true, for if Mrs. Smith hadn't trampled me as well as Angy, I'd probably have minded my own business.

"When Mrs. Smith finds out the difference between battle axes and hammers you'll get your walking papers," grinned Bob, "and then you can marry Leighton."

"I'll get my running papers," I answered, "but I'll not marry Leighton."

"He's just the man for you, Marie," cried Bob. "He's big and dark and domineering. He's just what you need to keep you in order, and you're sure to like him."

"Well, bring him to our party and I'll see," I answered. "Now, I have to go home."

"Home!" sneered Bobby. "But I'll take you. All aboard for the Smithy," he said as he put me into the car, and I snickered at his joke.

I met Angeline as I went into the house. She was looking almost pretty these days, for she was taking charge of the coat-of-arms and it demanded a daily conference.

"Mother's been storming for you," she whispered as she passed me.

I went in to Mrs. Smith without taking off my hat. I was in a mood for combat. Bobby's appreciation was exhilarating.

"Let me know another time when you mean to be gone so long," she said freezingly. "I have fixed the night for my ball and I wish you to make a list of the people to be invited. Mrs. Burnham called this afternoon and Mrs. Swift, too."

"What kind of a dance do you wish to give?" I asked.

"I want something entirely new; something to make people talk; and I want a husband for Angeline."

"Anything special in that line?" I murmured.

"I can pay for a good deal," she answered, swelling out her chest. "I want the best you can get for the money. But Angeline has no looks and no brains; I can't be too particular."

"I see. Then I suppose any man that you think worthy of being asked to your dance you would consider as a son-in-law."

"Yes," she said, "for I'm going to be mighty careful who I ask."

"Have you any ideas about the dance?"

"I don't have to have," she said. "I'm paying you for ideas."

She might just as well dig spurs into a colt as talk that way to me. Either would mean a runaway.

"Very well," I said. "You want to spend a lot of money and do something no one else has done. Someone has done everything, but we'll do our best. Is this to be a coming-out for your daughter?"

"She's had time to come out and go in again a dozen times," Mrs. Smith said tartly. "What I want her to do now is to catch a beau."

"She shall," I answered. "The dance shall be the prelude to the wedding."

"If I'm going to ask people here, the place ought to have a name," Mrs. Smith went on. "What do you say to 'The Oaks?' "

"The world is so full of a number of Oaks," I replied, "to say nothing of Elms and Willows. We want something new."

"Well, what?"

"I was talking to Mrs. Burnham's son about it this very day," I answered, "and he suggested a clever little pun. People like puns. I knew some people once named Burr who called their place The Burrow, and everyone thought it very cunning. Why not call your place 'The Smithy?' " I really had no notion she'd do it; the proposal was merely the result of the spur. But Mrs. Robert Gerard Burnham's son was a personage. It ended in the new cards being printed "Mrs. James Bellows-Smith, The Smithy." Bobby howled with delight over them and even Aunt Molly laughed a little. She did not know about the coat-of arms.

"Look out, Marie," she said. "You're trifling with your bread and butter. In such a case, it doesn't pay to be as funny as you can. Have a little pity for the woman, too, before you make her a laughing-stock for the whole colony."

"Pity!" jeered Bobby. "Go out and fondle the hawk that kills your chickens. The woman is only inflated pride, and if Marie pricks a hole in it, she is working in the good of humanity."

It was comforting logic and I added it to Mr. Smith's wail and Angeline's despair, though Aunt Molly—didn't look sympathetic.

The Highs and Mighties left their cards at The Smithy with due promptitude. Bobby saw to that. He let them know they'd miss the event of the season if they failed to call.

The coat-of-arms was finished and inscribed on whatever panels and spoons were proper to receive it. The crest was put on the paper and on the invitations for the forthcoming function, which was set for an evening a fortnight ahead. Aunt Molly was away for ten days just then and missed the general hilarity when the invitations came out.

Bobby, deprived of his mother's counsel, ground his tutor under his heel. Leaving his deficient Latin to console itself, clad in his correctest apparel, he appeared at The Smithy to offer his services to Mrs. Bellows-Smith. He called her by that name six distinct times in the course of the twenty minutes he was in the house, and left her grovelling at his feet with an appointment to meet her again the next day.

I was part of that interview. Bob was looking preternaturally solemn and grown-up, except for the secret wink he bestowed on me. He jumped at once into the heart of the situation.

"It'll be a ripping dance," he said. We'll make it the talk of the town. Why not have supper in that huge garage you've just finished, and then you can turn out the dining-room for dancing. We're all rather mad over horses here—why not have a horsey supper—horseshoe rolls for instance, and salad moulded into horseshoes, and ice-cream bricked into horseshoes—there'd be endless designs; you could even have silver horseshoes to serve devilled lobster in if you don't mind paying for them."

"I don't mind any expense," answered Mrs. Smith, "so long as it makes people talk."

"You may trust me for that," answered Bob. "I've got another jolly idea. We'll have the supper tables made like anvils, and—"

"Oh, don't," I interrupted, but Mrs. Smith cut me short.

"Miss Vandervere, the place you occupy in my household does not warrant your interrupting my guests. We will carry out your idea, Mr. Burnham."

Poor blind woman! But she had killed my desire to rescue her. I delivered her bound into the hands of the Philistines, and by the silkiness of Bob's voice and a certain twitching of the corners of his mouth, I knew that the Philistines were pretty dangerously angry.

"The dancing will come first," he went on, "and after supper we need some great event. Plays are old; my idea is to have some sort of contest with a magnificent prize."

"What shall it be?" Mrs. Smith asked in awe. Any question of unlimited expense gripped her interest.

"You might let the winner choose a prize *carte blanche*; that would be new."

"And new-rich," I echoed inwardly. Then I made myself heard again. "Why not let the girls have a contest in silver-working? Silver-working is fashionable. The man that Miss Bellows-Smith has been taking lessons of lately could superintend it."

The hyphen and the fact that she had just snubbed me made Mrs. Smith complacent. She looked at Bobby to confirm my suggestion.

"The very thing," he said with enthusiasm. "Engage this man at once, Mrs. Bellows-Smith, and I will think of a more strenuous contest for the men."

"They won't want to be strenuous in evening clothes in hot weather," I ventured.

"I'll look out for that," Bobby answered, before Mrs. Smith had a chance to pounce. "What else can I take care of for you? There's the music; I'll engage that; and I'll see to the supper, and get the garage ready and invent something striking for the men. Perhaps that will do for the present, as I see your car is waiting."

Mrs. Smith allowed Bobby to help her into the car. As it disappeared from sight, he led me back into the house. "Does she often talk to you like that?" he demanded.

"It's her way," I answered lightly.

"You shall marry Leighton and cut it all," he said with the determination of youth. "He isn't coming to stay with us till later, but I'll have him up for this affair, and it'll be an affair, I can tell you."

"Don't go too far, Bobby," I begged.

"Just far enough," he answered genially. "Do you know any but one anvil chorus? We'll have to hunt out the music. Your silver-smithing has given me a corking idea for a stunt. I am going to build the musicians' screen around that big chimney in the center of the garage. I wonder if I can clear it away after supper and get some kind of a furnace in there by the chimney?"

"What for?"

"To melt the silver in, of course," he answered with his impudent grin, and then he kissed me and fled.

PART II

For the next two weeks Bob kept busy. He lived in his runabout, chasing electric lighters, discussing silver devices and conveying carpenters. When he was in the house he was corresponding with musicians and pondering menus. I left Bob to manage things, as I couldn't stop him, and gave most of my time to Angeline. The chance of her life had come and she couldn't seize it. Mrs. Smith with her own lips had summoned Henry Collins to the dance to superintend the silver work, and hadn't she said that Angy might marry any man she asked to that party? I tried to wake the girl up, but the operation of inserting an artificial backbone has never been successfully performed. I couldn't keep her standing straight for two hours at a time. The thought of marrying Henry put her in the seventh heaven of rapture, but she no sooner got there than down she plumped into the seventh hell of torment, because she could not withstand her mother. She lived in my room, and my sofa pillows grew fairly soggy with her tears.

"For heaven's sake," I said savagely, "if you haven't stuff enough in you to grasp your own happiness when fate actually lays it in your hands, do send for Algy. He is the one person in the world who seems able to bully your mother." But Angy only wept gently on.

Mrs. Smith's breast swelled daily with creaking satisfaction in herself as a sporting character, giving a "horsey" party. If she hadn't been so consistently horrid to me, and if she hadn't so maltreated Mr. Smith and Angy, I might have been touched to pity at her simplicity. The Bellows-Smith arms were engraved on a new silver service; electric wires were being run all over the place, illuming the open brilliantly and the secluded corners dimly; the big garage was full of workmen; the most expensive musicians and caterers that could be bought for money were engaged; and all was the work of Bob.

The evening came clear and cool. I was distinctly relieved, for I had been sure that if the weather stayed warm, Mrs. Smith would burst out of her creaking new satin frock. I was dressed early and just ready to go downstairs when I was called to the telephone. It was Bob's voice.

"All right, Marie," he said. "Everything is in running order. Now be a sport and stand up to it."

In looking after details, I really hadn't thought much about the thing as a whole until this minute. Bob's words made me a little uncomfortable. "It's too late now to be anything else, Bob," I answered. "Are you coming over early?"

"I'm coming right over. I was waiting for this last train to see if it brought Leighton's luggage. The poor chap has come all the way out and then lost his luggage. He hasn't any evening clothes and he's too big to borrow. He's awfully cut up about it, for he wanted to see the party and to meet you. You're to come to lunch tomorrow, Marie, and meet him here before he leaves."

"Has a value been put on the goods?" I asked flippantly and hung up the receiver.

Bob really was efficient. The floor was perfect and the music heavenly. Everybody who had the slightest hankering after dancing had a good time; even Angy got a little color in her cheeks, as all the invited men dutifully danced with her, though she couldn't have told, even, whether they were supplied with the proper number of noses and eyes. Her thoughts were all with Henry, waiting with his silver appliances in a corner of the garage.

I did my share of dancing and enjoyed it till Bob came for a dance. He took the occasion to confide to me his *chef-d'oeuvre*, which he had up to this time kept secret, and then left me beside Aunt Molly, while he pursued the girl of his heart. Aunt Molly was at that moment talking to Mrs. Bellows-Smith with the courtesy and high-breeding that a woman should show her hostess. Bob's announcement and the sight of Aunt Molly doing just the right thing in the right way, seemed to take hold of me and plunge me head-first into an icy bath. The enormity of what I had done and allowed to be done struck me in the face and I gasped. The Smithy, the coat-of-arms, the hyphenated Bellows, the blacksmith supper, and Bob's climax! If Mrs. Smith had been blind before, she would understand that. And Aunt Molly would understand. I could see Bobby and me already withering under the scorn of her clear eyes. I had been honest in my desire to help Angeline, but my means had been prompted by petty, personal revenge. And Mrs. Smith was a woman after all. Perhaps even she had a soul somewhere. I had set a ball rolling and I never, never could stop it.

I didn't know then that I, too, was to be swallowed in the avalanche. All I thought was that the horseshoe supper in the garage was close at hand and that I could never face it. I turned and fled, up the staircase and into my own room, but even there I was not safe. Someone knocked immediately. It was Susan, Angeline's maid.

"Are you ill, Miss?" she asked with a frightened look. "You went through the hall so fast I thought something was the matter."

"I'm all right, Susan," I said trying to smile, "but I'm tired of dancing and I don't want to be sent for. Where can I hide?"

"Come with me, Miss Vandervere," Susan answered with a friendly gleam in her eye. She thought I was fleeing before the fury of the oppressor. "If you don't mind the back stairs, no one will look there. I'll get you a cushion and steal you up some supper later."

I went gratefully. I was desperately hungry, but I would rather die of starvation than face that blacksmith meal that I had let Bob plan. Susan established me on the cushion and went off to skirmish for food. She was gone a long while before I heard the door into the back entry open and close. I waited expectantly for my supper, but the comer was not Susan. It was a man; a big, broad-shouldered fellow with dark hair and blue-gray eyes and a chin that left no doubt as to whether or not he knew his own mind. I thought at first he might be a waiter, but then I saw that his dress and his poise were those of a gentleman. There was something young and friendly about him that I liked at once, though I must say that he looked rather cross. He came on a few steps and stood looking up at me, evidently trying to make out whether I was an upper-housemaid.

"Are you lost?" I asked politely. I had been rather dull and was glad of a diversion.

"I suppose I am," he admitted. "I couldn't be caught in the front with these clothes, and I was trying a flank movement."

"Did Bob smuggle you in after all, then?" I asked, for I knew it must be Lord Leighton and he looked rather nice.

"I was trying to get somewhere where I could see what was going on," he said. His hurry seemed over.

"I know the house pretty thoroughly. Perhaps I could guide you if you wouldn't mind waiting just a moment. One of the maids is bringing me some supper here, and I am quite hungry."

"Supper!" he said, smiling such a nice smile. "She wouldn't smuggle enough for two, would she? I'm starving."

I hadn't had an adventure since I started earning my living, and I hailed this with enthusiasm. To hide on the back stairs and have a *tete-a-tete* supper with a charming youth! I thrilled at the thought.

"If she doesn't, we'll send her back for more," I said. "Will you sit down?"

"May I ask your name if you are to entertain me?" he said in quite a grand manner.

I laughed. "Oh, I'm only Mrs. Bellows-Smith's secretary, but Mrs. Burnham is my aunt; she'll vouch for me."

For the first time he looked at me very intently. "Oh," he said, "are you Miss Vandervere?" It made me blush. What had Bobby been saying to him?

"Do they always keep secretaries on the back stairs?" he asked, sitting down a step or two below me.

"I'm in hiding," I answered solemnly. "My conscience drives me from the gaze of men."

"What is the crime?"

He looked as if he really wanted to know, and I was dying to confess to somebody before Aunt Molly should find out and make me feel as big as a pin-head.

"It's a really awful crime," I answered after a moment's pondering. After all, it couldn't do any harm to confide in an English lord whom I should never see again. "Mrs. Smith is a Turk and treats her daughter like an infidel—to say nothing of me, and she finally made me so angry that I've just helped make her ridiculous. And now I'm ashamed to death."

"How did you do it?"

I was almost too mortified to tell the silly story now I had begun it.

"I made her a coat-of arms with blacksmith's hammers instead of battle axes, and I got her to call the place The Smithy, and told her to hyphenate Smith with Bellows, and she never saw at all."

"Saw what?" he asked, looking directly at me.

"Anything," I answered. I couldn't reveal the blacksmith to a stranger. "And Bob has been even worse. He has a regular blacksmith supper served on anvils and the anvil chorus for music, and after supper—"

I stopped, for he looked as if he scorned it all, and I didn't like the feeling it gave me.

"What after supper?" he asked. He had looked steadily at me for quite a minute without speaking.

"Bob has some real anvils hidden behind the music screen and after supper he's going to bring them out and have the men see who can make the best horseshoe while the girls make silver rings. That's the only good part of it," I floundered on, for the young man was very disconcerting. "I made up that part for poor little Miss Smith. She is desperately in love with the silversmith and her mother wants her to marry a duke." Then I stopped short, aghast at my blunder.

"Any particular duke?" he asked.

"Anyone will do that isn't a silversmith," I answered. "The mother is a pigeon hawk and her husband and daughter are poor little harmless doves in her clutches; that's one reason I let the affair go on. If Mrs. Smith—"

"I thought she was Mrs. Bellows-Smith."

"If Mrs. Bellows-Smith gets a social tumble, she'll let Angeline do as she likes, don't you see? and Mr. Smith, too. Poor child, her father won't stand up for her, and Algy—"

"Well, what about Algy?" he asked.

"Algy is her twin brother, and in the family eyes a tower of strength, but he stays on the verge of the continent and leaves me to try to save his sister. I wanted her to announce her engagement tonight and nail her mother, but she'll never have the spunk."

He did not answer, but looked at me so long that I grew uncomfortable. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing," he answered imperturbably. "I had never seen a secretary before. I was wondering if they always came as pretty as this."

It was impertinent and I rose to leave him. But just then a waiter signified that under instructions from Susan he was serving me a supper in one corner of the deserted servant's hall.

"Serve it for two," said Lord Leighton, and stood aside for me to pass him. "And I want to know when the guests finish supper. Don't forget."

It was something very crisp that went into the waiter's pocket and he departed smiling. We found a most delicious supper served for us, but it had lost its savor for me. I could scarcely touch one of the horrid horseshoe things. My companion hadn't scolded as Aunt Molly would, but no one could ever make me feel smaller. By and by the waiter came bustling back.

"They are finishing supper now in the garage, sir."

"Thank you," Lord Leighton said. "You needn't wait." Then he turned to me. "I suppose a dress coat isn't a necessity at blacksmithing. I've had a try at it once or twice in the Rockies and I've a notion to take a hand in that contest. What is the prize?"

"Whatever the winner asks."

"Another touch of *nouveau riche*?"

I blushed as hot as red pepper. He did make everything sound so horrid. He smiled at me just a little bit then as if he felt sorry for me, and his smile really was adorable. But the rock of Gibraltar would have been melting beside his chin.

"Will you take me?" he asked.

"Oh, I couldn't," I cried. "I never could show my face there."

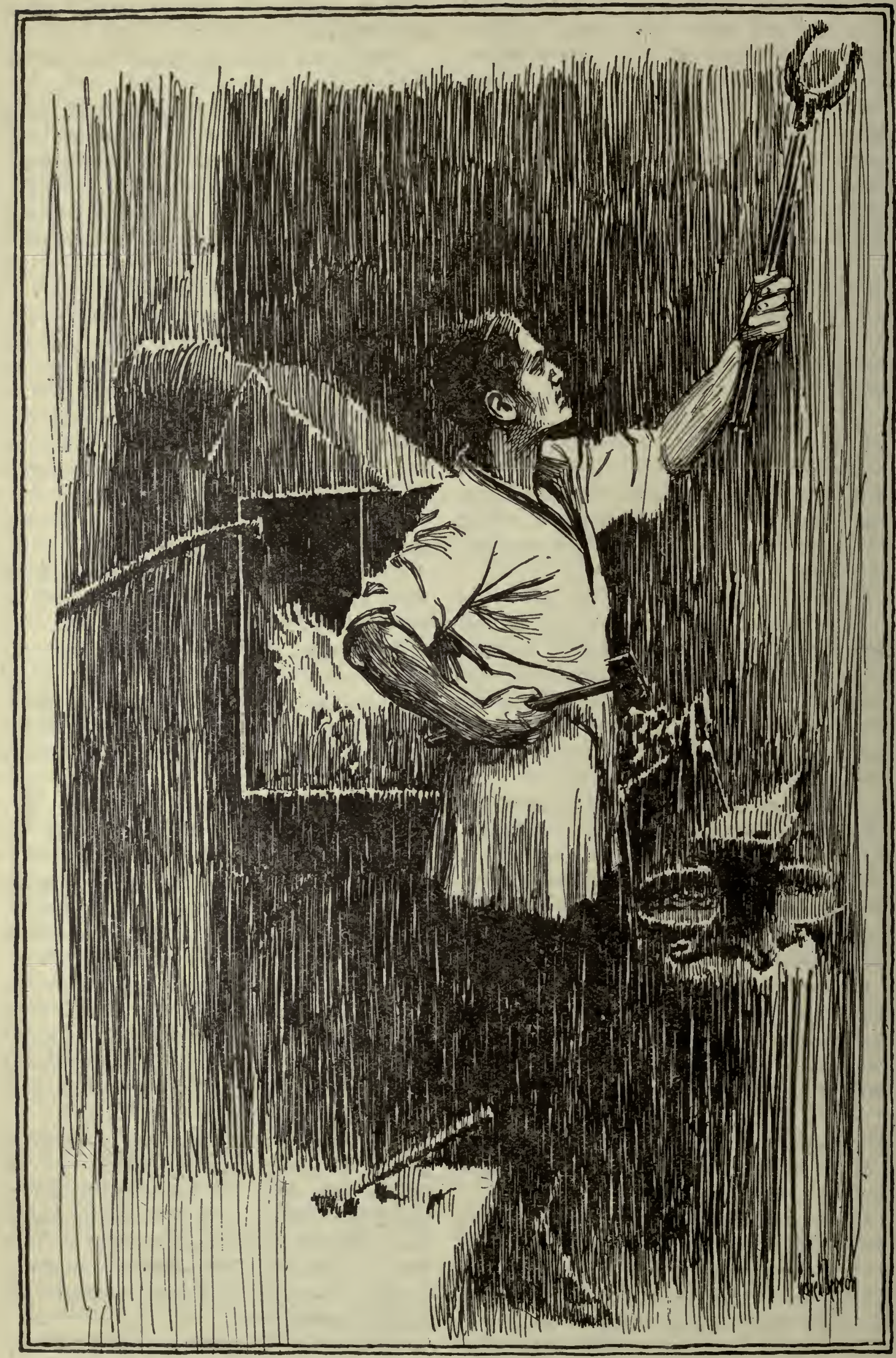
He looked at me again in that intent way of his. "You're a quitter? I shouldn't have thought that of you. I'd have thought you'd be willing to see the job out to the finish."

Of course I went then, though the swelling of Jordan was in my ears and all the blacksmith's hammers in the world beating at my heart.

We stopped at the outer door. The garage had been cleared after supper. In the center an open furnace with blacksmith's bellows attached was burning beside the big chimney. Four anvils stood around it, and by the anvils three college boys in French working blouses. They were waiting for a fourth. In an instant my companion had seized a blouse from the attendant and had it on in place of his coat. Then he took his stand at the fourth anvil. The other men were athletic, but he was a Greek god.

The signal was given and the hammers fell. I looked around the room. At the farther side, with her back to the anvils, stood Mrs. Smith with Aunt Molly beside her. There was a dangerous light in Aunt Molly's eyes, but Mrs. Smith was shrivelled. Her satin no longer creaked. At last she understood.

The wave of pity and remorse that went through me was worse than the icy bath. I could not stand that sight and turned



He turned and held the horseshoe aloft with his tongs. "I claim the prize," he said back to the forge. All the men were bungling horribly except my Englishman. He was making a proper shoe and wasting no time at it. He looked like Siegfried forging the sword, and the sight caught my breath. I had never felt like that before.

Then he turned and held the horseshoe aloft with his tongs. "I claim the prize," he said. His voice had a curious fullness and softness to it.

The girls were pottering over their silver at little tables, but everyone stopped to look and he was quite clearly heard. At the sound of his voice Angeline left her table with a bound and Mrs. Smith turned toward the forge.

"Algy!" they both cried. Siegfried laid down his horseshoe and was across the room in a half dozen strides. Then he put both arms around Mrs. Bellows-Smith and kissed her.

"Did I take you by surprise, mother?" he asked, Angeline clinging to him on the other side.

This time I thought I really should die. I had treated Algy to supper in his own home, making fun of his mother as I did it, and I liked him better than any man I had ever seen. It was that curious quality in his voice that made me think it an English accent. I had been a fool to mistake him for Lord Leighton.

He carried things off awfully well, shook hands with his father and quieted down his mother and sister and finally went off to dress while the silver contest was finishing up. When he came back to the garage and stood making himself charming to Aunt Molly, there wasn't a man in the room to compare to him.

Not many others tried the horseshoes, and no one else could make one. Bob, an unwilling master of ceremonies, made his bow to Algy.

"The prize is yours, Mr. Smith," he said.

"Bellows-Smith, please, Mr. Burnham," Algy said, looking Bob straight between the eyes. Bob turned as red as a turkey-cock and as foolish as a cackling goose, but Algy smiled at him and bound the boy to his chariot wheels.

"It's really scarcely fair for me to compete," Algy said in that clear voice of his, and I am sure he looked straight at me through the throng, "for my grandfather was the best blacksmith in his state, and I suppose I stand to inherit some of his skill."

"But you clearly won," stammered unhappy Bob.

"Then I reserve my right to choose my prize," Algy answered with another smile, and turned back to his mother.

She was filling out again, and it seemed to me as if the stuffing this time was motherhood and not arrogance. I'd have been proud myself with such a son.

But I was only a miserable nonentity. Aunt Molly and Algy in some wonderful way saved the awful situation. Aunt Molly loved his pluck and she took hold just where he left off, and presently everyone was shaking hands with him, and everybody really liked it. Not a soul was laughing at Mrs. Smith.

I never heard who won the silver prize. When the contest was ended, Algy stood beside his mother, with Angeline and Henry on the other side of him. "Before we go back to the house to dance a little longer," he said, "my mother wishes me to announce my sister's engagement to Mr. Henry Collins."

There was a hush through all the room and a gasp from Mrs. Smith, but Aunt Molly stepped into the breach as usual. She went at once with her charming manner to shake hands with them both, and of course that settled the question. Everyone thronged up to congratulate the pair, while Angy blushed and Mrs. Smith finally smiled. Then we went back to the house and everyone had the most rousing good time they had ever had in the colony. It was wonderful. It was Aunt Molly that did it, and Algy.

And I had to dance with him. I'd rather have been pounded by Aunt Molly than do it. But I had to. I couldn't say no to that chin.

"Do you think your mother ever will forgive me?" I asked in a very little voice as we finished.

"She'll have to," he answered calmly, "for I'm going to marry you."

He might just as well have been saying, "It's a pleasant day." I got hotter than I had been yet. I fled then, for I had had all the sensations I could stand in one night. I went to my room and locked the door, and wouldn't open it even to Angeline. Her bliss would keep till the morning. I had terrible dreams all night of the Gibraltar chin. But every time it threatened to crush me, it melted into the adorable smile that he carried in his gray-blue eyes.

Of course I had to tell Mrs. Smith I'd leave her, and she had to let me. I cried some real tears, and so did she, and she kissed me. She forgave everything because Algy had come back. Mr. Smith dashed out of his den and pumped my hand solemnly and silently for a full minute. Angeline wept on my neck. Algy said never a word.

I went back to Aunt Molly, and in Bob's words, I "got what was coming to me." She had found another girl for Lord Leighton—as if I wanted a big, lanky thing like that—and was going to keep me on bread and water all the days of my life. "It would be only poetic justice to marry you to the whole Smith family," Aunt Molly finished, "but the son is far too good for you. He is the most splendid fellow I ever met. It is the cultivation of virgin soil."

That was quite nice of Aunt Molly, and it was true. But Algy came to see me every day all the same. The one day he didn't come, he wrote. His paper had the "Bellows-Smith" crest. He put "The Smithy" at the top, and "Algernon Bellows-Smith" at the bottom. It was a nice letter, but I burned it in a fire that was scarcely hotter than my cheeks.

Then he came one afternoon to tea. Aunt Molly was out and we had the little tea-room all to ourselves. He scarcely spoke a word. He was terribly solemn, and his face seemed all chin. He usually didn't take tea, but he drank five cups in succession that afternoon.

As he put down his cup after the last he said, "I have chosen the prize I want. It's you. When are you going to marry me?"

"It is a thing that doesn't enter my calculations," I answered flippantly, but he went on as if I hadn't answered.

"Angeline will be married almost at once. My father and mother are going West again to live; Dad hates it here. He's going to set Henry up in business and they'll live happy ever after. I'll never forget you did that for little Angy."

"Whatever made you come home so suddenly?" I demanded. I didn't care to hear him mention the other things he wouldn't forget.

"I thought it was time. Dad wrote me about Angy and that Miss Vandervere thought she ought to marry Henry. Angy wrote me her woes and her letter was all about Miss Vandervere. Mother sent me her new coat-of-arms that Miss Vandervere had designed. I thought it was about time to come home and take a hand. I landed in the middle of events and met Miss Vandervere without an introduction. The first minute I looked at her I knew she was the woman I was going to marry."

"But I was so horrid," I murmured.

"Every sin has its punishment," he said. "Dad says he owes you something for giving him back his wife, and he is giving you The Smithy for a wedding present. We shall live there."

I was burning scarlet. I rose to my feet to make a better defense, though I knew his chin gave me no chance. He rose, too, of course, and stood facing me.

"We shall keep the name," he went on in his clear voice. "You will be 'Mrs. Algernon Bellows-Smith,' and you will live in 'The Smithy' and have crossed hammers on your silver forevermore."

I looked into his gray eyes, but their sternness did not relax.

"Need I have the crossed hammers?" I asked piteously.

Then his face melted like the dawn of a May morning. His smile ran from his eyes down to his lips till all the hardness was swallowed up.

"Are you really going to do it?" he asked. "Then I'll forgive you the crossed hammers. We'll have crossed arms instead."

He showed me how. They were very tight arms, and I knew that I had found my refuge as I heard him whisper, " 'We strike to win.' "

THE CHOIR OF CONSTANTINOPLE COLLEGE

American Education for Girls in Turkey

By Alice Lawton

"THE time of such trouble as the present furnishes the opportunity to a College like ours to show that American colleges in this country are for the service of the people around us, not only for the purpose of offering higher education to their sons and daughters, but also to give sympathy and aid in all humanitarian movements," wrote Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, President of Constantinople College, soon after the beginning of the Balkan war.

When the call came for help in caring for the wounded soldiers who were being brought into Constantinople in great numbers, Dr. Barnette Miller of the college faculty set to work to render most active assistance. Not only did she promptly collect nearly fifty Turkish pounds from different members of the faculty in the College and in the Preparatory Departments at Arnaoutkeuy, but she also volunteered to undertake the sewing for twenty-five beds for the wounded. The faculty joined in most enthusiastically, and the Turkish girls were given an opportunity to help. They responded eagerly, as was expected, but what surprised and delighted Dr. Miller and others in authority was the fact that the Bulgarian and Greek girls also came forward at once begging to help, too. The Servians and Armenians volunteered their services likewise, all saying that they realized that wounded soldiers are of no nationality. For several days all lessons were given up and the college presented the appearance of a very animated sewing society, a busy one, too, for there were three hundred garments to be made.

More than forty years ago the Women's Board of Missions in Boston established in Constantinople a High School for the "thorough education of girls, on a broad and permanent basis." They builded better than they knew, those earnest, far-seeing women! The growth of the work has been truly remarkable. From a modest beginning with some three thousand dollars initial capital and three students has grown a flourishing institution which is today a real college with a student body of two hundred. The Legislature of Massachusetts, considering the grade of scholarship sufficiently high, granted, some years ago, a college charter, incorporating the Institution as the American College for Girls at Constantinople, in Turkey. Within the last year or two the name Constantinople College has been used officially as it is so much less cumbersome.

The program of studies leads to the degree of Bachelor of Arts and the subjects offered correspond to the work done in colleges in America, with certain additions required by the character of the student body. The language of the college is English, but many other tongues are studied, as French, German, Latin, Ancient and Modern Greek, Armenian, Bulgarian and Slavic, Turkish and the elements of Persian and Arabic.

KONAK, THE OLD HOUSE ON COLLEGE PROPERTY WHERE GIRLS ARE NOW CAMPING, IN ARNAOUTKEUY

At no time during the war has the college been in any danger, but the American ambassador, Mr. Rockhill, feeling that the old quarters at Scutari could not be well protected, ordered the removal to the new property at Arnaoutkeuy, where the Preparatory Department has been housed for some time. Constantinople College includes a most flourishing Preparatory Department which provides a full High School course and prepares pupils for entrance into the college. This Preparatory School is at present housed in the Musurus Palace adjoining the new property of the college at Arnaoutkeuy.

With hardly time enough to pack their trunks the girls were hurried up the

Bosphorus to the site where the new buildings are being put up. At first they camped out in an old house—Konak—but this proving impracticable, they moved into the Musurus Palace with the little girls and also into the Yali, or recitation building, near by. Until the time of this removal almost no girls had left the college on account of the war, but then the quarters became so cramped that those who lived in the vicinity were sent home. For a time, too, the day pupils were obliged to remain at home on account of the outbreak of cholera.

The college was instructed by the government that in case of danger all foreigners, irrespective of nationality, were to proceed to the nearest man-of-war, each with a two days' rations. Such a necessity was to be announced by the firing of three guns.

It was hard to go on with regular duties when listening for such a signal, and when, as happened during several days, they heard distinctly the heavy cannonading along the Tchatalja lines. The American gunboat, Scorpion, and a Russian stationaire lay at anchor near the landing at Arnaoutkeuy where the college owns a tiny strip of water-front, and there were plenty of other men-of-war in the Bosphorus. Fortunately, however, the dreaded signal did not sound, and about the time that peace negotiations began the college moved back to the old buildings at Scutari.

Throughout all those trying days the faculty were much gratified by the spirit of loyalty to one another which the girls exhibited. They did their tasks bravely and faithfully, those young people representing several different nationalities, and the points of bitter controversy were not discussed. There was hardly a student who had not had a father, brother, cousin or friend in one of the armies, and many of them, especially the Bulgarian girls, did not hear from home for weeks owing to the irregularity of the mails. No stranger looking upon the groups of those

VIEW FROM NEW COLLEGE PROPERTY AT ARNAOUTKEUY girls of many nationalities—Turks, Bulgarians, Servians, Greeks, Albanians and others—talking and playing together, would ever have imagined that not very far away their relatives and countrymen were fighting each other in most deadly hatred. Even the little girls in the Preparatory Department showed that the inculcation of a spirit of loving kindness is not the least of the teaching that they are receiving. One Bulgarian child announced to a small Turkish friend, "My father is an officer in the Bulgarian army." To which the little Turkish girl replied seriously, "My father is an officer in the Turkish army, and that makes us sisters, doesn't it?"

THE CLASS OF 1912, CONSTANTINOPLE COLLEGE
Dr. Barnette Miller, center front, lowest row. Five nationalities are represented

* * *

Over across a little bay from the historic hill of Bebek, crowned by the long famous Robert College, so often called the intellectual lighthouse for the young men of the near east, lies Arnaoutkeuy, the new property of Constantinople College. It is a beautiful place, from the little strip of water-front, where there is a private landing, up and up to the very top of the hill whence may be had a most glorious view of the Bosphorus and the surrounding country. The new site may be reached by steamboat from Constantinople, after a half hour's sail, or one may drive the six miles or so along a fine road high above the shore. The grounds cover some fifty odd acres and well up on the wooded height work on four of the seven new buildings planned is going steadily on. When the whole group is finished—and friends of the college are hoping earnestly that that day will soon arrive—there will be nothing finer in all Turkey. An idea of what this institution is meaning to the Turkish woman of today is afforded by the number who have already flocked to the doors since the ban upon the education of women was removed by the Constitution of 1908.

Many big-hearted Americans are deeply interested in the great work being done here and are giving liberally that it may be carried on and extended.

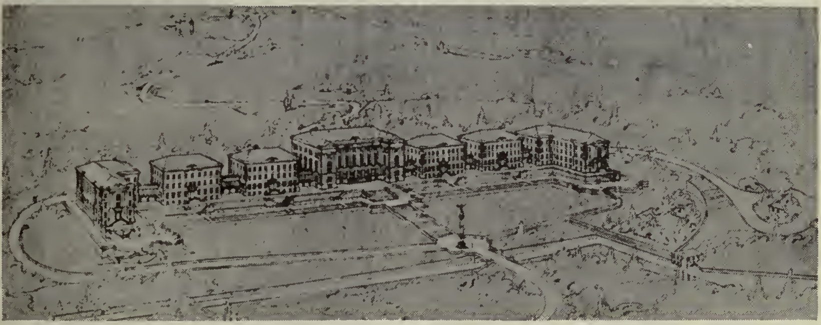
Gould Hall, the Administration Building, and the center of the imposing group, is progressing well. This is the gift of Miss Helen Gould, who has long been a most generous friend of the college. Mrs. Russell Sage, another of the good friends, has given, besides numerous other gifts, the full amount needed to erect the dormitory which is to bear her name, Russell Sage Hall. The work on this has been well begun, but there has been considerable delay in getting necessary supplies on account of the war. Henry Woods Hall, the Science Building, the gift of the late Mrs. Henry Woods of Boston, is roofed over and looks quite encouraging, to the great joy of all interested. The name, cut in the stone of the cornice, high above the main entrance, shows plainly at a distance. Work on the dining hall is likewise well begun; this building is to be called Olive Hall, in honor of the giver, Miss Olivia Phelps Stokes.

The trustees and faculty are eager that the buildings may be ready for occupancy by the beginning of the next scholastic year, September, nineteen hundred and thirteen.

The work of construction is being carried on most ably and energetically by American managers and foremen under Mr. Robert R. Kendall, Superintendent of Construction. They have had no trouble with native labor, he says, but instead there has been noticeable, on the part of most of the workmen and laborers, a marked disposition to do the work to the best of their ability. A number of them have been engaged upon the work since its beginning. Many thousands of dollars worth of American machinery has been sent from this country; giant derricks, steam shovels, stonecrushers and many other strange devices and implements. Even our national "toter," the wheelbarrow, is right on the spot, doing cheerful duty. The native laborers gaze upon the wonderful machinery in open-mouthed amazement and admiration. One, whose business it was to feed the heavy stones into the huge jaws of the stonecrusher, never tired of his employment and instead of complaining of weariness, said to the foreman, "Oh, *chellibi* (sir) let me do this forever!"

It was originally planned to construct the exterior walls of the buildings of stone, but as the stone upon the premises was found unsuitable for finished work, it was decided to use concrete instead, which has proved most successful. Moreover, the concrete has proved less expensive.

The power house, given by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, is finished and is said to have attracted much favorable comment in Turkey. It has light-colored walls, red roof, and a chimney in the form of a tower. The equipment of this building is the most complete imaginable. It includes an exhaust and low-pressure system, controlled by automatic reducing valves which will maintain the steam-heating for all the buildings. High pressure steam will be used for operating engines and pumps, for cooking purposes in the kitchen of the dining hall and for experimental use in the Science building. The engines, motors, filters, in fact all machinery and fixtures are American and are being installed with great care by the American foremen in charge.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE FOR GIRLS, CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY

The property at Arnaoutkeuy is divided by a public road, but trespassing is made impossible by means of high walls all about the grounds, while a very attractive and ornamental bridge carries the private college road across the public highway.

The Preparatory School, which was transferred to Arnaoutkeuy some time ago, is established in the beautiful Musurus Palace, from which a covered passageway leads to the Yali or recitation building on the college grounds. A nurses' quarters and hospital accommodations have also been arranged here. The schoolrooms for these little girls of the Levant are very like those used by little girls in our own country. Little Turks, Armenians, Bulgarians, Servians, Greeks and Albanians sit in American adjustable chairs before adjustable desks in pleasant, airy, well-heated rooms. Much of their comfort they owe to their good friend, the Hon. Charles R. Crane of Chicago, who installed two large hot air furnaces in the buildings.

As to the curriculum in the Preparatory School quite naturally many languages must be taught, but great stress is laid on English. Of course they have mathematics, and every little girl is obliged to take sewing and drawing one hour a week for at least two years. Last year twelve received diplomas, among them five Turkish girls, three Greeks, two Armenians, one Israelite and one Bulgarian, all of whom entered college in the fall.

MOHAMMEDAN GIRLS AT CONSTANTINOPLE COLLEGE

During the forty years since the establishment of the American High School at Constantinople, whence has grown the present flourishing college, the graduates have numbered over two hundred. Twelve different nationalities have been represented at one time. In spite of the old Turkish law forbidding Mohammedan girls to attend foreign schools sixteen were enrolled and one even was graduated. The graduating class last June numbered twenty-three, among whom there were Bulgarians, Greeks, Armenians, Albanians and English.

The good work done by both College and Preparatory School is being recognized by the Turkish people, and directors of the leading Mohammedan schools in Constantinople have recently applied for catalogues and are altering their curricula, modelling them after American ideals and standards.

The Ottoman government is eager for the help of Constantinople College in providing teachers for the Turkish schools, and is even now supporting five Mohammedan girls who are to teach as soon as they have finished their college course. Two entered the college last year, two more will enter this year and the fifth, next year. The government is evincing a decided interest in the progress of these girls and has even asked to see their examination questions and answers.

The scope of Constantinople College, briefly stated, is to share in the development of the nations of Eastern Europe and Western Asia, and to furnish each one with the intellectual, moral and religious help that is most needed. A plan for educational conferences in Turkey is now on foot and a committee from Constantinople College has been consulting with President Bliss of Beirout University and President Gates of Robert College the idea of establishing an intercollegiate organization which should hold regular conferences. It is hoped that the first of these will be held early this year.

PRESIDENTS OF THE COLLEGE SOCIETIES—FIVE NATIONALITIES ARE REPRESENTED

The higher education of women in Turkey has made wonderful strides in the few years since it was made possible under the Constitution. So many schools are being planned for that there is a great scarcity of teachers, only a few hundred being available where some twelve thousand women teachers are needed. The College feels very strongly the need of a school of education and its establishment is one of their most cherished hopes. This, however, must be especially endowed to furnish the much needed normal and vocational training, the practical training in domestic arts and sciences, hygiene and physical education.

Just what the Turkish Constitution has meant in its encouragement of the education of Turkish women is very well expressed in certain papers written by students in the English classes in the College which have been published uncorrected. One Nazli Halid, a Mohammedan member of the class of 1910, writes most feelingly on the subject, "Women and the Turkish Constitution." She says in part:

"The Turkish Constitution has brought about many changes, one being in the situation of women. Up to now no education was considered necessary for women, and her greatest work in life was to be a housewife; no other was found fit for her except to be the nurse. Women were considered to be much lower than men in everything. They were supposed to stay at home, deprived of every advantage in life, while their fathers, brothers and husbands enjoyed themselves in every way; they were excused for ignorance when there were no schools to develop their minds. Some of them worked very hard to bring about this beneficent change. Women played a great part in the revolution; they were most active members of the committee, for they were the ones who carried the news and letters when it was impossible for men to do so. Many of them left their homes, families and children, and in spite of the drawbacks arising from their sex, threw their lives into great danger. Some of them went to Paris to work there with young Turks, and wrote to the French, pleading the cause of women in Turkey. This was the past. How does it compare with the present? The newspapers are printing article after article, saying that women must work and help men. I hope it is not only in the way recognized by the past that we are expected to help men. Then the question arises, Are we prepared for any other work than that? No! How can we, since we are not educated! Then the thing we need most is education and good schools. We as well as the men have suffered, and we must also have our freedom."

The reason why American education has attracted the people of the East is said to be found in the freshness and power of American methods of education. Halideh Hanum, a member of the class of 1902, is among the most brilliant of the graduates of the college and is playing a large and important part in the Feminist movement in Turkey. She is well known as an author and social reformer. She is a lecturer in the Turkish normal school at Stamboul and is held in great respect by the government. A public demonstration was given in her honor by the Young Turks to show their appreciation of her active services in their behalf.

Speaking once of the future of Turkish women Halideh Hanum said, "Before the Constitution, women were of no importance; they were a neglected quantity, and, like other neglected elements, were supposed to have no right to stand up for themselves. Besides, it was generally supposed that there were few or no women who were able to speak for themselves, but today the contrary is proved.

"Among the influences that were working during the last thirty years for liberty, the role of the Turkish women was considerable, although indirect. The influence which brought about our revolution was a revolt against the misdoings of the government, and some of these especially appealed to women. . . .

"The generation of women who have already been the means of propagating large and liberal ideas are an educated minority. . . Naturally this minority understood that the salvation of a nation lies in the proper education of high-minded and patriotic women. They understood that the reason why Anglo-Saxons occupy so lofty a moral position in the world's civilization is due to their sacred idea of womanhood and home. These women have worked silently, but knowingly, bringing up liberal-minded sons and patriotic daughters, building honest hearths where real comradeship dwells, where a man is encouraged to go on serving his country, although that service meant sometimes worse than death." She continues then, discussing the question of unveiling for Turkish women and declares that no reasonable Turkish woman wants to unveil, that all they want is a liberal education and a right to accompany their husbands and become fit educators of the future generations.

To Constantinople College Halideh Hanum wrote on her first opportunity to speak through the Turkish press, soon after the Constitution was announced:

"This first opportunity to speak through the Ottoman press this day I consecrate to a greeting to you! The large ideas from which Turkey was shut out, the great feelings which were opened up to me in your class-rooms, the ideas to which I was led in your libraries showing me there was no difference in men, for race, class, sect or religion—these ideas that made me live like a person, a civilized person, a humanity loving person, that enabled me to live larger thoughts, generous thoughts, thoughts such as you were living; these ideals I owe to you, O women, and to each and all of you I essay to express my gratitude and to live according to the principles which I owe to your teachings alone. I love, love, love everything about the college!"

A Mohammedan graduate of the High School is doing important literary work. She is editing a paper devoted to the interests of Mohammedan women and has great influence over them. Her husband, a well-known official in the Ottoman government, has sent his little daughter to the Preparatory School, saying that he wished to entrust her only to the teachers of the school where her mother was educated.

There are many others among the Alumnae of this comparatively young college who are making good in the truest sense. Being the only cosmopolitan college for women in the western Orient the students come from Greece, Albania, Armenia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Servia, Russia, Egypt, Syria and the region of the Tigris and the Euphrates.

Among the more recent graduates, one member of the class of 1910 is now studying in Paris, having won by competitive examination a European scholarship offered by the Turkish government. Another one of her classmates is an instructor in the Preparatory School at Arnaoutkeuy and is also teaching physiology and physics in the Dar-ul-Moualimat, the leading normal school for girls in Stamboul.

An Armenian girl is doing wonders in a little village in Asia Minor; no carefully trained social worker in one of our big cities could improve upon her methods nor accomplish greater results. She has succeeded in transforming an unspeakably disreputable appearing place into a town whose inhabitants take great pleasure and pride in their homes and surroundings. And she began by organizing a cleaning crusade in behalf of the decrepit village church.

There is a very enthusiastic Alumnae Association in Constantinople and the graduates are bending their energies toward raising money for the new buildings. During the war, however, they have been devoting themselves to attempts to alleviate the suffering round about them. They have sewed for the wounded, nursed them and cared for them in every possible way, co-operating with the college. For a time many of the Turkish undergraduates joined with them in the work, telling their teachers that they simply could not study while they were needed elsewhere. Together with the Faculty they have done much to relieve the suffering they have seen. They have established several soup kitchens which are aiding many, and they have not been blind to any opportunities for service during the dark days of war. Discussing the college as a force for international peace, the President, Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, writes:

"While the large number of races in the college is often a source of difficulty, it also furnishes an unusual opportunity to unite and amalgamate members of antagonistic nations in the common aim of promoting larger and freer life. The political problems of the near East would be easily solved were a union of interests possible among the different nations. To this end there could be no stronger influence than that exerted by a cosmopolitan college where equality of the races and a common interest of all nationalities are the practical experiences of daily life. The habit of union is thus formed, and the influence of the college toward international peace becomes stronger with each year of its history."

It is believed by many of those interested in the college and conversant with recent conditions that one of the beneficial results of the Turkish-Balkan War will be an educational and industrial Renaissance in Turkey. One of the sad results is that many of the students have not only the sorrow of losing fathers, brothers and friends, but have also lost the means wherewith they may continue their education. A flourishing branch of the Alumnae Association of the college, whose members live around about New York, are busily engaged in raising money to help such students.

There is widespread desire among the people of Turkey and the Balkan peninsula for enlightenment and a better civilization, and the soothsayers prophesy for the next decade a marked degree of progress—intellectual, social and industrial.

THE EMPIRE OF THE EAST

by EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

HAIL to the glorious morning
  When the Cross again shall shine
On the summit of Saint Sophia,
  O city of Constantine!
And that day of sack and slaughter
When the wild, despairing cries
Of "Kyrie Eleison!" fainter
  Went wailing up to the skies,
Shall be lost in the splendid triumph
  As the Church reclaims her own,
And the Patriarch welcomes our Lord, the Czar,
  To the Caesars' ancient throne!

In the sky of the south, at midnight,
  We have seen God's flaming sign,
And we know He will drive the Moslem horde,
  In wrath, from his sacred shrine!
Silent will be the muezzin
  As the sun on Asia sets;
Folded the Crescent banner;
  Crumbled the minarets.

Then, under that dome of glory,
  Victorious chants we'll raise,
While the saints look down with loving eyes,
  And the gems of the altar blaze.
Hail to the day when the Eagles
  And the Cross shall gain their own,
As the Patriarch welcomes our Lord, the Czar,
  To the Caesars' ancient throne!

The Road to the House of Gold

A Play of Subtle Suggestions

by Ann Randolph

EIGHT o'clock or thereabouts, your first evening in New York, finds you hastening down 44th Street to the Hudson Theatre, where the electric lights announce "Mrs. Fiske in The High Road." Soon you are one of a large audience who make brisk comments on the program, which describes "The High Road" as "A Pilgrimage, in five parts, by Edward Sheldon," presented by Harrison Grey Fiske and the Manhattan Company. In the cast of characters Mrs. Fiske appears as Mary Page, and such well-known names as Charles Waldron, Arthur Byron and Frederick Perry indicate that the star is well supported.

Now the bell in the lobby sounds, the house is darkened and the curtain rises on a stage aglow with the mellow light of early evening.

The first scene is a homely farmhouse yard, gilded by the declining sun of early May, which lights up masses of apple blossoms, nasturtiums and lilac blooms, with purple iris fringing the old-fashioned well, softening the sordid outline of the dilapidated old farmstead. A gray-haired, angular, bespectacled man is sitting on the stoop.

"Mamie!" he calls.

"Yes, pa?" a sweet young voice answers from within.

A young man saunters in from the road, a very charming young gentleman, indeed, this Mr. Alan Wilson, and you know before you see his easel that he is an artist.

Old farmer Page continues to call, "Mamie!"

Mary (within)—Yes, Pa.

Silas—Drop them dishes this minute. Don't ye know them pigs are hungry?

Alan—Are the pigs hungry? Very human of them, isn't it? I'm hungry myself.

Silas—It's a pity about you.

Alan—Right as usual, Mr. Page! Think of the two weeks I've spent here, glued to a camp-stool in the middle of a cow pasture! I've been just like Marie Antoinette retiring to the Petit Trianon to make cream cheese!

Silas—I donno's ye helped much that day *we* wuz cheese makin'!

Alan—My dear Mr. Page, what are you talking about? (Starts to door and makes as if to go in.)

Silas—Where be ye a-goin'?

Alan—Perhaps Mamie has saved me a bite.

Silas—She ain't. I told her not to.

Alan—Really? Sent supperless to bed!

Silas—Now look-a-here, Mr. Wilson, I've been a-waiting on this stoop for over an hour t' have a word with ye.

Alan—A word? How modest! You may have three—or even four!

Silas (with sudden emphasis)—Well, I guess I won't need 'm, cause the word is "Git!" (Points to the gate.)

Alan—What?

Silas—Pay me ten dollars for this week's board an' then hike it out that gate's fast as them legs o' yourn kin carry ye! I'll have ye understand, Mr. Wilson, I'm a Christian father—an' if ye think I'm a-goin' t' set by an' keep my mouth shet, when I find my darter headed lickety-split fer hell-fire and perdition, why—

Alan—You're crazy!

Silas—Is that so? Mabbe I wuz crazy when I run across these wrapped up in one o' her aprons, stuck in a corner o' the hay-mow—

(Points to books.)

Alan—A-ah! The public library!

Silas (reading titles)—"Po'ms," "Dramatic Lyrics," "Dramatic Romances," an' the two others are reg'lar play-actin' plays—

Alan—Shakespeare!

Silas—With yer name wrote in the front of 'em.

Alan—Quite right, Mr. Page. I did lend your daughter a few books, because—(He stops.)

Silas—Go on, will ye tell me why ye try t' p'izen her mind—

Alan—Because she appeals to my collector's instinct—there's something about her that's exquisite and rare—yes, that wonderful girl whom some ironic god has made your daughter—

Silas—No blasphemies!

Alan—She's like some wistful Botticelli angel—her soul has all the grace of a Tanagra statuette—she reminds me of—oh, Lord, you don't know what I'm talking about!

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Silas—Don't I, eh? And now mebbe ye'll tell me how fur's this gone?

Alan—Mr. Page, I've changed my mind! It isn't that Japanese ivory you're like after all! It's a certain gargoyle on Notre Dame—the north tower—facing east—yes, that's it! Extraordinary resemblance!

Silas—Ye won't tell me? (Starts for the door.) Then I'll git it out o' her.

Alan—What do you mean? There's nothing to tell! My picture's finished—you're beginning to bore me and anyway I'm sailing for Europe next week. So if you'll drive me over to Milford Corners, I'll take the ten-thirty for Albany. (Goes toward house.)

Silas continues to call—Mamie!

Mary (inside)—Yes, pa.

Silas—Come here. (Pause.)

(Enter Mary from house. She is a girl of seventeen—dressed in a faded, but nicely ironed calico dress. She carries a little bundle done up in a newspaper.)

Silas—Did ye give the big sow an extry pailful, like I told ye?

Mary—Yes, pa.

Silas—Did she eat it all?

Mary—Most all. She's sort o' choice o' anythin' with meat in it.

Silas—I'm goin' t' kill on Friday. We'll keep all the trimmin's this time—Platte won't know the diff'rence—an' mebbe we kin save some lard.

Mary—Yes, pa—pa, can I go t' town this evenin'?

Silas—To town! Wal, I swan!

Mary—There's a missionary givin' a lecture at the church. It's on India. He's goin' t' have magic lantern pictures—

Silas—Who tol' ye 'bout this?

Mary—Mr. Tompkins. He stopped this morning t' git a drink.

Silas—An' that's why ye've went an' changed yer dress?

Mary—Yes, pa.

The High Road

Winfield Barnes is bound for Albany, and Mary listens as he outlines his plans and ambitions

Silas—Lectures—dressin' up—shucks! Ye'll be wantin' t' go t' the theayter next!

(Pause. He picks up one of the books.) When the work's done, d'ye catch me gallivantin'? No, I put on my slippers an' set out here an' read a "Dramatic Romance"—(Mary sobs.) What's that?

Mary—Nothin'.

Silas—An' mighty int'restin' readin' it makes! Listen t' this! (Reading)

"Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale an' not the lark
That pierced the fearful holler o' thine ear
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree,
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale."

That's Shakespeare—better than a lecture, ain't it, Mamie?

Mary—Oh, pa!

Silas (changing his tone)—Thunderation! T' think a child o' mine should turn out this way—! Come here, ye sneakin' little rat, you! (She comes up to him.) How long's this ben a-goin' on?

Mary—What?

Silas—When did he give ye these?

Mary—Las' week.

Silas—Did he kiss ye?

Mary—No.

Silas—Nor put his arm round ye—speak the truth now!

Mary—No, pa.

Silas—What did he do then?

Mary—He said I'd understand 'em.

Silas—Is that all?

Mary—An' he wanted t' put me in the picture he's makin' o' the south pasture.

Silas—What did ye tell him?

Mary—I said I couldn't, 'cause I had too much t' do.

The argument continues until a buggy is heard approaching, and Winfield Barnes, a young country lawyer, stops off to collect a bill. He is bound for Albany, and Mary becomes ecstatic as he outlines his plans and ambitions.

"Give my love t' the world!" she cries as he drives away.

Night comes on; a light burns in Mary's window when Alan Wilson returns. She steals out in the yard to say good-bye, and listens enchanted while he talks of traveling in Rome and Paris. There is a pause. The girl gazes out on the hills.

Mary (pointing)—Do you see where the moonlight hits the rocks on the top of that hill? It makes it look like a house all built o' gold! Now listen—! D'ye hear somethin'?

Alan—No—do you?

Mary (whispering)—Oh, yes. There's a sound o' music an' o' singin' voices comin' from that house o' gold! Wait! If you listen a little while you can imagine that too—

Alan (looking at her)—Now I hear.

Mary—D'ye know they be a-singin'—up there on the hill-top? It's 'cause they're lookin' out over the whole wide world! Think o' the oceans an' the cities lyin' stretched out in the moonlight! Think o' the towers an' the churches an' the castles o' the kings! They see 'em all from up there—I guess they can see a million miles without no trouble at all—

Alan—I've climbed those hills.

Mary—An' what was it like when ye got there?

Alan—There was nothing but the plain, bare rocks.

Mary—Wasn't ye awful—disappointed?

Alan—Perhaps—just at first—but then right off I saw the golden house again.

Mary—Where?

Alan—Across the valley—on the hills beyond!

Mary—An' ye fergot ye was tired an' started after it again?

Alan—Oh, yes, one does.

Mary—An' when ye'd climbed up the next hill, it was just the same?

Alan—It always is.

Mary—An' no one's ever walked into that house an' sat close by a winder an' looked out over the world?

Alan—Not one. Only each time that you climb a hill, it seems a little bigger and a little brighter. Each time the voices seem a little nearer—some lucky ones have even caught a few words of the song they sing!

Mary—Oh! I'd love to do that, too!

Alan—Are you sure you don't think so just because there's a full moon and the hills look beautiful—

Mary—No, not tonight—I guess I've always thought so. Oh, when I think o' the times before you come that I've stood alone here at this gate—lookin' down the road wantin' somethin' so hard it use t' make me cry—wantin' it with all my heart an' soul—an' never, never really knowin' what it was.

Alan—And have you found out now?

Mary—It's climbin' like ye said.

Alan—That's right, but that's not all. You adorable little witch, it's absurd to leave you here feeding the pigs!—it isn't life alone that you've been wanting—standing there, and looking down the road.

Mary—What is it then?

Alan—It's love—it's love—you want to love someone—you want someone to love you!

Mary—Love! But I do. There is—

Alan—Who?

Mary—Abraham Linc—I mean, Romeo—

Alan (laughing)—You darling! (He puts one arm around her.) Now look into the valley—not up at the hill tops, dear—we'll leave them for a while. See how the moonlight's turned the apple blossoms into snow and silver! Look at the mist coming up from the river like a bridal veil! Just smell the lilacs growing by the road! Why, it's spring—it's May—it's coming June! And do you know the reason why it all is here? It's just to make it easier—a little easier—for you to put your two arms around my neck and whisper, "Man, I love you!"

Mary—Love!

Alan—There's nothing in the world but the search for beauty and the love that makes that long road possible.

Mary—Oh, Mr. Wilson, ye wouldn't tell me that 'nless it was the truth!

Alan—All I can say is it's my noblest, best belief! Come, dear, it's late—it's time for us to go—

Mary—Us!

Alan—You must! I've kissed you now.

Mary—Oh, no, I can't—

Alan—You will. We're going to love each other, and we're going to climb and climb and climb—

"The High Road"

Alan: "Each time that you climb a hill the golden house seems a little bigger and a little brighter"

Mary—Up there to the golden house?
Alan—To where the voices sing!
Mary—To where they look out on the whole wide world.

Alan (who is leading her through the gate picks a spray of lilac and waves it over her.) Little fairy-book queen, disguised as Mamie Page—I wave my wand above you and presto change! the spell is broken! Come back into your kingdom!

Mary (her hand on his shoulder—Oh!—Oh!— (They pass through the gate.)

* * *

Three years have passed. Mary Page sits in a luxurious apartment on Riverside

Drive. The furnishings are rare and exquisite, and the one thing that does not harmonize with the artistic atmosphere is Mary herself—or perhaps not Mary, but her attire, for she wears a plain black skirt and a severe white shirtwaist. She is nervously writing; she is giving her maid instructions as to the letter which she is leaving for Mr. Wilson; she is keeping secret the address to which her trunk is to be sent. She is preparing to make a hurried escape when men's voices are heard in the hall and Alan Wilson enters with a friend whom he introduces as John Stephen Maddock, a wealthy newspaper man, whose father, Alan laughingly says, is the Tobacco Trust. The three are having supper when the expressman calls for Mary's trunk. Alan asks questions; Maddock makes a hurried departure. Mary pleads with Alan not to press her for reasons, which she declares are given in her letter. He insists upon knowing why she wishes to leave. "I thought," he says, "you loved beautiful things."

"I do," answers Mary quietly, "but I think my ideas about what's beautiful have grown to be different from yours. Don't you believe that there are some beautiful things beyond just what we see and feel and hear.—I do—I believe they're the most beautiful of all! The pictures—and the music and the other things—they don't matter so much. It's good they're in the world, but there are other things a million times more beautiful.

"Alan," she says softly, "do you remember what you told me, long ago, that last night on the farm? About the voices—and the house of gold? I've climbed the first hill—you were right. There's nothing here. But the house is bigger, and the singing is brighter on the hills beyond."

Alan, realizing that the matter is serious, suggests a change—a trip to Japan with a return to Venice, Rome and Bellagio. Mary attempts to set herself right.

Mary—I don't love you—

Alan—May!

Mary—I think—perhaps I never did!

Alan—I don't believe it! Why, that one night at Bellagio—

Mary—I was a young girl. I was in love with love.

Alan—You've deceived me then? All these years—

Mary—I deceived myself just the same.

Alan (sickened)—Oh! (He turns away.)

Mary (suddenly)—Alan!

Alan (not hearing)—Oh!

Mary—Did you ever ask yourself whether you loved me?

Alan—What?

Mary—Because I don't believe you do.

Alan—How can you say that?

Mary—I know you've loved to surround me with the wonderful things that you collect so well. But be frank. Haven't I been part of the collection after all? Didn't you pick me up at Milford Corners exactly as you picked up your Watteau in Cologne?

Alan attempts to solve the problem by proposing a hasty marriage, but Mary cannot consent. She is firm in her resolve to work in a shirtwaist factory, where, she tells Alan, she will make seven dollars a week in the cutting room.

And so departing, Mary Page prepares to take the next step in her pilgrimage.

* * *

Fourteen years later Winfield Barnes, Governor of New York, stands at his desk in the Capitol at Albany. Lawrence, his secretary, bursts in with the news that the McCann bill, championed by Miss Page, President of the Woman's Trade Union League, has passed the Senate. "She's got her eight-hour day for factory girls at last!" cries the Governor joyfully. His happy meditations are soon interrupted by Mr. John Stephen Maddock, who calls to discuss the McCann bill with him. Maddock offers the support of his chain of newspapers in the governor's presidential campaign on condition that his platform does not favor the Woman Labor bill.

There are heated words between the two as Mary Page is announced. The Governor introduces her to Maddock, who suddenly recalls the circumstances of their first meeting and hastily takes his leave. Mary and the Governor talk.

Mary—I came here to thank you, but I—I don't believe I can.

Winfield—Don't bother! I understand!

Mary—Yes. But I should like to tell you—just a little—of what's filling up my heart.

Winfield—Nonsense! I'd have pushed that bill anyway.

Mary (interrupting)—Oh, it's not the bill! At least, not only the bill. It's what it means to me to find a man like you standing by me in everything I'm trying to do! It's the first time in all my life that it's happened to me, and I do wish I could tell you how perfectly splendid it seems!

Winfield—The first time someone has stood by you?

Mary—Yes. Oh, I'm not bothering about it. But one does feel lonely sometimes, doesn't one?

Winfield—That's right—you know I felt that way today!

Mary—Did you? What did you do about it? I suppose you worked hard. That's the best thing!

Winfield—No—I don't know as I did much work. But I did a heap o' thinking!

Mary—About what?

Winfield (interrupting)—D'you really want to know?

Mary—Yes.

Winfield—All right. About you.

Mary—About me?

Winfield—That's what I said.

Mary (recovering herself)—Well, it was very sweet of you, and I'm very much obliged!

Winfield—And I stuck this up over my fireplace—makes the whole room seem like home!

Mary—What is it? (Going across and seeing her picture). Not that old thing! Well, the idea! Look at the way I used to do my hair!

Winfield—I think it's mighty nice!

Mary—Where in the world did you come across it?

Winfield—McClure's—

Mary (at desk. Picking up books)—Why here's "The Working Woman," "Our Factories," "A Prophecy." (Looking up.) My complete works!

Winfield—Yes; I've been reading you up, Miss Page. That's what comes from not talking about yourself!

Mary—We've always had the bill and business to talk about, haven't we?

Winfield—Yes! we have. As a matter of fact we haven't had what you might call a personal talk since that night at Milford Corners—the night before I left for Albany.

Mary—Yes, I remember that.

Winfield—You see I'm mighty interested in you, Miss Page, and I want to learn all about your life since you stood by the gate waving your hand to me as I went down the road—

Mary—Twenty-one years ago! Dear me! We didn't know very much then, did we?

Winfield—If anybody'd told us that night that the next time we met it would be as Governor of the State of New York and President of the Woman's Trade Union League, well—

Mary (looking at him)—I think we would have been rather surprised. How did you do it?

Winfield (with a chuckle)—How did you? (Pause. They laugh together.)

Mary—I haven't the slightest idea.

Winfield (confidentially)—I'll tell you something! I don't know that I'd have been so awfully surprised as far as I went—but the idea of your amounting to anything!

Mary—I don't blame you a bit! It's been a great surprise to me.

Winfield—Let me see—it wasn't very long after that, was it, you left the farm?

Mary—No—not very long.

Winfield—And you came straight to New York?

Mary—Yes.

Winfield—And went into the American Shirtwaist Company's factory on West 18th Street?

Mary (smiling)—Oh, there's no doubt about it! You've been reading my "Works." Yes, I started cutting out sleeves. I did that a year and a half and then they promoted me to the machine room. And that's where I was when the strike came.

Winfield—I know. I read about that in your book. What next?

Mary—We joined our Union with the Worsted Union in the factory across the street and that's how the Woman's Trade Union League was started!

Winfield—Splendid! Splendid!

Mary—So it grew and grew, and after a year it began to take up all my time, so I left the factory and took a little office on 23rd Street over a hat shop. I had a desk and a chair and a typewriter and a safe!

Winfield—I bet that was a great moment.

Mary—Oh, yes! And it kept on growing, so in 1905 we moved into our new building. Nowadays I'm not there very much. A large part of the year I am travelling.

(Lawrence now brings in the bill for the Governor's signature, and after the ceremony Mary prepares to leave.)

Winfield—Don't you ever get tired of catching trains?

Mary—What?

Winfield—Don't you ever just want to forget it all, and lean back, and close your eyes—and—and have somebody take care of you for a change?

Mary—Sometimes I do when I've had a hard day. I suppose we all have our dull moments.

Winfield—Miss Page—

Mary—Well?

Winfield—Don't you think you—you need something more to make you happy?

Mary—Something more?

Winfield—Something more than sitting in an office and dictating to stenographers and carrying all that responsibility like a burden on your back.

Mary—Oh, I don't know! When you're getting on and you haven't any family to bother you, it's rather pleasant to lean back in your revolving chair and manipulate the coming generation!

Winfield—Oh, you can talk that way to other people, but not to me. I know what's shut up in that capacious heart of yours.

Mary—Oh, do you?

Winfield—There's a beautiful garden, filled with old-fashioned flowers. It's still as still inside there. Why, I guess there isn't so much as a single bumble-bee! It's all just waiting in the sunlight—waiting for someone to come along and find it out and pick the clove pinks and mignonette! (Pause.) Mary Page, haven't you ever thought what Providence meant by making our paths cross again after twenty-one years?

Mary—Providence?

Winfield—Speaking for myself, I consider it a mighty plain hint!

Mary—A mighty plain *hint?*

Winfield—I've waited all my life for you to come along, and now you're here—why, you know what I want to say: I love you! I want you to marry me!

Mary—Oh, d-don't you think I'm too old? I'm nearly forty!

Winfield—Are you? Well, I'm forty-six and I'm a colt—

Mary—But I still have a great deal to do. I'm pledged to it—I couldn't give it up.

Winfield—Who asked you to? Not I! There are certain things you've taught me to believe in. When you're my wife, we'll work for them together, dear, that's all!

Mary—Oh! Oh!

Winfield—Couldn't you love me—just a little bit?

Mary—Love you? When did we first meet since the Milford Corners' days?

Winfield—Eighteen months ago.

Mary—Do you know what you've been to me for eighteen months? You've been all my dreams come true—not only for myself but for everyone. Meeting you has been the greatest thing that's ever happened to me. You're the strongest, wisest, kindest man in all the world. Nothing—nothing can take away the—the quality of inspiration that you—you've—

Winfield—Mary, dear, do you know what that means? You love me! Mary, you—

Mary—Of course I do! I do! I love you—

Winfield (coming toward her.) Mary!

Mary—No, wait! It's just because I love you, dear, so much, that I've got to tell you something—even though it costs me—a great deal—

Winfield—Tell me something?

Mary—Yes. I think it may surprise you—and—cause you a good deal of pain—but you're not like other men—so you'll remember how—hard it is sometimes for a young girl to—adjust herself to life—you'll remember all the things that can happen to her—I meet it so much in my own work and I know—I know it isn't always hopeless—quite often it turns out very well, if we're only kind and sympathetic.

Winfield—What is it?

Mary—When I left the farm—

Winfield—Yes?

Mary—When I left the farm I didn't leave it—alone—

Winfield—What?

Mary—I left it—with a man—(Pause.) He was a man who came up to paint pictures—he boarded at our house—he used to give me books—when he went away—I went with him. (Pause.) We lived together three years. Most of them we spent abroad. He was very fond of traveling.

Winfield—Where is he—now?

Mary—He's dead. I believe he died about—ten years ago.

(Pause.)

Winfield (as before)—I suppose you—loved him very much.

Mary—No!

Winfield (looking up for the first time)—What?

Mary—When I was young I thought I did. But when I grew older—finally found out I did not. He—he was everything—that was kind to me— he was a most gifted—a most unusual man. It was from him I learnt—the charm—and grace—and beauty of the world.

Winfield—Oh!

Mary—What's the matter? (He does not answer.) You understand—? (Still no answer.) Oh, don't disappoint me! (His arms and head go down on the desk with a smothered groan. She looks at him once, then rises.) I'm sorry I had to tell you—but you see how necessary it was. (Picking up her bag.) Thank you for all the interest you've taken in me. It is something that I shall always be very proud to remember. I can only regret that—(Breaking off and going to door.) Thank you again—a thousand times—for everything. (Opening door.)

Winfield (suddenly lifting his head and starting to his feet just as she is going)—Mary!

Mary (turning at door)—What?

Winfield—That girl you've told me about is no concern of mine! Do you think I'm going to bother about her with a wonderful, splendid woman like you right here? D'you think I'll let her or anything she's done separate me from you! Never, Mary—never in the world!

Mary (with a cry of joy)—A-ah! I knew! (He takes her in his arms.)

* * *

In two years Winfield Barnes is a candidate for the presidency. Mary arrives from Boston, where as "The Wife of the Candidate," she has been given an ovation. The charming meeting between husband and wife is interrupted by the arrival of Messrs. Farley, Lyons and Kenyon of the National Campaign Committee, followed by Mr. Cornelius Murray, the Chairman. Mary is greeted cordially by all the men, but leaves the room with the tender warning to her husband: "Don't use your voice up, will you, Win?"

The five men suddenly gather around the Governor.

Winfield—Well! What's up?

Murray (to Winfield)—It's Maddock.

Winfield—I knew it!

Farley—We've just found out he's going to do an infamous thing.

Winfield—What?

Lyons—He's been after Lewisohn of Pennsylvania—

Winfield—The man who got to Washington on his money?

Kenyon—And tomorrow Lewisohn's going to get up in the Senate and move that a committee be appointed to investigate the funds used in the present campaign.

Winfield—Yes, but that can't hurt us.

Murray—Wait! He's going to bring as point of departure, a very large sum, $125,000, wasn't it, Kenyon? (Kenyon nods), which he alleges was contributed to our campaign fund from a—a doubtful source.

Winfield—Corporation talk?

Lyons—This isn't a corporation. It's an individual.

Winfield—Who is he?

Kenyon—You.

Winfield—Ha! Ha! Ha! That's a joke! Why, I never had $25,000 in the bank, let alone $125,000.

Murray—The idea is—the money was given you by someone else.

Winfield—By whom?

Kenyon—Your wife.

Winfield—My wife! Well, where could she get it from?

Farley—That's exactly the point of the whole thing.

Winfield—Well?

Lyons—Now, Barnes, hold on to yourself! Are you ready?

Winfield—Fire ahead.

Lyons—They're going to say she secured this sum from a man named Wilson—

Winfield—Who?

Farley—A man named Alan Wilson, a son of old C. T. Wilson of the Cotton Exchange.

Murray—They say she—I apologize for repeating it—

Winfield—Go on!

Murray—They say she—that when she was a young girl, she lived with Wilson.

Kenyon—Now you understand.

The committee suggest that the Governor take the country in his confidence. "Publish in tomorrow's papers an open letter to the people," urges Murray, "stating what Maddock is going to do and why." "Ending," adds Kenyon, "with a statement of his proposed attack on Mrs. Barnes and proving it's a lie in advance."

Winfield is convinced that such a letter must be written when Maddock is announced. He will withdraw the whole story, he promises the men, if Barnes will drop the woman labor matter from his platform.

Maddock—You know the facts that inquiry'll bring out?

Winfield—I know the lies.

Maddock—What?

Winfield—Lie number one: that I gave $125,000 to the campaign fund. Lie number two: that I got that $125,000 from my wife, who—lie number three—was given it by a man named Wilson, whom—lie number four—she lived with for seven years before she married me.

Maddock—But I have proofs of it!

Winfield—Proofs!

Maddock—Good heavens, d'you think I'd run the risk of bringing such a charge if I hadn't? Prove it's false and I'll withdraw the whole story—now—tonight! I'll wire Lewisohn, there will be no investigation, no scandal—nothing—nothing except my most abject apologies to you and Mrs. Barnes. (To rest.) There, gentlemen! Isn't that fair?

Kenyon—Quite, Mr. Maddock.

Farley (turning to Winfield)—I'm sure Mr. Barnes will consider—

Kenyon—Mr. Barnes, it is now up to us! (Brief pause.)

Winfield—Very well. If you wait here a few moments, gentlemen, I'll go and consult my wife. Naturally I need her assistance in—

Maddock—No, Barnes, that won't do.

Winfield—What do you mean?

Maddock (interrupting and appealing to others)—I've made an honest proposition and I won't be taken advantage of!

Kenyon—Well, if he wants to prove that what you say is a lie, it's fairly obvious he's got to ask Mrs. Barnes to help him, isn't it?

Maddock—Yes, but I won't have them getting together and settling on some story. If it's all above-board, why can't he send for Mrs. Barnes, and ask her here?

Winfield—In front of four men—and you?

Maddock—So you refuse to bring Mrs. Barnes here?

Winfield—Yes, I refuse.

Maddock—All right, I take back my offer.

Farley—What?

Maddock—Lewisohn will make his motion the first thing tomorrow morning. I'll have my extras out by twelve o'clock. You see, gentlemen, he doesn't dare let her face it.

Winfield—Come in and shut that door. (Winfield rings bell. Another pause. The door opens and the doorkeeper appears.) Ask Mrs. Barnes if she will be so good as to come here. . . . (Mary listens while her husband tells Maddock's story.) . . . It's perfectly simple. We've got to establish an alibi, that's all.

Mary—What?

Winfield—Show that you were somewhere else during the particular three years that Wilson was traveling around with this unknown woman.

Mary (thoughtfully)—Yes—yes, of course!

Winfield—Now, let's see—it'll only take a moment! You did leave Milford Corners in '91, didn't you?

Mary—I think it was '91—

Winfield—I know it was the same year I went to Albany. And you came to New York in 1894?

Maddock—Three years!

Mary (looking at Winfield)—Yes—1894.

Winfield—Exactly. Then the years you were teaching school in Greenbush just cover the time in question.

Mary (always looking at Winfield)—So they do.

Winfield—Now let's get it straight. (Making notes with pencil) Born—?

Mary—1874.

Winfield—Lived on a farm near Milford Corners till 1891. Taught school in Greenbush till 1894. Then came to New York and started working in the shirtwaist factory—(with a smile) from which time career well known. There—how's that?

Maddock—Lucid, my dear chap—pellucid, crystalline—

Mary (rising instantly)—In that case you—

Maddock (rising with the rest)—No, wait, Mrs. Barnes! I want to ask a few questions myself.

Mary—Win—?

Winfield—My wife is very tired, Mr. Maddock. She's had a long railway journey and I—

Maddock (flashing in)—You're afraid!

Mary—What are your questions, Mr. Maddock?

Maddock cross-examines Mary, recalls the day he met her in the Riverside Drive apartment, but finally suggests that the whole matter can be settled by telegraphing the Superintendent of Schools at Greenbush, asking for the school records of Mary Page during the disputed three years. Mary sees that matters can go no further and breaks down. Maddock and the committee leave. Mary crosses to her husband, whose head is buried on the desk.

"The High Road."

They are summoning the Governor to the platform, where the crowds are awaiting his appearance. Winfield gasps that he cannot make the speech, when Mary takes the telephone

"Win," she whispers, trying to console him, "we still have each other." She puts her hand on his shoulder.

Winfield (shaking her off)—Don't speak to me!

Mary—What?

Winfield (shivering as he rises and moves off)—Don't speak to me now!

Mary (as she follows him)—Win, I did my best. I couldn't help it's coming out. You oughtn't to have started that about—my teaching.

Winfield—What shall I do? What shall I do?

Mary—But it didn't make any difference. We couldn't have held out against him, dear—he had the truth on his side.

Winfield—We're ruined—and if we'd gone on we'd have won. We were just on the verge—but now—

Mary—Win—

Winfield—When I think of it—the Party—all those men who've worked so hard for me—and my own hopes—the ambitions of a lifetime—and now it's gone—broken—smashed to pieces, and why—because twenty-three years ago you committed a *crime*—that's what it was. I'm beginning to see things clearly now! You committed a crime against the laws of God and man—and a thing like that can't be buried—it's bound to rise up sooner or later and call for punishment!

Mary—Win—you don't know what you're saying—

Winfield—And the worst of it is you can't suffer alone; no, when you go down yourself you drag other people behind you—

Mary—Win!

Winfield—I'm not blaming you. It's my fault. It's all my fault! If I'd only kept my head when you told me that day in Albany! But I didn't—I loved you—I took you in my arms—I married you—

Mary—Oh! Oh!

Winfield—I gave up all the standards I believed and stood for—

Mary—Oh, stop, Win!

Winfield—It's true!

Mary (interrupting)—Stop! You said you are beginning to see things clearly. Well, so am I. In this last moment I've seen my whole life. It's come to me the way it comes to drowning people. I saw the child up there on the farm who used to think of fairy books and Mary Queen of Scots all the time she was cooking and scrubbing and bringing home the cows. And then I saw the girl who was bewitched by what she thought was beautiful—and then I saw the woman who took her place. And I knew I couldn't have been that girl unless I'd been that child—and I knew I couldn't be the woman unless I'd been that girl. And I know what's brought me through. And this is it. I've tried to find the good in everything that's come my way. Most times it was good, and I took it in and kept it in my heart. And once it was bad, and when I realized that I left it, and went on. And so, out of my blunders, and my weakness, and my mistakes, I've managed to build my life. I've built it slowly—it hasn't been easy work. No one but myself knows how far it comes now from what I'd like it to be—but such as it is, it's mine—I made it—and so that's why in the face of all this shipwreck—this disaster—I can stand here and look into your eyes, and say I've done my best, I'm not ashamed of what I've built—I'm proud of it.

The ringing of the telephone interrupts her. They are summoning the Governor to the speaker's platform, where the crowds are awaiting him. Winfield gasps that he cannot make the speech, when Mary takes the telephone and promises that he will leave immediately for the Garden. "The car's waiting," she says to her husband brightly. "Win, here, take your coat!"

Winfield (raising his head)—It's no use. I can't go!

Mary (busy at desk)—Where are the notes for your speech? Did Denison—(Finding them) Oh, here they are! (Turning to him.) Now, Win, pull yourself together. It's just ten minutes before you get up in front of fifteen thousand people.

Winfield (rising)—Aren't you coming with me?

Mary—No, Win. Here, let me straighten your tie. (She does so, and smooths back his hair) There! You look very nice! Have you got a handkerchief?

Winfield—Yes.

Mary—All right? (Taking him by arm and leading him to door.) Now, go along. There are only about eight minutes left, so you will have to hurry. Be sure you let down all the windows in the car; the fresh air will do you good. And tell James to drive carefully—the streets are still wet—you mustn't run any risk of—(She watches him out the door.)

* * *

An hour later Maddock comes in answer to Mary's summons. She appeals to him in every possible way to prevent the scandal he threatens, but fails.

Mary—Very well then, I have nothing to hold me back! Go on and make the attack, tell Senator Lewisohn to bring his investigation, publish every detail of it in all your papers—do anything you like, Mr. Maddock, but don't for one instant suppose that you're going to have it all your own way! (Goes to desk.)

Maddock (A step toward her)—I don't understand you!

Mary—Mr. Maddock, my husband is going to win this election.

Maddock—Really? Very interesting! How will he manage to do it?

Mary—It's quite simple. I will make a statement of my career to the Associated Press.

Maddock (quickly)—What?

Mary—If this affair must come out you will not be the only one to exploit it. I intend to give my version of the story. Then we'll let the Nation think over both our records and decide which one of us is telling the truth.

Maddock—You don't mean that.

Mary—Yes, I mean it. I mean it absolutely.

The High Road

"To the Men and Women of America." Mary Page dictates the history of her life

Maddock—Well?

Mary—Can't you understand that my public acknowledgment of those years with Alan Wilson will put the stamp of truth on everything else I say? And I'm going to say that your accusations against my husband are lies. And when I expose the selfish, mercenary motive behind these lies, don't you see there can be only one result—the destruction of all public confidence in you and the ruin of your political ambitions? (Pause.)

Maddock—Quite true. I see your point. But there's one thing you've forgotten.

Mary—What's that?

Maddock—Your reputation.

Mary—My reputation is not the important thing at this moment. My husband must be cleared of this campaign fund slander.

Maddock (trying to laugh)—Ha! ha! You don't dare! I see through it.

Mary—When I lied, Mr. Maddock, I wasn't any match for you—I know that! But now you're dealing with a perfectly honest person, so let me warn you that you're distinctly at a disadvantage.

Maddock—I don't believe you—do you hear that? I don't believe you—and to show that I don't believe you I'm going to ring up Lewisohn right here—now—this minute, and tell him it's all right—he's to go ahead tomorrow and put his motion.

Mary—Very well. There's the telephone. (She goes to desk and begins putting roll on dictaphone.)

Maddock (at telephone)—Long distance—quick! (To her) What are you doing?

Mary—I'm going to dictate my statement from these notes I've made and have my husband's secretary typewrite it when he gets back from the Garden—that's all.

Maddock (sneering)—A-ah! That's likely.

Mary (dictating)—"Mr. Maddock's real motive is his fear that certain clauses in my husband's platform on the subject of Woman Labor will result in severe financial loss to the American Tobacco Company, from which he draws his income.

Maddock (in telephone)—Hello—hello! Central, hasn't that call come yet?

Mary (dictating)—"Mr. Maddock's alleged motive is as follows: he claims he has discovered a gift of $125,000, made by my husband to the Campaign Fund. This sum, he claims, was supplied by me who, in my turn, am said to have had it from Alan Wilson, formerly of New York City, now deceased."

Maddock—Go on—go on—tell 'em why he gave it to you!

Mary—I was just thinking of the clearest way to put it. (Maddock turns away.) (Resuming)—"The fact on which Mr. Maddock bases his whole fabrication is that, during the years 1891–1894 I lived with the said Alan Wilson as his wife. This I have no intention of denying. (Maddock turns back.) But to say that when I left Mr. Wilson I took from him any money whatsoever is a lie; to say that my husband has contributed one penny to the Campaign Fund is also a lie."

Maddock (rises and goes to telephone. To her)—Keep it up—keep it up. I'd like to see how far you're willing to go. (In telephone) For God's sake, Central, hurry up that Washington call! (Maddock takes chair, sits.)

Mary (glancing toward window)—Is that the motor? I thought I heard—(Resuming dictation.) "I address you on my own initiative, in complete confidence that you will see my husband is the object of a degraded and cowardly conspiracy."

Maddock—Oh, you'll never give that to the Associated. It's like your teaching school. (He laughs.)

Mary—(Finishing her dictation)—"Signed and delivered in the presence of the following witnesses—" (She stops the machine and takes off the roll as Lawrence bursts in from the right.)

Lawrence (entering)—Oh, Mrs. Barnes—it was a ten strike! He never spoke better in his life. (He notices Maddock.)

Mary (to Lawrence)—Where is Mr. Barnes, Mr. Lawrence?

Lawrence—Downstairs. Colonel Masser drove him home with us and came in for a moment to talk about the Newark speech Monday.

Mary—I see. Is the car still outside?

Lawrence—Yes.

Mary—I'll need it later. I want you to make three copies of this, Mr. Lawrence.

Maddock—Mrs. Barnes!

Mary—Then come with me while I take them downtown to the Associated Press. We'll have to rout up a Notary Public, I'm afraid.

Lawrence—I'd better tell James to wait, then.

Mary—Yes, please. (As he is at the door.)

Lawrence—Very well. I'll be right back and copy it off. (He goes out.)

Maddock—You won't do this, Mrs. Barnes! Why, it's sheer madness. It will ruin us both.

Mary—Don't let me keep you, Mr. Maddock.

Maddock—Wait! Isn't there some compromise? I'll meet you more than half way—listen to me! I'll tell you what I'll—(telephone rings.)

Mary—Good-night, Mr. Maddock. (Suddenly.) You're waiting for that Washington call—there it is now. (She turns to fire, humming a contented little tune. He stares at her. The bell rings again.) Aren't you going to answer it? (He pulls himself together, goes to desk and picks up telephone).

Maddock (in telephone)—Hello—Yes, this is Mr. Maddock. Is that you, Lewisohn?—I—wanted to talk to you about the investigation—yes—it's all off—can you hear me?—I can't explain now, but the latest developments make any such investigation impossible. It's ended—you understand, do you?—All right—good-night. (He rings off and leaves.)

MRS. FISKE

Who, having characterized women of many types and times, has now breathed a soul into the playwright's picture of "Mary Page," idealist

* * *

The Governor arrives soon after Maddock's departure. Mary presses him to talk of the speech just delivered.

Winfield (breaking out)—Mary, I'm not thinking about speeches or the election, or anything like that. I'm just thinking about you! Down at the Garden the only thing I saw was your face; in all that noise and pandemonium the only thing I heard was your voice. Mary, dear, I didn't mean to talk to you the way I did tonight—but Maddock's cornering us—I guess I was tired—all of a sudden it seemed more than I could stand—but darling! it wasn't I—I mean—not the real me, Mary—you know what I'm trying to say.

Mary—Oh, yes! Oh, yes!

Winfield—Don't you—think you could forgive me—just this once?

Mary—But it was all my fault.

Winfield—Your fault?

Mary—I've been thinking it over, and I see I've been so foolish and unfair!

Winfield—You—unfair?

Mary—Look what I've done! The first minute I met you I took you right out into the park and put you on a pedestal! For four whole years I've kept you standing there, just looking noble, and, oh, Win—you've been such a miracle of patience!

Winfield (still a little anxious)—But you do forgive me?

Mary—Oh, yes.

Winfield (joyfully, recklessly, boyishly)—Then I don't care what Maddock puts into his papers. I don't care if I lose fifty elections. I don't care what happens, Mary, so long as I have you!

Mary—I knew you'd feel this way!

Winfield—But, dear, I'm afraid there's a hard time ahead of us. I guess we'll find plenty of chances for keeping a stiff upper lip. So that's why I want you to understand right now, before it begins, that no matter what people think or say or do, there's always one thing I'll be proud of.

Mary—One thing?

Winfield—That I'm your husband, dear. (He comes to take her in his arms.)

Mary—That's very nice. But, Win, I don't think we're going to have any hard time, after all.

Winfield (gently)—I'm afraid we can't help it, dear. Maddock's sure to go ahead.

Mary—No; I don't think he will.

Winfield—Why not?

Mary—He's been here again.

Winfield—Maddock?

Mary—Yes, I sent for him. I sent for him while you were speaking at the Garden.

Winfield—What?

Mary—You see I got you into this trouble, so I thought I'd better get you out.

Winfield—Mary!

Mary—I told him I'd make my own statement of the real truth, and then we'd let the country judge between us.

Winfield—What did he do?

Mary—He called up Senator Lewisohn and said he'd found out he was mistaken.

Winfield (with a cry of joy)—No!

Mary—Oh, yes, he did! I heard him!

Winfield (beside himself with joy)—Mary! I can't believe it! It's too good to—oh! oh—! I must tell Murray—I must tell 'em all. Farley and Lyons'll be at Headquarters. (He runs to the desk and sits.) What's the number— (He suddenly drops his arms on the desk, buries his head in them and begins to sob.)

Mary (going to him quickly)—Win, dearest—my sweetheart—don't—What is it? (She bends over him, her hands on his shoulders.)

Winfield (recovering himself and trying to smile)—Oh, Mary, I thought I was such a big man!

Mary (dropping on her knees beside him)—You are! You're wonderful! You're splendid! I never was so proud of you before!

Winfield—But I've lost something!

Mary—What have you lost?

Winfield (smiling)—My pedestal. I'm going to miss it.

Mary—Are you? Now listen, dear! I've missed something all my life. I never found it until tonight! This very minute—now!

Winfield—What is it—tell me?

Mary—Oh, Win, I'll never again feel sorry that I have no children!

Winfield—Why not?

Mary (laughing and crying)—Because I have you—you darling boy!

A muffled bugle call sounds from the street outside; the band has come to serenade their candidate. "Do you know," asks Mary, laughing as she leads him to the window, "I think you will make a very handsome President!"

* * *

The curtain fell. The audience suddenly came back to the present, and bethought itself of wraps and hats, of taxicabs and trains, and the outside world in general. Comment was rife. "A great play," said some. "Mrs. Fiske at her best," declared others. They were going home to review this play which Mrs. Fiske and her company had acted so realistically; they wanted time to think. "The High Road" is a play that provokes thought; it provokes argument. The playwright was exceptionally fortunate in having his effort so well cast and set. The smallest part was acted with the art and intellectuality inspired by Mrs. Fiske, who having characterized women of many types and times, has now breathed a soul into the playwright's picture of "Mary Page," idealist, a woman desiring better things, who through good and evil, luxury and poverty, silken dalliance and faithful effort for others, came into love's kingdom, and within the vision of "the house of gold."

KANDYAN GIRL

A KANDYAN BEAUTY

The Women of Beautiful Ceylon

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

THE scenery of Ceylon is glorious beyond words; and the women of Ceylon are often as beautiful as their land.

It was on the return voyage from Colombo to Southampton that I had opportunity to study and enjoy one typical Singalese beauty. During a three weeks' acquaintance this charming woman (Mrs. Henry de Mel of Colombo) grew in interest, and left a more lasting impression on my memory than any other one of the hundreds of ladies who made up the passenger list; a list comprising English, German, Dutch, French and Americans.

Mrs. de Mel was en route to the coronation festivities, in company with her husband and several other Singalese friends, all people of culture, means and refinement.

SISTER SUDDHAMMADARA
A Buddhist nun of Kandy, Ceylon

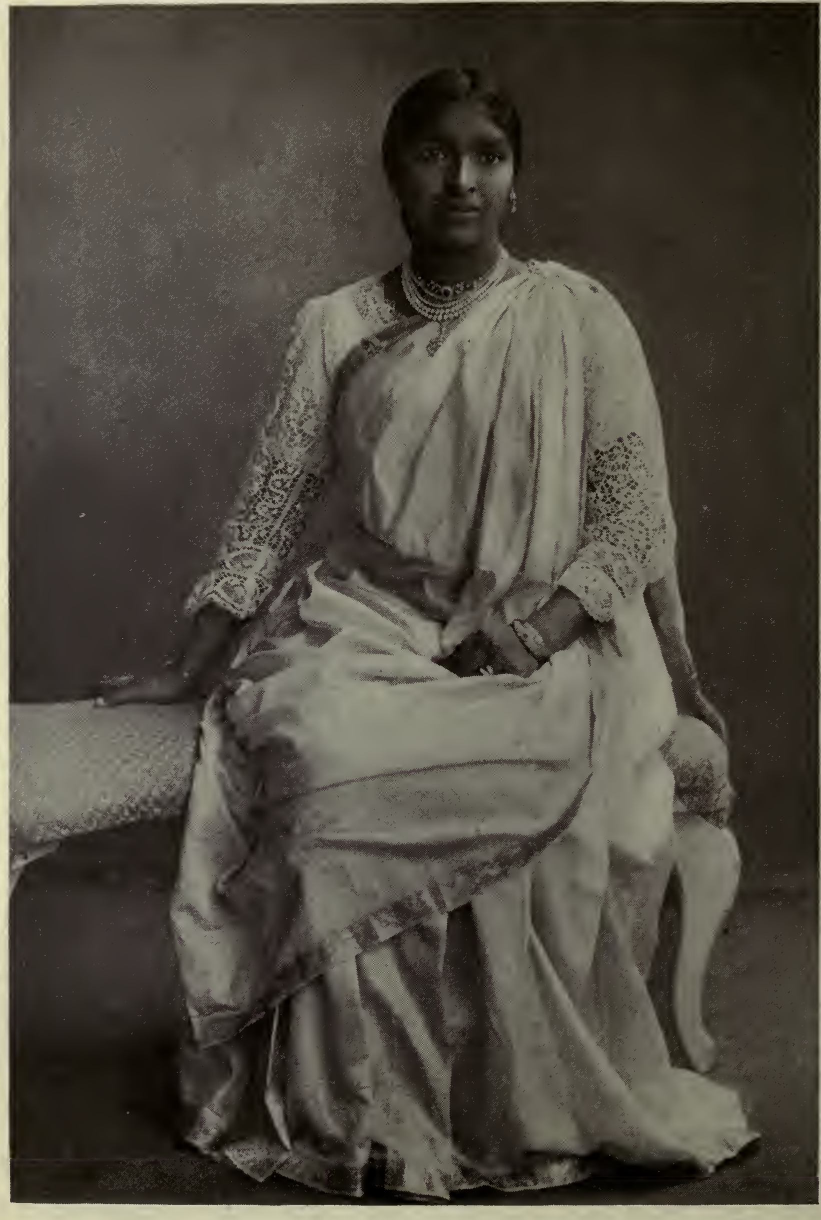
Mrs. de Mel was the daughter of a Singalese chief, holding office under the Government.

This chief wears a wonderful uniform, including a long coat with gold buttons and eyelets, gold sword and belt, and a checkered silk cloth from waist to ankles, called the "soman cloth."

His position is much revered in Ceylon, and his children belong to the "ultra fashionable circles" as we say in America.

Girls are not married at the early age in Ceylon which makes the marriage customs of India so unfortunate for the race, and education among the better classes of Ceylon women is the rule, not the exception. Mrs. de Mel was educated in the English mission school, and speaks not only her own Singalese tongue, as taught her by the native instructors, the "Pundits," but English and French fluently. At eighteen she became the wife of a brilliant young attorney of her own race, Henry L. de Mel, who is descended from a long line of owners of land and graphite mines, and other properties. He is a keen temperance man, a Free Mason, and secretary of both institutions. Mr. de Mel keeps four elephants to carry heavy timbers and machinery used in mining graphite up into the mountains. The family divides its time between the mountain home and the city residence in Colombo.

Mother of six children, this Singalese lady takes charge of their education, and looks after their clothing, health and pleasures while she dispenses large hospitalities to the innumerable relatives, for whom Singalese people keep open house. National festivities, weddings, funerals, and New Year holidays are ob-



MRS. HENRY DE MEL
Of Colombo, Ceylon, the daughter of a Singalese chief, and prominent in Ceylon social life

served with great ceremonies in Ceylon. There is a pretty custom of offering a handful of betel leaves to superior relatives on New Year day, and all the serving people do this as a sign of submission to their masters.

Singalese women are fond of music, and Mrs. de Mel is an accomplished pianist, besides being a brilliant mathematician. The average Singalese is quick at figures. On board ship Mrs. de Mel won four prizes at the games and sports.

Statistics show that not one in ten thousand of the better class of women in Ceylon are divorced.

The open air life, and the diet of vegetables and rice, with very little meat eating seems to render the Singalese people particularly hardy and healthy.

Mrs. de Mel, despite her English education and associations, has wisely kept to her native fashions in dress. On board ship she appeared in a bewildering array of exquisite costumes of delicate and dainty fabrics and classic lines. Her complexion is a soft brown, something like the shade of unburned coffee, and her long straight hair, clear cut features, and dazzling teeth and eyes, made her a target for admiring glances wherever she moved.

Mr. and Mrs. de Mel and their attractive friends, Mr. and Mrs. de Silva, were presented to royalty in Europe, and were the recipients of many honors.

Another type of woman met in Kandy, Ceylon, was Sister Suddhammadara, a Buddhist nun. Even with the closely shaven head of the Singalese Sister, and clothed about with her burnt orange robe, Sister Suddhammadara was most attractive.

Curiously enough Mrs. de Mel was born of a Buddhist family and became Christian through education; while Sister Suddhammadara, born of Christian parents (converts of missionaries), became a Buddhist after reaching maturity. Her whole life is given to educating the young in the eight principles of "the Lord Buddha," and in caring for the aged.

Lady Blake, wife of Sir Henry Blake (ex-Governor of Ceylon), endowed the Sister's school with a fund which enables her to give a home to ten aged nuns; and the same Lady Bountiful gave her a bullock and a cart in which she drives about on her errands of mercy, as well as when asking for alms. It is the Buddhist custom for priests and nuns to go about with their bronze begging bowl daily, not making any plea, but silently holding the bowl for such offerings as their disciples can give.

Each city and locality of Ceylon has its own type of beauty, and Kandy claims to be pre-eminent in its lovely women.

Many seen at temples and going to and from their daily duties verified the claim. The "new woman" is not known in Ceylon, as there seems to be little oppression of women in that romantic and beautiful spot, and her privileges seem to be quite equal to those of her brothers.

Indeed, with the environment of entrancing scenery, the best of all tropical climates, a fertile and luxuriant soil, beauty and freedom her heritage, the lot of the Singalese woman does not seem one to excite pity in the western visitor.

His Saving Grace

A STURDY roisterer who had lived without regard for any regulations but those of his own appetite escorted his good mother and sister to the doors of the Blessed Hereafter.

«Go ye two in first and I will follow,» he said, to spare them the knowledge that he himself might not enter because of his unworthiness. And he handed them up the step in turn, and the doors were opened to them.

And when they two were safely in, he looked inquiringly at the keeper of the doors, but this one motioned him back.

«Go thou the other way, fellow,» he commanded.

And the roisterer turned away with a careless smile, saying, «What care I, now that my two loved ones are safe within?»

And as he proceeded away, he began to feel the heat, and he threw off first his outer garments and then his other garments. And presently the heat and flames enveloped him, and consumed the shell of evil, and there stood revealed only the roisterer's love for his mother and sister.

And the keeper of the doors of the Blessed Hereafter saw this and hasted, and ran after him and called him: «Ho, fellow, come thou back. I was mistaken.»

And as they returned toward the doors, the keeper took his keys from his belt and made ready to open. But lo, the doors were seen to be already open, and the roisterer's mother and sister were holding them.

—Roy E. Downer.

Edgar Lucien Larkin

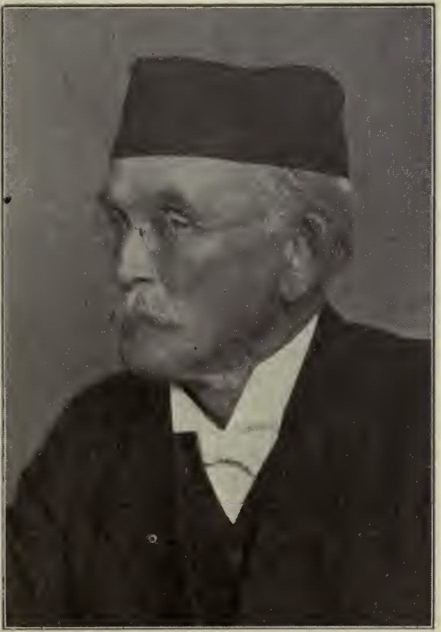
Astronomer and Philosopher

by George Wharton James

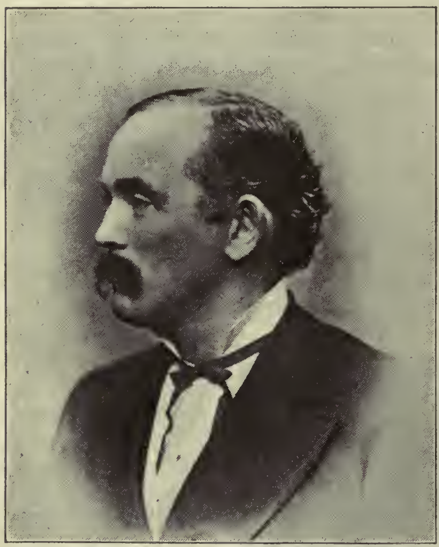
ONE of the unique and individualistic figures in American literature today is neither editor, short-story writer, poet or novelist. He is a writer on the most tremendous themes of science and philosophy, yet he numbers his readers by the millions. For, strange to say, though he deals with themes that are generally considered appropriate for the annual meetings of learned societies, where men assemble who are able to write half the alphabet, or more, after their names, recounting the degrees they have won or have had conferred upon them by the universities and colleges of the world,—I say, though he deals with themes of this nature, he writes regularly for a syndicate of newspapers, and the result is his words are eagerly read by millions. I believe he is the only pure scientist and philosopher in the world today, or that has ever lived, who has this unique distinction. The reason of it is clear. Though he deals with such vast and marvellous subjects, he has a method of presenting them that invests them with a charm and fascination that allures the thinking mind, whether it be that of a college-bred man or of a laborer.

It will be recalled by a few that when Professor Mitchell delivered his lectures on astronomy "the common people heard him gladly," and I have seen the crowds that were delighted to assemble in various cities when it was known that Richard A. Proctor would speak on the same subject. Indeed for years I used to give elementary lectures, myself, illustrated with the stereopticon, showing the movements of the heavenly bodies and the eager interest with which the ordinary run of men and women listened to the lectures demonstrated that there is in the hearts of such people an imperative desire to know, to see beyond the small sphere in which we move. Most people feel a sense of possession in the stars—they are everybody's property—and when the man of science, or of talk, can simplify the results of the work of the explorer into the mysteries of stellar space so that even the uneducated may comprehend and realize, there is a sense of making the reader or hearer participate in a largeness, a vastness, a stupendousness of which before he had not been conscious.

This, I deem it, is a most useful service to perform for mankind. Most men and women, alas, in this material and money-mad age, are preoccupied, over-occupied, with the lower, the smaller interests of life—the mere gaining of a livelihood, which is necessary, or of piling up money for the gratification of their vanity, ambition or love of power, which is not necessary. To most men life is either a drive—they are compelled to keep their nose to



EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN AS HE APPEARS TODAY, AGED 59 YEARS the grindstone, or a hypnotism—they are obsessed with the idea that to gain great wealth is a most desirable object. In both cases these men are worthy of pity—the ones who must and the ones who seem as if they could not help it. To such as these the gifted writer, possessed with knowledge of the heavens, comes as a godsend. He pours forth his treasures, he reveals the mysteries of space, he describes the wonders of the heavens, the unbelievable motions of the stars, the inconceivable glories of the Milky Way—the Galaxy, as the astronomer calls it—and the attentive reader is carried away from the daily grind, the daily obsession, the limited round of duties, and is placed upon a carpet more magical than that of the Persian in the Arabian Nights' Entertainment. He is whirled through illimitable space to gain an expansion of mind and soul that can never thereafter entirely leave him.



EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN AT THE AGE OF 29 YEARS

The writer in question began writing for newspapers at the age of twenty-two. He has been writing almost continuously ever since, and his scrap book shows that he has contributed to one hundred and five different papers and magazines. Much of this material is too good to be lost to the world in this ephemeral form, yet were the best of it culled out and printed, it would make from eighteen to twenty volumes, the same size and number of pages of similar scientific works.

Who, then, is this writer who has exercised this remarkable power so long for the education and uplift of the common masses of American newspaper readers? It is Edgar Lucien Larkin, the astronomer in charge of the Lowe Observatory on the Mount Lowe Railway, just above Pasadena in Southern California. When Professor T. S. C. Lowe came to California some twenty-five years ago, he brought with him memories of his native New Hampshire, where Mount Washington and the other peaks of the Presidential Range towered above him in the clear skies of summer, or the storm clouds of spring, autumn and winter. In his boy days he had learned to love the mountains, and finding peaks here in the new country where he had determined to settle down for the remainder of his life—peaks which were enjoyable throughout all the year, if they were once made accessible, he determined to build a railway that would enable the world of travel to visit them every day in every year. This determination resulted in the Mount Lowe Railway, up which many delighted thousands have traveled. But Professor Lowe had other ideas in connection with these mountain peaks. He hoped to establish a great scientific institution where investigators in every branch of human knowledge would find privileges and opportunities afforded them that could not be found elsewhere, of home, laboratories, machinery, etc., without cost, so that the poor man, with a real genius for invention, would here have the chance to prove what his ideas were worth. One of the first desiderata for the equipment of this unique and beneficial institution was an astronomical observatory, and in due time Dr. Lewis Swift, the veteran astronomer of the Warner Observatory of Rochester, New York, was on his way to Pasadena, bringing with him the marvellous sixteen-inch objective telescope that the people of Rochester had given him, and that had been made expressly for his use by Alvan Clark, the greatest telescope maker in the world.

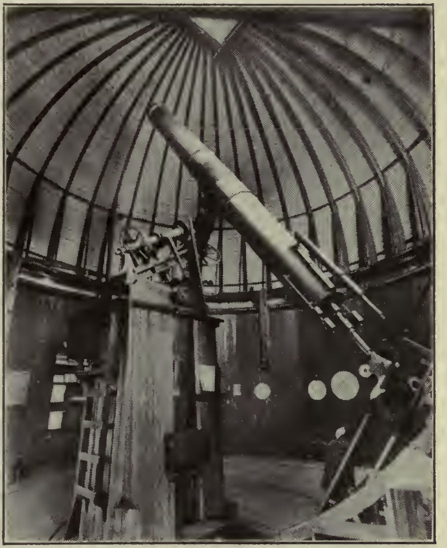
It was soon placed in position, and in accordance with Professor Lowe's ideas the general public was given the privilege of coming to the observatory *every night* to learn at least a little of what the heavens revealed to the diligent astronomer. When Dr. Swift grew too feeble for the work, Edgar Lucien Larkin was appointed director of the observatory in his place, which honored position he has held ever since. Not content with merely doing his work as an astronomer, and guiding the people each Saturday and Sunday night in their glimpses of the heavens, Mr. Larkin has sought, by means of his pen, to give to the millions beyond some of the wisdom his heavenly researches and his philosophic studies on the quiet summits of the mountains have revealed.

* * *

Seven years ago I asked Mr. Larkin to write me a brief sketch of his life for a small book I was then issuing from the press. He sent me the following, which is so characteristic of the man that I reproduce it here entire:

"Edgar Lucien Larkin was born in a log cabin, twelve miles north of Ottawa, La Salle County, Illinois, on April 5th, 1847.

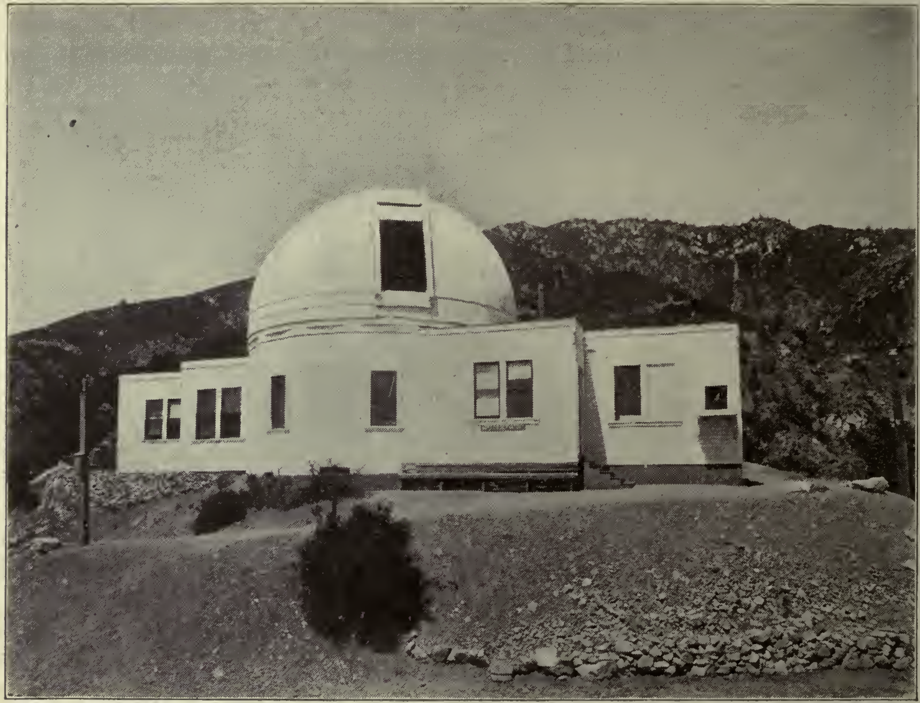
"But why? To this moment it has been an inscrutable mystery why Nature allowed this event to occur. It happened on a farm. My parents were poor enough to furnish a topic to a writer of modern socialism, such as 'unequal distribution of wealth,' 'submerged nine-tenths,' 'why billionaires exist,' and the like. The log hut was in a beautiful place, near a stream of clear, cool water—Indian Creek. It runs along through the north, from west to east, bending to the south, and discharges into the Illinois River at Ottawa. This stream is lined for miles with a magnificent forest, called the 'woods.' Stately trees of oak, ash, elm, maple, walnut and many other species waved in the winds, and in the autumn, colors beyond description fell on the leaves and they were all splashed with careless gold and scarlet. And the 'sear and yellow leaf' abounded. And 'Oh! those days in the woods!'—Nature days—whose memory now is enough to awaken the highest impulse in the mind. The neighbors did not find fault with my folks, and they were considered to be respectable, by even the nearest—not more than a mile away. Father was just ordinary, and the friends said that I 'took after him.' He farmed and mother merely kept house—the hut. These were pioneer days; a few cabins broke the distant line of horizon, to the west and south. As far as could be seen, even from the writer's perch in the top of a tall tree, there was one vast expanse of tall, green grass waving in the wind. But how beautiful! Climbing trees to see the 'waves roll' was ideal. The wind tumbled and tossed the grass into rolling waves, miles in length, and in winter huge billows of snow. The scene was wonderful; it was that of a prairie in Illinois. Just now, as I write, looking out of the window, the waves of the Pacific Ocean are seen thirty miles away. They are not more impressive than those majestic waves in the grass. For the writer became as expert in tree-climbing as his prehistoric and remote ancestors in South American forests. My mother—still living—is a woman of mental force and ability,



EQUATIONAL TELESCOPE
In the Lowe Observatory, Mt. Lowe, California, U.S.A. Diameter of objective 16 inches, focal length 22 feet. Six eye pieces, Brashear Telespectroscope Polariscope, Micronutuis, Driving Clock, and accessories, manufactured by Alvan Clark & Sons, Cambridge, Mass., 1882; mounted in California in 1894. Director Edgar Lucien Larkin.

of high morality and nobility of mind; but she could not bring me up right, that is, to be a farmer. The writer was sent to plow corn, and from subsequent events he now believes that he actually did, the weeds escaped entirely. He was transferred to the dairy department, and had sole charge of the cows. These loving creatures and the writer became fast friends. One was 'ring streaked,' (see Gen. xxx, 39) and another 'spotted and speckled.' Old 'brindle' led the procession down to the creek for water, with the writer in the midst. And 'the lowing herds wound slowly o'er the lea' in those happy childhood and bucolic days. A mighty event took place; grandfather put up a frame house, with boards outside, real boards of pine, brought to Ottawa on the new canal, and the boards were painted white!

"My father died when I was eleven years of age, so mother and I went to live in the new white house with the grandparents. But there was no schoolhouse; the settlers were poor, but finally one was erected. It was not red, in fact never had a coat of paint, and was about the size of a large room in a modern dwelling. Teachers were scarce and books likewise. Another event happened: a retired German physician came to 'farm it.' He had a library. I borrowed all the books he had in English, but the great volumes in German were as hieroglyphics. School opened in September, 1858, and the herculean, difficult and discouraging job of 'educating' the writer began.



LOWE OBSERVATORY, SUMMIT OF ECHO MOUNTAIN, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA
Altitude 3,420 feet. Length of building 70 feet. Diameter of dome 30 feet. Erected 1894. Director Edgar Lucien Larkin

"Then the greatest event of all occurred, on an auspicious day, October 5th, 1858, and I was asleep. Grandmother came in haste at about 10 P.M., aroused me and said, 'Oh! Edgar, come and see the comet.' When behold! the mighty comet of Donati seemed to span the heavens, and looked as though it came out of the black forests and extended to the zenith. Mortal eye has not seen a more wonderful display.

"Its blazing nucleus was then passing the star Arcturus, and the scene is now in the writer's mind as though it were but yesterday. Cuts of the comet at the time of passing Arcturus may be seen in works on astronomy. Next day the writer decided to begin the study of astronomy. But how, without books? The teacher had a copy of "Burrit's Geography of the Heavens and Atlas.' The writer asked her to sell it; she would for $1.00, although it cost her more. But the dollar! Grandfather was perpetually paying for land. Dollars were exceedingly scarce. Grandmother had one gold dollar; this she gave me and the book was purchased. A surveyor living near had a four-inch lens. He placed it in a square tube of wood, and with one eyepiece made up a telescope, which he loaned to me. So the study of astronomy was commenced with this outfit in my eleventh year. The first work was to trace the path of the comet among the stars on the atlas. The pencil mark is on the atlas yet, with 1858 scrawled in boyish figures. Five terms of school of three months each were attended, when arrangements were made for me to go to a high school and later an academy in Ottawa. Then came disaster, weakness of the eyes. School, reading, the telescope, all had to go; and with heavy heart the little telescope was returned to the good old surveyor. Grandfather died, the dear old home was broken up; we moved to a nearby village, Earlville, Ill. In my fourteenth year my eyesight became strong enough to permit two terms in a graded school of six months each.

"This 'finished' the work of education, for events were such that I never entered school again. In 1879 the writer built a private observatory in New Windsor, Ill., and on January 1, 1880, a fine six-inch Clark equatorial, with circles, was set upon its pier. In the spring of 1888, Knox College, in Galesburg, Ill., erected a good observatory on the campus. All the instruments were removed from New Windsor and placed in the new dome. The writer was director of the Knox Observatory from August 1, 1888, to August 1, 1895.

"Upon coming to this fairyland of the earth, Southern California, I was appointed director of this mountain observatory, the Lowe, taking charge on August 11, 1900. Everything happened in August. Here is a remarkable Clark sixteen-inch telescope, with spectroscope and tele-camera, with accessories. The writer has not startled the world by capital discoveries in astronomy, but has confined his work to writing for journals and magazines. Enough has been published to make several volumes. Only one series has been printed in book form—'Radiant Energy.' Study of science has been continuous, save for one deflection of six years, which were devoted with intense interest to Hindoo, Iranian, Persian, Egyptian and Greek philosophy and esoteric mysteries, the occult.

"The writer is a life Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, of the Southern California Academy of Science, and of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, but has not surprised any of these societies by the discovery of a law greater than gravity, nor what matter is, nor electricity, now how grass grows, or why we are here on earth. None of the mean things that the writer has performed are inserted on account of the inordinate length of this note."

On the 29th of April, 1869, Mr. Larkin married Alice Anna Werman, and they have one son, but the isolation of the mountain life is not always agreeable and good for Mrs. Larkin, so part of the time she spends in Los Angeles with her son.

In appearance Mr. Larkin is tall and solidly built. He is a strong man physically, and knows how to keep his body in the best possible order for the doing of the important work to which he has devoted his life. He is not what one would call a "society" man, for he does not care to be hampered by the foolish and frivolous restrictions that so many of this class of people regard as essentials.

But let Mr. Larkin get into the society of someone interested in large things, in the study of world movements, in the researches of the great philosophers in the realm of mind, and he is at once at home. His eyes flash with the keenest interest, his body seems to take on a tighter tension, and his expressive face becomes illuminated as he pours forth, in rapid, easy flow, the treasures of his richly stored mind. It matters not who it is, boy or girl, man or woman, poor or rich, learned or illiterate, so long as the "desire to know" is manifested. Mr. Larkin is alert, ready, communicative in the most generous and democratic fashion.

One of his greatest friends is one of the young granddaughters of Professor Lowe.

At times he is full of fun, of a quaint, dry humor, generally making himself the butt of his own remarks. Never a word of unkindness is found addressed to any individual, even when he is making the strongest and most sweeping assertions. For he has not hesitated to declare what have not been pleasant truths—or what he conceived to be truths. With the pure scientist's disregard of results, he has spoken, leaving results for others to take care of. In his solitary eyrie on the mountain heights he has had every opportunity for prolonged and profound thought. Naturally such a man under such conditions would not always come to the same conclusions as men living in the whirl, excitement and mental preoccupation of the cities. Yet he gave them forth fearlessly, and much controversy and increase of intelligent thought ensued thereby.

The following extract from his book, "Radiant Energy," gives not only his own description of the location of the Lowe observatory, but shows the trend of his thought and its sublime reaches:

"The location of the Lowe Observatory is unique. It stands on a peak in a vast amphitheater, formed of colossal summits roundabout, some on a level with the observatory and others 1,200 feet above. On either side are yawning canyons. Rubio, in the east, 670 feet deep, and Los Flores' Gorge on the west, makes rapid descent to a depth of 1,600 feet. Within this wall of encircling peaks, speech is impotent to portray the glories of sunsets from the vernal equinox to the summer solstice, and return of the sun to the equinox of autumn. The angles made by the ranges of summits with the ecliptic are such that the declining sun pours radiant floods in between, lighting up the gloomy canyons with supernal colors. To the east stands a mighty range and to the serrated contour, scientific interest is attached. So transparent is the air that even minute stars are seen at the instant of rising out of cliffs and crags of stone. I never saw a star at the absolute instant of rising until I came to this enchanted place. Not sorcerer of Egypt at Arsinoe, nor of Greece at Eleusis, ever conjured up a more magnificent spectacle, nor weird influence, more fascinating to mind and sense than this display of celestial bodies at their rising. In the great telescope the nebula in Orion issues out of wind and dust-worn rock, and so clear is the air that the five stars in the trapezium have been seen standing on stone. The rising of the Pleiades and the unutterable glories of the Galaxy is that of a rising flood, ready to pour into the canyon's deeps. The edge of Saturn's ring cuts its way up and out of a rocky cliff, and Jupiter at times sends up a tiny moon before its huge disk appears. Many millions more of minute stars can be seen from here than from dust-laden plains below. The stars burn and blaze with a brilliancy all unknown to observers near sea level; while the superb constellations Sagittarius and Scorpio, vast areas in the southern Milky Way, hang up majestic robes of the goddess of the night, drapery of cloth of pearl over the waves in the Pacific sea and drags the careless garments in watery wastes. The stellar floor, the pavement or background of the sidereal structure, the universe of suns, is always visible from here on clear dark nights, and the eye of man hath not seen greater magnificence."

This observatory had already become famous, not only through the great number of tourists who have visited it, but by the many double stars, nebulæ, etc., discovered by Lewis Swift. Later his son added to its fame by further important discoveries of great value to the astronomical world, but it is doubtful whether all these combined have brought as much widespread fame as has the astronomical and philosophical writings of Mr. Larkin.

His first published book was entitled "Radiant Energy," and was issued in Los Angeles, California, in the year 1904. When the Los Angeles *Times* building was blown up by dynamite in 1911, a large number of these books, together with the plates, cuts, etc., were completely destroyed, Mr. Larkin having to bear the whole loss.

This is one of those hardships forced upon an innocent outsider by cruel tragedies of this nature. While, of course, his part in the disaster is small compared with the loss of life of the unfortunate men who perished there, and the material loss suffered by the owners of *The Times*, yet it was severe to one of his slender purse.

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From a large number of answers to questions asked by correspondents I give the following to show Mr. Larkin's lucid and interesting method of reply:

KAPTEYN'S CONCEPT OF THE UNIVERSE

BY EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN

"Q.—What is Astronomer Kapteyn's teaching regarding the universe?—C. R. R., Los Angeles.

"Q.—About a year ago you gave in the *Examiner* an outline of Professor Kapteyn's lecture on the structure of the universe, delivered in Pasadena. A number here wish that you would restate the conclusions made by him and add any new discoveries. —T. C., Pasadena.

"A.—Astronomer T. C. Kapteyn, of the observatory of the University of Groninger, Holland, has performed the great work of reducing all stellar observations from Tycho, Kepler, the Herschels, Struves, all other later observers, down to his own and embodied all into a comprehensive digest. Gauges of the stars, of infinite space and of stellar motions made in all observatories have been compared by him with the most wonderful results. These were elaborated and explained by him in his lecture in Pasadena in December, 1908. I attended and here give a statement to the *Examiner* of this now historic and classic discourse.

"Gauging Space Deeps

"This consists in pointing powerful telescopes to every part of the celestial vault, counting and recording the number of the stars in each area or field of view. This work began soon after the invention of the telescope, but the Herschels were the first to carry these stellar studies to a high degree of accuracy. The first discovery made was that the Galaxy, or Milky Way, extending roughly as a great circle around the celestial sphere, is composed of literal millions of stars, all now known to be giant suns like our own star—the sun. The second was that the number of stars in each telescopic field diminishes from the Galaxy on both sides, to its pole, distant ninety degrees. The inference was that the stellar structure has the form of a bi-convex lens, or a grindstone. Two hypotheses may be formulated—the sidereal structure is either in the shape of a flat disk, or, if spherical, then there are many millions more stars in the Milky Way than elsewhere. The sun and solar system is in a region somewhere near the center of the disk or sphere, as the case may be; if not, then the Galaxy would not appear to be a ring or band. Struve taught that there are actually more stars assembled within the Galactic belt; Herschel, that we peer into far greater depths in that direction, always toward the circumference, and therefore see more stars. Launch out into the deep, move toward the north star at a rate of one mile a minute during one hundred million years, stop, turn and look this way. Our star, the sun, would be invisible; or, if visible in a high-power telescope, it would look like the point of a fine needle illuminated by electric light. So would the polar star. The problem is difficult, because of all the millions of stars in sight, the distance of less than one hundred are known even approximately, the nearest being twenty-five trillion miles away. The only base line used in trigonometrical computation is very short, or in length 186,000,000 miles, the diameter of the earth's orbit around the sun. Testing this base line as one side of a triangle, on the distances of the stars, is comparable to that of trying to find the distance of San Francisco from Los Angeles by using the diameter of a building as a base. Distribution of stars in space is fairly well ascertained by summing the results obtained by three methods, namely, by magnitude, proper motions and velocities in the line of sight. Magnitudes of stars have nothing to do with their dimensions, of which little indeed is known, but depend on intensities of their light. Thus, a first magnitude star sends up two and one-half times more light than a second; a second, two and one-half times more than a third; and so on to the eighteenth, the present limit of visibility in telescopes.

"Those present at the lecture were first shown a lantern view on the screen of seven circles. These were tops of imaginary boxes, each supposed to contain a card for each star of magnitudes from two to eight, inclusive. Then the number in each box was, second magnitude, 46; third, 134; fourth, 458; fifth, 1476; sixth, 4,842; seventh, 15,042; eighth, 44,576, star cards.

"APPARENT PROPER MOTIONS

" 'Fixed' stars is a term not now used. All are in motion, with speeds in between four and eighty miles per second, a few faster, and two have velocities of more than two hundred miles per second. Any motion across the field of view, i. e., not in a straight line toward or from the earth, is called proper. Then the lecturer, with consummate skill, presented to our imaginations the contents of the fifth star magnitude box. The hypothetical cards within were considered to be distributed into twenty-eight square boxes also thrown on the screen. All in the audience having real conceptions of the contents of the fifth magnitude box were filled with awe. The first of the twenty-eight boxes had this inscription on the lid: 'O. 5 M. D. 1670, 90 st. [5.]' The interpretation is there were ninety fifth magnitude stars having an average proper motion as seen from the earth of one half of a second per century. By means of abstruse processes it has been found that this movement of a star in one hundred years, across our line of vision, corresponds to M. D., mean distance, or average distance, of 1,670 light years, a light year being the distance traversed by light in one year. There are 31,558,149 seconds in one year; light moves with the known velocity of 186,380 miles per second. Multiply these two and the product by 1,670, and the new product will be the distances of these stars from here in miles. And these for the fifth magnitude? What will be said of the faintest? To gain an idea of what half a second of arc in space is, take a child's marble, one inch in diameter, to a distance of six and one-half miles and view it with a powerful telescope. This, then, is the distance moved over by one of these 1,670 light year distant stars in one century. And these are measurements used daily, or rather nightly, by modern astronomers. Another view was that of 108 squares. Their explanation led to more startling conclusions than any here given."

* * *

Recently Mr. Larkin published another book, entitled "Within the Mind Maze." It is a book for thinkers. Here is what I wrote about it at the time:

"Four thousand, eight, sixteen, twenty thousand, possibly more, years ago the original thinkers of the human race, the Hindoos, sat in profoundest abstraction in the solitude of mountain, desert, forest or plain, and endeavored to think out the problem of existence. Plato and Socrates, Aristotle and Hegel, Kant and Comte and a few others, down the ages, have been working at the same problem. Akin to the ancient seers, isolating himself from mankind, seeking solitude and silence, surcease from the swirling seas of silly society, Southern California has its studious sage, its searcher of the mysteries of existence, its wanderer through the endless mazes of thought. And just as the Aryan philosopher, seated silent in a mental abstraction so profound that he was unconscious of all physical conditions around him—was oblivious to heat, cold, storms, noises, confusion, and the more personal demands of hunger, thirst, sleep and exercise—seemed to the ignorant mob to be a mere dreamer, a half-crazed individual 'who did not know enough to come in when it rained,' a fool who refused food when it was offered to him, so our philosopher, our sage, our thinker is laughed at by the senseless and thoughtless mob, who know little or nothing outside of the immediate satisfaction of their own physical needs and cravings.

"Yet to those who think, who are eager to know, this man's delvings are full of suggestion, rich in beautiful thoughts, crowded with symbols and images of rare beauty, teeming with gleanings from the most sublime objects of man's thought, and offering more wonderful illustrations to the preacher, teacher, orator, thinker and writer than he can find in twenty times the pages of any other American or European writer of today.

"This Southern California sage who has not yet come into his own of recognition and appreciation is Edgar Lucien Larkin, astronomer at the Lowe Observatory on Mount Lowe, and writer of several books, amongst which are 'Radiant Energy,' and the one that has provoked this tardy and feeble acknowledgment from my pen, 'Within the Mind Maze.' In this book Professor Larkin takes the most advanced ground for a materialistic scientist—and by this term I mean a scientist who seeks to solve the problem of the universe by studying it from the physical side, the objective side, that side apparent to our five senses. Here is one of his assertions: 'Mind in Nature, if not already victorious, is on the verge of complete victory and vindication. I do not now hesitate to write this: *There is not a great scientist now living not aware of the existence of Mind in the Sidereal Universe, a Dominating Mind.*'

"This is a wonderful book, a profound book, a startling book, as I have said of marvellous and graphic word pictures, and yet a pathetic book, for it shows how small, after all, is the greatest mind, how insignificant, how incapable, in that, with all its power, invention, research, knowledge, it can but faintly grasp at the first end of a clue to which no known power today gives the faintest suggestion of what lies beyond. And the final word is this: This book started out to find a clue to the real nature of Mind. Not a trace of even one clue has been discovered.

"In spite of this frank acknowledgment, however, the book is more than well worth reading. It is illuminating, stimulating, invigorating, thrilling. It is full of surprises, wonders, discoveries. It gives one the feeling of standing for the first time on the edge of a great ocean, in the depths of a vast forest, on the rim of the Grand Canyon, on the topmost peak of a glorious mountain summit. It is a book that, to one who wishes to know how much there is to know, is preeminently *worth while.* 'Within the Mind Maze,' by Edgar Lucien Larkin, 180 pages, $1.25 prepaid, to be had of the author, Box 1643, Los Angeles, California, upon which office all post-office orders should be drawn."

Let me justify, by quotations, what to some may have seemed to be exaggerated praise. Here is something for the orator who wishes a symbol of immensity, vastness and wondrous glory, and also for the *litterateur* who is looking for beauty of expression:

"Here is a photograph taken by Professor E. E. Barnard of a dense and rich telescopic area in the Milky Way. The delicacy in detail is lost in making an engraving, but the original negative, seen through a microscope, is an object so marvelous that astronomers are filled with awe when they gaze upon this wonder of the twentieth century. This photograph is dotted with more than forty thousand tiny images of suns. All objects in the sky, seen at night, except the moon and the nearby local planets, are white-hot or red-hot glowing suns. The ordinary name given to the celestial hosts is stars. It ought to be dropped, as it has no true astronomical meaning. Our sun is a modest little star, although it is 1,310,000 times larger than the earth. The Milky Way, or Galaxy, is an apparent ring extending entirely around the universe of stars visible in the largest telescopes. It is composed of suns in literal millions. They are so remote that as seen from the earth they appear to be close to each other, while really they are separated by millions and billions of miles. To the eye, the belt of soft light looks like a continuous band of cloth of pearl, but telescopes have the effect of bringing objects nearer. This separates the filmy cloud into many millions of glittering but minute points on the black background of space. At a distance, forest trees seem to be close together, but as they are approached they separate and stand alone. It is next to impossible to describe the matchless beauty of the Milky Way as seen in a telescope of great power. Carpet a large room with black velvet. Have many electric lights in the ceiling. Throw down and scatter all over the black floor a bushel of minute diamonds, rubies, pearls, sapphires, opals, amethysts and other gems. Then turn on the light. You would have a faint imitation of the supernal glories of the Galactic hosts. For the appalling depths of space look black in our great telescopes. In places, these suns look by perspective as though they were arranged in piles, heaps and banks, or built up into colossal windows, or twisted into spirals, or dashed into wisps and cosmic spray. In some places the concentration is so great and dense that only the most powerful telescopes on earth can magnify enough to bring out details. A few clusters exist that have not, so far, been resolved into these needle points. And the height of human happiness is to watch these vast congeries of distant suns in a huge telescope. An entire lifetime can be passed in exceeding great joy. To bring out the unutterable beauties, the observatory must be on a mountain above the dust layer that surrounds the earth. For one little particle of dust can hide an enormous sun, when its image is finer than the point of the finest needle. And then, there are gigantic caves, caverns or openings in this mighty stellar floor. They are as windows looking out into infinite wastes of space. Their mouths are jet black in contrast with the white banks of suns roundabout. One is always startled when the telescope sweeps from glowing areas of suns over a black abyss, leading to the unknowable. In August and September those unspeakably rich regions of the Galaxy, the zodiacal constellations Sagittarius and Scorpio, hang up sidereal sheets of shimmer and sheen over the waste places of the Pacific and drag the careless garments, as it were, in its waters. Nothing terrestrial hides the supernal vision, far and away to the south. The line of view goes over the plains of Paradise laden with oranges and lemons, almonds and apricots, and with carnations and roses, with heliotropes and hydrangeas. There are a hundred of these awe-inspiring openings in this part of the zodiac, places in space where the majestic cosmical scene reaches the limit of Nature. It cannot produce greater magnificence, splendor and magical beauty.

"Since man appeared, no more wonderful work of his hands has been wrought. The eye gazes while voice is hushed, but cannot see when turned away from the telescope. Images in the brain vanish instantly. But the sensitive plate stores light from the shades of falling night until the approach of dawn. All night exposures are made by the aid of a clock that turns the camera westward with precisely the same rate that the earth turns eastward. Entire millions of suns project their microscopic images on the plates that no telescope can see. Nature cannot lift a hand without being photographed. The imperturbable eye of man is always set on some part of the sidereal structure. The entire celestial vault has been photographed on over twenty-five thousand distinct plates. Human speech is impotent and pens lifeless in any attempt to describe the intricacies and complexities of the universe of suns. Labyrinths, corridors, passageways and lanes, winding between stellar walls and out to great starry fields, and these so deep and wide that even mathematicians are overwhelmed, submerged and lost in wonder."

* * *

What a wonderful description is the following of an ideal place for thinking, and then of the marvellous nebula in Orion:

"For the purpose of real imagining, no disturbing object must be in sight. Nor must sound harass. Within a dense cloud on the summit of a mountain far removed from all humans, or animals, or insects, at the witching fourteenth hour, or 2 A.M., the ideal conditions are found. If the mind longs for sound, it must be imagined; for silence, solitude and stillness reign supreme. The best imaginary sound—one that satisfies all longings—is that imagined to issue from the axis of the earth in its turning. If you imagine that light exists, it merges into light supernal. For the real, turn on the light electric. Gigantic masses of cold metal, functioning as armatures in dynamos in Los Angeles, twenty miles away, saturate wires which, leading up to this peak, are always ready to furnish light. The solution of riddles is better accomplished within the time limits of from midnight to the first faint glow of advancing dawn, than from noon to the approach of evening shades. When well along toward the close of a series of imaginings, and things are almost ready to equate into a solution of any enigma, even the buzzing of one minute insect's wings will usually upset all, and the riddle remains unsolved. I cannot describe absolute silence combined with the absolute of absolute darkness in the interior of a colossal mountain cloud. And if the reader wishes to experience the height of heights of satisfaction that can be experienced by that standing mystery of mysteries, the human personality—namely, the faculty called racing of the mind, he must go to a place where light and sound do not exist. I cannot imagine in the clefts of rocks thousands of feet under mountains, within midnight caverns and deep-mouthed caves, owing to the occasional dropping of water. This minute sound will disturb an imaginary visit to the bottom of the cavern in the grand nebula in Orion. This giant rim, or brink, is fifteen minutes in diameter, and with a parallax of the 1-200 second, a very reasonable estimate, the linear diameter is 16,740,000,000,000, nearly seventeen trillion miles. But the photographs show perspective, a background receding into the distance. Beyond doubt, the depth of this cave in the stellar floor is three times the width, or fifty-one trillion miles. This is the distance of Sirius from the sun. A row of three thousand rings, side by side, each of the diameter of the orbit of Neptune, could move into this huge sink in cosmical wastes, or 90,000 circles of dimensions of the orbit of the earth. Glittering points, all suns, no doubt, adorn the brink and adjacent regions, and glow and blaze on herculean walls within. For what has all along appeared to be a flat surface in the central regions of this nebula, now reveals distant perspective, giving every appearance of a receding floor of a cave. But the cave, unlike that in the earth in Kentucky, U. S. A., set in the blackness of darkness, issues floods of pearly light, and bursts into shining magnificence. Streamers, wisps, sprays, filaments and threads of starry lace adorn a wide area and glow within the cavern's vast deeps. And here I am imagining these glories in the gloom and solitary wastes of a cloud in impenetrable darkness, and amid mountain stillness far too intense to be imagined by one not having had experience with solitude. The huge nebula in Orion is one of many thousands, and other abysses may be larger."

Man has accomplished what he regards —and truthfully, too—as great things upon the earth. But here are some of the things we have not yet done, as presented by Mr. Larkin:

"The legacy of labor resting upon man is to conquer himself and the entire earth. His herculean labors are to annihilate war, alcohol, disease, poverty, crime, pain, insanity, idiocy, poisons, deadly serpents, deadly bacteria and insects and harmful plants and animals. To drain all swamps, fill every marsh, bog, morass and end death-dealing exhalations. Harness rivers, winds, tides and solar energy to servitude in the production of electricity; and to use this now unknown agent to turn every wheel, do all work, in shop, factory and transport by land, water or air. To wire the planet, turn on the electric light and transform the night, or negative side of nature into day. To make mankind of one speech, by use of wireless or space-transmission of human intelligence in spoken, written or automatically printed words. This so that when one anywhere on earth hears a word, he will know its meaning. To end the hideous sex-perversion now reigning everywhere and sale of women for gold. Also the appalling and corroding mind-disease—gold leprosy, insane clutch of wealth and terrific horrors heaped on children for the love of gold. This formidable catalog of work is perhaps half; the other half is named human culture."

* * *

I have given my readers these few tastes of Mr. Larkin's graphic quality as a scientific thinker and writer. His book, however, is *a revelation in another line entirely.* While man can be the most simple, the most humble, the most sincere of learners, he can also be the most haughty, proud, conceited, arrogant being of earth. I was about to use the word "ass," but I refrained, as in my long association with asses and men, I long ago learned that a man puffed up with the arrogance of his own colossal conceit is so far beyond an ass in folly that I can almost say with truth that the more I associate with asses, the more sorry I am that I am a man!

And in no line of thought has man revealed his stupendous ignorance more than in the realm of mind. He has imagined not one vain thing, but scores, hundreds of them, and alas, not in the spirit of humility, but of proud self-conceit. The first time I came in contact with the depths of humility of the true scientist was when Major John Wesley Powell, the organizer of the United States Bureau of American Ethnology and the organizer and director from its origin of the United States Geological Survey—confessedly one of the greatest scientists and mentalists of our age; a man to whom the profoundest thinkers came to analyze their reasonings and obtain his clear judgment thereupon—this was the man whose abnormal humility has for life set up the standard in my own soul. He explained that it had always been the aim and desire of his father and mother that he should become a Methodist preacher. But, as he grew up into manhood, his clear thinking brain could not accept all the teachings of the Methodist, or, indeed, any other church. He clearly saw the inconsistencies of technical theology and he refused to stultify his conscience by professing acquaintance in what he neither comprehended nor believed. "Then," said he, "I felt that in honesty to my own soul I must seek to solve this problem for myself. For years and years I have agonized over it. People see the outward results of what they deem my life work in those two rows of ponderous books"—pointing to the wonderful volumes of the Geological Survey and the Bureau of American Ethnology. "But you will believe me when I assure you that those are but the means I have taken in my endeavor to satisfy the unquenchable longings of my own soul to know the *truth.* I wanted to find out how men thought; what were the processes by which we came to conclusions about God and the Universe, about Life and its problems. I determined to study the primitive mind of man—that I could find in the aborigine, hence the organization and study of the North American Indian. In contrast with this primitive mind I must study and know the highest minds of the race. I knew that in geological science I should come in contact with these. For are there any mental processes more complex than those that the philosophical geologist must pass through? He must go out into the great world of fact and discover what exists in this crust of the earth. He must be a careful and trained *observer.* He must also be a *student*, for he must know all that other observers have seen and thought along the same lines. Then he must be a constructive thinker and philosopher, for he must take all he has observed and studied, reflect upon it, reason upon it, put this and that together, follow cause to effect, or reason back to cause from effects observed, and then make and present in clean-cut language the theories that will embrace and explain all the facts of his own and others' observations. Here, then, were the two types of mind with which I came in constant contact. The result of my own life's thinking, therefore, is contained in two small books, *which I do not expect that more than a dozen men in America will ever read more than once*, and these books were simply thought out in order to satisfy the longing desires of my own soul for a clearer truth than I had yet seen."

Is my estimate of Major Powell's humility too great? It is the greatest humility I have ever yet met with, until I came into close contact with Mr. Larkin. His book, "Within the Mind Maze," is the greatest note of humility yet struck by the physical scientist in his studies into the sphere of mind. Read the following most carefully:

"It is with humiliation that the ablest mentalists, men who have devoted many of the mature years of their lives to the study of Mind, must now admit that they know little about it. That is, of its properties. They know nothing about what it is, or its cause. Ignorance of these and of its nature is supreme.

"All, therefore, that these scientific students are able to do, is to study attributes and phases of the world's standing and perpetual mystery—Mind. And the deeper they delve into the subject, the more intricate and elaborate becomes the maze in which they find themselves. It has come to pass that they have almost stopped searching for the cause as being unknowable.

"Men have found the limits of Mind

in certain directions. Thus, human beings cannot find out how many times larger the circumference of a circle is than its diameter. The search was abandoned years ago, and the problem declared insoluble. And the ablest mathematicians, after a struggle of centuries, are unable to extract the square root of 2.

"Mentalists are now, as it were, against a stone wall, a formidable barrier incapable of penetration—the analysis of Mind. Great mentalists, as in the case of mathematicians regarding circles, have not yet formally acknowledged defeat, but it is the opinion of the writer that they might as well. For, in all probability, it is beyond the power of man to find the cause of anything.

"How thought is produced is unknown. No trace of information regarding the nature of thought has ever been discovered. None knows what it is. Hundreds of theories have been formulated, but not one has been demonstrated. The most prominent hypothesis at present is that thought is electricity.

"It is now known that we cannot begin to think of the meaning of the words, 'beginning' or 'end.' This language seems strange, for we cannot begin to begin. Difficulty is encountered in the outset, or in the beginning. We are in a maze or labyrinth already. And you can think for a year if you want to and without result. Therefore, beginning is unknowable, and end likewise. For if there are such entities, then the word 'eternity' must be dropped from languages.

"It is hopeless for the reader to try to begin to think of eternity. He must fail; for to be eternal there has been no beginning and there can be no end. Thus in a few minutes we have found three words that may as well be out of the dictionary as in—'beginning,' 'end' and 'eternity.' Neither can be contained in Mind in man, for one destroys the other.

" 'Infinity' is another word that really does not affect our Minds. We may think that it does, but we are mistaken, for none is able to think about infinite space. Look closely into this matter. If space is infinite, it has no beginning or end—that is, it is without boundaries. For mark a bounding line, then the word 'infinity' vanishes. And at once the Mind asks, 'What is outside the limiting line?' Man has no hope of any answer. And the mighty maze becomes more obscure with ever-deepening plot.

"We may 'launch into the deep' as far as we please, but the excursion will be useless. No discovery can be made. And, to the dismay of mentalists, they have found that we cannot think of a cause, or rather the meaning of the words 'first cause.'

"If we make a powerful effort to think of any cause, the Mind tries to think of its cause, and again of another cause. It is known that thinking of causes of causes may be carried backward an infinitely long time without stopping.

"Notice, now, that we are in a corridor of a side labyrinth, for there cannot be an infinite time in the past, because there must be time in the future also. This would imply two infinities which cannot be.

"Since it is utterly impossible to think of any kind of a cause, even one close by either our right hand or left, and whose effects are seen with our own eyes, it is so hopeless to try to begin to think of a first cause that great logicians and mentalists no longer make the effort.

"Take a highly disciplined Mind of any one of the world's great mathematicians, where one mind contains more stored wisdom than one million other men's minds, and watch what he does. He may let fall a sounding line into space year after year in search of solution of some mighty problem. He taxes his mental power to the extreme limit, retraces his steps and winds up the line. Before withdrawing in defeat he makes a mark similar to a figure 8 turned over on its side. All mathematical explorers agreed a long time since to thus mark the limit of their advance within the maze. This is to warn any other wanderer that it is no use to go farther in that direction.

"The meaning of this sign is infinity, and the ablest minds on earth stop short when they see this appalling character in any mathematical book. Only the superficial, the weak ones, even try to think of eternity, infinity, beginning, end, center or circumference, limits and boundaries or causes.

"It is well, for those who make effort to think of these cannot even begin to think of the mind of a mathematician. It is a sheer waste of time to try to center Mind on any of the transcendent subjects given above.

"Great mentalists do not, for they are only too well aware that they are all unknowable. But note the conclusion reached here. Is it not wonderful, indeed, that there are perhaps two hundred minds now on earth so powerful that the minds of all the others, millions on millions, cannot even begin to think about them? Wonders pile up, for indeed Mind may be the highest of all. If so, it cannot be a result, mere product of any physical, any kind of organic activity. True, the nature of Mind is unknown, but it does seem to be an entity far too elaborate and refined to be a product. To me, it seems better to call it an original cause, and all other acts whatever effects."

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Now read and digest the following:

"After a lapse of forty centuries, a period during which men almost forgot, or ignored their mental powers, they are now commencing the fascinating study—human mentality. In remote antiquity, in the distant East, in India, a mighty race, the Aryan Hindus, produced a series of able mentalists. They passed century after century along the banks of the Ganges, Jumna and Indus in wondering what their minds could possibly be. Perhaps they carried their researches on mentalism to excess, to the neglect of the material things of life in this world. But western nations are now carrying matters to the opposite extreme. From the decline of true Hindu philosophy as long ago, no doubt, as from 2000 to 1500 years B. C., until about the period 1850 to 1880 A.D., that inscrutable mystery—the Mind—was not studied. Scarcely any effort was made striving to analyze and find the properties of the complex entity. Since 1880 a large number of works have appeared on mentalism. Continued thought on the subject has produced many elaborate works. And many series of intricate experiments and analyses have been made in mentological laboratories.

"But all these researches have merely brought us through the portals of a vast mental maze. We are still in a labyrinth more inscrutable, profound and intricate than that of the Egyptians at Arsinoe. That has three thousand mysterious chambers. Some of these were entered during mystical esoteric rites but once each year. It had 1,500 porphyry and marble rooms above the earth and 1,500 below the surface. The occult, the mysterious and obscure things of all antiquity were centered in these splendid halls, chambers and passages. Without a guide one could easily lose his way amid the long-drawn avenues, stately pillars, hidden nooks and corners and winding stairways. These led from exoteric rooms to esoteric directly below. Philosophers, students of the occult, and intellectual men from India, Bactria, Persia, Babylonia, Palestine, Phoenicia, Greece, Rome, and Gaul came here to learn of wonders wholly unknown to material eyes, but to mental only. Elaborate rites of initiation, with the teaching of wisdom were kept up with regal splendors during many centuries. For all traces of wisdom were kept in secret during all antique ages. And the word 'occult' was applied to Mind studies only.

"But our own minds are labyrinths far more inscrutable than those at Arsinoe, Crete and Lemnos. We are now in the great hall just beyond the gateway. Colossal doors as of granite sealed since man began to explore are on all sides. One or two have been opened. They reveal vast corridors lined with gates and doors. Three or four of these have been gently moved ajar and peering eyes have rested with awe on other openings, dark and dim recesses, crypts, storerooms and cells. Few have been entered, and those that have are not understood. The writer has been in two labyrinths—Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, a maze of corridors in stone, stalactites and gloom; and the other was the floral maze at Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, California. The winding ways of most intricate design were in between living walls of cypress, trailing vines, roses, heliotropes, carnations, hydrangeas, and myriad kinds of flowers beside, all bathed in the splendors of light from that glory—the sun of California. In both mazes, one of stone and the other of flowers, I became bewildered and lost. But these riddles are as toys compared with the mighty mazes of Mind. So far we have not explored beyond the gates of the temple. But the Hindu mentalists plunged into the wilderness and discovered esoteric wonders. A few of their descendants are now living in the Orient, and a very few have visited the West, even entering the United States. These two or three knew how to use their minds. This wisdom is a legacy of forty centuries. The army of ghouls and fakirs have no relation to these, however. At present, mentalists of the West are comparatively ignorant of even the elements of Mind. None ancient or modern has discovered its origin. Perhaps this must remain forever unknown. The ablest scientific men at present do not know what Mind is. Ask one of these great scientists, as I have often, about Mind, and they recoil as though they had dashed against a stone wall. A well-known astronomer told me that he 'could not even begin to think about his Mind.' He was a deep mathematician, trained from youth to do that wonderful thing—think. I have asked astronomers, chemists, physicists, physiologists, biologists, mathematicians, botanists, geologists and other trained scientific men about Mind. Without an exception they seem to be disconcerted, and are unable to give any opinion. So, I say, that nothing is known of the true nature of Mind, thought, will, perception, reason, memory, recall, intuition, introspection, or any other word so often based on Mind in books on mentalism. Thus books are printed striving to show that Mind is a cause; and other volumes to declare it to be an effect. Whole shelves are groaning with 'labored tomes' to prove that there is a 'primordial cosmical Mind,' and that it was in existence long before matter. Just above, the boards are bending with philosophies teaching that matter has existed from all eternity, and that Mind is an extremely late product of activity in matter.

"Take the familiar case of Mind here roundabout on earth. Our little atom of world, 'our earth,' was born out of cosmical turbulence, upheaval and unrest. Awful churnings, kneadings and mixing of the raging elements went on for ages before the globe, a spherical world, the earth, could be formed out of primeval chaos. Millions of years of local turmoil in geologic strata succeeded the formation of the ball. Eons of earthquakes, bellowing volcanoes, and explosions of pent-up gases rolled away in colossal war. Water and ages of hissing steam in turbid boiling seas and seething areas of mud followed in the work of preparing soil. Finally terrestrial scenes of turbulence died away; hoarse notes of geologic war lapsed into silence; the tossing sea subsided into its present wave-heights; howling winds became a comparative calm. Internal heat died out with thickening crust, while external lightnings dwindled into the tiny outbursts of a summer's storm. Yet all was not still and quiet enough for the appearance of that awful mystery, life. Clouds must roll away, the sun must assume dominion, meteorological upheavals must be curbed and lightnings controlled. Genial warmth with the exact degree of humidity followed. All cosmical turbulence died out, and a hush and silence fell on nature. Intense expectancy animated the ancient rocks, and the 'mountains looked on the sea.' Peaks, hills, clouds and waves knew that the one event of the world was about to occur. The stupendous mystery did come on apace, the result of a thousand million years of work of preparation appeared, and nature looked on in amazement, but with microscopic eyes. The mighty event was this: A bag of gelatine inclosed a drop of water at mild temperature. But the bag or sack, an exceedingly thin membrane, enclosed the two standing marvels of nature, Life and Mind. The animal, the first, was an amœba, and the wonderful nucleus within. It at once began to use its Mind, or at least that part of Mind now called will. That is, it made up its mind to move and moved. Again it made up its Mind to eat and it did eat. The next act was that of dividing into two beings. The latest and direct result of the appearance of the first amœba is the production, in very recent times, of mathematicians, two to each million of human beings. These two are so marvelous that entire hundreds of millions of others—men and women apparently like them—can form no conception of their wonderful Minds. Mentalists are unable to detect any difference between the wills of amœbas and men. Mind has expanded in an unbroken series from an amœba to a mathematician. There are perhaps sixteen hundred million human beings now living, and thirty-two hundred are mathematicians. Of this number there are possibly forty great mathematicians and a dozen greater than the remaining twenty-eight. Then these twelve men know more about the cosmic universe in which they find themselves than the entire human race beside. It is now known that no concept can be formed in the Mind regarding nature, in a non-mathematical mentality. At the World's Congress of Mathematicians in St. Louis, at the Fair, I looked day after day, just through little wicket doors, in the great doors of their minds. Once or twice I caught glimpses of the shining doors and gates of corridors within. And who is able to analyze one of these men's minds? There were eighty-two trained scholarly men in the room; and one could simply feel their mighty minds. Each man could weigh the universe of stars and tell their vast distances from the earth. A dozen languages were spoken by them, for they were the select ones from as many nations. I then wrote an article which was published in a magazine saying that the 'human mind is possessed of limitless power.' I believe it, it is true, Mind can be expanded to any extent. It is as wide and boundless as interminable cosmical space. But it is with a feeling of humiliation, chagrin, discomfiture and dismay that I here confess that I have no trace of an idea what it is. I cannot begin to think about it."

In the presence of such humility of confession the reader is then fully prepared for the following conclusions of a profound *physical* scientist—not a "Christian scientist," a "mentalist," or a "psychologist," but of one who has reached his decisions after a lifetime of study of the work and philosophy of students of the physical side of life.

"The most absurd idea of Schelling was that of Nature being a precursor of Mind. The fact is, Mind is the precursor of all Nature. Unconscious Nature after long evolution produces intelligence unconsciously. That is, Nature in developing intelligence is not, or originally was not, aware what it was doing. Nature's highest aim is to reflect itself, revert to itself, or become objective to itself. In order to do this it develops reason, or the type or phase of reason manifesting in man. This is the consummation of the process of returning to itself. The process is separated into three divisions: one is named fate, another Nature, and the third Providence. Now it doth appear that one word can be substituted for three, to save time and space, and this word is 'Creator."

"The doctrine that all visible Nature is temporary, that all things or objects appear and vanish has ever been held by some philosophy, and is fascinating. The living and dying of all Nature in her visible forms serve only to render the Master Mind all the more majestic and sublime, omnipotent and supreme."

"The Mighty Mind that formed the stellar universe, congeries of suns, billions of worlds, flying comets, dashing meteors and auroral splendors; that created light and the supernal colors of the solar spectrum, the glories of sounds, tuneful strains and harmonics, the flowers, leaves, singing birds, the tiny humming birds, buzzing along with bees by my windows, here in a wilderness of wild flowers of the mountains, as I write; all these wonders, and the sea, the sea, visible from another window, with expanse of clouds, now blazing in sunset glow, these and an infinity of wonders in telescope and microscope, and more, so many that there could not be books enough in the world to mention them, the Majestic Mind found all these trivial works, and insignificant when mentioned in the same series—with the work of causing Mind to manifest in any kind or phase of matter."

"Let stellar structures come and go in ever-recurring series, then Mind preceding all these mutations is the Eternal."

"Every science, every line, lane, pathway and road leads directly to a Universal Mind."

"There is not a great scientist now living not aware of the existence of Mind in the sidereal universe—a dominating Mind."

(With Mr. Larkin's permission, I give his address, Lock Box 1643, Los Angeles, California, and invite those who humbly desire *to know* to communicate with him.)

Ancient Correspondence

by Hallam Winter

THE gentle art of correspondence as a feature of cultured and social life is fast becoming a lost art in these days of stenographers, typewriters and many-paged newspapers. Less than a century divides us from a time when every lady and gentleman with any claims to gentility, and indeed many less pretentious people, wrote letters to relatives, friends and lovers, and even to business and political correspondents, which were alike creditable to head and heart, and indeed in many cases have become classic literature, important as sources of historical information, profitable study and charming entertainment.

It is declared by Hellanicus, an historian of the most ancient Asiatic dynasties, that Atossa, a daughter of Cyrus the Great, later wife to Cambyses of Persia, and after his death to Darius, the father of the powerful and unfortunate Xerxes, first inaugurated that epistolary correspondence, which was neither for the purpose of announcing imperial desires, or official information, but conveyed to distant friends enlivening gossip and personal confidences and assurances. Tatian, who used his record (long since lost with other ancient memorials) to support his contention that the Greeks claimed as their own the prior discoveries of nations termed by them "barbarians," was also copied by Clement of Alexandria, the writings of both being still extant.

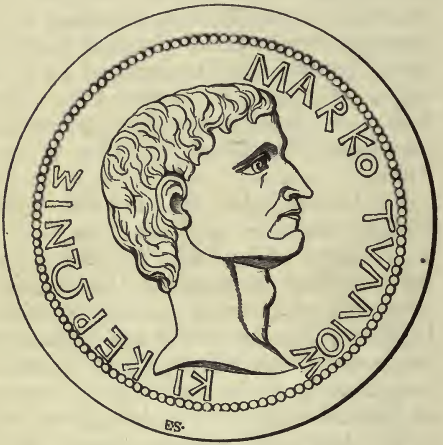
But it is certain that long before this, personal correspondence to a limited extent is recorded in history, both sacred and profane. Thus David, king of Israel, wrote to Jacob by the hands of Uriah, the brave husband of the beautiful Bathsheba, to abandon him in the very front of the battle that by his death might be concealed the sin of the lovers; as Bellerophontes in Homer's deathless verse bore from Proteus, king of Argos, to Jobates, king of Lycia, the letter that was to be his own death-warrant when delivered. So, too, Pausanias, king of Sparta, when he sent a treasonable missive to Artabazus, the Persian satrap, in it directed him to slay the bearer; but the messenger, who had learned that of all the men sent by Pausanias to the Persian, none had ever returned, counterfeited the seal of Pausanias, learned the fate prepared for himself, and laying the letter before the Ephori of Sparta, saw his treacherous commander dishonored and sent to execution.

The letters of Jezebel, when she copied Ahab's seal, and commanded the slaying of Naboth; King Jehu's missives to the chieftains of Samaria; the Assyrian monarch's threatening epistle to King Hezekiah, and the kindly and protecting missives of Cyrus, when the Jews returned from their captivity, are familiar examples of Biblical letters. The Apocrypha and New Testament present many other instances, most of them, however, being directed to churches and districts rather than to individuals. In all of the apostolical epistles, however, the spirit of individual pleading, advice and affection is so all-pervading; that throughout the centuries the sentences from the heart and lips of a writer long since "dust and ashes" have appealed directly to millions of hearts of every race, clime and tongue.

The correspondence of the great men of the ancient Greeks present little that is not philosophical, political or didactic in its character, and it was not until the age of Julius Caesar that the Romans began to reflect in their letters something of the incident and spirit of their times. The following letter of Cicero to Atticus gives an interesting account of a visit by Julius Caesar, very shortly before the tragical death of the great soldier:

"Oh, this visit, so much dreaded! And yet one which I am not sorry to have received, for it went off most pleasantly. When he came the evening before, on the 18th, to my neighbor Phillipus, the house was so crowded with soldiers that there was scarcely a vacant room for Caesar to sup in. There were about two thousand of them, which made me feel a little uneasiness for the next day. But Barba Cassius set me at ease. He assigned me a guard, made the rest encamp in the fields, so that my house was kept clear.

"On the 19th he staid with Balhus until one o'clcok, but admitted no one. He was settling accounts as I suppose with Balbus. He then walked by the shore to my house. At two he took the bath. The verses on Mamurra were then read to him. [These are supposed to be a satire on Mamurra's debauchery and luxury, in which Caesar also was satirized by Catullus.] His countenance was unchanged.



CICERO
From a bronze medal struck by the town of Magnesia in Lydia

"He was rubbed and anointed, and then disposed himself at table after taking an emetic [a habit considered by the Romans of that time as conducive to health, as well as to luxurious gormandizing] and ate and drank in a very free and easy manner; for he was entertained hospitably and elegantly, and our discourse resembled our repast in its relish and seasoning. Besides Caesar's table, his attendants were well provided for in three other rooms, nor was there any deficiency in the provision made for his freedmen of lower quality and his slaves; but those of the better sort were elegantly entertained. Need I say more? I acted as man to man. Yet he was not the man to whom one would say at parting, 'I pray you, let me have this visit repeated when you come this way again.' Once is enough.

"Not a word passed between us on business, but much literary talk. To make short of the matter, he was perfectly pleased and easy. He talked of spending one day at Puteoli, another at Baiae. You have thus the account of the day's entertainment — an entertainment not agreeable but still not troublesome to me. I shall stay here a little longer and then to Tusculum.

"As he passed by Dollabella's villa his troops marched close by the side of his horse, on the right and left, which was done nowhere else. I had this from Nicias."

No long time after, Caesar died under the daggers of Cassius, Brutus, Casca, Trebonius and other conspirators, and Cicero, remaining at Rome, was for a time favorable to the views of Octavius Caesar, and even attempted to make peace between him and the forces of Brutus and Cassius, then triumphant in the eastern provinces, but utterly failed. When at last Octavius, Antony and Lepidus formed that merciless triumvirate, whose union was cemented by the mutual sacrifice of former friends and supporters to the hatred or interest of one or more of the three, Cicero was devoted to death at the desire of Mark Antony, and for the moment saved his life by taking ship and putting to sea. But the weather was rough, and Cicero, taking refuge for a night in the same Formian villa in which he had entertained Julius Caesar, was captured in the grounds and at once beheaded. His head and hands were carried to Antony, who exposed them to the public on that rostrum from which he had so often spoken in defence of the liberties and honor of the Republic, whose people viewed the unworthy and savage spectacle with almost universal reproach and sorrow.

The following from the Emperor Augustus Caesar to his little grandson is both playful and affectionate:

"Kalend. October.

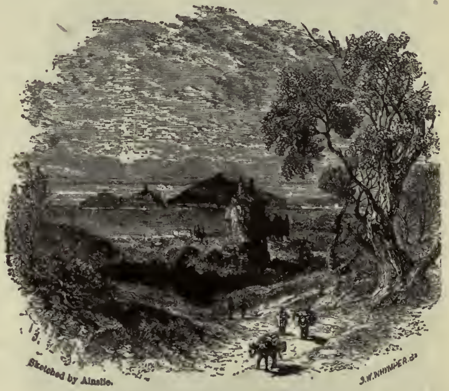
"Blessings upon thee! my dear little Caius, as dear to me as one of my eyes, whose presence I always feel the want of when absent from me, but particularly on such a day as was yesterday. My eyes looked anxiously for you, my dear Caius, who, wheresoever you might happen then to be, did not, I hope, forget to celebrate my 64th birthday as a moment of joyful interest; for, as you see, I have passed through my 63d year, the grand climacteric of old age. I pray God that as to the time which remains to me, it may be permitted to me to pass through it in a prosperous state of the republic, you being preserved to me and performing the part of a good man worthy to succeed me in the station which I now hold."

In even lighter and more cheerful vein is the following letter from Seneca to Lucilius, written not from his villa, but from a public lodging house or hotel in Rome:

"I really begin to think that silence is not so necessary as it may seem to the man of study. Behold me situated where every variety of noise clamors around me. I lodge directly over the public bath. Imagine all kinds of sounds to which one's ears are the most irreconcilable. I will begin with those stout fellows who come here to practise boxing. When they throw about their hands with a load of lead in them, and labor at their work, or imitate those who so do, I hear their groans, and as often as they send forth their breath, after long holding it in, I hear their sharp and hissing respirations.

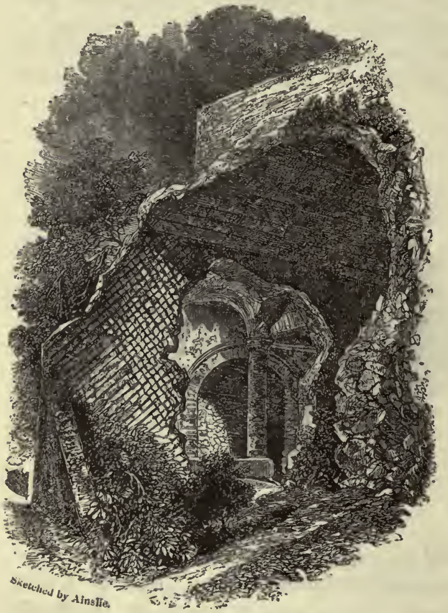
"When one of those idle fellows whose occupation it is to anoint the common wrestlers comes my way, I am sure to hear the report of his slap upon his patient's shoulders, which he inflicts with the flat or hollow palm of his hand; but if a ball-player comes in and begins to count his balls for the game, I am really almost done for. To these annoyances you must add the swaggering blusterer with his foul manners and loud tongue, the apprehended thief, and the bawling of one who is delighted to hear his own voice echo through the bath; then comes the slashing sound of the bather who leaps into the pool; and then the hubbub of the talkers whose voices would be bearable enough if one heard only these. Nor must you leave out the depilatory operator, whistling out his shrill and squeaking tones to call attention, and never silent but when he is at his work or has got some other to call for his service. Then comes the confectioner, the seller of sausages and cakes, the retailers from the cook's shops with their multifarious cries, and the venders of small wares with their peculiar tones.

" 'Surely,' you say, 'you must be deaf, or have nerves of iron, who can be in your senses amidst such various and dissonant sounds, when the mere greetings of his acquaintances nearly kills our friend Cryssipus.' But, to tell you the truth, all this noise no more disturbs me than running or falling water; although I have heard that a certain people on the banks of the river Nile deemed it a sufficient reason for changing the site of their city that they were unable to bear the noise of the cataracts. As for me, I am more distracted by any articulate utterance than by any mere noise. This draws off the mind, the other merely strikes upon the ear."



THE TOMB OF CICERO

Few have written more happily of the charms and advantages of friendship and friendly correspondence than did Seneca in this appeal to Lucilius: "Send us your thoughts. One may hold conversations with absent friends, and indeed as long and as often as we please. Nay, indeed we enjoy this pleasure the more for being absent; for the presence of a friend puts a degree of reserve upon us. And as when we are together we talk and walk at leisure, so when we part we are apt to think no more about those we have just been with. We should, therefore, complain less of absence than we do; for those who are thrown most together are often virtually absent. Look at the nights which are passed in necessary separation; then to the diversity of occupation; then to the separate studies which engage us, and our frequent calls into the country, and it will be seen that a journey to a long distance does not rob us of so very much of each other's society. It is in the mind that we must keep the possession of our friend. This is never absent. It daily sees whom it pleases. Therefore study with me; sup with me; walk with me. We should, indeed, live within narrow bounds, if the door was shut upon our thoughts. I see you, my Lucilius, and hear you as well as ever. I am so much with you in thought that I begin to doubt whether I shall deem it worth while to write you any more epistles, but content myself rather with mere notes or billets."


Sketched by Ainslie.

CICERO'S VILLA, FORMIAE

Another letter to Lucilius, beginning "A great and generous thing is the soul of man, reaching to the limits of a common intelligence with the Deity himself," discusses the tremendous questions of life and death, and has but few rivals, even among great evangelists, in its enthusiastic portrayal of the life of the enfranchised soul. He says of physical death and the life beyond:

"Dismiss, therefore, without uneasiness these members which are no necessary part of you; this body which has so long been your lodging. Let it be divided, destroyed, abolished. Why does the thought of this make you sad? It is the common destiny; thus what envelopes the newborn infant perishes. Why love you so much these things which are not your own? They are only your outward covering. The day will come which shall take this covering from you, and make you come forth from your present unclean quarters. Even now take your flight from them as much as you can, estranged even from those things which seem most necessary to you; fix your thoughts upon something else, higher and nobler.

"At some time or other the secrets of Nature will be revealed to you; this darkness shall be dissipated, and light shall break in upon you on every side. Imagine within yourself how great will be that effulgence, when so many stars intermingle their glorious beams. No shadow shall cross that pure, serene radiance; on every side the heavens shall be equally resplendent.

"Day and night are changes known to us only in this lower, elemental condition. Then you will say that hitherto you have lived in darkness; when wholly yourself you shall see around you that universal radiance which now you can but imperfectly discern through the narrow vision of your mortal eyes, and yet are filled with admiration at the distant spectacle. What, then, will be the effect of its divine effulgence, when, in its own realm, you shall at last behold it?

"Such a thought will not allow anything sordid to settle in your mind; nothing base, nothing ungentle. It tells us that the gods are the witnesses of everything; it commands us to seek their approval, to prepare ourselves for communion with them, and to keep eternity in view; by dwelling upon which, in our thoughts, we are raised above the dread of armies; no trumpet's sound can dismay us, no threats alarm. What can he fear, to whom death is an object of joyful expectation?"

* * *

It was not long before Seneca was doomed by the tyrant Nero to that death which not even his virtues and faithful service could avert under the rule of such a monster. Neither the brilliant, epicurean yet faithful friendship of Petronius, nor the gentle but firm sincerity of Seneca could in those days avert suspicion.

Suddenly the officers of the emperor surprised him and Paulina, his wife, at supper with two friends, and after a few questions about the conspiracy of Piso, the tribune intimated to him that he would be permitted to avoid the ignominy of an execution by choosing the manner of his own death.

Paulina, his noble wife, attempted to die with him, but was prevented by the commands of the emperor, and outlived him a few months, broken in health and spirits.

But enough of the ancient world, in which there were no postal facilities, except such as were established for the convenience of rulers, whose suspicions were very apt to be excited by the exchange of letters between prominent and intelligent men. Most of the letters of special friendship or interest were sent by trusted messengers, or the captains or supercargoes of ships, and this was the case all over Europe until the last of the Sixteenth Century. Thin sheets of wood, covered with hardened wax, or written upon with ink, the inner bark of the linden, cotton and linen cloth, bits of vellum and parchment, and the costly papyrus were not generally supplanted by paper until the fourteenth century, although some very ancient writings have been found in Egyptian tombs, and it is thought that the Chinese possessed the art of paper making many centuries before Christ. But until the era of Queen Elizabeth correspondence was a costly and unusual accomplishment in England, but was taken up with avidity when the multiplication of paper mills and the establishment of postal facilities made it possible for the average citizen to indulge in the luxury of letter-writing.

History has been called "a bundle of letters." The character and personality of a man or woman is revealed vividly through the limpic flow of ink in a personal letter. For some time it has been the desire of the NATIONAL to make a collection of the most famous letters of history—those that are full of the real heart sentiment, whether it may be the classic correspondence of Heloise and Abelard, Josephine's letters to Napoleon, Swift's love epistles to Stella or Vanessa, Carlyle's letters to his wife, Burns' or Byron's to their bosom friends, or Franklin's or Aaron Burr's to their beloved daughters. No famous character in history is known intimately until his letters are read. A volume of one person's may grow tedious with details—but there is usually one letter that expresses a supreme crisis in his life.

Where is there a man or woman who has not been impressed at some time by some letter? It may not have been in a book, it may not have come from the pen of a distinguished man; it may have been laid aside for years with the vivid portrayal of some scene, or the expression of some feeling that has touched the deep wellspring of emotion. In days of rejoicing or in days of sorrow, a kindly personal letter is a medium that expresses the sympathy or congratulation of the distant friend or relative. There is nothing of more interest to editors than to know what interests the people, and letter-writing in its genuine, broad sense is the ideal sought by every writer and editor.

It is desired to publish from time to time in the pages of the NATIONAL some of the letters that have appealed to the people, and to have the "heart letters" of our readers published in a little corner of their own. The details of the "Heart Letter Corner" will be found in the "Let's Talk it Over" pages, and it is hoped that the NATIONAL may become the medium of reviving the neglected art of a heartsome and finished correspondence.

A Tribute to Abraham Lincoln*

by Hon. Frank S. Black

Former Governor of New York

THERE are subjects upon which nothing new can be said, but which still arouse the fervor awakened at their first enunciation. If the song was true when it started on its journey, it will be sung as long as human hearts vibrate and tongues retain the gift of speech. It will be lisped by those who are tottering on toward the end, and echoed by those whose hearts are filled with the promise and the glow of youth. If the product was genuine when it passed from the Creator's hand, it will neither be dimmed by age nor cheapened by familiarity; for honor is not decreased by contact and truth is never out of tune.

If none of the old stories is ever to be retold, many a noble inspiration must be lost and many a tender chord must remain untouched.

This is the age, I know, when the search is at its height for the new and marvelous, and in this eagerness the primeval forests are swept away, the bowels of the earth are punctured, and even on the remotest sea the observant eye detects the flutter of a sail. The watchword is energy, the goal is success; but in the fever of modern enterprise a moment's rest can do no harm. We must not only acquire; we must retain. We must not only learn; we must remember. The newest is not always the best. The date or luster of the coin does not determine its metal. The substance may be plain and unobtrusive, and still be gold. Whoever chooses without a proper test may die both a pauper and a fool. The paintings of recent times have evoked the praise of critics, and yet thousands still pay their homage to an older genius. Modern literature is ablaze with beauty and with power, and yet millions are still going to one old and thumbworn text for their final consolation.

Remembering the force of these examples, it will be profitable sometimes to step one side for the serious contemplation of rugged, lasting qualities in whatever age or garb they have appeared. The hero of an hour will pass as quickly as he came. The flashlight will dazzle and blind, but when the eyes are rubbed the impression has passed away; but the landscape that comes slowly into view with the rising sun, growing more resplendent and distinct with his ascending power, and fading gently from the vision at the approach of night, will remain in the mind forever, to illuminate, to strengthen and to cheer. And men are like impressions. There are more examples of the flashlight kind than there are fireflies on a summer's night, but there is no nobler representative of the enduring and immortal than he in whose name this event is celebrated. Whoever imparts a new view of his character must tell it to the newborn, to whom all things are new; for to the intelligent and mature his name and virtues have been long familiar. His was the power that commanded admiration and the humanity that invited love; mild but inflexible, just but merciful, great but simple, he possessed a head that commanded men and a heart that attracted babes. His conscience was strong enough to bear continual use. It was not alone for public occasions nor great emergencies. It was never a capital, but always a chart. It was never his servant, to be dismissed at will; but his companion, to be always at his side. It was with him, but never behind him; for he knew that a pursuing conscience is an accuser and not a guide, and brings remorse instead of comfort.

His greatness did not depend upon his title, for greatness was his when the title was bestowed. He leaned upon no fiction of nobility, and kissed no hand to obtain his rank; but the stamp of nobility and power which he wore was conferred upon him in that log hut in Kentucky, that day in 1809, when he and Nancy Hanks were first seen there together, and it was conferred by a power which, unlike earthly potentates, never confers a title without a character that will adorn it. When we understand the tremendous advantages of a humble birth, when we realize that the privations of youth are the pillars of strength to maturer years, then we shall cease to wonder that out of such obscure surroundings as watched the coming of Abraham Lincoln should spring the colossal and supreme figure of modern history.

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* Delivered on Lincoln's Birthday, 1909, before Cornell University

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Groves are better than temples, fields are better than gorgeous carpetings, rail fences are better than lines of kneeling slaves, and the winds are better than music if you are raising heroes and founding governments.

Those who understand these things and have felt the heart of Nature beat will not wonder that this man could stand the shock and fury of war, and yet maintain that calm serenity which enabled him to hear above the roar of the storm that enveloped him the low, smothered cry that demanded the freedom of the race.

If you look for attributes that dazzle and bewilder, you must seek them elsewhere than in the character of Abraham Lincoln. It was not by show or glitter or by sound that the great moments of history were marked and the great deeds of mankind were wrought. The color counts for nothing; it is the fiber alone that lasts. The precept will be forgotten unless the deed is remembered. The wildest strains of martial music will pass away on the wind, while the grim and deadly courage of the soldier, moving and acting without a word, will mark the spot where pilgrims of every race will linger and worship forever.

No character in the world more clearly saw the worth of substance and the mockery of show, and no career ever set in such everlasting light the doctrine that, although vanity and pretense may flourish for a day there can be no lasting triumph not founded on the truth.

The life of Lincoln moved upon that high, consistent plane which the surroundings of his youth inspired. Poverty is a hard but oftentimes a loving nurse. If fortune denies the luxuries of wealth she makes generous compensation in that greater love which they alone can ever know who have faced privations together. The child may shiver in the fury of the blast which no maternal tenderness can shield him from, but he may feel a helpless tear drop upon his cheek which will keep him warm till the snows of time have covered his hair. It is not wealth that counts in the making of the world, but character. And character is best formed amid those surroundings where every waking hour is filled with struggle, where no flag of truce is ever sent, and only darkness stays the conflict. Give me the hut that is small enough, the poverty that is deep enough, the love that is great enough, and over all the fear of God, and I will raise from them the best there is in human character.

This lad, uncouth and poor, without aid or accidental circumstances, rising as steadily as the sun, marked a path across the sky so luminous and clear that there is not one to mate it to be discovered in the heavens, and throughout its whole majestic length there is no spot or blemish in it.

The love of justice and fair play and that respect for order and the law which must underlie every nation that would long endure were deeply imbedded in his nature. These, I know, are qualities destitute of show and whose names are never set to music; but unless there is in the people's heart a deep sense of their everlasting value, that people will neither command respect in times of their prosperity nor sympathy in the hour of their decay. These are the qualities that stand the test when hurricanes sweep by. These are the joints of oak that ride the storm, and, when the clouds have melted and the waves are still, move on serenely in their course. Times will come when nothing but the best can save us. Without warning and without cause, out of a clear and smiling sky may descend the bolt that will scatter the weaker qualities to the winds. We have seen that bolt descend. There is danger at such a time. The hurricane will pass like the rushing of the sea. Then is the time to determine whether governments can stand amid such perilous surroundings. The American character has been often proved superior to any test. No danger can be so great and no calamity so sudden as to throw it off its guard. This great strength in times of trial and this self-restraint in times of wild excitement have been attained by years of training, precept and experience. Justice has so often emerged triumphant from obstacles which seemed to chain her limbs and make the righteous path impossible that there is now rooted in the American heart the faith that, no matter how dark the night, there will somehow break through at the appointed hour a light which shall reveal to eager eyes the upright forms of Justice and the Law, still moving hand in hand, still supreme over chaos and despair, the image and the substance of the world's sublime reliance.

* * *

I shall not try to present Lincoln as an orator, a lawyer, a statesman or a politician. His name and his performances in the lines which he pursued have been cut into the rock of American history with the deepest chisel yet made use of on this continent.

But it is not by the grandeur of his powers that he has most appealed to me, but rather by those softer, homelier traits that bring him down to a closer and more affectionate view.

The mountain that crowds its summit to the clouds is never so magnificent to the observer on the plain below as when by some clear and kindly light its smaller outlines are revealed.

And Lincoln was never more imposing than when the milder attributes of his nature were exposed. He was genuine, he was affectionate; and, after all is said and the end is reached, what is there without these two? You may measure the heights and sound the depths; you may gain the great rewards of power and renown; you may quiver under the electric current of applause—the time will come when these will fall from you like the rags that cover your body. The robes of power and the husks of pretense will alike be stripped away, and you must stand at the end as you stood at the beginning, revealed. Under such a test Abraham Lincoln might stand erect, for no man loved the humbler, nobler traits more earnestly than he. Whatever he pretended to be, he was; genuine and sincere, he did not need embellishment. There is nothing in the world which needs so little decoration or which can so well afford to spurn it altogether as the absolutely genuine. Imitations are likely to be exposed unless carefully ornamented. Too much embellishment generally covers a blemish in the construction. It therefore happens that the first rate invariably rejects adornment and the second rate invariably puts it on. The difference between the two can be discovered at short range, and safety from exposure lies only in imperfect examination. If the vision is clear and the inspection careful, there is no chance for the sham ever to be taken for the genuine; and that is why it happens that, among all the forms of activity in this very active age, no struggle is more sharp than that of the first rate to be found out and of the second not to be. It is easier to conceal what a thing is than to prove it to be what it is not. One requires only concealment, the other demonstration. Sooner or later the truth will appear. Some time the decorations will fall off, and then the blemish will appear greater because of the surprise at finding it.

None has less to fear from such a test than Abraham Lincoln, and his strength in that regard arose, it seems to me, from the preservation through all his life of that fondness for his early home, of the tender recollections of his family and their struggles which kept his sympathy always warm and young. He was never so great but that the ties of his youth still bound him. He was never so far away but that he could still hear the note of the evening bird in the groves of his nativity.

They say the tides of the ocean ebb and flow by a force which, though remote, always retains its power. And so with this man, whether he rose or fell; whether he stood in that giant-like repose that distinguished him among his fellow-men, or exercised those unequaled powers which, to my mind, made him the foremost figure of the world, yet he always felt the tender and invisible chord that chained him to his native rock. In whatever field he stood he felt the benign and sobering influences of his early recollections. They were the rock to which he clung in storms, the anchor which kept his head to the wind, the balm which sustained him in defeat and ennobled him in the hour of triumph.

I shall not say he had his faults, for is there any hope that man will pass through this vale of tears without them? Is there any danger that his fellow-men will fail to detect and proclaim them? He was not small in anything. He was carved in deep lines, like all heroic figures, for dangerous altitudes and great purposes. And as we move away from him, and years and events pass between us, his form will still be visible and distinct; for such characters, built upon courage and faith and that affection which is the seed of both, are not the playthings, but the masters of time.

How long the names of men will last no human foresight can discover, but I believe that, even against the havoc and confusion in which so many names go down, the fame of Lincoln will stand as immovable and as long as the pyramids against the rustle of the Egyptian winds.

THE CHARGE

BLACK squadrons of might wheel down from the height
  To the plain that is trampled and gory.
Afar, left and right, the sabers gleam bright,
  And flags blossom out in their glory.
"The charge! To the charge!" the blithe bugles play.
  "To the charge where is waiting great glory for some!"
With a glitter and sparkle and gallant array,
  The cantering cavalry come!

Each trooper's eyes shine with steady design
  And a purpose no cannon can alter.
Though plunging shells whine, tearing gaps in the line,
  They stay not nor waver nor falter.
"The charge! To the charge!" the bugles appeal.
  "To the charge with its wounds and their anguish for some!"
With a jingle and jangle of steel upon steel,
  The galloping cavalry come!

Still on, spite of all! Still on like a wall!
  Still on like a surge of flood-water!
Amid the smoke pall, they reel and they fall,
  While Death laughs aloud at the slaughter!
"The charge! To the charge!" the bugles ring clear.
  "To the charge where is death and its darkness for some!"
With a clangor and clamor and deafening cheer,
  The thunderous cavalry come!

Walter G. Doty.

A Texan's European Studies

by Frank Putnam

Special Commissioner of the City of Houston to the cities of Europe

I

MY city, Houston, Texas, was the second American city to adopt the commission form of government. That was eight years ago, two years after Galveston led the way. Houston is fifty miles north of Galveston, at the head of gulf tidewater on Buffalo bayou, an arm of Galveston Bay. The first mayor of Houston under the commission government was Hon. H. Baldwin Rice. He has been mayor ever since, and the best mayor, in my judgment, that Houston or any other Texas city ever had. He has displayed in his administration of Houston's municipal affairs courage, foresight, patience, energy and patriotism. Re-elected three times for two-year terms, he had to be strongly urged by progressive citizens, the last two times, to run the gauntlet of an opposition by no means fastidious in the methods of its attack. Having served in the ranks, a private citizen under his progressive leadership for five years, I think I know the man's quality, and I know he has builded wisely and well for generations to come, in laying foundations for the city which undoubtedly is destined to become the largest in the South and one of the largest in the nation.

The city of Houston, mayor and all four city commissioners voting for it, appointed me a special commissioner to investigate city government in Europe, and sent me abroad in August. I finished my work in December. I visited Cork and Dublin in Ireland; Glasgow, in Scotland; London and Sheffield, in England; Hamburg, Hanover, Dusseldorf, Berlin, Dresden, and some other cities in Germany, and stopped long enough in Paris to get an external impression of its municipal housekeeping. Each week I sent to my city government a letter, of from fifteen hundred to four thousand words, discussing some phase of municipal construction or administration in a European city. These letters, according to previous plan, were published in several of the leading daily newspapers of Texas, on successive Sunday mornings. In this way I have covered, for Texas people, most of the points which will occur in these NATIONAL articles. My home folks who read the NATIONAL may find some new suggestions, second thoughts, in these sketches. The NATIONAL'S readers in other states and countries will get my observations boiled down to briefest compass, and if I succeed in stating the main facts which I observed abroad, there ought to be something of value in these pages for every official of an American city, and for thoughtful citizens generally.

In the beginning I will lay down these general propositions:

First—That the best built and best managed cities I have seen are in Germany.

Second—That the methods by which German cities have surpassed British and American cities in completeness and effectiveness of their public services, and in intelligent administration of those services, can be, in part, and ought to be, as fully as possible, adopted by the cities of Britain and America.

Now just for a minute let's go back and let me tell you something about Houston, by way of explaining why a comparatively small city in Texas was the first American city to employ a special investigator, paid out of public funds, to study municipal methods abroad. Houston, as an innovator, is entitled to such favorable publicity as her enterprise merits on a strictly news basis, and in this instance Houston's original enterprise has been favorably commented on from one end of the country to the other. Houston, then, is a city, today, of about 130,000 inhabitants, counting in the overflow on all sides of the city limits. Its population has doubled in seven or eight years. Its business turnover has more than doubled in five years. In those five years it has been transformed with startling suddenness from a quiet country town with two or three six-story buildings as its biggest exhibits, to a hustling city in which skyscrapers, ranging from ten to eighteen stories, are going up on every side.

Here's the explanation: During the past five years the great railroad systems of the West have made plain their purpose to create, in the Houston-Galveston district, fifty miles long from the head of tidewater on Buffalo Bayou down to the deep-water wharves in Galveston, the one first-class sea-and-rail shipping depot on the gulf coast of the United States. The basis of this decision by the railroad systems is the fact that Houston brings tidewater, for more than one-fourth of the continental United States, five hundred miles nearer than any port on either Atlantic or Pacific, and three hundred miles nearer than New Orleans, the only possible competitor of the Houston-Galveston district for gulf coast supremacy.

When James J. Hill bought the Colorado & Southern railroad, two or three years ago (this road runs from Denver down to Fort Worth in Northern Texas, and owns a half interest in the Trinity & Brazos Valley road which enters Houston from Fort Worth and owns frontage on Houston's ship channel), he was quoted in one of his home newspapers as having said, explanatory of his purchase, that Houston would have a million inhabitants in twenty years. Further, he said—so the published interview ran—that in due time (presumably when the completion of the Panama Canal creates new and larger demands upon the Houston-Galveston port machinery), Houston and Seattle would become the termini of the third transcontinental rail route—a diagonal route from Gulf to Pacific.

I personally don't believe Houston will have a million people in twenty years, but I haven't the shadow of a doubt Houston will be a city of a half million inhabitants in 1932, or earlier. And I am convinced, more strongly than ever since I have visited and studied the great German inland ports of Hamburg and Bremen, that Houston ultimately will command the sea-borne traffic of the Gulf coast precisely as New York now commands that of the Atlantic coast, and Chicago that of the Great Lakes. Nothing within the range of human speculation is more certain than that the Houston-Galveston district is to become the seat of one of the world's chief cities. I could name right now the man who, looking ahead fifty or a hundred years, is laying the foundation for another Astor fortune by investing in select Houston city property, with an eye to taking the increment for himself and his heirs—if he doesn't neglect to get any heirs—and providing my friend Commissioner Joe Pastoriza and his restless allies of the single tax ilk do not meantime get the Texas constitution amended to enable Texas cities to appropriate this increment for the general welfare, as the German cities now do.

Houston, then, has a tremendous job of harbor-building and of city foundation-laying to do, and is called on to do it in the shortest possible period of time.

Facing these facts, Mayor Rice and Commissioners Pastoriza, Kennedy, Jones and Kohlhauff thought it would be a good idea to send a man abroad to learn how the best European cities have done so much of the same kind of work in the past thirty or forty years. They might have picked a more competent man for the task; fact is, I suspect they picked me in order to get rid of me and my schemes for new public improvement bond issues for a restful period of six months.

* * *

I landed at Queenstown and went directly up to Cork to kiss the Blarney Stone; it seemed to me that was the right way for a man to start the task of talking information out of the busy officials of a score or more big towns. Anyhow, the trip did start that way. From Cork I went to Dublin, where the serious work of inquiry was begun. I found Dublin governed a good deal like our American cities, and I give you one guess as to how it happens to be governed that way. Correct, it's because the same folks do the governing, or most of it, on both sides of the water.

Next I went to Glasgow, where Town

Clerk John Lindsay and his assistant Daniel Scrimgeour took me in hand and explained the whole governmental machinery of the most progressively governed city in the British Kingdom. Glasgow owns all its public services, makes them render efficient service to the people, at low rates, and makes them yield each a yearly profit, part of which goes to take up bonded debt and part into a Common Good fund, out of which the city is gradually substituting comfortable, healthful, municipally-owned tenements for the villainous and disease-breeding slum tenements which grew up in Glasgow, as they have done in most other large cities, under the pressure of the demand for private profit. It was in Glasgow that I got the first clew to the future management of our Houston harborage interests. The Glasgow channel and harborage is under the control of a body apart from the municipal government, to-wit, the Clyde Trust, and this trust administers a business almost as large and quite as important as that of the city government. Here it became apparent to me that we in Houston must not saddle the management of our city's harbor interests upon the city government, but must lay that load upon our navigation district commission, a body organized under Texas law to levy a $1,250,000 tax and turn it over to the federal government to help the latter complete our 25-foot channel by 1915.

Glasgow supplies its citizens with cheaper gas and electric light, cheaper street car service and better than are enjoyed by the residents of any American city. Glasgow's municipal slaughter house, in which all animals intended for food for Glasgow's one million people are killed and dressed for market, is a huge institution, set right in the heart of the city, yet so clean that you could pass within a hundred yards of it and never suspect its existence by reason of any odor in the air. It is the farthest possible remove from the stockyards in Chicago, which pollute the air breathed by a million helpless people. This municipal abattoir and market insure the healthfulness of all meats eaten in Glasgow, and help mightily to hold down prices by eliminating a lot of middlemen who take tolls on this business in other cities. John Lindsay gave me the Glasgow city philosophy when he said his city government believed no citizen, or incorporated group of private citizens, has any right to control a business which the city government can manage better or more cheaply for the general welfare.

I was soon to discover that this kind of applied, practical, common good and common sense socialism was initiated by, and in Britain and Germany has its strongest supporters among, rich and conservative citizens. The proletarian socialists, men who think the business of humanity can be better managed by those who have failed to manage their own small private affairs wisely than by men who have succeeded under competition, have no use for this kind of middle class socialism. Yet I can't resist the conclusion that it is the only kind of socialism which organized humanity, in any country, in our day at least, will tolerate, or ought to tolerate. So far as I can figure it out, in any society, any land and any time, the foremen are going to keep right on appointing themselves, as they always have done, and are going to control by reason of their ability so to do. This kind of general welfare socialism, under which the ablest men devote their ability, for fair compensation, to providing good cheap services and safeguards for the vast majority who can't thus serve and protect themselves, is the real secret of the superiority of municipal government in Europe over municipal government in the United States. Over there—especially in Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Sheffield, London and some other big British cities, and in all of the big German cities, the controlling element of society has adopted, to a greater or less degree, the policy of making the general welfare paramount to private profit. In the German cities this has been carried farther than in the British cities—so far, in fact, that in the German cities the man who wishes to acquire a fortune must render some real service to his fellows in order to get it—must either manufacture or distribute something of common use, or gamble in stocks and bonds; they still permit this practice; he can't any longer sit back and let city growth make him rich by adding to the value of his idle lands held out of use for that express purpose, as so many men have done and are still doing in Britain and America. The German cities have got wise to this big source of possible public revenue and are progressively taking it into the municipal treasuries, by one means or another.

II

LONDON is the world capital, not merely the capital of the British Empire, yet, oddly enough, as it seemed to the Texas tenderfoot, London is not one city but a group of small cities standing shoulder to shoulder, each with its separate city government and most of them—twenty-seven in number—having their separate city plants for producing gas, electric light, etc. All are under general supervision of the London County Council, and above that of the British parliament.

The biggest municipal problem in London, with its eight million people living on less than eight hundred square miles of land, is transportation. The London County Council owns and operates the trams—street railways—which run on the top of the ground. Private companies, lately consolidated, own and operate the vast system of underground tube routes, and another company owns and operates the several thousand motor buses which compete with the trams above ground.

I found London agitated about the rapidly-growing prosperity of the privately-owned motor buses and the dwindling revenues of the publicly-owned trams. Beneath all the current discussion one fact stood out, namely, the lively possibility that the problem of urban transportation hereafter will be one not of rails but of pavements—of motor buses and not of trams. The tremendous initial investment in trackage, in power houses and the subsequent heavy outlay for upkeep of these plants, necessary to a tram system, is all escaped by the bus system. These represent only the cost of cars, of fuel and of their fair share of the cost of maintaining pavements. In the crowded streets of a big city, the buses can carry passengers faster than the trams, in equal or greater comfort, far more quietly, can pick them up and put them down at the sidewalk instead of requiring them to hazard life and limb dodging traffic to get to the middle of the street, and can probably carry them more cheaply, when forced to it, than the trams ever can. The secretary of the London General Omnibus Company told me his company's fares average a penny a mile—two cents American. He would not tell me the exact cost per mile per passenger to the company; but in view of the fact that at a penny a mile the company is able to take very large profits and is encouraged thereby rapidly to enlarge its fleet of buses, it seems reasonably clear that there is a large margin of velvet in the penny a mile rate.

London advocates of municipal ownership are vigorously demanding that the County Council shall either take over the motor buses and turn their big profits into the public treasury, or shall tax them so heavily for use of the streets that they will not be able to impair the value of the publicly-owned trams by luring away its profit-producing passengers.

This latter proposition is of the kind we so often hear from would-be reformers on this side of the Atlantic. They seem more bent on punishing men of ability for disturbing old institutions, and for improving on old methods, than upon taking the benefits of these innovations. It reminds me of the early American reformers who were bent on "busting the trusts," instead of trying to regulate the huge new business corporations so as to save their public-benefit possibilities, and hold private profits down to a rational figure. We are all grown children when it comes down to that, and each of us, in one event or another, has to admit that he has acted childishly—passionately instead of logically—under sudden stress, just as our early would-be trust-busters wanted to act.

(Mr. P tnam's articles will be continued in the March National)

With the Living Lincoln

by Mitchell Mannering

HOW eagerly we sit and listen to stories of Lincoln from the lips of those who knew him in the flesh, a privilege which alas will soon be gone forever. During the war there were few young officers more closely associated with Lincoln than General Daniel E. Sickles, and it was a rare privilege to hear the venerable officer talk of the old days of companionship with the immortal Lincoln. Early in the war General Sickles raised five regiments of infantry and was the youngest corps commander at Gettysburg, where he lost his leg.

"After my wound at Gettysburg," says the General, "I was carried on a stretcher by soldiers to Washington. Soon President Lincoln came to see me. After he had given touching expressions of his sympathy, we talked about the battle. Then, in answer to my question if he had not been anxious about the result of the battle, the President replied, 'Yes, some precautions were taken, but for my part, I was sure of our success at Gettysburg.'

" 'Why were you so confident?' I asked.

"There was a brief pause; the President seemed in deep thought. His pale face lighted up with an expression I had not observed before.

"Turning to me he said, 'When Lee crossed the Potomac and entered Pennsylvania, followed by our army, I felt that the crisis had come. I knew that defeat in a great battle on northern soil involved the loss of Washington, to be followed perhaps by the intervention of England and France in favor of the Southern Confederacy. I went to my room and got down on my knees in prayer. Never before had I prayed with so much earnestness—I wish I could repeat my prayer.

" 'I felt that I must put all my trust in the Almighty God; He gave our people the best country ever given to man; He alone could save it from destruction. I had tried my best to do my duty and had found myself unequal to the task. The burden was more than I could bear. God had often been our Protector in other days. I prayed that He would not let the nation perish. I asked Him to help us and give us victory now. I was sure my prayer was answered:

" 'I knew that God was on our side;—I had no misgivings about the result at Gettysburg.'

"Rising from his seat Mr. Lincoln took my hand and said with tenderness, 'Sickles, I am told, as you have been told perhaps, that your condition is serious. I am in a prophetic mood today. You will get well.' "

And "get well" he did; in just thirteen days the hero of the second day's fight at Gettysburg, legless, but still undaunted, presented himself to the President at the White House.

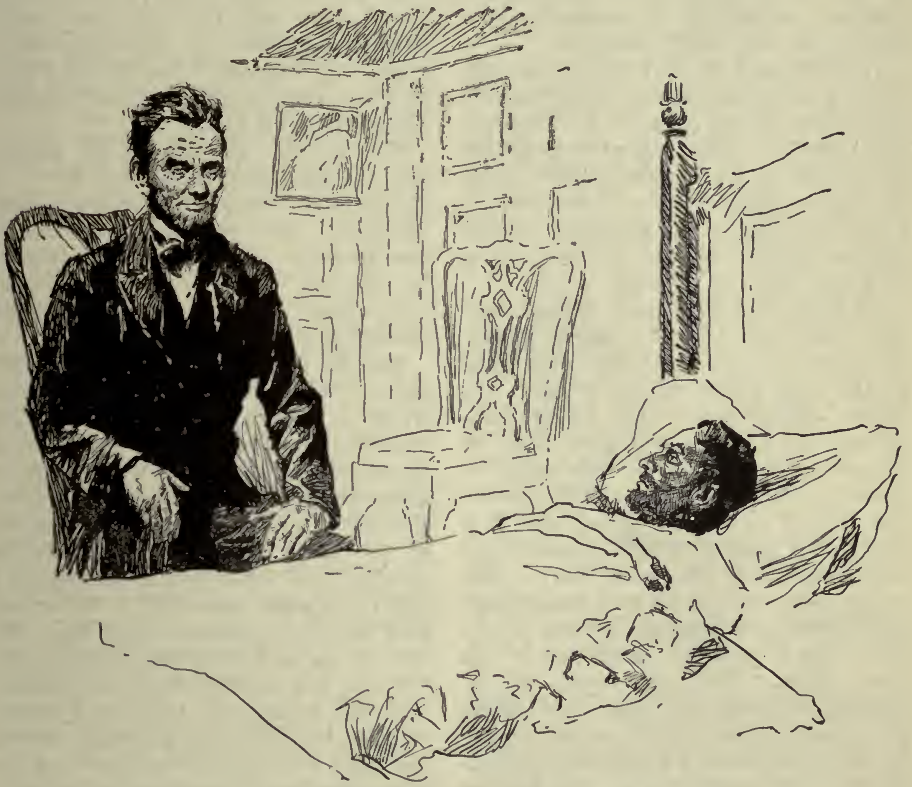
He was at once appointed on Lincoln's staff and served for two and a half years, being sent on special duty to all parts of the country. When Lincoln began to consider the nomination for a second term, he looked about for an associate on the ticket, and decided that one from a border state would be expedient.

Andrew Johnson was well known for his violent opposition to traitors, so one day, calling in General Sickles, the President said, "Sickles, I have an important mission for you. I want you to go to Tennessee and tame Governor Johnson. I want him for a running mate if he can be brought into the right frame of mind. I will appoint you to inspect government property at Nashville, but your real business will be to tame Johnson."

General Sickles went to Nashville and found Governor Johnson enforcing the most rigorous measures against declared Confederates. Soon after his arrival General Sickles met Mrs. Saunders Brown, a daughter of a former governor of the state, and whose husband had been a member of President Buchanan's cabinet, one of the wealthiest women of Tennessee and an old friend of General Sickles. With true Southern hospitality she invited him to her country home and drove him out one afternoon in her landau. In the evening he was entertained by the daughter of Mrs. Brown, and he spent delightful hours listening to the songs of the South. When about to retire, however, he found they had played a trick on him, the bedclothes were sewed together, and the Northern guest realized that all was not as peaceful and amicable as it might seem. Nothing daunted, however, General Sickles ripped the clothes open and crawled in. He declares that he slept well, in the bargain.

When the General called on Governor Johnson soon after, he was received rather coolly. Asking the Governor if he had offended in any way he replied, "Yes, I will have nothing to do with you, sir," he declared, "if you associate with those d——d rebel women," and the General knew he meant it.

It was said of Andrew Johnson that he had never looked upon the face of a man he feared, and the declaration might well have given alarm to the Northerner. But Sickles kept up his friendship with Mrs. Brown and incidentally made it his business to convince her that unless she would take the oath of allegiance, all her property would probably be confiscated by Governor Johnson. He also advised her to act quickly, and yielding to his persuasion Mrs. Brown took the oath of allegiance. General Sickles then called the attention of Governor Johnson to the records. The irascible Tennessean could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the signature of Mrs. Brown and realized that she had pledged her fealty to the United



Soon President Lincoln came to see me

States. Turning to Sickles he said, "Well, I will concede that molasses does more than vinegar. You have performed a miracle and done a great service for the Union. Now tell me what I can do." From that moment the "taming" of Andrew Johnson was accomplished.

President Lincoln when informed of the success of General Sickles was greatly pleased, and a better understanding between the administration and Andrew Johnson resulted in his nomination and election to the Vice-Presidency.

It is an epoch in one's life to hear him describe the strenuous days when Stanton was tearing up the orders of the President and Salmon P. Chase was plotting for the nomination to the Presidency, while amid all that seething caldron of political intrigue the patient but sagacious Lincoln pushed steadily forward to the goal to save the Union at all costs.

As the years pass men realize more and more how Lincoln's strong personality became a constant and living force in the very hearts of his people. His strong characteristics, his loving helpfulness, his kindness and gentleness, his simple dignity, devoid of ostentation of power or authority, made him beloved and trusted to such an extent that it is doubtful if there ever was a leader with such power over his people and so able to cope with and use his very enemies and adversaries to advantage, because of the ever-present love and simplicity of his great heart. The years which are so rapidly removing the great and active participants in the Civil War are bringing to the surface more of these precious recollections and traditions of the beloved Lincoln, and it was inspiring to hear from the lips of General Sickles a new story in which he proved that although called a "man's man," Lincoln was also beloved of the American women as well.

During the darkest period of the war, when President Lincoln made a visit to the army he was very much discouraged and downcast, and General Sickles determined to cheer him up by giving him a hearty welcome. The General tells the story himself in his own inimitable way, and he even has the grace to blush after its recital. He began operations by ordering his men to decorate their camps and form arches with the surrounding trees, making the company streets vistas of white tents peering through avenues of long-leaved pines. As the President drove down the line the boys began cheering, throwing up their hats and in every way displaying cheerful and loyal devotion, coming up to him on horseback and grasping his hand.

The tribute affected Lincoln greatly, and the tears were streaming down his cheeks as he reached the General's headquarters. The great and enthusiastic demonstration of loyalty and affection by the men who were facing the bullets and taking their lives in their hands touched him deeply.

But the greetings were not over. The gallant Sickles had invited many ladies, wives of officers visiting in camp, and including some who were prominent in the diplomatic corps at Washington, to assemble at his headquarters to meet the President. As Lincoln reached them, one of the ladies, a leader in Washington society, caught the lapel of his coat as if about to whisper something in his ear, and gave him a hearty smack on the lips. This was the signal for the other ladies to follow suit, and another means of expressing that the devotion of the men was fully equalled by that of the American women. Not only the hearts of the men but also of the loyal women went out to the great, gaunt, heartsick Lincoln riding slowly along his embattled myriads, his face saddened by the recent and horrible carnage of indecisive battlefield.

But General Sickles declares that the President really smiled that day, and that the tears he shed were those of gratitude and thanksgiving toward the devoted and loyal soldiers.

The Triumph *of* the Unforeseen

by Elizabeth Gaines Wilcoxson

AN OLD saying recites that it is better to be born lucky than rich, and it is to be added that if one is born neither it is hard indeed.

Thomas Peale was born rich—since riches are but relative. To have been born a Peale ought to have been enough for any man. He followed up this advantage by studying law, and eventually took his father's practice. The pursuit of this practice involved but little more leisure than the Colonel, his deceased father, had enjoyed for a number of years prior to his death; the difference being that the Colonel was driven home drunk by a sober old darkey, and Tom was driven home sober by the old darkey's grandson.

In the good old days the Colonel's name was used in the land to conjure with, but those days were gone, and gone, too, was the good old Colonel.

Tom was ambitious to go into the alluring West, but he could not make the change while the Colonel's widow lived, for she clung piteously to family traditions, and would sooner have died than to have seen her son vacate the ancient offices where his father and grandfather before him had practiced law, and where he was Tom Peale, the Third. On the old Peale place he was Tom Peale, the Fourth.

Like the old offices with their shabbiness and halo of past grandeur, the Peale place was but an echo of its one-time splendor. The late Colonel's extravagant hospitality, combined with the ravages of the Civil War, had completely devastated the Peale fortune. But Tom was young, optimistic, and not deeply discontent to procrastinate his going forth from where his name was a recognized heritage of distinction.

Added to this, he was a finely built, handsome, honorable young man; agreeably lazy, with an air of well-born distinction that was his birthright, and an inherited taste for good sport.

Thus Tom Peale, who was born rich—since riches are but relative.

Jim McGraw was born lucky.

It would be unbecoming to narrate in detail in a paragraph so closely allied with the history of a Peale, this man's plebeian origin and early occupations. Therefore be it briefly chronicled that whatever Jim McGraw had turned his hand to from the time when, at five years of age, he gathered a paper sack of coal fragments from between the railroad ties and sold it for a penny, he had thriven and prospered as only the very plebeian of origin thrive and prosper. Life had been an even, upward sweep of prosperity and good luck.

Early in life he had married a wife whose origin was as plebeian as his own; a bright, healthy, capable, ambitious young Irish-American, with a wealth of beauty and commonsense. Katy rose with Jim on wave after wave of prosperity and competently assumed the benefits and responsibilities of each wave with adaptability and grace.

Next Jim was lucky in his daughter, who seemingly inherited all and only what was finest in her parents. She was a spirited, beautiful girl, and her name was Edna May. She looked upon the world and everything in it—especially man—as having been produced in a finished state for her especial benefit. Luxuries grew around her as grass grows in a meadow, and she had no more occasion to reflect upon the processes by which they grew than has the joyous yearling heifer to reflect upon the whither of the delectable meadow clover.

Thus Jim McGraw, who was born lucky. It is to inherit the earth.

Now, Ol' Uncle Jo was born neither rich nor lucky.

He was, he firmly believed, the most unlucky mortal who ever lived, and he was prepared to substantiate the claim by circumstantial evidence antedating his birth—for was not his mammy hoodooed by a mulatto witch-woman, in consequence of which Jo was born unlucky? It was so. Unlucky, too, in spite of having been born one of the Gore negroes, who were allied as a family to the Peale negroes—Mrs. Jinny Gore being none less than a full sister to Mrs. Kun'l Jedge Peale herself, than which heights of aristocracy it was beyond the power of local imagination to ascend.

Ill luck pursued Jo from the cradle upward. When the Civil War was over, he, in common with all the old family Gore and Peale negroes, was given a three-acre tract of land; and there, as usual, ill luck befell him.

Attracted by the proximity of the water, a little old fisherman's hut, and a lone tree that struggled up from the rocky soil beside the shack, Jo (who by then had reached an age sufficiently venerable to qualify him for the honorable title of "Uncle") urged for and was given that particular three acres of ground.

There it lay, a barren, rocky little tract, chinning the tide water. Nothing grew upon it. Nothing could grow upon it without the most strenuous coaxing. The soil became as flint in summer. A potato planted in the ground would dessicate. The wind swept it so heavily in winter that it was astonishing that the cabin stood against the gales.

But there the law of compensation was exemplified. Being unable by reason of its rocky barrenness to till his soil, "Uncle" Jo had the more abundant leisure to follow the shade around his cabin in summer and to sit before the cobblestone fireplace in winter and tell how unlucky his life had been, and, as an alternate and equally replete theme, descant upon the greatness and glory of the Peale family.

In time, one after another of the negroes sold his three acres and answered the call of the city, leaving Ol' Uncle Jo. On his rocky nose, in his little old fisherman's hut, remained "Uncle Jo" and "Aunt Pinkey," his venerable wife, who was as somber and decrepit as her name was light and spry. She possessed a gift of prophecy and a deck of cards, and was famed far and wide as a fortune teller. In the season when the White Gull Hotel (a mile or so up the beach) flocked with summer guests, many silver pieces found their way into Aunt Pinkey's tobacco-smelling, calico pocket.

On this revenue, supplemented with ample provisions from the Peale Place, Uncle Jo and Aunt Pinkey lived in comfort belied by the aspect of abject woe-begoneness of their environment.

And lastly, they lived in an abiding expectation that some magic "cunger" would one day reverse the wheel of fortune and bring them "good luck."

Thus "Uncle Jo," who was born neither rich nor lucky.

II

Aunt Pinkey bent her grizzled head over the cards and prophesied with a degree of divination more than ordinarily inspired.

"Yassum, dis heah han's'm young man lubs yo, sho's yo's libin'."

The young lady blushed and searched the cards with her eyes.

"Is it someone that I know now?" she asked.

Aunty pursed her lips.

"Wal'm," she temporized, "yo' am gwinter know him bettah."

"Describe him, Aunty," urged the sitter prettily.

"Yassum," assented Aunty promptly. And for Aunty there was just one established criterion of manly good looks, one Superior Lover in all the universe—Marse Tawm. Perhaps in this instance she was unconsciously influenced by an unaccountable appeal the young lady's own sweet beauty had for her, to draw, as a description of the noble lover she had seen for her in the deck of cards, a more complete description of Marse Tawm than she usually gave.

"Han's'm an' tawl," she asserted, "an' hol's his haid up lak dis." (She elevated her turbaned crown in a manner responding to some inward notion of aristocratic hauteur. "An' eyes lak yallah di'mums wif brown specks in 'em; an' ha'h lak brown silk wif de sun shinin' on it, an' thick lak fu'h on a lady's muff. He am so tawl yo' haid cum 'bout up to his chin, an' straight as a saplin'. He cain smile to make you laugh or make you cry, an' he am got ha'f of a gold toof in de front ob his mouf."

This so complete a description of the young man who had been constantly in her mind since the evening before, when she had met him at one of the White Gull's famous veranda dances, drawn as it was raptly from the unseen world, caused her to grow a little pale. Those strangely expressive yellow-brown eyes had followed her in both sleeping and waking dreams.

"Will I see him again soon?" she asked.

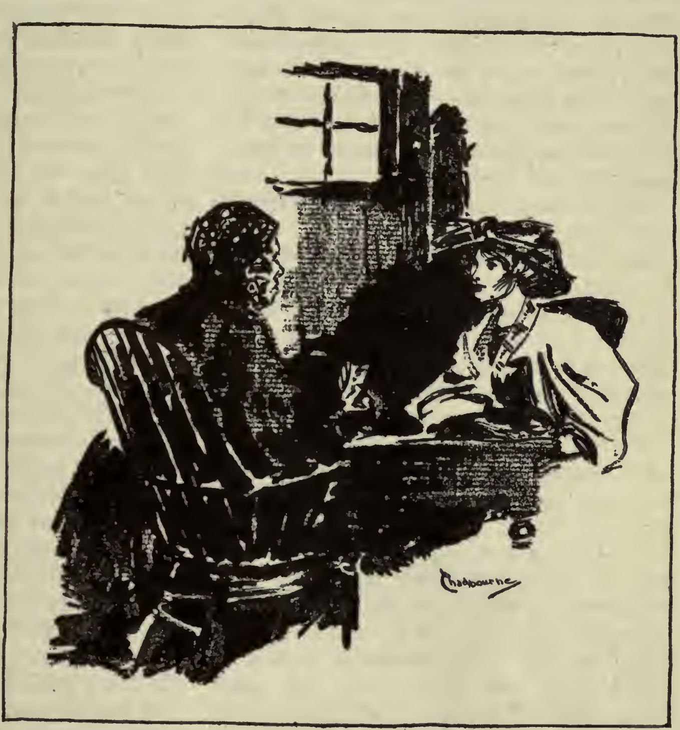
"Oh, yassum," assured Aunty graciously, "an' yo' am gwin' ter ma'h'y an' lib happy evah aftah," she concluded hastily—a strong whiff of burning gingerbread in the oven disconnecting her from the invisible world.

Miss McGraw, half frightened and quite happy, departed. Aunty was also quite happy; her dingy old eyes glittered upon a gold piece in her palm. A quarter of a dollar was her fee. Other ladies who had come to her from the White Gull had sometimes given her a dollar, gentlemen often. But a gold piece had never befallen her before.

When Edna May reached the hotel she found awaiting her a box of the old-fashioned southern flowers about which she had the evening before talked with Mr. Peale. She was so absorbed in the pleasant task of unpacking them, and in her thoughts of the giver that her father spoke twice to her before she realized his presence.

"Look at these," she invited, impertinently tickling his blunt nose with a jasmine spray.

She further informed him that Mr. Peale was the donor. He had noticed Mr. Peale from the fact that Edna May had danced a conspicuous number of times with him, and when this program was repeated the week following, and the week following that, and in the meanwhile there had been perpetual drives and rides, and afternoon games and evening strolls, Mr. McGraw began making inquiries about Mr. Peale—an investigation resulting in his extreme dissatisfaction. He had no match in view for his daughter, and did not object to her falling in love with a gentleman; but Jim McGraw was a practical man; he saw no reason why a gentleman should not be a working, achieving, successful gentleman. A pleasure-loving idler with a mortgaged farm and a suit of seedy, clientless law offices and a history of past family glory, did not recommend himself as a prospective son-in-law.



"He cain smile to make you laugh or make you cry, an' he am got ha'f of a gold toof in de front ob his mouf"

While he was reaching this status, Edna May and Tom were falling deeper in love every minute—admitting that any distance remained to fall after that first veranda dance. Moonlit verandas, music, dancing and days of romantic idleness are not conducive to a hard-headed view of Things as they Are. Occasionally the dark blot of Edna May's money struck Tom's thoughts sinisterly, as an ugly black bat might fly across his face and brush his brow swiftly in the dark.

Meanwhile, while alternately lost in a delirium of happiness and abysmal gloom—marking the periods of enchantment when with her, and the seasons of reflection apart from Edna May—events were working that were later to develop into circumstances of importance and power to Tom. And they were in this wise:

Jim McGraw decided to build a magnificent summer home. The land he chose swept back from the sea regally and bore a background of noble trees. It was, in truth, none other than the old Gore home place. And, in order to acquire a long, deep sea frontage, McGraw purchased all the acres that lay between the Gore farm and the sea.

The possibility of improving on nature with certain arrangements of geometrical terracing appealed to his artistic sense. In fancy he saw his property ascend from ocean to crest in a regular sward stairway. Oh, he was a thorough man, was Jim McGraw, and where the undoing of nature could be accomplished for money, none could best him. So he imported landscape artists and paid them well, and soon nature blushed for her poverty in the face of their achievements.

Simultaneously upon the beautiful slope that had been the pride of generation after generation of Gores, began to rise the most palatial and costly architectural structure of private ownership in all the land.

As it neared completion, the interior decorations and furnishings were of such splendor that leading periodicals published illustrated articles about it, and the whole world read of this amazing place. Meanwhile—

Jim McGraw was suffering from two gnawing vexations.

Strangely enough, though at first distinct and separate, they were destined to coalesce in that mysterious brew that sometimes ferments in the caldron of pure chance.

In the first place he viewed with ever-increasing disfavor Edna May's undisguised preference for a young man so unqualified to be his son-in-law as young Thomas Peale. Irreproachable of name, perfect of manners, having a profession wherein he might distinguish himself, and a good reputation, there appeared no just reason why Tom Peale should inspire such deadly objection as Mr. McGraw vouchsafed him—an objection that had become a very obsession.

From the windows of his white marble mansion he could look eastward over the Peale place that lay in decaying splendor, no less magnificent of land than his own. A heavy mortgage might bow the head of the youthful owner, but the trees on the slopes stood just as grandly as they had stood for hundreds of years. And within the old Peale home lived a dame with the insulted dignity of a dethroned queen. Jim McGraw had heard of her, but it had made no impression upon him; but her son, Thomas Peale, had become a lasting and a daily tribulation to him.

As had also Uncle Jo.

Just how so insignificant and unlucky a jot of humanity as poor Ol' Uncle Jo could have become a lasting and daily tribulation to the fortunate, self-sufficient and all-powerful Jim McGraw, owner of steamboats, railroads and corporations, was as we shall see.

It was after the passing of considerable space of time, and the stately marble palace was receiving the admiring attention of all people, that Jim McGraw one day profanely inquired of his head man why that unsightly cabin had not been cleared off the beach. The following day he was informed that an old negro lived there and claimed to own the ground on which it stood—three acres he claimed.

McGraw was especially annoyed that day. He was chewing the cud of a distasteful picture of his daughter and Tom Peale riding early from the White Gull grounds on a pair of high-stepping horses; hence when a man who was paid well to take care of such details as buying three acres of land from an old negro did not know better than to submit this triviality to McGraw, he deserved a good cussing and he got it. Then McGraw forgot the incident.

It was several days later that his man approached him with a worried expression and an apologetic air.

"Mr. McGraw, how much shall I offer that old negro for his three acres?"

Now McGraw chanced to feel particularly at peace that morning, a feeling that had abided with him for a week past—in fact, ever since his successful ban upon Tom Peale's suit. The ease with which he had extinguished that baleful romance surprised and gratified him. It was like throwing one's full weight upon a door to find that it was not locked after all. The occasion had been a little bombastic, but brief and bloodless. It had opened with Tom's formal request for Edna May's hand in marriage. McGraw, hearing, waxed wroth, but not speechless; he denied Tom's suit with truculent explicitness.

"I have not done much yet," admitted Tom in reply to the reference to his own lack of achievement, "but my family name is one to be proud of."

"I don't give a damn for your family name. I am going to have a man for my daughter who can take care of her money."

"I care nothing about her money," retorted Tom hotly, white with anger and insulted dignity, "I wish she had none!"

"Very likely," snorted McGraw contemptuously. "that's all the sense you've got. But she has money, and all I have will be hers some day, and it's going to take a crackerjack to fill my shoes. We're just wasting time. You are not going to marry Edna May."

Tom's face blanched. He quivered.

"You are making a mistake, sir," he returned with a sort of violent composure, "you are making a mistake; I am going to marry Edna May."

McGraw surveyed him ironically.

"Then you'll have to get damn early up in the morning," he rapped, and turned abruptly on his heel.

His next move was to go at once to his daughter and forbid her to have anything further to do with young Peale, repeating fairly and substantially what had passed between them.

Edna May had starred in her college dramatic club. She received the mandate with stunned quiet. Her big, purplish eyes were cast down mournfully, their deep color and heavy lashes making faint shadows on the lily white of her skin just beneath. She clasped her hands and caught her breath with a pitiful little sob; she struggled bravely for composure. Jim McGraw had never felt such a brute in his life; but there was no help for it; he had his duty as a father to do; and he consoled himself with the thought that Edna May's good sense—with which she was indisputably endowed—would come to her rescue in displacing this undesirable lover from her heart. Looking upon her manifest unhappiness, it was all the consolation he could get. He had not been educated to cope with histrionics in private life.

As for Edna May, it was just what she had predicted.

"Very well, Tom, dear," she had said, "you might as well bring things to a crisis, since you are so determined. Papa will not consent, and managing him into it is going to be more of a siege than you think."

Managing him into it! Tom rebelled finely. He was desperately in love and nearly distracted. He was not, however, so beside himself as to forget the moldy walls of the old Peale mansion, the crumbling chimneys, the sagging floors, and the leaky roof, under which sat his arrogant old mother, deferentially served by two old negroes—family remnants. In despair he sketched the picture in its darkened aspect. Edna May viewed it philosophically.

"It's your mother I'm afraid of, Tom. We could sit under an umbrella and wear rubber boots in the house, but I have no registered ancestry. I hope to win her tolerance by exchanging modern plumbing for grandfathers, but if Pa doesn't consent to our marriage, he is capable of refusing us even a shingle to patch the roof."

"Do you think I would accept it?" rejected Tom in fine disdain.

"Oh, I should," averred Miss McGraw. "To live under an umbrella would be unique and picturesque, but I am subject to colds, and pneumonia is disagreeable and even dangerous. Pa will do anything for me if he's convinced it is for my ultimate happiness, but he's tremendously set in his ideas. We will have to appear to give in for a little while, dearest, until we see the best way to act."

"I wish you hadn't a dollar," groaned Tom dismally.

"I don't," disagreed Edna May cheerfully. "Dollars are tremendously convenient. I wish you had a few of your own, then we'd be spared all this grief, but as you haven't, but only have a sublime old place and nine grandfathers, why, when we marry I will be contributing only my just share to the partnership by making your home livable with my dollars.

"When you come to think of it, the money is rightfully mine, anyway. I'm Pa's only child, and I've given him a lot of happiness just *being*. He really owes me about a hundred thousand now; however, if we were to run away and marry, as we very easily could, it might take him a year or two to come around and that would mean a lot of unhappiness for all of us, because you see, Tom, dear, I love my parent—not that I have any idea of giving in always about marrying you; but something will show us the best way. Let me advise. I haven't lived with my father twenty years for nothing."

There was an underlying firmness in Edna May's reasoning that constrained Tom against his heart; so he stayed away from the White Gull and poured out his love in long letters that Edna May read and kissed in the privacy of her apartment, and lent herself to gentle heroics in the presence of her parents.

And the fullness of the hour approached when Jim McGraw's man once more approached and asked:

"Mr. McGraw, what price shall I pay that old negro for his three acres?"

And in the graciousness of his mood McGraw waved his hand in indifferent dismissal:

"Pay him anything you have to, only clear off that place right away, Haines. It looks ridiculous down there."

With this *carte-blanche* Haines felt better. He had met with a surprising snag in getting hold of the place, and he was much vexed at his own mismanagement.

The first time that he went to the cabin had been the evening of the day that McGraw called it to his attention. Offhand he had offered the old negroes a hundred dollars, moved to liberality by their deceptive appearance of extreme want.

It was as though gold had rained through their roof. Their cracked cackling of gratitude followed him out of hearing. The next afternoon he returned with the money, at which Uncle Jo looked wistfully, but which Aunty spurned as if the coins had been grains of corn. They had evidently been advised from some source, for they both stood out for more money. What had really occurred was this:

Upon receiving the fabulous offer of a hundred dollars, no sooner was Haines out of sight than hand in hand the old couple started up the hill as fast as they could go to the Peale house, and there they told the news.

When "Marse Tawm" heard the story and the full significance of it dawned upon him, he was consumed with indescribable joy; he exploded with laughter; he chortled with glee.

"Now mind, both of you. Don't sell that ground of yours for any price offered without first telling me. Don't put your mark on a scrap of paper without first showing it to me. Do as I tell you and your fortune is made. When he comes back again, ask him five thousand dollars for your place. If you will do exactly as I say, I will see that you get that much."

To have doubted a word that fell from Marse Tawn's lips was as unthinkable as to have questioned the Voice in the Bush. Dazed and almost trembling, they returned to the cabin.

When Haines came the next afternoon with the hundred dollars, he was taken aback to meet a demand for five thousand. It was too absurd to treat seriously, but he was much annoyed at what he foresaw could become a troublesome situation resulting from his careless oversight. However, armed with considerable latitude, he again visited the cabin.

Uncle Jo was crouched over the fireplace stirring a mess in an iron pot. Aunt Pinkey was hobbling around with one foot shod and one bare, looking the personification of impoverished decrepitude. Mr. Haines stepped briskly in and greeted them with an admirable mixture of solicitude and assurance.

"Well, well! How're Aunty and Uncle today?" he inquired with specious affability.

Aunty hobbled to her split bottom rocker and sat wiggling her bare toes and shaking her head mournfully, while Uncle groaned a dismal negation of health in general. Haines' sympathies were quite touched.

"See here, what you both need is a comfortable house. I've come today prepared to pay you enough money to buy you just the sort of a house two old folks ought to live in."

He had philanthropically resolved on the moment to pay them the entire five hundred dollars he had brought with him for emergency's sake, but from which he had expected to save all he could in the bargain.

Uncle Jo crouched lower and Aunt Pinkey's head bobbled more drearily. They both eyed the bag of coin with interest.

"Five hundred dollars!"

Haines opened the mouth of the sack and stood a little back from the table where the coins richly lay. He uttered the words slowly, impressively, as a magician might invoke a spell.

"*Five hundred dollars!*" he repeated, seeing that nobody moved or spoke. He dipped his fingers in the lustrous pieces and moved them clinkingly about.

Uncle Jo turned his eyes toward Aunt Pinkey as if to gain his cue. Aunt Pinkey had drawn herself up disdainfully.

"No, sah! We ain't a-gwin' fo' t' sell fo' no less dan five thousun dollahs!"

"Come, come," urged Haines, "that is absurd. This old shack is not worth five cents, and you both know that the ground is not worth five dollars an acre, when it comes to value."

"Owah lawyah don' tol' us five thousun' dollahs," said Aunt Pinkey unmoved, and Uncle Jo straightened up and corroborated:

"Yes-sah, he don' tol' us dat."

"Anybody who would put such an idea into your heads is a fool!" exclaimed Haines angrily.

This aspersion cast upon Marse Tawm was enough! If Haines then and there had offered them four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars in a heap, they would have rejected it contumeliously.

"No-sah! He ain't no sich ob a thing! He am de bes' lawyah libin', and de Wo'd ob Gawd ain' no mo' full ob wisdom," fired back Uncle Jo, and Aunt Pinkey slapped the floor with her bare foot in encore.

Haines saw that he had erred and hastened to mollify.

"Well, I dare say I am wrong—"

"Yessah, dat yo' am, sah," triumphantly verified Uncle Jo.

"But just stop a minute and use your common sense—"

"No, sah, Marse Tawm he tol' us to use his'n."

Haines paused, thought a minute and manoeuvred.

"You would not like to live in this old shack always," he submitted meaningly.

"We's bin libin' heah se'm'teen yeahs," Aunt Pinkey told him proudly.

"Well, it will not last two more," said Haines sharply.

"Den Marse Tawm, he mos' sho'ly will give us another one," asserted Aunt Pinkey confidently.

Haines tried the psychological effect of pouring the money out on the table and picking it up, piece by piece, and then, having gathered it all in, tied up the neck of the sack tightly and dropped it into his pocket.

They watched this proceeding with a detached, impersonal lack of interest that staggered Haines.

"You will probably not have as good an offer again in all your lives as I have made you today. You don't suppose that Mr. McGraw really *needs* your little three acres! Look at all the land he already has. What will happen for you is you will find yourselves living here the rest of your lives," he warned them, battling with his impotent exasperation.

"Humph!" scored Aunt Pinkey loftily, "mebby de Ma-graws will be tol'b'l' 'spectable neighbors."

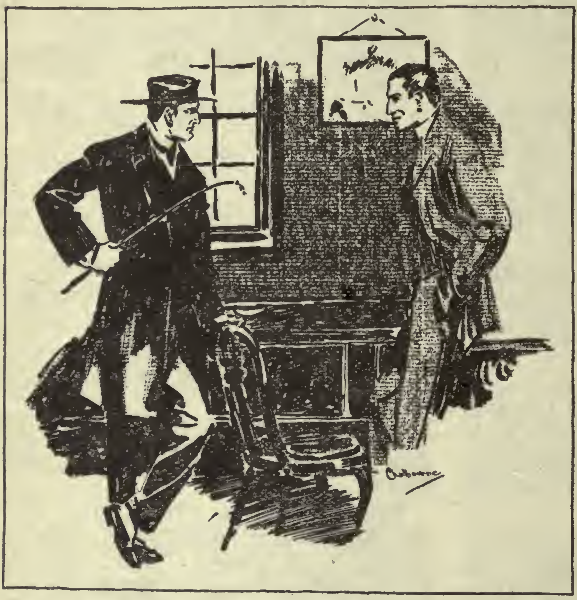
"'Cose," supplemented Uncle Jo with equal hauteur, "day ain't quality, now, lak Marse Tawm's folks, but 'cose day ain't fo' to blaim fo' dat."

Impaled on this view, Haines gazed at them blankly.

"And *who* is 'Marse Tawm'?"

Aunt Pinkey threw her hands heavenward and displayed the whites of her eyes in a mute appeal to be defended from such benighted ignorance.

"Marse Tawm am de son ob de Kun'l Jedge," Uncle Jo informed Haines in a monotonous drawl, and turned back again to the pot simmering in the ashes, as though he disdained to parley further with this man with his little mess of gold who needed to ask such a question.



"It is needless to say," he observed sarcastically, "that if Mr. McGraw were informed of that he would be seriously annoyed"

Haines, sadder, but not much wiser, took his departure. He imparted his troubles to one of his draughtsman, Billy Jackson, a native of the locality. Billy whistled surprisedly.

" 'Marse Tawm'? W'y, he's the young sprig of a lawyer that's keeping the old gentleman's dewlap purple with rage running after the daughter. I don't see the game. If he wants poppah's favor, why does he put the old darkeys up to those tricks?"

Thus enlightened, Haines resolved to call upon Tom immediately, which he did the very next morning.

By merest chance he found him in the lofty, faded old offices that had in the past been the seat of so much pride and power—a chance resulting from the fact that it was a quiet, lonesome place in which to sulk and ponder. From their places on the wall, the oil portraits of his father, the late Colonel, and of the Colonel, his father's father, kept serene and dignified guard. With his feet on a table and his head braced back on his locked hands, Tom was gazing moodily up at his ancestors when Haines entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Peale," he saluted. "I am Mr. Haines, acting for Mr. McGraw."

"Good morning, Mr. Haines," greeted Tom imperturbably, taking his heels unhurriedly from the table top. "How can I serve Mr. McGraw's interests this morning?"

Haines had an air of assurance.

"It's about those old negroes who live down on the beach at the foot of the McGraw place," he began with brusque aggressiveness. "They appear to be under the impression that it is your judgment that they should hold out for considerably more money than their ground is worth. They claim to have been advised by you."

"They have been advised by me," admitted Tom.

Haines concealed his surprise at this ready acknowledgment.

"It is needless to say," he observed sarcastically, "that if Mr. McGraw were informed of that he would be seriously annoyed."

"Very likely," said Tom politely, "then in order to avoid annoying Mr. McGraw, why not pay the old darkeys their price and they will move?"

Haines controlled his rising anger.

"It was not my intention to bring the matter before Mr. McGraw at all. I am authorized to settle such things myself; but, of course, you understand, such a price as they claim to have been advised by you to ask—namely, five thousand dollars—is out of the question." In his impatience he threshed the legs of a chair smartly with his riding whip.

Tom looked at him in mock surprise.

"I consider it a very conservative figure," he argued mildly. "When you come to think how necessary those three acres are to Mr. McGraw, I believe you will agree with me that the price they ask is dirt cheap. As attorney for old Jo Gore and his wife, I hold out for five thousand dollars."

Haines was astonished, incredulous and angry.

"Then it is not worth while for us to discuss this matter further, Mr. Peale. You probably have an idea how Mr. McGraw will view such an absurd proposition—"

Haines checked himself, suddenly struck with the thought of Tom's own monetary interest in the settlement; he added significantly:

"It seems to me that it would pay you to handle the case for a less *fee* than lose the sale altogether."

This insolent intimation welled a happy light into Tom's amber brown eyes. They shaded expressively.

"Oh, no, Mr. Haines," he objected mildly, almost sweetly, "I could not handle the case for a cent less than I am doing it for; and I am firmly convinced that you underestimate the value of that property to Mr. McGraw. I am certain that he will recommend the purchase of it, though he may, of course, suffer the impression that you might have secured it for a lower price."

Haines lashed the table angrily with his whip.

"You understand, then, that the matter will be submitted to Mr. McGraw at once, with full facts," he threatened, viciously cutting at a chair as he made his way out of the room.

"Five thousand dollars!" repeated McGraw when the sum and substance of the matter had been reluctantly but necessarily passed to him. "What nonsense! Why the devil don't you pay the niggers a couple of hundred and get them out?"

Haines humbly narrated his efforts in full. McGraw was furious, as he had a right to be, and blasphemously asked how Haines could have allowed such a situation to come to pass. Haines humbly explained that in buying up several hundred acres lying about in separate parcels, this rocky nose had been overlooked; he had just supposed the old negroes were temporarily sheltering there.

"Well, it was a damned wrong supposition," raged McGraw.

Haines acknowledged that it was, but now he had no remedy to offer.

"Peale admits that he is holding them up to it, and as I understand them, it is no more likely for them to turn white than to disregard his instructions," he added disconsolately.

McGraw moodily cursed the incompetence of his man Haines, as he roamed over his beautiful, landscaped domain. All about him was entrancing beauty, in the midst of which stood his white marble palace; and the footstool of all this expensive loveliness was three stony acres and a disreputable cabin wherein dwelt two decrepit, obstinate old negroes.

Moreover, the story leaked out, and before McGraw had taken further action he found that everybody was laughing about it. Smart journalists were making copy of it, and the story was printed again and again, with large illustrations of Uncle Jo and Aunt Pinkey in their cabin. A national giggle was going up.

Now while all those things were coming and passing, Mrs. Jim McGraw was becoming thoroughly conversant with local history, ancient and modern; and inasmuch as the Peale family was to the history of X—— County, Virginia, what the Royal family is to the history of a monarchy, Mrs. McGraw heard very much about the Peales, past and present.

With human perversity, Mrs. McGraw passionately worshiped that which alone had been denied her in life—an aristocratic name. As she greedily absorbed Peale lore, she daily prayed that Tom and Edna May would marry.

But Mrs. McGraw was a wise woman. She had acted wisely all her life. She acted wisely in this. She did not lift a finger. Observing Edna May's gentle decline, she grieved and rejoiced, and she continued to pray and had faith.

Thus Mrs. McGraw, who was born wise.

In one of her long country drives with her husband, they talked of the newspaper stories of his dilemma with the old negroes, and she said to him:

"You will have to buy them off, Jim. There is no other way out of it. We will be taking possession soon, and we cannot have that old shack on the edge of the premises."

Jim swore and swore again.

"It's not the money, Katy; you know that. Damn the money. It's the principle of the thing. It's giving in to that damned, insolent, insufferable Peale puppy!"

Mrs. McGraw was secretly pleased.

"I presume, as their attorney, it was his business to get as much as he could for them," she remarked.

"For *them*," derided McGraw. "I'll bet you, Katy, they'll be lucky if they see a thousand dollars of the money. I'll bet *you* a thousand, Katy, he'll get all the rest of it."

"Oh, no, Jim. You must remember he is a gentleman of honor. He would not defraud those ignorant old darkeys who belonged to his people before the war. But suppose he does keep a reasonable amount for attending to their business for them, and getting enough out of the transaction for them to live comfortably on the rest of their lives, I can see nothing mean in that; do you? I've always heard you speak admiringly of men who knew how to look out for their own interests and take advantage of the mistakes of other people. It seems to me," she added pointedly, "if your man Haines had been gifted a little more that way, he would not have gotten you into this trouble."

"It's spite, Katy; pure spite," grumbled McGraw. They drove a while in silence—a silence broken by Mrs. McGraw.

"Perhaps it will make no difference to let the matter rest for a while, Jim," she said hesitatingly, a troubled cadence in her voice. "I do not want to alarm you, but I am very uneasy about Edna May. I should not be surprised if we were obliged to take her abroad for her health."

McGraw was suddenly all attention.

"Gad! What's the matter with her? '

"Haven't you noticed how pale she is lately?" she reproached. "I believe she is grieving for young Peale."

"She's doing just as much dancing and frolicking," argued Jim. "There is Pelton—"

"What would you expect of a girl with her pride, Jim?" interrupted Mrs. McGraw. "On the face of it, it appears that Tom Peale threw her over after showing her marked attention. Would you expect her to mope in public? And as for *Pelton!* Would you want to see her *marry* Pelton?" she asked scornfully.

McGraw was feeling like an old warrior attacked on all sides, but here at least he could assert himself.

"Yes, I should. Why not? He's making a name for himself. He already counts in the business world."

Mrs. McGraw made a fine gesture of disdain.

"He is thirty-five. He has made *money*, but that scarcely counts for Edna May. *And who were his people?*"

The tone in which Mrs. McGraw put this query implied that a rosary would not hold the names at her fingers' ends, of the distinguished members of her own ancestry.

McGraw snorted contemptuously, but before he could speak his wife hastened on:

"Tom Peale is young yet, scarcely more than a boy; and he is handsome and clever and everything that a girl like Edna loves. There is no reason for you to think he would not with proper guidance develop into everything you could desire in Edna's husband, and a wonderful help to you, Jim. She loves him, I know; and she has a right to her happiness," she ended with a more eloquent appeal than she knew.

After a long silence, Jim asked:

"You like young Peale, Katy? You honestly think he's the right sort for Edna May's husband?"

"Yes, I do. I like him and favor her marrying him. She is deeply in love with him. Your money could buy almost any position for her, of course, but not again in a lifetime would she have an opportunity to marry a better name and purely for love. I've thought about this for weeks, Jim, while you've been busy with other matters. And Edna is breaking her heart over the affair."

"But she didn't make any fuss when I told her she'd have to give him up," pointed McGraw.

"Did you expect her to act *common?*" queried Mrs. Jim.

Jim eyed his wife humorously.

"Would *you* have given in without a word and acted as she has, Katy?"

"I was not brought up and trained like Edna May," reminded Mrs. McGraw.

"And you really want her to marry him?"

"More than anything in the world," she answered fervently.

There was another long silence and then Jim said:

"Maybe there's nothing against him, as you say, but what can be worked out. Maybe he's clever, as you say. He does come from a good breed. In the end she might do worse. Personally I'd rather see her married to a man already tried out; but she loves Peale—yes, I'll admit I've noticed she hasn't looked any too cheerful when she's been around just with us two. It's her happiness that we're looking out for, after all. Maybe I could train him. I'll think it over; I'll hunt him up and have a talk with him."

"Didn't I *tell* you so, Tom?" reminded a fair sweet disciple of Fabian. "I knew everything would come out all right if we'd just have patience a little while."

Tom did not argue the point. As an exponent of a fraternity inclined that way, he was singularly conservative in its exercise. The acknowledgment he made of Edna May's superior wisdom was satisfactory to them both.

GROWN UP

By EDWIN BIRD WILSON

THOSE boyhood days!
When o'er the hills we scouted,
Played "hare and hounds,"
Built forts, and rivals routed;
Those care-free days!

But where are those who made the days
The care-free days they were?

These manhood days!
When o'er the world we wander,
Play "bear" and "bull,"
Build hopes, our rivals plunder;
These care-fraught days!

But who are these that make the days
The care-fraught days they are?

The very boys who made *those* days
The care-free days—that were!

SMILE

By AUGUSTIN W. BREEDEN

LIKE bread without the spreadin',
  Like a puddin' without sauce,
Like a mattress without beddin',
  Like a cart without a hoss,
Like a door without a latchstring,
  Like a fence without a stile,
Like a dry an' barren creek bed,
  Is a face without a smile!

Like a house without a dooryard,
  Like a yard without a flower,
Like a clock without a mainspring,
  That will never tell the hour;
A thing that sort o' makes yo' feel
  A hunger all the while—
Oh, the saddest sight that ever was
  Is a face without a smile!

The face of man was built fer smiles,
  An' thereby is he blest
Above the critters of the field,
  The birds an' all the rest;
He's jest a little lower
  Than the angels in the skies,
An' the reason is that he can smile;
  Therein his glory lies!

So smile an' don't fergit to smile,
  An' smile, an' smile ag'in;
'Twill loosen up the cords o' care,
  An' ease the weight o' sin;
'Twill help yo' on the longest road,
  An' cheer yo' mile by mile;
An' so, whatever is your lot,
  Jes' smile, an' smile, an' smile!

"Pumps"

by Howard Markle Hoke

WHEN the telegram came, Phipson and I, guests for a week, were with Barry in his "Smokery"—the most popular room in the big country house he had bought when an inheritance from an aunt on his father's side boosted him into the class that can afford such things.

Barry put down his pipe languidly—he had the air of a patriarch of five and twenty who has worn life to a frazzle—blew out a column of smoke, and read the message aloud:

> "May I fill up the next week end at your new shack?
>
> Terry Mullinger."

"It's our own irrepressible 'Pumps' back from the Lord knows where," said Barry.

"Also the Lord knows what," I added.

"What has the laddybuck been doing since we parted at Old Eli?" Phips asked. "He wasn't headed toward anything important then."

"Haven't had a line on him," Barry said. "But he's still rampant on asking questions or I'll eat my hat."

"Better say one of your chafing-dish luncheons, old man," drawled Phipson, who made a stab at wit on rare occasions. "I'd prefer a hat any old moment of hunger."

"I've fattened many a goat on my old Panamas," Barry put back.

"You show it," said Phips.

Our laugh was not even noticed by the fourth occupant of the "smokery." His name was Dredson—Clarence Wyckliffe Dredson, to be exact. He was lean, long, lank and learned, and a lot of other "l's," including elbows. In addition, he was the most sanctimoniously solemn creature who had ever missed making an early and narrow mound in a cemetery.

What, in the name of improvidence, Barry wanted with a private secretary he didn't know himself. But the fellow had doped out a hard-luck tale of being a theological student somewhere in the west, and his ambition was to decorate a pulpit in the degenerate east, but necessity compelled him to do some menial work for the sordid dollars. And Barry had not been able to say "No."

When Terry's wire was read Dredson was far down in a black book that gave the three of us mental lassitude merely to look at. But he rose to mundane affairs long enough to write Barry's reply, which contained a little less than half a word—"Cert."

The next Friday afternoon brought Terry, baggage and bustle. He was our old-time, plump comrade, and the trait that had brought him the nickname "Pumps"—curiosity—was more ungovernable and insatiable than ever. His art was insinuation pared down to the raw edge of impertinence. You could no more elude him than you could change the day of the week.

It was about 8.30 that evening when he started to pump Dredson, and it took only about two minutes for the three of us to see that he had found a difficult subject. We laughed openly, but Mullinger wasn't phased. He was as unphasable as Dredson was unpumpable. If the theological private secretary had answered all the questions, Terry would have known everything worth while that had happened to him, but, to all appearances, he got nothing out of his pumping but the pleasure of it.

It was while this was going on that the scream sounded from the grounds. Each of us clapped on, so to speak, his whole armor of chivalry; for that scream was a woman's. Out we hustled—all except Dredson, who would not have deserted that black book if a hundred women had howled "Murder."

We found the screamer standing, dazed, in the drive, not far from the house. A half moon was peeping down at her through the oak branches and Luna wasn't looking at anything more attractive anywhere. Barry, Phips and I got so full of knight errantry that we pawed around and fired the most nonsensical questions at one another until the poor girl, in a musical but very quavery voice entreated:

"Take me into the house, please."

Whereupon Barry gave her his good left arm and escorted her straight to the "Smokery." Following, Terry pumped Phips and me about the girl, but neither of us had ever seen her and couldn't give even a guess as to why she had disturbed Barry's right to peace, quiet and the pursuit of happiness.

Inside, Barry, Phips and I gawked—yes, gawked like so many yokels. I'm simply rattling around with a platitude when I say that the girl had all previous ones I had admired reduced to models for comic valentines. I don't pretend to tell how she was dressed, because there was something so subtly and unplaceably stunning about her gown, which was vaguely lavendar or purple or lilac, or herself or everything taken together, that I might as well try to describe a perfume.

But she was pathetically frightened and wild-eyed. She had only one glove on; her rippling chestnut hair was undone—charmingly undone—and if she had started out with a hat she had lost it. The same idea came to all of us. We did not know where the nearest asylum was, but it was certain that the poor girl had not wandered far.

And here was a dilemma for sure. Barry had not been a householder long enough to know all the arts of the host. He might have been capable enough with a woman in her right mind, but what to do with a dippy one was out of his grasp, as well as the grasp of the rest of us. Dredson, who wasn't impressed, declined to do anything.

But here was a golden opportunity for "Pumps." He speedily brought out the fact that the girl hadn't the faintest notion how she came into Barry's grounds, where she was, where she had come from or where she was going. But she could and did account for the scream. Walking up the drive, she said, a man had leaped out of the hedge, thrown his arm around her and kissed her.

"What sort of a scoundrel was he?" "Pumps" cried.

"A dwarfish man, with a big head, black hair and red mustache."

"Anyone around your place like that, Barry?" he asked.

"Of course not," Barry bridled. "When I hire a dwarf with black hair and a red mustache, I'll go into vaudeville."

"Describe him again, if you will be so kind, Miss—"

"My name is Agnes Churchman," she answered, her big brown eyes staring at him with pathetic surprise. "He was very tall and slim, with coal black mustache and hair as white as snow."

"Were there two men?" Phips put in.

"Mercy, no; only one. He was medium sized, with light curly hair."

"Were you coming here to see me, Miss Churchman?" Barry asked.

She looked at him, mystified. "Were you addressing me, sir?"

"I was, yes."

"Why do you call me Churchman? I am Julia Sampson—let me see, is it Miss or Mrs.? I'm afraid I don't remember."

Here she went trembly and swayed into Barry's big chair, and every mother's son of us thought of camphor or smelling salts like so many old women.

If ever three bachelors had an elephant on their hands, we were that trio, although, to be literal, elephants don't gambol about in a shade of lavendar silk like that. But a real elephant would have been less troublesome. He could have been hawsered to a tree in the grounds, whereas—well, we were plumb staggered.

At last Barry signalled to Terry to keep on pumping, and we adjourned to the hall for a conference. Bad as the matter was, a thunderstorm broke over the house just then and put the situation clean to the hopeless. We couldn't send the strange visitor out into the rain. All we could do was to quiet her until we could locate the nearest asylum and summon the keepers. The girl's face showed sure signs of an attack of hysteria.

"Put her in charge of your housekeeper, Barry," I suggested.

"Keep up such powerful thinking, my

child, and you'll burst a cerebral tire," he answered. "Do you suppose I wouldn't have had Mrs. Quincy on the spot if I could. She's out with the maids and the chauffeur for a joy ride, and if they get back by two A. M., some evangelist will have to instil some precepts of sobriety. But, wait—I have it."

He whipped on a raincoat and tore out into the storm. Phips and I began to fear that lunacy was abroad in the night, but in a few minutes Barry was back, sane enough. He had borrowed a maid—a mighty trim one at that—from the next country house, although he didn't know his neighbors any more than Adam knew his.

She wafted our waif and stray upstairs; then Barry called up Exchange and learned that it was fifty good miles to the nearest asylum. It stood to reason that that girl hadn't walked that far in that purple dress and those dainty slippers. Just when we had come to the notion that one of the neighbors had a daughter who was a little wrong mentally and she had wandered away, the maid seemed to tumble in from upstairs with a well-developed case of nerves.

"Gentlemen," she declared in a zigzagging voice, "I can't be alone with that girl another minute. I'm goose-flesh all over. She's daft on murders and she told me things up there that made my blood feel like ice-water. Ugh! I'll bring her down here and you can help me care for her."

She did bring her down, then took a chair out in the hall, from which she could look into the "Smokery." After some touches to her hair and gown, Barry's strange guest was prettier than before, but her excitement was pitiful.

It soon became apparent why the neighborhood maid didn't want to be alone with her. The poor thing had certainly been driven out of her wits by reading the accounts of murders. She knew all the recent celebrated cases, at home and abroad, and she dwelt upon their gruesome details with a gusto that was in the uncanniest contrast with the sweet beauty of a woman that I have ever seen. In the midst of a description that placed all the ghost stories I have ever read into a class of sedatives for the nervous, she turned, with whimsical suddenness, to Dredson and asked if, as a minister, he had ever had any dealings with criminals.

"It is one of my cherished aims," he answered with studious hestitation, "to devote a portion of my time, after I secure a regular charge, to the criminal class, and I have read a great deal on the subject in preparation for that work."

It developed that his specialty was murder by poison, and his talk about drugs and their effects upon the human system sounded like pages read from an encyclopedia. It seemed to me that the whole world had slipped its trolley that night. "Pumps" was the only one to keep his nerve, but that was due to his sustaining curiosity. He put questions to the girl and Dredson that brought out all sorts of blood-curdling information; but what he wanted with it was more than any of his old college-mates could imagine.

Dredson broke into his questions with one of his own in his scholarly drawl:

"And now, Miss—ah—"

"Sinclair," the girl readily supplied the tenth surname.

"Thanks. Have you read the celebrated case in Cincinnati. Let me see—I've forgotten the name of the victim."

"Oh, oh, that case is my hobby," the poor thing gurgled with glee. "The man's name was Pennerton and he lived on Walnut Hills in Cincinnati. That case is a genuine inspiration. I'm going to copy it when my time comes to kill somebody."

"What were the circumstances of the case?" "Pumps" urged.

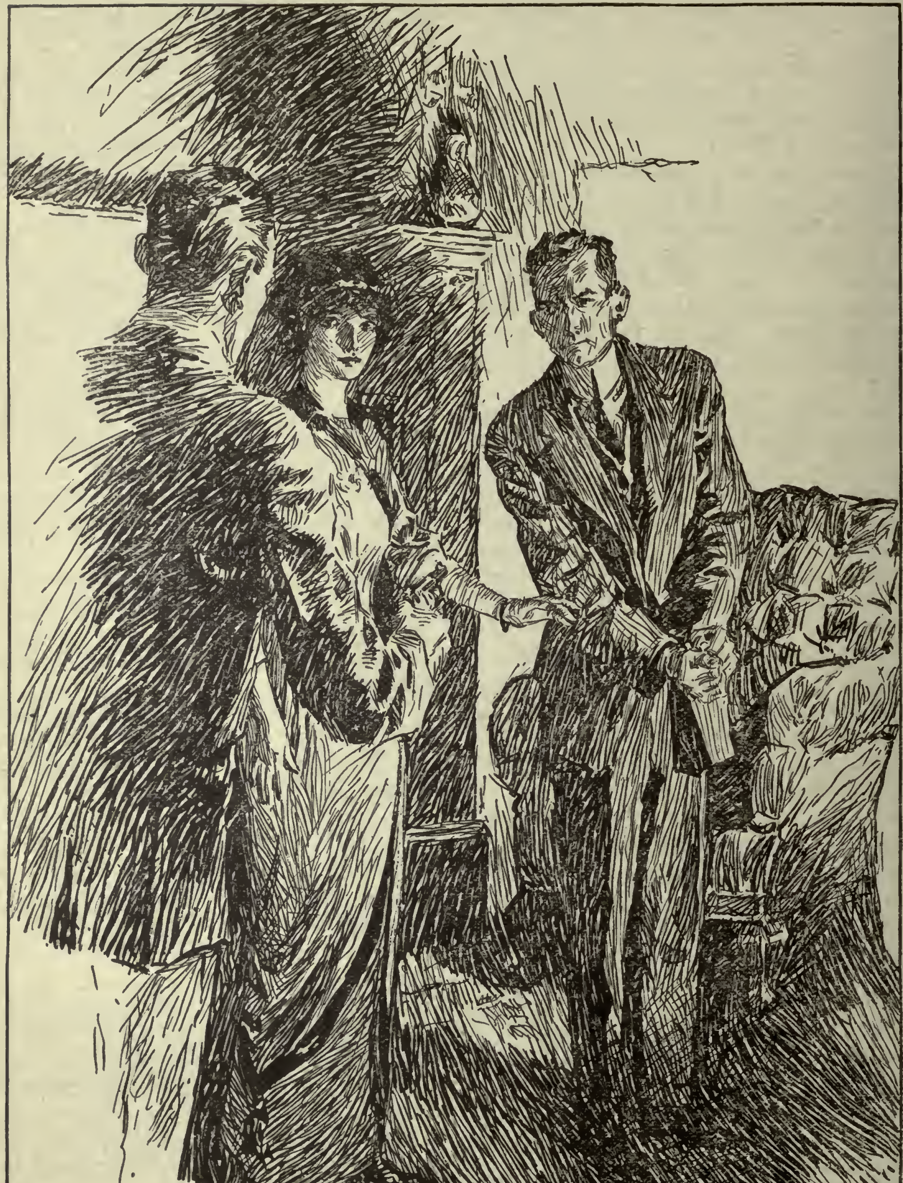
"You tell them, Mr.—I can't remember your name," she said, turning to Dredson, her eyes dancing with eagerness.

"Most of the cases I have read up were poison ones," he explained, "so—"

"But there was poison in the Pennerton case," she cried. "That's what makes it so lovely."

"Indeed!" Dredson raised his intellectual eyebrows.

"Indeed there was," the poor waif said, with a crow of delight. "The police thought old Pennerton died from the blow on his head, but chemists discovered that the old money-bags had been beautifully poisoned."



"Dead sure it's there, Catharine?" "Pumps" asked tensely. "Of course," was the cool and steady answer. "A crescent-shaped scar about three inches above the wrist bone."

"What poison did they find?" Dredson asked, leaning forward, his slim fingers wriggling.

"The police won't tell, because it is a valuable clew."

"Ah, then, the murderer hasn't been arrested," Dredson observed.

"No, indeed, and that is why I like the case so much. He left a note that defied the police to get him alive. But they'll never even find him. All of Pennerton's people were travelling in Europe at the time, excepting a nephew, Reginald Pennerton, who lived in Australia, but it is supposed that he went down in the Mediterranean in a tramp steamer. But the spot of beauty in the whole case is the boast of the murderer that he can't be taken alive. And what do you think—this is funny—some of the detectives have made a bet that they will get him without a scratch. Oh, oh, won't they be fooled!"

Dredson smiled complacently. "No criminal need be taken alive. If he is determined, the police can't get him before he can act."

The girl gave a laugh that sent chills along my nerves. "The detectives are blunderheads. Take this case. They are looking for a man. It's humorous."

She stopped and light seemed to glare from her eyes and she gave an incongruous swagger. She raised her hands, and every one of us, even Dredson, gasped. The neighbor maid, with a little scream, bustled in from the loneliness of the hall and stood quaking.

"The person that killed old Pennerton was a woman," the girl cried, "and I am the woman."

If a bolt of lightning had shot through Barry's house we could not have been more startled. For some seconds we sat like images. When we did stir there was no definiteness about anything we did. Yet here was a situation calling for something vigorously definite. This confession, wild as it seemed, could not be set aside as mere raving.

"Haven't you only imagined this?" "Pumps" asked.

"Imagine it! Do you suppose I'll ever get the scene out of my mind? I was old Pennerton's maid, and I dropped a pretty white powder into his tea one evening. Oh, it was fine!"

"What kind of poison did you use?" Dredson asked, leaning forward, but with a queer, furtive look around.

"That I'll never tell," she answered, with a weird chuckle. "But the officers will never get me. I'm watching, always watching. I haven't slept for months. You think this is all talk. I can see it in your faces. But none of you know where to look for the real signs of criminality. I'll show them to you."

She raised her hands above her head. The light sleeves slipped down, and arms that were perfect in exquisite line and whiteness were exposed. The sight of them, combined with the gleaming of her big eyes, held us all rigid. "Pumps" himself did not move any of his muscles—even those of his tongue.

"You don't recognize them, do you?" she cried. "The Bertillon system of thumb prints and careful measurements is so much rubbish. The unmistakable lines of criminality are in the wrists and forearms. I have traced hundreds and have established my theory beyond a doubt."

For a time she ran on about her improbable theory; then suddenly asked for some sheets of blank paper. Barry produced them, and, declaring that we were all skeptics who must be convinced, she asked him to bare his wrist and forearm. He did so to humor her, and she made a deft tracing of them.

"Why, you haven't a touch of criminality in you from head to heel," she said with an uncanny laugh. "Mercy, what a stupid life you must have led."

Phips, "Pumps" and I took our turn at the demonstration, and the girl commented on the tracings with a sort of ghastly humor. Phips, she said, was as innocent as a child cutting its milk teeth. I had a trace of criminality, but was too vacillating to do anything useful with it; but "Pumps" was different; if he wasn't following burglary or highway robbery or embezzlement or running a confidence game, he was depriving the community of rare gifts in that line.

While the three of us, with forced gayety, were jollying "Pumps" on this diagnosis, the girl turned to Dredson and said:

"You are next, sir."

"I decline to lend myself to this mummery," he responded loftily, and he seemed to get leaner, lanker and longer as he grew more devout. "It is sinful and silly. There is absolutely nothing in this theory. I've studied criminology and I—"

A sudden, sharp click interrupted. At first we thought it was a snap of electricity; but it was metallic, and before we could quite realize the affair, we saw a revolver shining in the light. It was not held by Barry's queer guest—the likely person—but our own "Pumps." He was aiming straight at Dredson, who was waving his spindly arms in a kind of panic. It was exactly like old Terry to try one of the tomfool pranks that had given him a name at Yale.

"You'll have a tracing made of your wrist and arm like the rest of us or I'll hear a better reason than you have given," he commanded, his jaw set as if he meant every word of it, and his eyes showing none of the mirthful gleams we knew so well. "I'm not going to let you go back on a little parlor game, if it does sound a bit luny. You humor this poor girl, or there may be one less sky pilot on earth."

Dredson's face had gone as white as the lace on our guest's waist. Barry was about to warn "Pumps" that he was making a farce of a serious matter, when our waif whirled about, with bewildering swiftness, and struck a quick, accurate blow, knocking from Dredson's hand, as it was rising, a small phial that was shattered upon the hardwood floor.

Then, with equal swiftness, and a dexterity that amazed us, she pushed up the right sleeves of the fellow's coat and shirt and gave one glance at his bare forearm.

There was another click, a snap of cold steel, and Dredson stood, cringing, with a pair of nippers around his wrists.

"Dead sure it's there, Catharine?" "Pumps" asked tensely.

"Of course," was the cool and steady answer. "A crescent-shaped scar about three inches above the wrist bone."

"Ah, then, Reginald Pennerton—not the Reverend Clarence Wyckliffe Dredson—you're not lying at the bottom of the Mediterranean," "Pumps" sneered, putting down his revolver. "But you did give us a rare chase. And you wound it up beautifully by giving me the chance to have a little visit with my old chum Barry."

Turning from the prisoner, the girl looked at us with a serene smile. She was as sane as she was beautiful.

"I say, fellows," Terry cried, "now I can do the polite. This is my wife, Catharine—one of the cleverest actresses on the stage before our marriage, but now the shrewdest and most inventive assistant a detective ever had."

There's an old saying about being knocked down by a feather. Well, I believe a feather would have given Barry, Phips and me a finishing blow.

"I'm delighted to meet Terry's old friends," she said, laughing charmingly, and with much feminine triumph, as she shook hands all around. "I know you'll forgive me for scaring you all, as well as for running in a little nonsense; and also that you'll congratulate Terry and me on winning a bet that we'd get this fellow alive."

* * *

Grist of the Mill

by Courtney Ryley Cooper

THOMAS BRENT, president of the Aetna Milling Company, whirled in his desk chair and held up the swinging heads of a group of roses. For a moment he regarded them, then scented them in his quick, worried manner. Young, yet old of face at times, nervous through self-inflicted overwork, Brent was not exactly the man to know what to do with roses.

"Who brought me the flowers?" he asked in a voice which carried surprise and an effort at joviality that did not often come from the head of the firm. A slight laugh echoed from the opposite desk where a young woman sat, engaged in the morning's correspondence.

"Don't you know what day this is?" she questioned.

"Why—no."

"A year ago you took me into the firm."

Brent turned and consulted a little calendar on his desk.

"George!" he mused, "that's right. You've got a better memory than —"

A telephone jangled. A boy entered with a telegram. Brent held the roses aimlessly before him a second, then laid them forgetfully on the corner of the desk as he attempted to answer the telephone and get a glimpse of the message which had been handed him at the same time. Ten minutes later, the roses, far from the vase which had held them, were buried waterless between the desk and the wall, where they had fallen as Brent, his mind far away, dived into the business of the day.

Across the room, Miss Alice Graham had watched the flowers fall neglected with a little look of disappointment on her countenance. Then, as a stenographer took a place at her side, she turned to the dictations, reading letter after letter and answering them. Now and then she would pause to look out the window, then would go on with the sentences and paragraphs as the flying hand of the stenographer took down the correspondence.

Suddenly, as he worked, Brent thought again of the flowers and gazed surprisedly about the desk as he noticed their absence. He started to turn toward their donor, then checked himself to drag the telephone toward him as the bell jangled again. Someone entered the office and stood beside the desk as he talked. Brent looked up as he ceased his conversation.

"Hello, Parker," he said somewhat shortly. "I got your note. Sit down."

"Busy, eh?" that person questioned. "Every time I come to town, you're always at the grind." Then he allowed his glance to travel in the direction of Miss Graham and remain there a moment. A bit later as the woman member of the firm dismissed her stenographer and left the room, Parker leaned forward.

"Say, old man," he began, "I'm glad you let me come down to the office instead of to the club. That's a beaut of a girl. Is she the partner? Believe me, if I had something like that I'd take it out of business partnership and make it one for life. Especially if I was young and thirty-two, like you."

"What?" Brent turned in his chair to regard the other man. "Parker," he said, leaning over his desk in his brusque, business-like way, "that little girl nettles me sometimes. She's pretty, still young, with a keen head on her—but that's all. She came to me three years ago and went to work. Had some money to invest and so I took her into the firm a year ago, because I believed she could be trusted better than a man. She's absolutely cold, Parker. She may have the womanly instinct in her, but it's only showed once or twice in this office. Now, this morning, for instance—she gave me—". He ceased for a second and patted his hands on the various papers of the desk, somewhat aimlessly, as though the missing roses might have been concealed there. "I wonder what I did with those things?" he asked himself absently, then continued at a tangent. "It just seems to me that with one or two exceptions the girl has deliberately buried the womanly side of herself and has just turned herself into a machine, for the sake of being in business and being like a man. I've gotten more than my share of that sort of thing," he added, "seems like everybody in the office is that way. At least, I guess that's what's the matter. I don't know anything about it."

Brent stopped and then laughed slightly at his heated and jumbled peroration. Parker seemed as if about to return something, then closed his lips quickly. The door had opened and Miss Graham had walked to her desk again, still with that business-like look on her countenance. She took the telephone receiver from its hook.

"Mr. Richards?" she asked of someone over the wire a moment later. "This is Miss Graham of the Aetna Milling Company. I want to see you about a little matter. No; I'd rather come over there."

She passed to the door with a little nod to Brent, and paused just a moment.

"I don't think I'll be back today," she ventured

"Very well. Oh, by the way—"

But she had bowed and was gone. Parker sat a moment in contemplation of the blank door.

"Wouldn't think it, would you?" he queried. "That a girl as pretty as she is could ——"

"Notice it?" Brent was pawing about his desk for a missing paper.

"Yep. It isn't what she says," continued Parker, shoving his hands deep into his pockets and frowning dubiously. "All that's as much as a fellow could expect from a girl in an office. It's just the way she says it, though," was added with a rising inflection of the voice. "She looks at you and smiles, just the same as anyone else, but it's artificial some way, like she had given up hope—or something like that. It beats me—" Then the boyishness of his nature returned and he slapped Brent's shoulder with a newspaper as an end to the reflections. "Let's leave the office furniture and get a drink. Women always make me want to drown my sorrows—since I got hooked up with one of them." They started to walk out of the office. "By the way, will you go up and look at that river property for me this afternoon. I'm afraid I'm going to get stung on it."

The neglected roses were drooping and blackened where they had been replaced in their tepid water by a careful janitor, when Brent again returned to his office the next morning. He picked them up, glanced at them, threw them into the waste basket and then rang for the stenographer.

"Has Miss Graham been down yet?" he asked. "Her desk is open."

"She left it open yesterday afternoon. It's the first time it's happened. I was going to close it, but—"

Brent had nodded and turned to his mail. Now and then as he glanced at the written pages he made a marginal note or jotted something on a pad. Suddenly he ceased. His eyes grew wider as he read the typed lines before him. He slipped deep into his chair. The letter from an attorney was in his hands and somewhat hazily he made out the sense of the lines:

> We beg to inform you that Miss Alice Graham of your firm has given us power of attorney to settle all matters pertaining to her partnership with you. She has decided to leave business life and begs us to inform you that in withdrawing from your firm she asks for only that money she put into your business. This, we believe, was $12,000. We regret that we are unable to enlighten you as to Miss Graham's whereabouts, or as to why she desires to withdraw from your firm; she simply has given us instructions to tell you that she has left the business. If you will kindly make out the check, payable to us, we will see that it reaches her promptly and that the proper papers are correctly made out. Awaiting your reply, we beg to remain,
>
> Yours very truly,
> Richards, Reed, Harris & Brewster,
> Per J. C. Richards.

Brent read the letter and re-read it. A blank expression had come into his face. The typewritten words seemed to sway a trifle on the paper and to run together queerly. Then, manlike, he allowed a flood of anger to sweep through him, and, whirling in his chair, jerked the telephone receiver from its hook.

"What do you mean by sending me a letter like that?" he demanded a moment later over the wire. The answering voice was calm.

"We see nothing about it to require an explanation. Miss Graham simply desired to withdraw from your firm and chose the easiest way of doing it."

"But this is an unfair way of going about it; it's—"

"It is as fair as anyone could ask," came the reply. "All Miss Graham asks is the money she put into the business. The rest—all the profits and equipment, are yours to do with as you please. I can see nothing fairer than that."

Brent shook his head angrily.

"Where is Miss Graham?" he snapped.

"That we cannot tell you."

"You know where she is?"

"Certainly."

"Then—."

"It is our client's wish that her place of residence remain a secret. She does not care to see you or talk over any business matters with you. All the information connected with her handling of your business is now in our hands, and we will be glad to aid you in any way we can. But as regards an interview of any kind with Miss Graham—that is impossible."

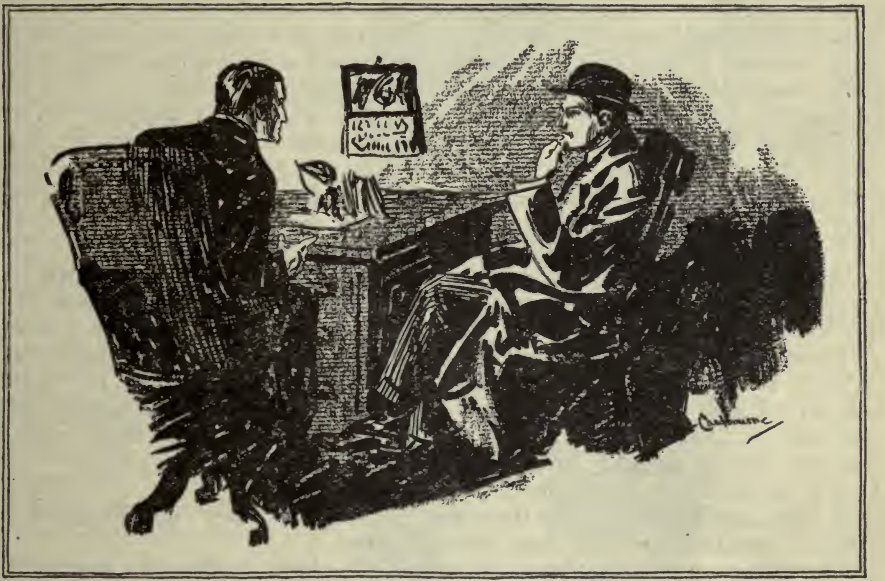
Brent's face was flaring red with anger now. He almost shouted into the transmitter.

"Do you think this is a square way to—"

"We have covered all that," the lawyer's voice interrupted. "Now, Mr. Brent, if you will kindly make out the check to us, we will see that—"

Brent slammed the receiver to the hook, then jumped for the door.

"I'll go there and find out what's what if I have to choke it out of them!" he muttered. "They've got no right to—" Then he stopped as he swung open the door and perceived the man standing there. "Hello Parker," he said curtly.



"What?" Brent turned in his chair to regard the other man. "Parker," he said, "that little girl nettles me sometimes."

"Hello, old man," came jovially from the other, "what's the row? Look all upset."

"Row enough," responded Brent jerkily. "Miss Graham's quit the business, turned over her interest to a bunch of lawyers and refuses to let me even know where she is. Of all the ungrateful—"

"Calm down, calm down," urged Parker in his easy, lackadaisical manner. "You're not used to women; that's the trouble, especially that type."

"That type?" Brent, nervous in his anger, was lighting a cigarette. "What do you mean?"

"It's the same old story," said Parker seating himself. "There's a type of women—most any one of the sex, in fact—that will do most anything in the world as long as the whim is in her to do it. She'll love a man to death and follow him to the ends of the world if the notion strikes her. It's her idea of fun. But let her whim change! She'll care nothing about his feelings, his sufferings, his losses and reverses—she'll go ahead and do as she pleases no matter what it costs. A woman doesn't care, Brent. She doesn't care a snap of her finger whether a man sinks or swims. She's thoroughly selfish—she lives just for herself and her changes of mind. The rest can go hang! I know; I've been there."

Brent had seated himself also and was staring out the window.

"I can't quite follow you on that thing," he said at last. "If this was some fool case of love, it would be different. But this is a business matter and—"

"There's no difference," retorted Parker. "It's all the same to a woman. Now, look here, Brent; I'm carrying my scars, you know that. I can grin most of the time, but there are moments when I have to grit my teeth to stand things. You know why; simply because I got the same kind of a deal in married life that you've gotten in business. One day I got a letter full of love; the next day I was staring at a divorce petition. And they're all the same!" He pounded a hand on the desk. "They're all the same the world over, and I'm not going to let you play the fool and give this woman what she wants. She's tricking you into something, I know it! She's got something up her sleeve, and when she gets through biting the hand that fed her, she'll turn to some other mode of satisfying herself. Look here, Brent, have you made any plans about paying her for her share in the concern?"

"Not yet."

"Then don't do it. You've got the whip hand; use it. Notify those lawyers that you will settle when you get good and ready, not before. Let them sue if they want to. Fight them every step of the way. Make them come into court and lay out every reason on the tables where they can be seen. I bet they won't do it. They've gotten their heads together and figured out some way they can trim you—the Lord knows how—and I'd make them burn for it. Take my advice, old man."

Brent was leaning over his desk.

"Parker," he said, "angry as I am at Miss Graham's actions, I really and honestly can't see how she can benefit financially by this. She has only asked for the money she put into the firm, $12,000. There's some reason back of it all, I know, but—"

"Just how much do you know about that part of the business she handled?"

"Nothing, I confess."

"She could have trimmed you practically out of every cent in any of a hundred ways, and you wouldn't know it until the crash came. Did she have the power to borrow for the firm?"

"Yes."

Parker smiled again, knowingly.

"Then I should think it would be very easy for you to see why she was willing to pull out with ostensibly only the money she put into the business. If I were you, Brent, I'd have a little session with an expert accountant. It might open your eyes a bit."

Brent stared.

"Do you think that, honestly?" he gasped.

"I'd think anything of a woman," came the answer as Parker laid a hand on the doorknob. "I've had experience."

And as he walked out of the office he looked back at a man who sat before his desk, staring grimly ahead, yet looking at nothing. His face seemed old and lined as though he had come suddenly to the realization of great suffering or of great loss. Brent did not look up as the other man left. At last, however, he turned, reached for the telephone book and ran his finger along the line of names which bore the heading:

"Expert Accountants."

Three weeks later he again sat at his desk, staring once more, his brow furrowed. A report lay before him, signed by the accountant who had spent many days in investigating every phase of the business of the Aetna Milling Company. The door opened. Parker stood looking down at the figure at the desk.

"I've seen your little lady," he said with a grin. "Thought you might be interested—"

Brent had leaped from his chair.

"Where?" he asked excitedly.

"Don t get all wrought up about it," came coolly from Parker. "Out at Maywood. I commuted last night and came in on the third rail this morning. She was on the platform of the station, mailing a letter, to her attorneys, I guess. Then she went back up the street, I don't know where." He stopped to look at Brent who had turned from him to the desk again and was reaching for his checkbook. "What's up?"

"Do you think she's living there?"

"Certainly."

"Then I am going to take her the check for the money that's due her," Brent answered shortly as he dipped the pen in the ink. "I'll give it to her, every cent, but those lawyers—."

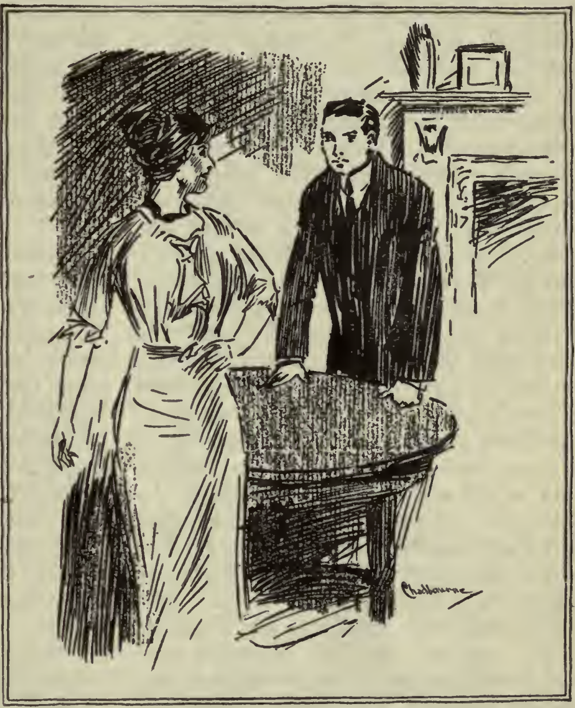
"But old man, that's no way to fight this thing! You've got 'em whipped. There hasn't been a howl out of them. What do you want to do a fool thing like this before you know how things stand in the business or—?"

Brent had finished writing. He jerked the check from its perforated fastening, then swung out of his chair and grasped his hat. There was a little look of half suffering in his face as he turned to Parker.

"That's just it," he answered. "I have waited a good while too long. In listening to you, old man, I neglected to take into consideration the fact that you were prejudiced against women, cynical and unfair. The accountant's report is on my desk there. You'll find that it completely exonerates Miss Graham. Why she left the firm I still do not know, but I do know that she is going to get her money, every cent that is coming to her."

He swung open the door and departed. Two hours later he was walking the quiet, little, tree-dotted streets of Maywood, inquiring from house to house for the woman he sought, nor stopping at the lack of information which greeted him.

"Has anyone new moved into the neighborhood in the last few weeks?" he asked time after time and at last came the affirmative answer.



Brent stared. "Would you have me turn my business into a reception?" he asked blankly

"There's a Miss Grey who lives just around the corner. But there's no Miss Graham."

A bit of a smile came to Brent's lips and hurriedly he left the veranda. The similarity of names had been enough; an instinctive something told him he was at last on the right track. He turned the corner—then stopped to stare.

Before him was a little cottage, trim of lawn, with walks that ran between smooth trimmings of hedge. Roses were in bloom in the yard and here and there along the way, old-fashioned geraniums and nasturtiums lifted their carnival colored heads. A few old maples threw a protecting shield against the early afternoon sun, giving the place a sense of coolness and inviting atmosphere—but the eyes of Thomas Brent were beyond all this. A young woman sat on the veranda, watching with smiling eyes the activities of several children of the neighborhood who had brought their dolls and their toy tea sets over for an afternoon of play. A "party" was in progress, and the dolls were undergoing all the social amenities as they were served with the delicacies of the make-believe repast. There was conversation, laughter, childish prattle. Brent, unobserved, stood by the gate and looked on.

Someway, her appearance seemed different from anything he could remember—and yet there was a familiar recollection about it all, too. The plain shirtwaist dress of the office had given place to a filmy little gown which changed her face to one of girlishness. There was even more of the attractive about the hair, too—something in the dressing of it which gave it more freedom and allowed the vagrant rays of the sun to bring out more of the gold in it. The trifling frown of the office had disappeared, while a smile of genuine happiness graced her lips. She had been pretty in the office, pretty from a cold standard of mere regularity and conformity of features—she was beautiful now, and Brent realized it as he watched her, leaning forward, her hands clasped, her hazel eyes merry with the encompassing of the scene of childish society before her.

Suddenly she straightened at the clicking of the gate latch. The children ceased their play to gaze outward and to look at Miss Graham, who, serious faced, had risen from her chair and retreated toward the door. Then, with that calm indifference to the affairs of humankind which sometimes asserts itself in children, they went back to their dolls and china. Miss Graham laid her hand on the knob of the screen as if to seek the safety of the interior of the house. Then her mind changed and she turned to face Thomas Brent, ascending the steps of the veranda.

"Well?" she asked in the old business-like tone. Brent twirled his hat in a half-embarrassed manner.

"Would it be possible for me to talk to you a few moments?" he asked at last.

"About going back into the firm? No."

"To make an apology—and to settle our financial matters. I would rather handle it personally with you. Then, I assure you, there will follow no further disturbance on my part."

Miss Graham hesitated a moment. At last, however, she opened the door and led the way to the coolness of the living room. She faced Brent across the table.

"It was my wish," she said, "that this could be handled through my attorney. But since you seem determined to seek me out—very well, let's have it over with. I suppose you brought the check with you?"

The manner of the veranda and the doll's party had faded now, Brent noticed. Miss Graham was again the woman of the office—except for that girlish dress and that girlish mode of the hair. He brought the check from his pocket, but folded it as he looked at her.

"Before I give you this," he began, "I desire to make my apology. Quite weakly I allowed myself into the belief that you had some ulterior motive in withdrawing from the firm—some motive of dishonesty."

"Dishonesty?" Miss Graham's eyes flashed.

"That is why I am apologizing for what I need not have told," Brent continued. "I feel the coward for having allowed myself to believe it. I do not ask for pardon for it. I only desire to tell you that I am sorry; you have been exonerated in every way. Here is your check."

He turned to go, but a little exclamation which accompanied the unfolding of the paper he had handed her caused him to turn. Miss Graham's eyes were on him. In them was a look from which anger and resentment had faded.

"There has been some mistake," she was saying. "I only asked—"

"What you asked was unfair to yourself," Brent answered coolly. "You put $12,000 into the firm. Business, as you know, has been good and the money doubled itself in a year. You are therefore entitled to

$24,000 by the expert's report, and that I have given you. I will consent to no other compromise." He ceased a moment, then came forward as she wavered between returning the check and keeping it. "Miss Graham, it is only fair that you take what is due you—if for no other reason than I suspected you. It was cowardly in me to think what I did, and I confess it. You had your motives for leaving the firm and I should have known you, trusted you enough to have allowed you to go without a protest. But—" he hesitated—"it seemed queer at least. I could not understand why you should want to go—and go in this manner, without a word of explanation."

Miss Graham allowed her eyes to fall.

"I had my reasons," she answered.

"I came out here resolved not to attempt to go into that—" Brent's words were coming rather hastily—"but something about that little scene on the porch as I came in made me want to know. Will you tell me?"

"I would rather not."

"Was it anything I did—or did not do? Was it anything I could make amends for?"

There was a long silence. Miss Graham left the table and walked slowly to a window, curtained without by the crimson ramblers which clambered up the side of the house. Her face bore a new expression of half pain, half resentment. She folded and unfolded the check in her hands, nervously. For many moments she stood there, apparently unmindful of the man who waited by the table. Then she turned.

"You remember the morning of the day I left, a man called to see you. You had a conversation with him—about me."

"You overheard?"

"Yes."

Brent toyed with a book on the table.

"I am sorry if it affected you in that manner," he replied. "But I must say that had the occasion come up between us, I would have been frank enough to have told you exactly what I told Parker. I would have told you if for nothing more than your own good. You were making a machine of yourself, Miss Graham, and you realized it when you overheard what I said. Else you would not have come out here and—"

A laugh, half angry, interrupted.

"What caused me to be a machine?" was demanded as the woman came forward. "Just the same thing which turns many another woman in business into a piece of emotionless, unwomanly mechanism—her employer! I wasn't the one to blame or to give advice to. You were the one!"

"I?"

"Do you remember when I first came to your office?" she asked, moving close to him. "I was just a girl—like I have tried to remould myself to be again out here. I still had my little dreams and my little sentimentalities. I—."

"Are sentimentalities necessary in business?" Brent felt that he put more force than he had meant into the question.

"It was my foolish opinion that they could at least be a part of it," Miss Graham returned slowly. "I labored under the delusion that this man's world which has been built up in business was not the gruelling, destroying artificial thing which I had been told it was. I attempted to mingle with my work a few smiles—real smiles—a few little pleasantries. If you'll go into your memory you'll see what became of them."

"I wasn't responsible." Brent was smarting under the cross-examination.

"You weren't? Who built the ironclad rules of your office—rules of silence, curtness, gruffness? You did. You, just like many another man, believed that when your employees entered the office they entered a jail in which they were to be imprisoned from 8 until 12 and from 1 until 6. You could laugh, oh, certainly! You could do as you pleased because you owned the business. But it was only once in a while that you permitted yourself to do so. It would be bad discipline, bad—."

Brent stared.

"Would you have me turn my business into a reception?" he asked blankly.

"I was waiting for you to ask me that," responded Miss Graham coolly, "because I knew that I would be misunderstood. It wasn't that I thought the place should be one of foolishness and idleness. It was just that you broke my faith in happiness through a thousand little bits of curtness, through a myriad little incivilities that were assumed when you entered the office in the morning. They weren't natural, Mr. Brent. When you walked into that office you put on a Jekyll role, simply because you felt you must do it for the sake of 'business.' I watched you, just as I watched myself. And I saw that the same thing was happening to you that was happening to me—the day was influencing the life. I knew that conditions would grow worse and worse. What was unnatural now would be most natural after a while. My little dream faded away. I gave up hope."

She ceased for a moment and this time Thomas Brent did not venture a reply to her accusations. The noise of the childish tea party without floated into the room, offering a contrast that seemed strange to the man and the woman. Miss Graham nodded her head in the direction of the veranda.

"There have been times when I have wondered whether I could ever again take an interest in such things as—that," she said.

Brent looked up.

"Why?" he asked.

"Why?" Miss Graham laughed, somewhat coldly. "Just for the reasons I have been telling you. Just because my days were not all that bore in on my life. After a while it all began to affect me beyond the hours at the office. I absorbed the life; I found myself losing interest in that which means so much to a woman—a home and the thought of marriage and motherhood. My mind was growing to be like yours—to think one thought, the piling up of money, regardless of the consequences to health, to the feelings of others. I made my last fight the day I left the firm, Mr. Brent," she added with a touch of pathos in her tone. "I tried sentimentality once more. Remember I brought you some roses for our anniversary day? Foolish, perhaps in your estimation. It meant much to me—it was that little touch which was lacking so utterly. When I left that day with the knowledge that you had ground human sentimentality out of me and condemned me for the very thing you had created, those roses lay withered beside your desk where you had allowed them to fall. No, it wasn't much," she concluded, "just a little touch, that was all. But the little things are the ones which make life real. Since that day, I've been thankful that you talked when I could hear. It has taken me back out of my nightmare—into life."

Brent did not reply. He had seated himself and had allowed his head to go forward in thought. His eyes were studious. There came a question from Miss Graham.

"Don't you feel it yourself, sometimes?" she asked.

Brent stirred a bit and clasped his hands, but he did not answer. Miss Graham went on.

"Aren't your pleasures, after all, vague ones? Aren't you cynical? Don't you ever feel the lack of wholesome sympathy for the world and wonder what caused it?"

Brent rose.

"In other words, you mean you have found the same fault with me that I found with you? That I am—"

"A machine—a man machine. Every single quality that you said had gone out of my life has gone out of yours. There is this difference between us. I realized it. You did not—and do not. If you ever do, you will be a more likable man, a more human one."

There was a long silence in which Brent half leaned against the table, studying the floor, the creases between his eyes deepening.

"I wonder if you're right?" he asked at last.

Miss Graham laid a hand on his arm. There was something of the motherly in her voice as she spoke to him.

"When you came here today and saw me on the porch with the children—did you notice a change in me?"

"Yes," came slowly, "you looked then like the girl I would—" He checked himself. "Yes," he added finally, "I saw a change."

"Then, having been through it all, don't you believe that I am competent to judge?" she asked.

Brent hesitated.

"If I accepted your belief—and did all you have said I did not do—if I should change things at the office and in my life, what then?"

"I would be glad."

"Nothing more?"

"I fail to see just what more could be desired, Mr. Brent."

"If we made up our minds to go at it from the new angle—" there came a trifle of pleading into the voice—"do you think you could come back?"

Miss Graham shook her head rather sadly.

"No; I've had my little dream. I've made my little fight—and I'd rather stay here and just be a girl again. It's—it's better, after all."

From the porch came the excited cries of children and a scampering of feet. Then there mingled with it all the vibrating, high-toned notes of a hurdy-gurdy being played in the street. Brent walked to the window and stood staring at the dancing children without.

"At least I can ask you to forgive me for what I said in the office," he ventured.

Miss Graham laughed softly.

"Forgive you? I thank you for it. It took me out of the mill."

"And do you think you could trust me to change things, both for myself and for the others—the ones still in the office?"

"I fail to see why you ask me that—"

"Because I have come to several realizations this afternoon." The voice of Thomas Brent was strong with meaning as he came from the window. "I want to do it—because I have been brought face to face with myself and because I see what I have been, blind to before. There is something else—" he added—"another realization. It began when I leaned over the fence today and watched you on the veranda with the children. I believe it was then that I began to wake up. I saw the comparison—and well, I felt even then a vague desire to be better in some way; I did not know how. Something came over me that made me feel unworthy—I can't explain, Miss Graham—" His words were coming slowly, with a halt in the voice which showed a strong contrast to the old snap and briskness of the office—"all I can do is tell you that I have come to a realization, that a great desire has grown up in me for something better in life, and I want to attain it. Will you help me?"

A glow of intense womanhood came into the eyes of Miss Graham.

"Do you need it—my help?" she asked with a little smile.

"Above all else I need it," Brent answered with feeling. "I—" He stopped. Miss Graham held forth a hand.

"Then we'll work it out together," she said simply, "You at your office, I at my home."

Brent had caught her hand in both of his.

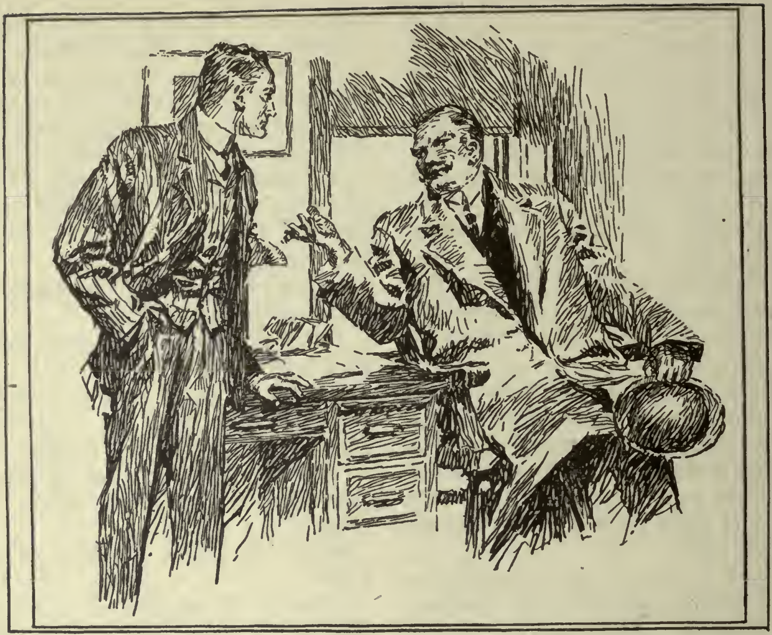
"And if I succeed—" The woman caught the eager look in his eyes and interpreted it. She started to withdraw her hand, then allowed it to remain in his. The music of the street sounded plaintively from the distance now. The voices and laughter of the children were once more finding their way into the room as the make-believe party on the porch renewed its activities with greater fervor than ever. Miss Graham smiled again into the serious, hoping face of the man before her, and that childish, yet thoroughly womanly expression had wholly diffused her countenance.

"We'll make our little try first," she said slowly, "and then—"

"Yes—?" Brent felt an impulsiveness he had not known in years. Miss Graham had half turned away, but her hand remained in his.

"We'll see," she was saying, "Time—has done stranger things."

* * *



Harborough's fist came down with a bang on the desk. "I told her to keep out of it!" "And she disobeyed you, as any good woman would have done in her place. The only pity is that she didn't do it sooner"

The Woman Who Feared

by C. Hilton-Turvey

Author of "Two on the Threshold," "Abijah's Artistic Sense," etc.

IT was shortly after the Van Lyns' return from a winter in Italy that Dosia, the daughter of the house, became engaged to Jack Harborough. It was a match that seemed to please everybody, particularly the two most concerned. They were both good looking, both wealthy, both extremely well placed socially. Last but not least, they seemed to be very much in love—I say *seemed* advisedly. A week after they returned from their wedding tour, even the least observant amongst their friends saw that there was something seriously wrong between them.

A baker's dozen of teas and similar small affairs filled in the week they came back. At all of these it was noticed that Dosia was distrait, silent, quite unlike her usual light-hearted, merry self. She answered all questions about their honeymoon in monosyllables; and invariably changed the subject as soon as possible.

Jack, too, was different. Though he lent a transient presence to all the social affairs Dosia attended, as in duty bound, it was by no means a cheerful presence. He looked stern and older. He and his young wife exchanged lamentably cool greetings, though it was evident that they were doing their best to "behave." Once when Dosia was "pouring," Jack, in passing an empty cup to her, accidentally touched her hand. She started as if she had been stung, flushed till the tears stood in her eyes, then grew deathly pale. Of course, someone noticed it and made an awkward exclamation. But the young girl was herself in an instant, and explained that

Jack had spilled some hot tea on her fingers. Whereupon he apologized stiffly and, without a pretence at kissing and making it well, sought an excuse to cross to the far end of the room. Soon after he left abruptly.

Mrs. Van Lyn was the last to become aware of the estrangement. It was at the first large ball of the season. Dosia was more like her old merry self. The color flamed in her cheeks like a rosy lamp in a marble shrine. Her eyes sparkled like gray jewels. All evening she was the centre of one gay group or another. They waylaid her in the hall and at the door of the ballroom—all the young men of her acquaintance—to beg for a dance.

When she started to cross the room, a dozen or more men in her leisurely wake, like sober-colored moths after a brilliant flame, her husband advanced and asked her for the opening dance—his by right, of course. For answer, Dosia languidly held out her program, scrawled with names and initials in every possible space, and with a gesture of dismissal turned smilingly to the man at her other side. The music struck up at that instant. Before Jack could recover from his discomfiture, Dosia had whirled half the length of the room on Edgerton Bromley's arm. He caught an occasional glimpse of her animated face, over Bromley's black shoulder, smiling as she had not smiled for a month.

Jack Harborough stood stock still, his handsome face like a mask, his jaw set, his eyes stern and inscrutable.

Mrs. Van Lyn touched him lightly on the arm as she crossed the floor to greet a friend. "Why aren't you dancing, Jack?" she asked. "Dosia will be waiting for you."

"On the contrary," he answered dryly, "Dosia has already consoled herself—I am apparently not in the running."

Mrs. Van Lyn stared into his rigid face uncomprehendingly. Just then Dosia flashed by, evidently succeeding admirably in "consoling herself," if consolation were necessary. The mother raised her lorgnette and gazed after the flying couple. Then, taking her son-in-law's arm, she said briefly:

"To the conservatory!" quite as if she were giving an order to her chauffeur. In all his distress, Jack noticed it and smiled as he guided her through the dancers to a dim corner of the conservatory that flanked the ball room.

"Now, Jack Harborough," she began energetically, "what is the matter between you and Dosia?"

"I don't know any more than you do," he replied deliberately.

"But you must know *something*," Mrs. Van Lyn insisted. "How long has this been going on?"

The young man bent a perplexed gaze on the floor. "Ever since the night we came home," he began monotonously. "We sat in the library waiting for dinner to be announced. Dosia got up and ran into the hall to get our letters. There was a whole bunch of them. I sat in a big chair by the fire, and—and—*she* sat on the rug at my feet." Jack paused a moment, overcome by the memory.

"And then?" asked Mrs. Van Lyn, bending toward him anxiously.

"We kept reading little bits to each other and laughing over them," he went on, pulling himself together with an effort. "Suddenly I realized she had grown silent. She was sitting up stiffly and staring straight ahead of her. I leaned forward and—and kissed her on the neck. She made no response. I saw that she was deathly pale and agitated. I asked her what was the matter, but she only shook her head. I quickly ran into the dining-room to get her a glass of wine. When I came back, she had gone upstairs. I started after her, but midway her maid met me and said her mistress had a headache and begged not to be disturbed. She has never been the same since."

Mrs. Van Lyn looked thoughtful. "It is quite too bad!" she declared, "and very unlike Dosia. She is the most reasonable, good-tempered child. Can you not think of something you did that might have vexed her—something she might have misunderstood?"

The young man shook his head. "I have gone over every event of that day, and of every day since we were married, and I cannot think of anything that I did that could have disturbed her."

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Van Lyn, rising, "perhaps I can help you unravel the mystery. I will ask Dosia about it. Meanwhile," she finished lightly, "we must not make tragedy out of a temporary misunderstanding."

Jack shook his head gravely. He did not tell her what he thought—that the trouble went deeper than either of them knew. But when Mrs. Van Lyn sent for him a few days later only to tell him with tears in her eyes that she could make nothing of her daughter, he saw that she, too, began to realize the seriousness of the affair.

So, for the next year, the rift in the Harboroughs' love-lute widened till there was no longer any harmony between them. Jack changed from a jolly, hail-fellow-well-met, to a moody, cynical man. Dosia, too, was not herself. She engaged in outrageous flirtations with one man after another, sometimes with several at once. It is true she stopped this side of actual scandal, but she went to the very verge of it. Edgerton Bromley seemed to be the favored one. His name was linked oftener with her own than any of the others. This stung her husband to the quick. The man had little to recommend him to any woman—lackadaisical, distinctly fast, and boastful of his conquests with women. It is true he was handsome in his own particular way—not Harborough's way by any means! Jack considered him a cad; and it was this man with whom Dosia had chosen to have her name bruited about amongst the clubs. It made him grit his teeth to think of it.

Dosia seemed to have sudden fits of abject penitence that puzzled her husband beyond his comprehension. One night, after a particularly flirtatious evening, that had kept the blood beating in his face with shame, Dosia knocked at his dressing-room door. He flung it open and stood looking down at her, his arms folded, his face grave and stern. She came in, closed the door, and burst into torrents of tears.

"O Jack, Jack!" she sobbed, "I *do* love you. Believe me!" She stretched out her arms imploringly.

"That is why you drag my name in the dust, I suppose," he returned quietly.

"O can't you understand," she murmured piteously, shrinking away from his cold glance as if it were a blow.

"I must confess I can't," he responded. Then, with sudden heat: "But if you could choose someone a little less detestable than that cad Bromley to put in my place, I would take it as a favor."

To Harborough's surprise, a shudder swept her from head to foot. She clenched her small hands. "Oh, I *loathe* him!" she breathed, her face transfigured with emotion. "He isn't fit to lick your boots clean."

Before he could take in her words, she made a sudden move forward and catching his hands, covered them with passionate tears and kisses. She was gone in an instant, leaving him dazedly gazing at the marks of her tears on his fingers.

But—however hope rose in his heart—the next night convinced him that Dosia's had been only a temporary repentance. They were guests at a dinner party. The first course was hardly through before Harborough saw that the disagreement between his wife and Edgerton Bromley had been made up. He caught several meaning glances from one to the other, and he was uncomfortably sure they had not passed unseen by the other guests. To add to his discomfort, Dosia seemed to take especial pains to be rude to him—noticeably so. He felt the sympathy of the girl by his side—an old friend who had grown up with him, and who now tried to divert him with light nonsense. This only added to the savage ache in his heart—to feel that his wife's actions had made him a veritable object of pity.

There was only one conclusion to such manifest inharmony. After a few more notable humiliations, Harborough announced to Dosia that he intended to institute divorce proceedings. "Of course," he said courteously, "they will be conducted in such a manner as not to injure you. You can appear to be the mover. 'Cruel and unusual treatment,' I suppose will be the plea."

Dosia acquiesced with a silent inclination of the head. Then after a few moments she said in a strained tone, unlike her own: "Please do whatever is necessary."

When Harborough looked up from the book he was restlessly fingering, she had gone, nor did she refer to the matter again except when he himself broached it. He was careful not to mention it outside the immediate family. But presently he became aware that the intended action was common property amongst their friends. Far from concealing the fact, Dosia had evidently taken pains to circulate it. The indelicacy of this disgusted him. Of a truth, he did not know the woman he loved, in this changeling.

Meanwhile, the mad pace she kept up had estranged her best friends from the young girl. She was often to be seen with the fast, smart set in which Edgerton Bromley moved—made up of the nouveau riche, divorcees, actresses—with a sprinkling of titled foreigners into whose antecedents no one had time to inquire. Jack was aghast. He could see, too, that Dosia was far from happy. She drooped, and lost both color and flesh. Sometimes she looked at him so piteously that he was completely nonplussed, and wanted to take her into his arms and comfort her—whatever the cause of her unhappiness might be.

Late one night Jack had just returned home from the club when he heard a sound at his door as though a bird beat against it. It was Dosia. She still wore the spangled, rose-colored evening dress she had donned for a box party and supper given by Edgerton Bromley to the actress of the hour. The soft, warm color emphasized her deathly pallor. Her eyes were wide with terror. She swayed against him almost in a swoon. He caught her up in his arms and bore her to a large easy chair. Kneeling beside her he chafed her cold little hands. One of them was clenched over a crumpled note. She drew it away from him and seemed to come to herself.

"Go to him!" she panted, "go to Bromley—Oh, hurry! Quick!—or you will be too late!" She staggered to her feet and tried to urge him toward the door.

"This is quicker," he answered, convinced by her manner that something was seriously wrong. He crossed the room as he spoke. In a moment he had ascertained the 'phone number. Dosia stood at his elbow, wringing her hands in an agony of impatience.

He hesitated an almost imperceptible instant before he took the receiver off the hook. After all, what business was it of his? Bromley had probably frightened Dosia with threats of suicide—the cad! Little danger—he was too precious fond of himself for that!

"Quick! Quick!" sobbed Dosia.

One glance at her terror-stricken face and Harborough hestitated no longer.

"Give me Gramercy 206." He purposely spoke slowly and calmly to reassure the trembling girl at his side.

A pause—then Edgerton Bromley's languid, half-lisping tones drifted into the silence.

"What?—Oh, Harborough—Indeed!"

"Mrs. Harborough," Jack's tones were icily polite, "seems to fear some danger to you."

Bromley's laugh came distinctly to them, in a laugh that held more than a hint of gratified vanity. "Really? So kind, I'm sure! Tell her I am quite safe, and—"

Bromley's words ended in an agonized scream. They heard the receiver crash down on the table. The sound of a heavy fall followed more faintly.

Dosia looked into her husband's face with eyes dilated with horror; then slowly sank to the floor in a dead faint.

Harborough laid her gently on a couch; and called up police headquarters. He gave Bromley's address and told them that something was wrong there, probably a man in an epileptic fit. Then, lifting his unconscious wife, he bore her to her own room. Her hand was still rigidly closed on the note, nor could Harborough loosen the clasp without wrenching her slim fingers to their detriment.

Presently she sat up, white and shaken, starting at the slightest sound, and clinging to Harborough in evident fear. But to all his questions she shook her head sadly and vouchsafed no answer. When he got up to summon her maid, she begged him to stay with her instead. So he sat by her, soothing her as well as he was able, till toward morning she finally fell asleep. Then he stole out of the room, threw himself on a couch in his sitting-room, and slept soundly till broad daylight.

The first sound that greeted his ears was a shrill-voiced newsboy calling his wares. Drowsily Harborough listened, then sprang to the window and leaned out.

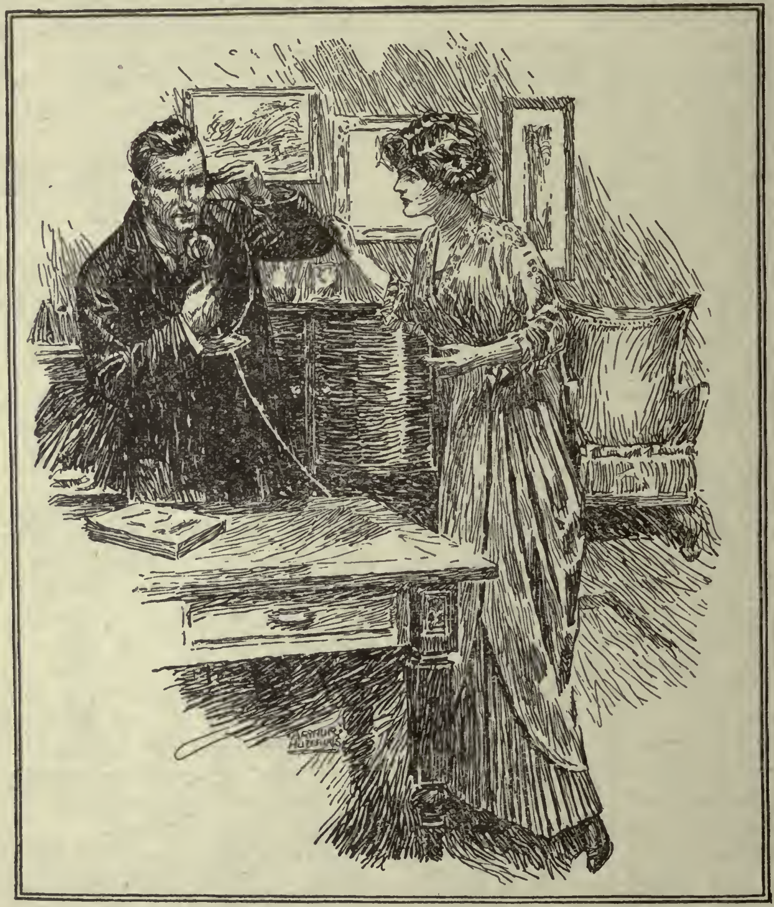
"All about the 'moider,'" the boy was calling raucously; "Edgerton Bromley assassinated late last night."

* * *

Bromley's murder was the topic of conversation for the traditional nine days and over. It was not long before the police ran down an important clue. A woman was at the bottom of the affair, as a matter of course. Her father, a man of the artisan class, had called early the evening of the tragedy, to confront the destroyer of his daughter's peace. He had hot words with the janitor, evidently disbelieving his statement that Bromley was out. He came back later. And still later, a man of his build and appearance was seen skulking on the opposite side of the street looking up at Bromley's windows.

Of course the man protested his innocence—that was to be expected—and said he had gone home after the second unsuccessful attempt to see Bromley. After a protracted experience of the "third degree," however, that reduced him to semi-hysteria, he admitted on compulsion that he had returned later and committed the crime.

In a few months all was over but the electrocution, it would seem—which was



Bromley's words ended in an agonized scream. They heard the receiver crash down on the table. The sound of a heavy fall followed more faintly duly announced in the evening papers to take place in the early future.

Jack Harborough sat at home, deep in the perusal of the paper. Dosia passed behind him and glancing over his shoulder saw the headlines with their sinister announcement. She gave a little startled cry.

"Oh," she exclaimed distressedly, "they won't electrocute him, will they?"

"Why not?"

"He didn't do it." She almost whispered the words.

"Nonsense!" said her husband decidedly, "he confessed."

"They say a man will confess anything under torture—*I know he didn't do it,*" faltered Dosia.

Jack turned and faced her.

"See here, Dosia," he said curtly, "I don't know how much you know about this case, but, unless you are thirsting for unpleasant notoriety, keep your suspicions to yourself."

Nevertheless, an unexplained circumstance of the night of the tragedy stuck in his own mind like a burr after Dosia had left the room. He read his paper with increased restlessness. Finally he flung it down and went to the 'phone.

"Hello! give me police headquarters—Thank you. Is Sergeant Levy there?—No (hastily), no name. Oh, Sergeant, this man in the Bromley case, he's a foreigner, isn't he?—What, no?—you surprise me!—I just thought so—No, that's all, good-bye."

As he sat down again, puzzling over the matter, he fancied he heard the hall door open and close again. He awaited momentarily the announcement of a guest. None came. But had Harborough looked out of the window, he would have seen a slim figure, heavily veiled, steal hastily down the steps and cross the street, to disappear into a taxi waiting at the corner.

The next morning Harborough received a visitor in his private office. A big, sleepy-looking man with a sweeping blonde moustache. The card which preceded him read:

JACOB S. LEVY

10th District Sergeant of Police

It was through the kindness of Sergeant Levy that the episode of the interrupted 'phone message on the night of the murder had been kept out of the papers, or mentioned in such a vague way as not to bring Harborough's name into unpleasant connection with it. Jack had been scrupulously careful on his own part not to allow a whisper of Dosia's mysterious note to transpire—even to the Sergeant himself.

So he received the Sergeant with tranquil friendliness; and no inkling that what he was about to hear would have an immense effect upon his personal affairs. Motioning the other to a seat, he pushed a box of cigars toward him, with a genial query as to his errand.

The Sergeant smoked slowly for a few moments, so slowly that Harborough tossed a match over to the corner of the desk, supposing he had missed his light. The Sergeant shook his head. Then, opening his sleepy eyes upon the young man, he asked quietly:

"Why didn't you tell me about the note your wife got, the night of Bromley's murder?"

Harborough started. "I had my own reasons," he answered curtly.

"That's where you made your mistake," Levy answered. Leaning forward, his elbows on the arms of the chair, he looked at the young man gravely. "Your wife came to see me last night about the case."

Harborough's fist came down with a bang on the desk.

"The devil! I told her to keep out of it!"

"And she disobeyed you, as *any* good woman would have done in her place. The only pity is that she didn't do it sooner."

A great anxiety grew in Harborough's heart. What was Dosia's connection with this ugly matter, he could not guess. He was afraid to ask. However badly she had treated him, she was still the girl of his love. Nothing could alter that. Something of this showed in the haggard face he turned to the Sergeant.

"Tell me the worst," he begged.

The Sergeant shook his head. "How'll the best do instead?" He bent over and tapped the young man's knee. "I don't look like a Cupid, do I?" he observed, a faint smile lifting the ends of his blonde moustache; "but that's what I am, I reckon. I'm going to tell you the best news you've heard in a long time." He paused to watch the effect of his words.

Jack Harborough straightened up a bit. The color began to come back into his face.

"I'll put it as short as I can," the big blonde man went on—then abruptly. "Mr. Harborough, have you ever heard of Signor Giovanni Feranti, late lieutenant in the Royal Italian army?—Yes, I see you have —your wife refused his offer of marriage the winter she spent in Italy. Those foreigners are hot headed when they're in love," he went on thoughtfully, "and this fellow's jealousy amounted to insanity. When Feranti heard of Miss Van Lyn's marriage to you, he wrote her a melodramatic letter—'R-r-r-evenge! Ha! ha!' and that sort of thing, telling her that he would kill you the first chance he got—'the one you love best' as he put it. So much for the man's side of the affair. The rest is a strange story of a woman's counter-scheme, inspired by as noble a love as it has been my privilege to come across in my dealings with people. Do you begin to see?" the Sergeant asked genlty.

Harborough shook his head.

"Your wife had no idea," the Sergeant went on, "that Feranti's letter gave her the legal power to put him safely behind bars. He had said he would kill the one she held dearest. She deliberately set out to prove to him that *you were not that one.*"

Harborough started. "You mean that she—" His voice broke. Tears stood in his eyes.

Levy nodded. "I do," he replied. "For two years she has lived in constant fear, crushing every desire of her heart to compass your safety. She realized that half-way measures were useless. Spectacular proof was required. She took every public opportunity to disclaim her by actions, any spark of affection for you. She tells me she felt a terrible responsibility, too, for the life of every man with whom she was seen to any extent. Hence her flirtations —you will pardon me!—with one after another. She continued all this time to get letters from Feranti, who had come to America and who spied upon her life with extraordinary closeness. As you know, she forsook all her old set and descended into a lower one—an instinct of loyalty to those she held dear! And she kept this ghastly secret unswervingly, even when it bore the hardest upon her Mr. Bromley was—". The Sergeant looked keenly at Harborough. "I do not need to tell you what sort of man—?"

Harborough made a gesture of distaste. "I knew him for what he was—a low-down cad!"

"Well," the Sergeant resumed, "people began to tell Mrs. Harborough some things about his doings that disgusted her clear through—horrified would be the better word. He finally seemed to her—so she tells me—like a noxious beast going about the world to do evil. On top of this, the slurring remarks Bromley made about you made her furious with him. She determined that since there must be a victim, Edgarton Bromley was the least worthy man she knew. So she practically, for the last few weeks, eliminated the others in his favor—or disfavor. Then, woman-like, at the last moment, she repented and would almost have given her own life to save him."

The Sergeant closed one eye and watched a faint blue streak of smoke emerge from under his big blonde moustache and melt into thin air over his head.

"He was a thoughtful villain, was Feranti," he continued satirically, with a look at Harborough's tense face. "A few moments before Edgarton Bromley was murdered, Mrs. Harborough received a note, ferociously worded, announcing that before she had finished reading it, Bromley would be dying 'in the red pool of his own blood.' "

The Sergeant paused. "You know the rest," he finished abruptly. Then, with an afterthought, "If you don't mind telling me, why did you call me up last night to find out if the prisoner we held for the murder, was a foreigner?"

"Because after the fall—the noise and the jar were quite plain through the 'phone—I distinctly heard a man's voice. It uttered a single Italian word in a tone surcharged with fury: 'Maledetto!' I never told any one of it, not wishing to be mixed up with the case."

The Sergeant shook his head. "If you had told me all this a few months ago, we wouldn't have accused an innocent man of the crime—to say nothing of the benefit to you and your wife with the apprehension of the real criminal." He rose as he spoke, and reached for his hat.

At the door he turned round and blinked humorously at Harborough. "*Am* I a Cupid," he asked, "or am I not?"

"You are!" exclaimed the young man heartily and shook his hand warmly.

The story is told. A guarded version of it came out in the papers the next day. Feranti's enmity against Edgarton Bromley was described as a "private grudge," with no mention of the cause, or of the people concerned. But to this day the sudden and complete reconciliation of the "Jack Harboroughs" after months of notable estrangement, is one of the unexplainable mysteries of Society.

MY LUCK

By ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD

I SAW the new moon o'er my shoulder right
Last night.
And never a boding sign was seen,
And never a cloud pushed in between,
And never a bush nor a tree to screen
Her light.

But up in the purple sky she smiled,
"My child,
You shall have the luck of the world from me."
And oh, she was fairer than fair to see,
So I trusted the jade, and 'tis sad to be
Beguiled.

For this is what chanced to me this morn
Forlorn.
I was on the road to the market town
And I broke my locket, and tore my gown,
And scratched my arm when I tumbled down.
I mourn.

But it's not *all* mourning, for Tim O'Hoge
The rogue,
Hurried up when he heard my cries,
And for all there was laughter in his eyes,
'T'is the warm, kind heart in him that lies
Behind his brogue.

So he picked me out of the treacherous muck
Where my slippers stuck,
And said, since I was his wish come true,
No matter what I might say or do,
(O wise old moon, *perhaps you knew*)
He'd be my luck.

INDIANA

HEAR the boastful bugles screaming high above the rolling cheers,
See the Hoosier Gov'ner beaming on his valiant volunteers;
While beneath a spreading chestnut, where the somber shadows lie,
A soldier and his sweetheart say good-bye.
"Forget? I'll ne'er forget you, love, and you'll forget me not
Because I'll never let you in the land that God forgot."
Now he vows with lifted gauntlet: "By the stars that stud the blue,
I'll be faithful to my country and to you.

"I'll come back to Indiana when this wicked war is o'er
I'll come back to Indiana and I'll leave you, love, no more;
We shall walk and talk together here beneath our native sky,
I'll come back to Indiana, by and by."

We were scouting in an island on a summer's afternoon,
In that windless hush that harbingers the tropical typhoon,
When we walked into an ambuscade and made a final stand
Where we fought the Filipinos, hand to hand.
I could see our banners streaming, I could hear the lusty cheers,
I could see our goods words gleaming 'mongst the foeman's rusty spears;
When a naked, blood-mad 'Pino whipped around to rear and thrust,
And our valiant Hoosier captain bit the dust.

* * * * *

"Take me back to Indiana, boys, don't leave me here to rot
On the bogs and moors and marshes in the land that God forgot."
Then he lay and stared in silence up against the steely sky:
"Take me back to Indiana when I die."

(Softly)

"Take me back to Indiana"—he was groping for our hands.
"Take me back to Indiana—there's a girl in old Vincennes—
Oh, it grieves me sore that sorrow soon shall dim her azure eye;
Take me back to Indiana by-and-by."

—"*Songs of Cy Warman.*"

America's Greatest Bank

by Ivan Martin

THE record of American progress is so intimately associated with banking development that the story of the first of the largest banks in America is of peculiar interest. The institution represents a strong co-operative financial force that, through home and foreign loans, exerts an influence on the industrial and financial development of the country whose importance can hardly be conceived. The United States, as a world power, can never exert its full influence on distant nations unless it is associated with the broad and alert financial genius which has made London exchanges a recognized and universally understood evidence of a great and enduring national solidity.

More than a century ago a group of New York's business men organized the City Bank of New York, which is now the National City Bank of New York.

One condition of the charter required the bank to pay a bonus of $120,000 in six equal installments, into the public school fund of the state. One hundred years later finds the National City Bank with $25,000,000 paid-up capital and a surplus and undivided profits of $29,540,747, carrying a deposit line of $233,810,413 and total resources to the amount of $296,459,677.

It has interested students of history that the rival of the National City Bank, which was organized by Alexander Hamilton, was guided by the astute hand of Aaron Burr. In securing the charter for the Manhattan Trust Company, Burr was so diplomatic that the legislature believed it was incorporating only a company which would furnish New York City with pure water. A certain clause, however, provided that if the company had more capital than was necessary for the building of aqueducts and cisterns, such surplus could be used for any purpose not contrary to the laws of New York. The "purpose," it soon developed, was the organization of a bank. The pretense of a water company was kept up by the erection of aqueducts and cisterns, which to this day remain intact.

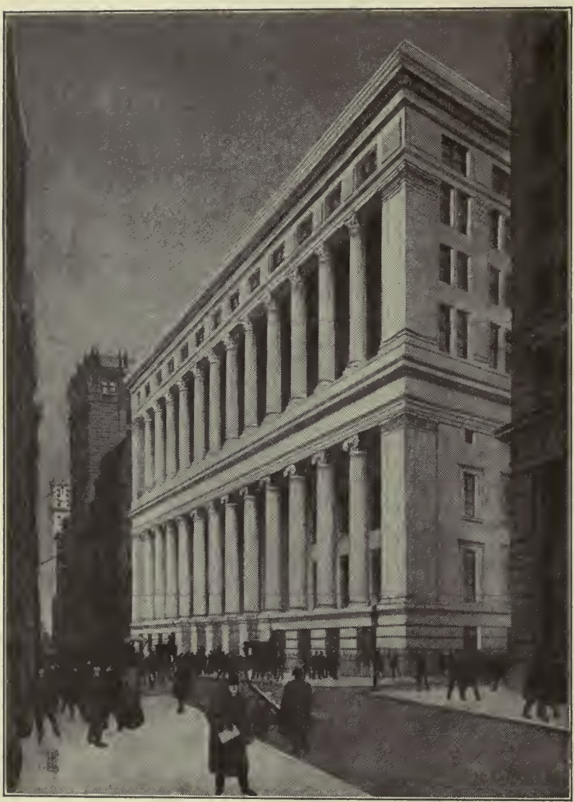
Among the incorporators and directors of the National City Bank were many of New York's foremost business men. One of its early directors, William Irving, a brother of America's great author, Washington Irving, was elected secretary of the Board at the first meeting. He was prominent among the business men of his day and was one of the contributors to Washington Irving's magazine, "The Salmagundi." John Swartwout, another of the directors, achieved notoriety by his famous duel with DeWitt Clinton in 1802, about two years before Alexander Hamilton was cut off in his prime by a duel with Aaron Burr, a business as well as a political rival. It seems incredible nowadays that duelling was then so commonly practised and countenanced.

One of the notable achievements of the City Bank was the purchase of the building at 52 Wall Street, previously occupied by the First Bank of the United States. The charter of this bank expired in 1811, and it was largely to provide banking facilities for the country, generally, that the City Bank was originally organized. The stockholders in the First Bank of the United States were invited to exchange their stock for the new issues made by the City Bank, so that in more senses than one the City Bank of New York became the successor of the older institution.

One of the first acts of the Bank was the purchase of United States Bonds, which were held as an investment, to assist in the financing of the War of 1812. Subscriptions for this issue were received by the City Bank at the request of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The troublesome times that followed the outbreak of the War of 1812, the distressing financial conditions resulting from the failure of Congress to re-enact the charter of the First Bank of the United States and the consequent multiplication of state banks issuing their notes, many of which were of little or no intrinsic value, gave the early Directors of the City Bank much to occupy their thoughts.

The years following the second war with Great Britain were particularly trying, and each seemed to bring a new crisis. The character of the country's business underwent a change and internal affairs took the place of our foreign trade. The City Bank, however, outlived the financial difficulties of the times; came through all of the great panics; was the first to resume specie payments after the panic of 1837; bore its part in furnishing funds for the Civil War, and when the National Bank Act was passed, the City Bank nationalized.



VIEW OF THE NATIONAL CITY BANK FROM WALL STREET

In the forty-seven years as a national bank, the City Bank has participated in the purchase of many government bonds of this and other countries. Because of its large resources, it has been able to purchase a vast amount of other high grade bonds and has thus enabled many of the railroads and industries to expand and meet the needs of the growing country.

One interesting episode in the history of the City Bank is the part it played from the years 1854 to 1866, through its President, Mr. Moses Taylor, in financing the first transatlantic cable. Mr. Cyrus Field secured from Mr. Peter Cooper a promise of aid in this enterprise. He then presented the matter to Mr. Taylor, who became thoroughly convinced that Mr. Field's plan was feasible. Mr. Cooper took the presidency of the new company, and Mr. Taylor became treasurer. After the loss of the first cable, when the company had literally sunk more than $500,000 the directors and stockholders favored the immediate abandonment of the plan. Mr. Taylor, however, insisted upon going forward with the work; but for this position taken by the president of the City Bank in all probability the project would have been abandoned.

The intimate connection between the business of a bank and the commercial needs of the country are often overlooked. It is only when large resources are brought together that the necessary credits can be created to carry on great enterprises. There must be some pre-eminent credit repositories on which the nation's enterprises can draw, and the National City Bank has honorably filled this requirement.

The presiding officers of the National City Bank have been leaders in the world of finance. The present chairman of the Board of Directors is James Stillman, the son of a famous cotton merchant. Since 1891 Mr. Stillman has been actively associated with the bank and has been an aggressive force in financing some of the greatest loans in modern times.

The Children's Bureau and its Head

by Clara E. Laughlin

IN 1890 there came to join Jane Addams and Ellen Starr at Hull House a young townswoman of the former: Julia Lathrop. Miss Lathrop's father was one of the best known lawyers in northern Illinois, and at one time represented his district in Congress. His daughter Julia was recently graduated from Vassar, and it was her good fortune that at a time when her fine young enthusiasm flamed high, she was in a position to know of the modest and unheralded undertaking of the Misses Addams and Starr, who, in the autumn of 1889, had rented a part of the old Hull homestead on Halsted Street and settled there as residents.

Almost everybody in the world knows about Hull House now. Almost nobody in the world knew about it then. But Julia Lathrop was a Rockford girl, and Rockford was interested—mildly, and not too approvingly, but sufficiently to talk about it—in the strange thing that John Addams' daughter had just done. After eight years spent mostly in European travel, that delicate young woman, "with all her culture and all her means," had gone to live in a crazy old ramshackle house in a dirty, crowded foreign quarter of Chicago. Can't you hear Rockford discussing it? For that sort of thing was not fashionable two and twenty years ago.

It was the further good fortune of Julia Lathrop that when she found her Vassar-fostered idealism appealed to by this undertaking of Jane Addams and Ellen Starr (who had been close comrades since their school days in Rockford Seminary), she was not restrained from joining them.

MISS JULIA C. LATHROP

"I have seen young girls suffer," says Miss Addams, "and grow sensibly lowered in vitality in the first years after they leave school. . . . There is a heritage of noble obligation which young people accept and long to perpetuate. The desire for action, the wish to right wrong and alleviate suffering haunts them daily. Society smiles at it indulgently, instead of making it of value to itself. . . . The girl loses something vital out of her life to which she is entitled."

Julia Lathrop did not have to sustain this vital loss. She betook herself and her "wish to right wrong and alleviate suffering" to Halsted Street, to the old Hull House, and to the close companionship of two other young women who believed that "nothing so deadens the sympathies and shrivels the power of enjoyment as the persistent keeping away from the great opportunities for helpfulness and a continual ignoring of the starvation struggle which makes up the life of at least half the race. To shut one's self away from that half of the race life is to shut one's self away from the most vital part of it; it is to live out but half the humanity to which we have been born heir and to use but half our faculties."

In that wonderful field of opportunity, and with a companionship which must ever be memorable as one of the most remarkable in the annals of social service in all ages, the young Vassar girl found her first public appointment as a county visitor, to investigate the worthiness of applicants for outdoor relief. She reported at the county agent's office each morning, and all the cases within a radius of ten blocks from Hull House were given to her to visit. That afforded an excellent opportunity for knowing the poorest of her neighbors and gave her, and the other residents of Hull House, a basis for the study of what their commonwealth does for its poor and of what it ought further to do.

When a shawl-enshrouded woman presents herself at the county agent's office to make a petition for relief—usually for coal and food, sometimes for money to pay rent—one of several causes is likely to have sent her there: her "man" is dead, or he has deserted her, or he "is got no job," either on account of illness or of industrial conditions, or of a tendency to idleness. The first business of the county's investigator is to find out the immediate cause of the family's destitution. This opens up a vast situation. If the man is dead, what is to become of all these young children? The mother goes to work, washing or scrubbing, or she brings work home—probably "finishing" for a sweater; in either case she must neglect many of her children's most urgent needs if she is to meet their need of bread and shelter. Her oldest boy is thirteen, but the law will not allow him to work, although he knows where he could earn four dollars a week. If she sews and one of her brood falls ill with an infectious disease, the law will not allow her to bring home any work. If the husband is a deserter, what can, and what should be done to him? If he can't get work, whose fault is it? If he is a chronic idler, is it because of intemperance or of that inefficiency which gives a man no pride in his work and entitles him to no fair recompense? What contributed to his inefficiency? What might have prevented it? Did he never, knowing his inefficiency, doubt his right to have seven children whom he could not feed? Could he be made to work? How can his children be kept from like inefficiency? And so on. If he is ill, what is the matter with him? If he has an occupational disease, is it because there are no known methods of protecting workers against it? If he is syphilitic or tubercular, ought he to be left at home in close contact with his children? If not, where can he be sent? If one of the children shows incipient tuberculosis, what can be done to save its life?

These are only a few of the myriad questions that immediately present themselves, not by any manner of means to every county visitor, but to such a county visitor as that young girl from Hull House was. The county did not feel called upon to "wrastle" with many of them then; that it feels obligated to concern itself with many more of those questions now is due largely to her efforts and to the efforts of her associates in the old Hull House. When she began her labors it was chiefly her duty to the county to decide whether the applicants were or were not imposters, and if they were not, to recommend that they be handed out a certain measure of relief which would keep them temporarily from freezing or starvation. But she had also to know what the further resources of Cook County were; how insane a person had to be before this county or that state institution would assume his care; what could be done with a feeble-minded child or a blind one who might be taught self-sufficiency, or with a deaf-mute; what provision is made for the tubercular; what cases may be taken to hospitals, and a thousand things more.

Where she found a need that the county did not meet she and her Hull House associates discussed it and studied it and presented it to the public-spirited until they had made some provision for it. The list of needs they have discovered in twenty-two years, have studied and have organized societies or prevailed upon the commonwealth to meet, is so long that I dare not attempt even to summarize it here. I may mention only one or two instances. One is the Juvenile Court, in the agitation for which she was very prominent. The way one good thing paves the way for another could not be better exemplified than in the case of Miss Lathrop's connection with the Juvenile Court. It was not enough to demand a change in court administration so that juvenile offenders—throwers of stones and pilferers of junk and sellers of street car transfers and "incorrigible" girls—should not be tried in the same courts with adult offenders, many of them habitual criminals; the children must not be detained, pending a hearing, in any place where they might come in contact with degraded and degrading older folk. So when the handsome new building of the Chicago Juvenile Court was designed, part of it was set apart for a Detention Home, where such children as must be held could be well housed and cared for—even their schooling is not neglected. Then there arose the many and complex questions as to what should be done with the hundreds and thousands of delinquent and dependent children brought before the court. Few, if any of them, deserve punishment; nearly all of them need reformation—physical, moral, and as to the conditions in which they live. There is a growing disinclination to segregate any child (yes, even any adult) from the world, especially in an institution, unless he is a menace to the community beyond the power of a household to control. And yet a sad proportion of the children who are brought into the Juvenile Court are there because their homes are failures—are, indeed, the last places to which the children should be remanded in hope of their reform. What's to be done?

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WASHINGTON, D.C.

PRESIDENT TAFT SIGNING THE BILL WHICH MADE THE CHILDREN'S BUREAU A GOVERNMENT INSTITUTION

Twenty-two years of such work has given Julia Lathrop an eminent preparation to fill the position to which the President has just appointed her.

The idea of a Federal Children's Bureau originated five years ago with Lillian D. Wald of the Nurses' Settlement, New York. Mrs. Florence Kelley, for a long time a resident of Hull House, made the first outline of what her wide experience suggested might be the work of such a bureau. The bills to establish the bureau were before three successive Congresses before they were passed. There are a great number of "interests" of one sort and another that do not want the welfare of children too closely looked after. But the triumph when it came was a gratifying one: the House passed the bill by a vote of 178 to 17, and the Senate by a vote of 54 to 19. A roll-call of those thirty-six opponents would be interesting if it could be accompanied with sufficient information to throw light on their objections to this bill:

> Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there shall be established in the Department of Commerce and Labor a bureau to be known as the Children's Bureau.
>
> Sect. 2. That the said bureau shall be under the direction of a chief, to be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and who shall receive an annual compensation of five thousand dollars. The said bureau shall investigate and report upon all matters pertaining to the welfare of children and child life, and shall especially investigate the questions of infant mortality, the birth-rate, physical degeneracy, orphanage, juvenile courts, desertion, dangerous occupations, accidents and diseases of children, employment, legislation affecting children in the several states and territories. No official or agent or representative of said bureau shall, over the objection of the head of the family, enter any house used exclusively as a family residence. The chief of said bureau may from time to time publish the results of these investigations.

Every move for conservation has been fought by the greed interested in exploitation, and the move toward the conservation of the nation's most priceless resource, its children, has been no exception to the rule.

Nor is the opposition all out-voted and put down. Not by any manner of means! The cry for forest conservation and for such service as Gifford Pinchot's was nation-wide. But it was overridden. The cry for conservation of the nation's health, for its protection against poisonously-preserved foods, was loud and long. But you know what happened. It will happen again to that Children's Bureau, if the people are not watchful and ready to protest. Miss Lathrop is as eminently fitted for the work she takes up there as one could wish the best of public servants to be. Her ability, her good judgment, her untiring devotion are as unquestionable as her integrity. She is no "office-holder." The appointment came to her entirely without the slightest effort on her part to secure it. She accepted it only with the fearfulness of much knowledge; if she had been less than half as well aware of all it involved, she might have gone twice as blithely to the high honor. She has accepted with the meekness of great wisdom the most arduous and trying task that the United States government has ever laid upon the shoulders of any woman.

Noble women, searching out their responsibility for social disorders and earnestly striving to discharge it, are ornamenting every walk of life these quickened days, and every community of the nation. A very great number of the things that women have so splendidly contended for are bound up in the manifold nature of this Children's Bureau. Julia Lathrop will need help in many ways. She will have a stern battle to fight against ignorance and prejudice and greed. The power of those who claim the right to batten upon helpless children is very great; sometimes they make one think quite gently of Herod. For instance, as I write there runs persistently in my mind one of the paragraphs in a recent report published by the Department of Commerce and Labor. It is the one on "Conditions under which Children Leave School to go to Work," and the paragraph which will not "down" is about Edgar, a spinner in a South Carolina cotton mill. "He went to the mill at 6 a.m., came home at noon, attended school from 1 to 2.45 p.m., then returned to the mill and worked till 6 p.m., working fifty-one hours a week and earning $1.90. He had begun work three months before at the age of nine. He said he did not know how to play; just sat still and whittled a stick. He usually went to bed as soon as he got something to eat. He was a pale, thin, lifeless little chap, with pasty-looking skin and dull eyes, very much undersized, and acted like an old, tired man; smiled patiently when spoken to."

Some day if the Children's Bureau publishes something about Edgar which stirs public sentiment in South Carolina against that patient smile of the little old man of nine, the employer who pays Edgar $1.90 a week will write to his Congressman protesting against Miss Lathrop—can't you hear him calling her a "nosey, fussy old maid?"—and if the Congressman dares, he may call the Children's Bureau unconstitutional (they can always do that when they can't think of any other name to call) and anti-social, or something else; and he may stir up opposition to it, even to the point of getting Edgar's father to sign his name or make his mark to a petition that it is better for Edgar to be a patient little old man of nine than a charge on the county.

You remember what "The Beast" tried to do to Ben Lindsey out in Denver—what it would have done but for the women! We may congratulate ourselves on belonging to a nation that has honored itself in creating a Children's Bureau. But we are not to rest with self-gratulation and leave all the rest "up to" Julia Lathrop, able as she is for the biggest responsibilities. She will need your upholding, and mine, and all we can win to her.

GOOD LIFE, YOU ARE TOO FAIR

By ELIZABETH FRY PAGE

GOOD life, you are too fair!
I see too much of loveliness in your most common things,
Your smallest duty well performed too much contentment brings.
Your Nature-pictures charm me, as the seasons come and go,
With bud or bloom or autumn flame or leafless boughs and snow.

The pungent pines' aroma or the salt sniff of the sea,
The smiles of friendly comrades, so much joy impart to me
That when I try to utter my emotions in a song,
I cannot make it sombre and I seldom make it long.

Just a burst of native blitheness, a chirp or two of praise,
To swell Life's joyous chorus, not to startle or amaze;
A simple word of homely truth to make the heedless think,
No tripping of vain syllables or useless waste of ink.

So, what if critics tell me that my message is too plain,
Too lacking in deep mystery, devoid of tears and pain;
That nothing great was ever wrought except in travail grim,
That no one later than next week will harken to my hymn.

Because the world is full of woe and Life down at the heel,
'Tis not consistent with the Truth to voice a joyous spiel.
If this be true, then I must say to queer Dame Fame: "I pass."
I'd rather lift *one fellow up than grovel with the mass.*

The Author of "The High Road"

by Ann Randolph

IT was late—oh, quite twenty minutes late—for the taxicab driver insisted that there was no No. 19, Gramercy Park. Were you sure it wasn't 9 you meant? Oh, yes, indeed, you were quite sure, and no, indeed, it was not 9. Had you not repeated the number 19 at least twice when your kindly intercessor had telephoned that you might meet Mr. Edward Sheldon that afternoon? Besides, you had made a mental note that it must be near The Players Club, which is 16, Gramercy Park. There was no doubt of it; Mr. Sheldon was at No. 19, Gramercy Park; but you were glad enough to be set down at 9—or was it 29?—to search afoot for the elusive number 19. For it was late and—but where was the entrance to the residence above No. 17? Ah!

Around the corner you found your No. 19, Gramercy Park.

MR. EDWARD SHELDON

A Japanese butler answered your ring. You thought he looked startled, for perhaps Mr. Sheldon's home life was not often interrupted by curious lady visitors. Or perhaps your hat was awry; it was a windy day. "Mr. Sheldon expects me," you defended as you were asked inside. You fumbled for a card.

At that moment a man—a very young man, who looked more or less like the photograph which is here reproduced, except that the photograph is Edward Sheldon passive, and you saw Edward Sheldon active, hair tumbled, eyes alight, and smiling—at that moment a man, as you began to say, ran down the stairs, called you by name and welcomed you with a friendly handclasp. In a moment you were up the staircase, past rich hangings and tapestries that testified to their owner's artistic taste, and seating yourself before the fireplace in a beautifully appointed room.

But stop—you have no time to gaze at beautiful appointments, for interviewers are not supposed to sit mute and enjoy their surroundings; they must make the most of their few moments, put their questions adroitly, and steer the conversation into quotable channels. They may not recline comfortably and allow their subject ("victim," Miss Violet Heming calls it) to talk of how he plants his garden, when their readers would know how he writes his novel, or play, or whatever it may be. Nor may they deluge him with questions which he can answer with "Yes" or "No," for he must be made to talk and "talk for publication." Oh, it is artistic business, this of interviewing! But hold—you are not delivering a Pulitzer lecture for journalistic aspirants; you are interviewing Mr. Edward Sheldon, and all this digression results from attempting to excuse yourself for a very uninterviewer like beginning. For you told Mr. Sheldon all about how you liked his play, and of some comments that people were making in the previous night's audience. You were sure, you said, that he would have been gratified, had he been present—or perhaps it annoyed him to hear people go into ecstasies over his play? You once knew a star who had a horror of hearing comments on her art. But you learned that Mr. Sheldon, far from being bored, is eager to know what people say of his work. It pleases him that audiences like "The High Road"; it interests him to hear criticisms and questions about the play. He likes to receive letters from people who have witnessed the production—and he likes to talk of Mary Page, his heroine. To him Mary Page is more than the creation of his brain; she is a real person. And he cannot speak of Mary Page without paying tribute to Mrs. Fiske, who has made his character a flesh and blood creation. Was "The High Road" especially written for Mrs. Fiske? The answer was in the negative—"But after it was under way," he added, "I knew that no one else could be Mary Page."

Edward Sheldon, then, writes his plays from ideas rather than to fit personalities. Ideas come to him in their entirety, and the details are worked out as the play is written. Environment matters little when he is at work, and you judged that he cares little whether it is morning or night when writing. How often do his ideas come? He did not tell you, but since his graduation from Harvard a few years ago he has written "Salvation Nell," "The Boss," and "The Nigger," followed by "The High Road," and another play is already finished. How long does it take him to write a play? This you did not learn. In fact you did not put to him many of the stereotyped questions which interviewers are supposed to put to playwrights, because—no, you were *not* afraid to put them!—because Mr. Sheldon simply could not be made to talk of himself. All your facts of him are gleaned from what he said in talking of other people, adding his own opinion very casually, very modestly. He was, indeed, quite willing to give any possible assistance in preparing a sketch for your readers, but—in some manner that slipped by you a dozen times, he always turned the conversation from himself.

He closely follows the progress of the theater and is a warm admirer of Shaw. Ibsen? "Ibsen is a fact," he says, "one does not say he likes or dislikes him. Ibsen *is*." Mr. Sheldon believes that people usually do the things they like best in their life work. A case was mentioned of a newspaper woman who longs to follow the stage. "Probably imagination on her part," you said, but Mr. Sheldon would not have it so. "She owes it to herself," he insisted, "to try the stage. If she fails, then she will be satisfied that she made a mistake. But she might not fail!" Oh, yes, he is an optimist. And what further of his philosophy? He believes that we should be glad we are here and that we all have our own life work; but above all, he believes in human nature.

And this brings to mind what he said when you were leaving, after you had spoken of some people, neither actors nor playwrights, or anything artistic, whom you wanted him to see. "After all," you said, "they are human beings, with souls." "Human?" His eyes lit up. *"Of course* they are—and souls—*indeed they have!"* He promised to see them.

Thus you left him. Not a word had been said of his birthplace, or of his early training or fifty of the things which people usually learn in interviews. You know only the barest facts of his biography: he was born in Chicago some twenty-six or seven years ago, and he finished his first play before he was graduated from Harvard University. He is a leading member of the Harvard Dramatic Club, and one of his warmest friends is Professor George P. Baker of the college faculty. Mr. Sheldon's plays have set a new standard in American dramatic effort. Older playwrights marvel at his mastery of technique, his scene-building and his facile dialogue. He is a favorite among stage people, and his productions seem to appeal to different personalities for different reasons. Mrs. Fiske, for instance, will speak of his character drawing and his art, Miss Hattie Williams finds his quick action and the keenness of his humor irresistible; it was only last night that Miss Mary Nash spoke of his wonderful portrayal of various types.

The most discerning critics predict a wonderful future for Edward Sheldon. And through it all he remains boyish and natural, wholly unassuming and sincere.

Books o' the Month

HALF-STARVED, half-frozen and almost utterly destitute in the Great Babylon of Manhattan, Marcia Farrell, a worn-out working girl, answers a peculiar advertisement for a "companion to an elderly lady" and through May Beaseley, who is employed by Dr. Rugrie to care for sick and erring women, secures the position and is sent to the Seigmory of Lamoral at Richelieu-en-Bas, Canada.*

Here she finds a home, friends, employment, health and eventually love, for Gordon Ewart, the owner of Lamoral, and a man nearly twice her age. Through Delia Beaseley she has learned that she is the daughter of a woman who died in giving her life, and whose husband claimed her body and carried away her child. From other sources she finds out that her mother, being over-persuaded, married one George Jackson, but ran away almost immediately after the marriage ceremony to the man whom she really loved, spent some months of the summer in the Canadian wilderness, in great love and happiness, and then disappeared until Dr. Rugrie cared for her in her last fatal illness. Marcia learns too late that her lover was the legal husband of her own mother.

She leaves Lamoral the same night, supports herself for a time in a French family of Sorel, but at last returns to New York and for a time assists Delia Beaseley. Here she is found by Gordon Ewart, and the story continues with many thrills to the conclusion.

The plot is certainly not without original and startling developments, and beautiful passages, although Mary E. Waller, like Homer, "sometimes nods," or at least becomes inclined to somnolescence.

MARIE VAN VORST
Who has rivalled the late F. Marion Crawford as a writer of Italian romance

* * *

RECALLING in some degree the Italian novels of Marion Crawford, yet sufficiently original in plot and treatment, "The Broken Bell,"* the latest love problem of Marie Van Vorst, depicts an American girl educated in Italy and made over, when marriageable, to an Italian Count with ample means and not unlovable nature, but utterly oblivious to any responsibility in the matter of his marriage vows. Maria, the Contessa Sant' Alcione, in a way really loved her husband and especially while their little boy came as an additional bond between them; but the baby was dead, and her love of Luigi was almost dead also. Many times the Count had confessed and been forgiven, only to forget at once his own fears of his wife's estrangement, and his temporary good resolutions.

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* "A Cry in the Wilderness." By Mary E. Waller. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price $1.30.

* "The Broken Bell." By Marie Van Vorst. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price $1.00.

So at last the Countess determined to go away into the north of Tuscany up into the mountains, where Maria Goanelli, her little son's nurse, was living with her husband and children. Luigi gave her a note to Sandro Della Gandara, a friend of his, who, marrying a contadina, had for ten years past lived amid the peasantry whose sordid homes and poverty are strongly drawn in the account of the Contessa's journey. She finds her husband's friend a widower and weary of his exile, and he falls at once in love with the Countess, who is not altogether indisposed to accept his devotion.

During a visit to the belfry of St. Angelo, Sandro tells his love, and only the Angelus of the silver-toned bell enables Maria to refrain from acknowledging her own affection, and impels her to go on to her old servant's hamlet with the words of Sandro ringing in her ears that he would come for her in three days. On her way back he comes to meet her, and to guide her to Pieve, whence she departed for Arizzo, there to await him. However, a letter from her husband, suddenly converted and repentant, determines her to overcome this great temptation, and thereafter another little son comes to lessen her heartache. Della Gandara goes into a monastery; the broken bell of the Roman monastery once broken, is recast, and its silvery tones for years remind Maria of the bell at Pieve, whose silvery summons call one to prayer who is now dead to the world and human love forever.

* * *

WRITTEN in a simple and charming style "Back Home"* brings vividly before our eyes true pictures from the lives of one of the towns of Western Kentucky. This narrative of Judge Priest and his people is a collection of inter-related stories, with the genial and kindly Judge in the foreground, told in such a beautiful way, as only one sprung from the same soil and reared in the atmosphere of the sunny Southland could hope to tell of the scenes and residents of a section so little known and appreciated. There is an indefinable charm to the book which lingers long in the memory of the reader.

* * *

THERE is rollicking amusement in "The Gift of Abou Hassan,"* a sort of Arabian Nights of today, by Mr. Francis Perry Elliott. Those who have read "The Haunted Pajamas" by the same author will not willingly miss this later effort, and all others who like modern fairy tales will find Mr. Elliott a capital entertainer. Abou Hassan is an aged dealer in Persian rugs, and his gift is a magic rug, which plays an important part in the love affairs of Mr. Tom Bentley, a handsome young clubman, and Miss Dorothy Morton, a beautiful society bud. There is a wealth of fun in the developments, and the story whirls along at a rapid pace, the excitement never abating. Mr. Elliott has a wholesome, whimsical humor, and is the delight of lovers of light romance.

CHARMING MISS DOROTHY
Disposes of one suitor to the infinite amusement of a more favored admirer. A humorous situation in "The Gift of Abou Hassan"

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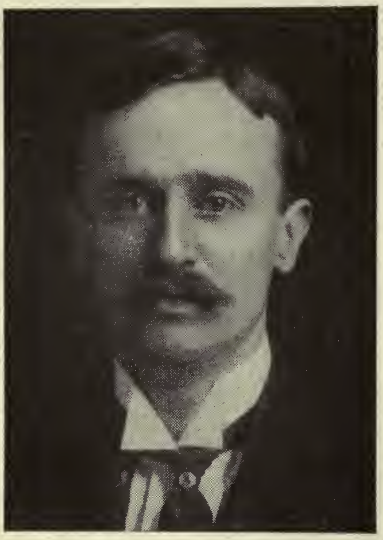
* "Back Home." By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Co. Price $1.25 net.

* "The Gift of Abou Hassan." By Francis Perry Elliott. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Price $1.25 net.

A YOUNG and rising lawyer, Henry Murphy, brings his bride, a former stenographer, to a South Boston apartment, furnished according to his own tastes, with the inevitable result of utterly disappointing Helen and furnishing a parlor-shrine beautifully in keeping with the "Green Vase,"* his Uncle John's gift, which gives a title to the story and is especially abhorrent to the long-restrained "culture" which Mrs. Murphy must have inherited, since her people's poverty had never given her the esthetic surroundings which her soul desired.


WILLIAM R. CASTLE, JR.
A new author to most of the book-reading public. His "The Green Vase" became one of the six best sellers soon after publication

Into the South Boston inferno of her husband's and his uncle's well-meant but mistaken selection, with a boarding house across the street, and an especially censorious collection of curious neighbors Helen is plunged at the end of her honeymoon, sustained by her innate goodness and deep affection for a manly and affectionate but desperately uncultured husband.

During a street car strike in which Henry Murphy and Stephen Bond, Helen's former employer, work together to bring about a just settlement, Bond meets and falls in love with his former typist, though her love of Henry never swerves.

One day Helen goes into Boston on a street car which at the Dover Street bridge is blown into the river by a dynamite explosion. Bond, who is also a passenger, saves Helen and both are picked up by a ship bound for New York, at which point they disappear, Bond taking measures to evade all inquiries. Helen, who is supposed to have perished, and has, as a matter of fact, lost all memory of her past life, is finally restored to physical health and yields to the claim of Bond that they are man and wife, but the birth of Henry Murphy's son further complicates the troubles of Stephen Bond, who loses his health and finally dies at Tucson, leaving a will and confession to atone for his treachery.

Henry Murphy marries "Mrs. Bond" and takes her back to the re-habitated South Boston house, when she inadvertently smashes "The Green Vase" and suddenly remembers the giver and her lost past, and the lovers are at last truly reunited. Hardly a thrilling or a possible story, but entertaining enough, as popular novels go.

* * *

IF anybody wants to cut loose for a time from the sensuous, adventurous, detective, problem fiction of the day and to read a sweet, simple story of the aftermath of two lives of honest, pious, New England women, who have found in "the Torbolton Home" a refuge from poverty and the burdens of old age; and yet are active in their simple helpfulness, he must get Rosa Kellen Hallett's "Serena and Samantha,"* being the Christian names of Mrs. Serena Dodd and Mrs. Samantha Wells, chamber mates in "the spacious south corner room of the second story of the old lady's home at Torbolton Home."

They are not very learned, not altogether without faults of petty jealousy, anger and "peculiar ways," and their language is not even that correct Yankee Dorie which a few of our ancestors attained unto through much study of Lindley Murray's grammar. But they and most of the other characters of the little comedy are loyal, patriotic, charitable, genial people, who cheerily turn from their misfortunes to make the most of life's duties and compensations. For to quote the quiet philosophy of Mrs. Samantha Wells, "When one door shuts in this world, another one opens. Leastwise it's unbolted and unbarred, though 'tain't everyone knows enough to turn the knob and give the door a little shove."

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* "The Green Vase." By William R. Castle, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price $1.30 net.

* "Serena and Samantha." By Rosa Kellen Hallett. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. Price $1.25 net.

* * *

USUALLY the title of a book is suggestive of its contents, and thus one would expect to find the slender "Cobb's Anatomy"* hard and dry reading; that is, if one did not notice that the author was Irvin S. Cobb, in whom, an admirer says, "we find Mark Twain, Bret Harte and Edgar Allan Poe at their best." Mr. Cobb's humor is known to most newspaper readers, for his sketches have been syndicated and his followers number well into the millions. There isn't a page of his "Anatomy" but brings a smile to the lips, and throughout the whole book the impulse to laugh is irresistible. We all know what ills our flesh is heir to and it seems a mournful enough subject, but Cobb handles it in a way that excites only our mirth and appreciation.

* * *

NOVELIZATION of successful plays is generally unsuccessful, in the same manner as dramatized novels usually fall short of expectation. It takes the hand of an experienced writer to whip a modern play into story shape. Mr. Albert Payson Terhune deserves special credit for his handling of "The Woman,"† Mr. William C. de Mille's very popular production, founded on national politics. The tense and humorous situations are presented as in the play, and the dialogue is well connected. Mr. W. B. King has furnished excellent illustrations for the book, and those who have not seen the play may accept Mr. Terhune's book as doing full justice to the drama which promises to play to large audiences for several seasons to come.

RED-HAIRED MINNIE, the keeper of the mineral spring at the Hope Sanatarium, is the story-teller in "Where There's A Will."* She is a shrewd young woman, is Minnie, and the dryness of her own observations on the various adventurous happenings at the sanatarium make the story entertaining. The owner of the institution dies suddenly, and while his

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
One of our cleverest writers of mystery and adventure stories. "Where There's a Will" has recently been dramatized

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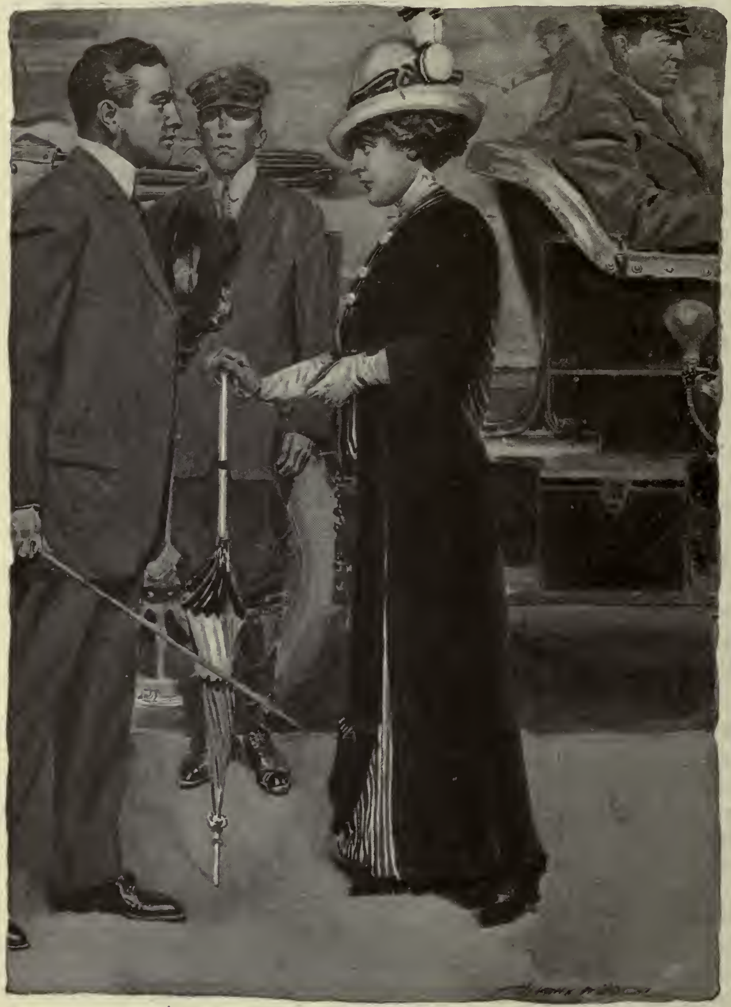
* "Cobb's Anatomy." By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price 75 cents net.

† "The Woman." By Albert Payson Terhune. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price $1.25 net.

* "Where There's A Will." By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price $1.30 net.

relatives and Minnie are making a search for the harum-scarum young grandson who inherits the springs and hotel, a substitute is employed, who upsets the easy routine of the place by insisting on fresh air, exercise and hard labor for his "patients," and who furthermore breaks up a royal match by himself becoming a suitor to the young lady whose Prince had even come to America to claim her hand—and her fortune. There are other developments, also—in fact, Miss Minnie gets her readers all tangled up in an intricate web before the final untangling. Mrs. Rinehart is at her best in stories of this kind. Her humor is distinctive, her character drawing admirable and her style terse and pleasing.

* * *



"THE MOST HEARTLESS WOMAN IN THE WORLD"
Comes in state to her deserted husband's lodgings and confronts him—one of the touching situations in Anthony Partridge's latest novel

IT is some time since Mr. Anthony Partridge has produced a novel of such power and fine workmanship as "The Court of St. Simon."* The hero is an Englishman of rank who lives in Paris, and who to amuse himself keeps in close touch with the movements of the criminal class. He even conducts a court of justice (from which the book takes its name) in the underworld, where he is both feared and respected. One evening he takes with him to his "court" a young Englishman who becomes so fascinated with criminal life that he joins the most vicious circles and despite "St. Simon's" warnings, engages in the most dangerous adventures.

Sick at heart, "St. Simon" returns to England, where he falls deeply in love and marries, only to learn that the weak young man whom he unwittingly ruined is the only brother of his wife. And then

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* "The Court of St. Simon." By Anthony Partridge. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Price $1.25 net.

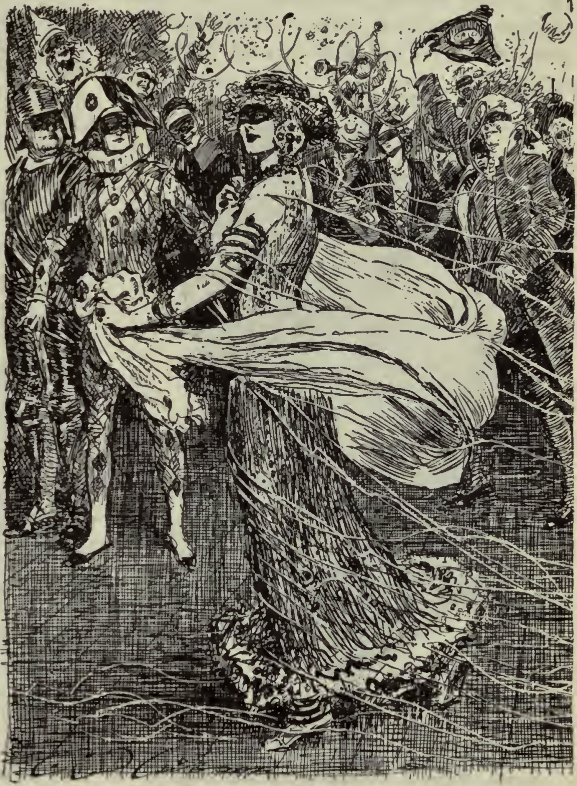
"St. Simon" must needs plunge into the vortex in a vain attempt to rescue his worthless brother-in-law, losing his wife, his title and estate and even at the risk of his life.

Mr. Partridge has drawn his word pictures with the subtle cunning of an artist, and has contributed a novel of exceptional strength and appeal. The book is handsomely bound and strikingly illustrated by F. Vaux Wilson.

* * *

MODERN society—modern New York society, to be exact—furnishes choice table gossip for a land full of newspaper readers. Occasionally a short story writer has caught the spirit of the great city's social whirl and has caused a sensation in magazinedom. But it was left for Mr. Robert W. Chambers to utilize this great field for popular novels. A year or so back, "The Common Law" became the most talked-of book in America. It was publicly scored and secretly read, after the manner of Mrs. Glyn's "Three Weeks." "The Common Law" was hardly a book for school girls. The same might be said of "The Streets of Ascalon,"* Mr. Chambers' later and much finer effort. It really lies with the reader to decide whether he likes the author and his work, or will have none of them. The book draws faithful pictures of its characters, who are for the most part prominent and wealthy members of New York society. The principal characters are real people. The heroine is introduced as a young widow whose married life was a terrible experience, the hero as a clever but worthless social hanger-on. Their character development follows the course of the story.

The plot itself is interesting, and Mr. Chambers' style is distinctive. The coloring is done with the sure hand of an artist, and above all, the character drawing is faithful. Mr. Charles Dana Gibson has furnished a number of his unique double-page illustrations for the book.



STRELSA LEEDS

Becomes the center of attraction at the great masked ball. One of the famous "society" drawings by Charles Dana Gibson for the latest Chambers' novel

* * *

DOUBTLESS "Clara"* by A. Neil Lyons, is true to life and points a certain moral in portraying a world of degradation, crime and passion. The stories in this book revolve about one Clara, a person of questionable habits and reputation, who acts as escort to a young gentleman, presumably of good birth, to whom in his infant days she acted as nurse. The slums of London furnish the scenes and characters, and Clara and her associates give lurid glimpses of how things go on in the underworld.

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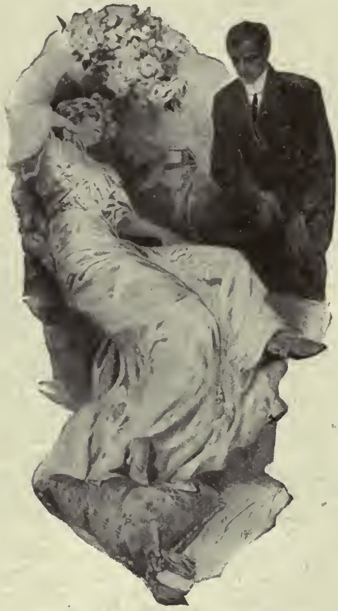
* "The Streets of Ascalon." By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Price $1.40 net.

* "Clara." By A. Neil Lyons. New York: John Lane Company. Price $1.25.

IN Mr. Oppenheim's "The Tempting of Tavernake,"* the eternal triangle is formed of a man and two women. The women are sisters, both beautiful but in different ways; the man is a very narrow, conceited, self-sufficient young Englishman. It takes both the women to make him a man, for he cannot appreciate the lovely character of one until driven to despair by the lovely face of the other. As in all Oppenheim stories, there is a swift-moving plot, plenty of adventure and mystery, strong contrasts, and the other characteristics which have made this author one of the favorite story-tellers of our times. Besides all this, there is an undercurrent of something spiritually fine which Mr. Oppenheim has brought out in his later books, and deft character drawing which makes "The Tempting of Tavernake" more than a well-written, interesting novel. The book is illustrated by Mr. Edmund Frederick.



THE TEMPTING OF TAVERNAKE

Self-sufficient young Tavernake falls victim to the charms of the beautiful American adventuress. A tense situation in the new Oppenheim story

A LONESOME little boy, a loving mother, a goldfish, a cat and a motherless cousin to the lonesome boy, all help toward making up a most delightful tale, "The Goldfish,"* by Julian Street. Don Harman wants a playmate, and he writes to Santa to send him "a boy with teeth," the "biggist one you can spair." Now Don has a failing—he gets spots on the table cloth and napkin when he eats, and Nurse "I'll-have-to-tell-your-mother" scolds him for it. And then one night, a week before Christmas, Don has a dream, which he thinks is true. Peter, the goldfish, tells him he was once a little boy, but was changed to a fish because he always got spots on his napkin, and could only be released by—but one must read the story himself to truly appreciate it. Mr. Street's sympathetic insight into boy character is charmingly displayed here, and one can't help loving little Don and rejoicing with him at his great good luck in overcoming his fault and getting his wish at the same time. It is all the more interesting when one reads the author's Grateful Acknowledgment "to my son, for spotting his napkin," and knows that Mr. Street's own little boy is the hero. The little book itself, in its make up and printing, is a fit setting for such a dainty tale.

* * *

THE twelfth year of the Twentieth Century witnessed an unusual output of historical and biographical works by Southern writers, and dealing with Southern notabilities and topics. Among others, La Salle Corbell Pickett in "Literary Heartstones of Dixie"† has daintily described the loves of well-known Southern writers, who are aptly described as Edgar Allan Poe, "The Poet of the Night"; Sidney Lanier, "The Sunrise Poet"; Paul Hamilton Hayne, "The Poet of the Pines"; Henry Timrod, "The Flame-Born Poet"; William Gilmore Simms, "Father Abbot"; Joel Chandler Harris, "Uncle Remus"; Francis Scott Key, "The Poet of the Flag"; Father Ryan, "The Poet-Priest"; Dr. George William Bagby, "Bacon and

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* "The Tempting of Tavernake." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Price $1.25 net.

* "The Goldfish." By Julian Street. New York: John Lane Company. Price 70 cents net.

† "Literary Heartstones of Dixie." By LaSalle, Corbell Pickett. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price $1.50.

Greens"; Margaret Junkin Preston, "Woman and Poet"; Augusta Evans Wilson, "The 'Mother' of 'St. Elmo'."

These sketches are full of beauty and interest, and as a rule are "full of hope and yet of heartbreak," for the literary pioneers of the South have seldom achieved monetary success commensurate with their genius and deserving.

* * *

A CALENDAR, a history and a book of choice selections of prose and verse, giving to each day of the year some suitable quotation, anecdote, or sentiment suitable to the date, and for the most part strongly tinged with loyalty and devotion to the "Lost Cause" and its heroic champions and fair devotees; such is "The Dixie Book of Days,"* compiled and edited by Matthew Page Andrews.

Tragedy, comedy, anecdote, correction of disputed records, tributes to brave men and devoted women of Colonial, Revolutionary and more recent wars and adventures, combine to make the book a valuable reference work and interesting chronicle.

Its spirit is best expressed by its quotation for January 1:

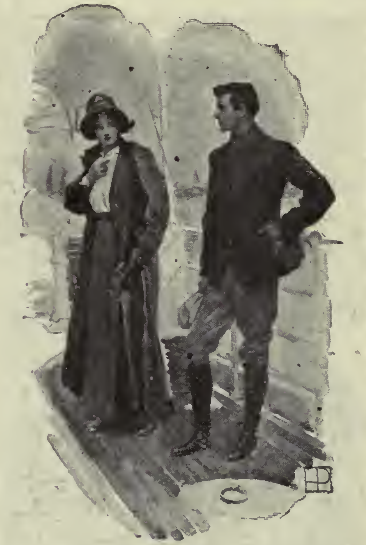
"O'er those who lost and those who won,
Death holds no parley which was right—
Jehovah judges Arlington."

James Ryder Randall
1839

* * *

PAYING tribute to the "Heroes of Science,"† from the earliest times, Charles R. Gibson, an eminent English writer, has contributed a book which is really a series of biographical sketches of men who have distinguished themselves as inventors, philosophers and scientists. As tracing the gradual development of human knowledge in this way from the period before Christ to the present day, it is interesting and worthy of a place in the library and the collateral reading list of the public school, and giving many interesting and probably carefully gathered and investigated facts about great men whose names are largely household words among enlightened nations.

GIVEN a charming young lady on board a tramp steamer on the African coast, and two men, one a gentleman adventurer, the other a knavish old sea captain, and there are bound to be interesting developments. "The White Blackbird"* moves quickly through many kinds of adventure and even peril, but the pages are brightened with the cheery wholesomeness of Sallie Harris, or Lady Josceline Justice, for the identity of Sallie is another tangled thread in the intricate plot. It is a wholesome book, this volume with which Mr. Douglas follows his "A Million a Minute," and is a lively adventure story. Very effective illustrations in color by Herman Pfeifer add to the appearance of the book.



PRETTY "SALLIE HARRIS"
Has a secret talk on shipboard with the Earl of Jura, traveling incognito. The hero and heroine of "The White Blackbird"

* * *

OF all the peculiar books that have appeared this season "The Man in the Open"† by Roger Pocock, is the most singular of rough and ready fictions. The hero loses his father in Labrador; goes to sea and later is joined by his mother, who throws the black cook overboard, takes his place, charms all hands with cleanliness, cheerfulness and cooking; marries the captain and is drowned with him in a great storm which the son escapes by going in a small boat for help. He becomes a cow boy, marries a frontier Messalina, who dies; starts a ranch and marries the rich widow of a dissolute tourist, only to find in the end that his first wife had tricked him by a faked demise, and come to life to take vengeance on him and his.

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* "The Dixie Book of Days." By Matthew Page Andrews. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price $1.00.

† "Heroes of Science." By Charles R. Gibson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price $1.50 net.

* "The White Blackbird." By Hudson Douglas. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Price $1.25 net.

† "The Man in the Open." By Roger Pocock. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Battle, murder and sudden death—cattlemen and cattle-stealers, gun-play, drunkenness, accident, arson and suicide, play their part in the life of the "Man in the Open."

ROGER POCOCK
The eccentric yet forceful author of "The Man in the Open," a novel of the sea-coast, the forest and the prairie.

The sordid, narrow, uncultured training of the hero, and much of his surroundings are reflected and maintained with a faithfulness that cannot be questioned, and in spite of them the book has a certain charm, from the real nobility of soul of the "Man in the Open."

* * *

HISTORICAL and biographical publications dealing with the causes and events of the Civil War are almost numberless, and in most cases are strongly tinged by that naturally partisan or personal bias, which is due to civil or military activities in connection with that great struggle. "General Jubal A. Early"* was a brave and esteemed subordinate of Generals Beauregard, Johnston, Jackson and Robert E. Lee during the Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania campaigns, and held temporarily independent command in the valley of Virginia, certain Maryland and Pennsylvania campaigns, and his bold raid upon the National Capitol. He certainly did not lack in dash and daring. Many letters from Southern soldiers and prominent men pay tribute to his services, veracity and fidelity, and one from General W. S. Rosecrans, then in the Treasury department at Washington, bears witness to his "strict and straightforward fidelity to the truth" without reservation. General Early died March 2, 1894, nearly thirty years after the close of the war, leaving his manuscript unpublished. The work of editing it and adding the appendix and notes has been excellently and loyally performed by R. H. Early of Lynchburg, Virginia.

The book is one which every American who is desirous of clearly comprehending the campaigns of which it treats should by all means study, keeping the fact in view that it was written by an old soldier of the Seminole, Mexican and Civil Wars, who had never married, was never fortunate in his military career in the sense of receiving popular appreciation, and who, indeed, if matters went as he has stated them, was relieved from his command after his defeats in the Valley of Virginia, by General Lee, in deference to the sentiment of the Southern soldiers and people.

He died before the Spanish-American War had brought the fighting men of the North and South together again under one flag and a common loyalty and peril, and before the renaissance of the new South had brought the people of both sections in common enterprise interests and social relations. He was a sturdy veteran to the last, full of belief in the righteousness of the Lost Cause, of admiration for the gallantry, endurance and devotedness of the

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* "General Jubal A. Early." An autobiographical sketch and narrative of the war between the states. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price $3.50.

Southern soldiery and something very like contempt for his Northern opponents, political and military. One cannot greatly blame him, for he had suffered much in mind, body and estate for the cause, and after all had failed to receive the plaudits due to his self-sacrifice.

On the other hand the Northern reader cannot but regret that General Early was unable to recognize anything like his own spirit, chivalry and devotion in his opponents; or any abuses, outrages, or cruelties on his own side of the Great Division. It is certainly impossible to believe that all the Federal Generals (except McClellan) were incompetents, who merely crushed by numbers a gallant foe; or that all the federal soldiers were man for man inferior to this Southern foeman.

That unfortunate yet natural bias is the only thing that lessens the force and value of General Early's posthumous history. If he anywhere showed some recognition of the courage, generosity and sincerity of the generals and forces opposed to Secession, his narrative would have much more effect on the minds of the Northern readers, who after all will be the chief purchasers of the book.

But that alone should not detract from the value of a narrative which lays bare the Southern side of campaigns concerning which too little is known to us. The strong, hopeful, enduring spirit is at rest, and his tributes to the men he led and loved, and his grand memories of the great struggles in which he played so well his part are too sacred for ungentle criticism or partisan condemnation.

* * *

SOUTH AMERICAN travel along the regular routes of the great basins of the Amazon and its tributaries is almost as well arranged and exactly timed as any river steamboat transportation in the world, but the travel on the Rio Negro in Brazil, on the Apire, Atabapo and the Casiquiare in Venezuela, and the Parana, Salado and Feliciano rivers in Argentina, is confined to a few traders and freighters, who supply the rubber gatherers and like people, who live upon the products of the wilderness.

Mr. Caspar Whitney in "The Flowing Road"* gives to the public about the only comprehensive account of the navigation, fauna, flora and inhabitants of the wilderness watered by these almost deserted rivers, since Humboldt explored the Orinoco in 1801–2 and Wallace, the English naturalist, ascended the Orinoco and Uaupes in 1849.

The book is interesting, although something tame in comparison with the records of African travel, for the jaguar is not a maneater like the lion and Asiatic tiger, and the cayman does not seem to be as dangerous to men as its big cousin of the Ganges and other Asiatic rivers, while the wild Indians, who are feared by the few boatmen who invade these wilds, do not appear to be very numerous or very formidable. Mr. Whitney's suggestions as to our dealings with the Latin-American republics, and the value of their trade with the United States deserve great praise and careful consideration. The book is well illustrated, very neatly bound in crimson and gold, and its 370 pages are carefully and comprehensively indexed.

* * *

INITIATIVE, referendum and recall as instruments of democracy are carefully considered by Delos F. Wilcox in his recent work "Government by All the People."† The several proposed changes which are to lessen purely representative government, and as it were force the average voter to decide for himself what legislation he desires, what laws he will accept or veto, and what public servants he will continue or supersede in office, are apparently fairly stated as to their character, the objections raised thereto, the arguments in their favor, and their possible effect for good or evil, should they be generally adopted.

That men would prize and use the right of suffrage more enthusiastically and intelligently can scarcely be doubted, and the difficulty of putting in nomination and keeping in office an unworthy and deceitful party worker would undoubtedly be greatly increased.

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* "The Flowing Road; Adventuring on the Great Rivers of South America." By Caspar Whitney. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price $3.00.

† "Government By All the People." By Delos F. Wilcox. New York: The MacMillan Company Price $1.50 net.

That the tumultuous elections and nominating conventions of the past are being replaced by more orderly and popular methods one cannot doubt, and the worldwide tendency toward more democratic measures is equally apparent. Whether these methods or some of them will be speedily adopted by most of the States or not, Mr. Wilcox has at least rendered a service to his fellow-countrymen by placing both sides of the shield before the voters while suffrage will decide their questions.

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A PRESCRIPTION for the admittedly deplorable conditions of many of the "gainful occupations" in the United States is offered by Charles R. Van Hise in his "Concentration and Control; a Solution of the Trust Problem in the United States," His diagnosis of the untoward industrial and business symptoms presents certain statements which are more or less to be taken with a grain of salt.

The effect of cheap transportation and increased demand for certain articles during and since the Civil War, in concentrating manufactures, business and population must be acknowledged to have been of great benefit in some regards and a greater effect in others, but not by any means in all regards beneficent, unless it is desirable that the great middle class, whose high standard of taste and living has made the American market what it is, is to be rapidly ground out of existence between organized labor on the one hand and "concentrated business" on the other.

Mr. Van Hise's remedy for existing evils is the extension of commission, control, publicity and some minor legislation to amend the archaic provisions and decisions of a bygone civilization and jurisprudence. The logic of events, as thus far evolved, gives little promise of any material change for the better, in the existing high cost of living, and lack of active investment and enterprise. No business man believes that the powerful "concentration" now controlling the markets of the United States, and in some cases of the greater part of the world, can ever be materially affected by these mitigating remedies. The old kinglets, the feudal system, the landed interests of the old world, came into being, grew powerful, dwindled and died out in turn, as the losses to the people became too unendurable to permit the maintenance of time-honored customs and vested rights.

The stress which Mr. Van Hise lays on the evils of competition seems somewhat curious in view of the fact that there is not a great co-operative concern existing today whose founder did not rise to power and affluence through a competition, in which at first "the rules of the game" were fair, and few competitors planned the elimination of a rival or collateral industry. Indeed fifty years ago public opinion and business chivalry would have made it impossible, or at least practically outlawed the perpetrator.

* * *

CONTROL of trusts and monopolies is one of the gravest questions now before the American people, who for good or for evil have allowed the corporate powers of associated individuals to create great industrial and business companies, whose operations influence and profits beggar even the records of the Hudson's Bay and British East India Companies.

In "The Control of Trusts,"* there is no pretence that this has not wrought evils which must be curbed, or that these artificial competitors with ordinary corporations and individuals can safely be allowed a free hand to grow and accumulate at their own sweet will. It does not, on the other hand demand their destruction or over-regulation, but a general, tentative plan for preserving business, and lessening the evils of monopoly and over-control of the necessaries of life, is practically set forth.

No cures are advocated without doubt or hesitation, and the book as a whole has little value except as a tentative essay which fairly represents the question from almost every point of view.

Indeed the authors of this book seem to have constructed a plexus of involved and perplexing suggestions, doubts and statements; which form a very Gordian Knot.

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* "Concentration and Control." By Charles R. Van Hise. New York: The MacMillan Company. Price $2.00 net.

* "The Control of Trusts." By John Bates and John Maurice Clark. New York: The MacMillan Company. Price $1.00.

Natural Gas a Present Day Boon

by W. C. Jenkins

ALTHOUGH the Natural Gas Industry is one of the new enterprises peculiar to the United States and Canada, and has been wholly developed during this generation, its growth has been phenomenal and it now ranks among the greatest industries of the age. The business has progressed from a precarious commercial enterprise to a science, demanding skill of the highest order for its proper management, and to cope with the uncertainties of production, great improvements have been made in the past twenty years in the methods of transporting, distributing and consuming natural gas. During this period cast iron pipe with lead joints has given place to steel pipe with rubber packed joints; hand regulators, to automatic; a perforated pipe burner in a coal stove or furnace to modern appliances, and today the most modern steam plants are being supplanted by natural gas engines. In fact a large army of keen, inventive men are making important changes in methods and devices so rapidly that it is difficult to keep pace with them.

Men who are in middle age can well remember the beginning of the industry in a commercial way, and yet they have seen the exhaustion of important fields in Ohio and Indiana. They have noted the depletion of great reserves in Pennsylvania, and the rapid decrease in the best territory in West Virginia. Everywhere the drill must be kept at work to maintain the supply. Were it to stop, thousands of people in Ohio, Pennsylvania and adjoining states would suddenly be confronted with a lamentable condition, as in Indiana where the supply has been exhausted and artificial gas and electricity substituted at greatly increased cost.

The multitude of holes that have been drilled within the last ten years in the Appalachian field, has abundantly proven that natural gas is to be found only in favored spots and usually of small area.

The time may not yet have arrived, but it will surely come, when steps will be taken to limit the use of natural gas to domestic purposes. At the present time the fuel in some sections is being used in burning common bricks and drainage tile; it is also used in potteries, in steel mills and factories of many kinds. The earnings from this class of consumption are necessary to meet the unusual expenses of field development. However, in some of these plants coal could be used. Restricting natural gas to domestic purposes would naturally decrease the market, and in consequence the earnings of the Companies. It would necessitate a substantial increase in the domestic rate, but would very greatly extend the life of the supply. Would it not be to the interest of the consumers if natural gas were restricted to domestic purposes only even though they paid a higher price for the product?

The illuminating value of natural gas is well proven, and when a mantle of alkaline earth is used with the gas at even forty cents per thousand cubic feet, it is the cheapest illuminant known to science, and its economical value for other purposes is well illustrated by the following:

COST OF FORTY CENT NATURAL GAS SERVICE COMPARED WITH OTHER FUELS

Used for:

Heating or cooking is 33 per cent of cost of gasoline at 16 cents gallon.
Lighting is 36 per cent of cost of gasoline at 16 cents gallon.
Gasoline Engines is 25 per cent of cost of gasoline at 16 cents gallon.
Heating or cooking is 36 per cent of cost of kerosene at 14 cents gallon.
Lighting is 14 per cent of cost of kerosene at 14 cents gallon.
Heating or cooking is 21 per cent of cost of artificial gas at $1.25.
Lighting (open flame) is 22 per cent of cost of artificial gas at $1.25.
Lighting (Welsbach burner) is 32 per cent of cost of artificial gas at $1.25.
Gas Engines is 21 per cent of cost of artificial gas at $1.25.

Heating qualities of various fuels as reported in United States Geological Surveys Report on Natural Gas—1911. British Thermal heat units per cubic foot as follows:

NATURAL GAS	
Pennsylvania and West Virginia	1,145
Ohio and Indiana	1,095
Kansas	1,100
COAL GAS	755
Water Gas	350
Producers' Gas from Bituminous Coal	155

It will be seen that the heating value of natural gas is nearly double that of coal gas and more than three times the value of water gas. Hence, as a matter of economy, natural gas at seventy-five cents per one thousand cubic feet will produce better results than artificial gas at thirty cents.

How long the available supply will last is a question which the people are asking the gas experts. We do not know, is their answer. They do not assert that gas is being formed at present in quantities that have a commercial significance, and they do not know approximately where the reserves are located.

There is no likelihood that the price of natural gas will ever be lower than at present; on the contrary, the price must go higher, to meet the constant increase in investment and expense made necessary to maintain the supply. The improvement in devices for drilling and conveying the gas to the market has not lessened the cost of supplying the commodity, to any appreciable extent; what improvements have been made were largely to increase the delivery and to prevent waste, and there is no basis for the prediction of any reduced cost of production for the future. There is no possibility of any great extension of area of use for natural gas. New York and Chicago must struggle along without this economical fuel. It might be possible to pipe into Chicago from West Virginia, but the supply in sight will not justify the expense of securing such a market. It will do no more than care for the natural increase in population of the district now served.

Natural gas is being sought by Detroit where it was once supplied but was discontinued by the passing of an act of the Canadian government prohibiting exportation; it is also sought by Baltimore, which is located only 230 miles from the West Virginia gas fields.

The many failures of natural gas on account of its prodigal use would require a much larger space to record than can be afforded in this article. Those failures have been peculiar to no special field, but have occurred wherever this precious gift of nature has been dissipated by extravagant use, and waste by oil operators.

Among the many instances of the results of prodigality in the use of natural gas, none is more striking than the experience of Findlay, Ohio, with this fuel. The discovery of gas was hailed with delight by the people of Findlay, for its supply seemed practically inexhaustible. The town was illuminated with great jets of the flaming fuel; manufacturers were persuaded by many concessions to move there in large numbers; large sums were spent in advertising the brilliant commercial future of this community. The town took on a seemingly permanent holiday attire, and a veritable boom was on.

Under the policy of gas for all, the pressure gradually diminished, the supply became exhausted, the boom bubble exploded, business collapsed and the disappointment and stagnation of the community became as profound as its former elation was unbounded. The city of Findlay today has gas for domestic purposes only, the supply being procured from West Virginia. The local fields are completely exhausted.

The most important matter for consideration in which not only the gas companies, but the public, is interested, is the step which must be taken to assure a sufficient supply, not only for the needs of the present and the immediate future, but also for the more distant future; and this can only be done by looking ahead and providing a vast reserve of leased territory upon which yearly rental is paid, not knowing its productivity, and which can be drilled as the supply in the territory which is being used falls off or the demand increases beyond the supply, with a prospect, at least, that some portions of it will reward the effort.

To determine with certainty the approximate length of time that a given section of territory will continue to deliver a certain supply is impossible. As a basis for this determination, however, careful and periodical observations are made of the field pressures, and probably the most important is the rock pressures. This is secured by closing in a well from time to time, and observing the highest standing that the gas in the well will register after the flow has been stopped for long enough time to allow the pressure to become stationary. The most important pressures are those on the line into which the wells discharge and the rise in pressure per unit of time, usually a minute, after the flow has been stopped by shutting in the well. These pressures serve as a relative indication of the amount of gas stored up and of the rate of discharge from that storage through the wells into the lines. By careful observation of these pressures monthly and comparing them from month to month, it can be approximated in a measure how long a section can reasonably be depended upon for a certain supply, but even in this respect surprising and unexpectedly rapid depletions are not infrequent. In the past the value of fields has not been given the attention it should.

The cost of a well varies from about five thousand to eight thousand dollars, according to depth and the formations encountered, hence it can be seen that the drilling of wells becomes a factor of decided importance in the problem of producing gas. A better conception of the magnitude of this one item of expense may be gained from the report of the United States Geological Survey, which shows that since 1897 there were drilled in Ohio 4,414 gas wells and 1,150 dry holes, making a total of 5,564 wells.

EXTERIOR VIEW OF MODERN NATURAL GAS COMPRESSING STATION

During the last twenty years there has been a constant change going on in compression stations and main line constructions with increased efficiency the end in view. The cost and capacity of compression stations necessary to propel the gas in such volumes and pressure as is essential to supply consumers, in all the varying temperatures of weather, including those consumers, who are often hundreds of miles from the source of supply, is an item of surprising importance to the uninitiated. The initial horsepower capacity of these stations ranges from two thousand to thirty thousand rated horse power, and are designed to meet the extremes of consumption requirements. Some idea of this variation in consumption may be gained from the statement that the average domestic consumption in the coldest winter days is relatively twelve times that of a July or August day, and the stations as well as main lines and distributing systems must be of a size and capacity sufficient to meet the maximum requirement. If an even load prevailed at all seasons, as is the case with many other utilities, and the natural gas companies could thereby be relieved of the great variations in requirements, due to the changing seasons, and the natural use of large quantities of this fuel for heating purposes, because of its low price, the size and capacity of all producing, transporting and distributing agencies need not have been so great, and the investment would have been, in consequence, much reduced. The companies must be at all times prepared for a zero day, whether that zero day comes or not. This, however, is a condition which cannot be escaped, and its mention serves to accentuate one of the unusual burdens of the industry.

The improvement in transportation method has been of great advantage. This improvement is the direct outcome of the larger volume of gas handled and the greater distances between the points of supply and consumption, resulting from the extension of gas operation beyond the limited development of the early days, which was in the immediate vicinity of the compressor station. When the industry was in its infancy small lines were laid for short distances without the use of pumps or compressors. The next step was to increase the distances and also the size of the lines. When the distances were short and the pressure low, compressors of small power but large capacity were sometimes used in connection with large lines.

It is a common theory that business is necessarily selfish and modern enterprise a stranger to philanthropy, but it is a theory that works a gross injustice to almost all individuals and to many corporations as well. Of what practical value natural gas has been in establishing the growth of Ohio cities is a matter which needs no comment. In the pioneer days the product was used with rude appliances. A pipe was stuck in a stove without safety devices, and as a consequence, there was much trouble with the insurance companies. Wild dreams were entertained; some saying the supply was inexhaustible; others saying it would last but a short time. During the first decade of its history progress was very slow and investments in the enterprise were regarded as doubtful.

Few gifts of nature have added more to the sum of human happiness in many localities than natural gas for cheap domestic use. It is a luxury that the poor man can enjoy as well as the rich, and the great question which has confronted the companies has been, how can we give the best service to the consumers, with the greatest economy. Low as the price has been many well-meaning citizens have complained because of what they believed over-exorbitant tolls and have even insisted that the gas was diluted with air.

The fact that natural gas is forty per cent lighter than air is in itself sufficient proof that gas and air will not mix in commercial quantities. The mixture of gas and air is necessary at the point of combustion to secure proper results.

City councils have struggled when preparing franchises to insert clauses to prevent the possibility of dilution, and to force the acceptance of prices so low that confiscation would surely have resulted, overlooking the fact that the simple words "natural gas" are the best possible safeguards against dilution even if such a thing were practicable. Natural gas was prepared in nature's laboratory, and man has not been able to make a near approach to a similar product. It is of such a nature that it cannot be mixed with air and conveyed. The talk about pumping the air through pipe lines is too absurd to be considered seriously by anyone who has the slightest knowledge of the business. The danger incurred by anyone who would undertake such a procedure is a sure prevention of the attempt. All gas engineers are very careful in case of a break to blow out all the air that may have accumulated in the line before reconnecting the line.

Co-operation on the part of the legislators and the people in the natural gas districts will not only be of incalculable benefit to the industry but will also result in advantage to the resources of the municipalities served. While the price may in some instances seem high, there was never a time in the history of the country when labor was so well paid as now; and there never was a time when the cost of natural gas operation was so great. While all industrial workers, including those employed in the natural gas industry, have had advance in their wages from time to time, and pipe materials of every kind used in the industry have likewise advanced, the available supply of natural gas is constantly diminishing in developed areas, and although the total supply of gas has been increased this is due solely to the greater activity in developing new and distant fields, and all these causes have added greatly to the cost of natural gas. Hence consumers must consequently look with resignation to a correspondingly increased price.

The unfairness of the attitude of the people in some sections toward the gas companies has been manifested in such a decisive manner and in so many ways during the past few years, that it has been most discouraging to capital invested in these enterprises. Such unfair policy seriously affects and hampers the development of the industry.

INTERIOR VIEW OF MODERN NATURAL GAS COMPRESSING STATION

The pendulum of antagonism in certain quarters against the natural gas companies has reached the full limit of its swing, and it is high time that it started in the opposite direction. The conservative citizen should work zealously on the lines of stopping all unfair claims against men who have risked their all in an effort to furnish the people with a commodity so valuable and at the same time so cheap as natural gas.

The computing of the cost of natural gas involves the establishment of the correct value of the investment, then obviously ascertaining what it would cost to replace the same. This is probably the most important item in the entire problem. To the casual observer it might appear strange to consider intangible property as a part of the total investment, but the actual investment of the natural gas industry in unproductive leases and dry holes in Ohio represents an intangible value running into millions of dollars, and yet these expenditures are absolutely essential to establish where the gas is, and where it is not. Successful productions require forethought, business sagacity, broad perspective and in all cases ability of the highest order. Such service is always worthy of compensation.

In considering the cost of field work due regard must be given to the hazards always present in prospecting for gas. If a corporation could avoid "wild-catting" and a discouraging percentage of dry holes the intangible values might be greatly lessened. But these items are among the fixed costs that enter into the expense of creating a plant and they cannot be ignored.

Then again the matter of depreciation is of great importance. It is necessary in considering this phase of the business to take into consideration the rapid depletion of the supply from certain gas fields. If bonds are issued on any part of the physical property, their date of maturity must be within the limit of the life of the property that they cover, and the sinking fund to retire the bonds must be large enough each year so that the capital depleted will be fully replaced when the property becomes of no further value.

In the matter of maintenance a large enough allowance is made each year so that the property may be kept in first-class shape so as to render efficient service. In computing the running cost any taxes on the earnings of the corporation should increase the price which the public must pay for the gas. Likewise the federal and state corporation taxes should not tax the corporation, but directly place the burden upon the patrons of the company. This, however, has not yet been done in Ohio.

The lease department of the natural gas business is one of great importance. The Ohio natural gas field is a strip of territory from five to fifty miles wide and about two hundred miles long, and most of this territory is under lease by the big companies. More than two million acres are under lease, and it is safe to say that over two million dollars are paid annually to the farmers of the territory in the way of rental on property not yet drilled. With the amount paid per year on producing wells the farmers are receiving nearly two million, five hundred thousand dollars per year from the gas companies. The price paid per acre for leases ranges generally between fifty cents and two dollars per acre per year, although in some cases, where leases are in very promising locations five dollars and even ten dollars per acre is being paid. This entitles the gas company to drill in any part of the property under lease at any time while the lease is in force. When a well is drilled the company usually pays the farmer two hundred dollars per year rental, according to location, as long as it is a producer.

With all the Ohio production as shown herein, it falls short of the requirements, as indicated by the United States Geological Survey report on the production of natural gas in 1911, which states that Ohio consumed 112,123,029,000 cubic feet, and produced but 49,449,729,000 cubic feet. The difference between the quantity produced and consumed in Ohio shows the vast quantity which the various companies were obliged to purchase from West Virginia's producers.

The natural gas industry has been a distinct blessing to the farmers of that favored territory. Much of the land in the gas belt is rough and rolling and most difficult to cultivate. One wonders how anyone would attempt to cultivate some of the farms which for over half a century before natural gas was discovered provided some sort of a living for the people who settled on them. Indeed when travelling through the natural gas region the writer saw some farms which sanity would pronounce utterly useless for farming purposes, yet in a primitive manner families have existed on these rocky knolls for nearly a century.

The coming of the natural gas men into their territory brought luxuries which before they never knew. They were able to purchase mowing machines, organs and many home comforts to which they were formerly strangers. Still after a few years of comparative plenty many of these farmers seem to feel that the gas companies are making great fortunes from a commodity which they furnish, and some are inclined to be restless. They have little knowledge of the enormous expenses incidental to pipe lines, compressor stations and distributing systems, nor do they know anything about the enormous financial risks which the big companies take. It would be a short-sighted policy for the farmer to add to the difficulties of operation which the politicians have already created.

It is possible that many well-meaning citizens of Ohio and Pennsylvania imagine that the sale of natural gas is based upon the same principles as is the sale of electricity, water and street car rides, and that a public-utility commission should supervise the prices and the financial affairs of the companies. A moment's reflection will show a difference. Natural gas is but a temporary commodity, a blessing bestowed upon a favored portion of the American people. It was not enjoyed by any people at the beginning of the nineteenth or any previous century, nor will it probably contribute to the comfort of the human race in the twenty-first or any subsequent century. Future historians will refer to it much as writers on scriptural subjects refer to the manna in the desert; it will be regarded as a bounty which Providence bestowed for a short time upon a favored people.

Natural gas has been rested beneath the surface of Ohio, Pennsylvania and Indiana for untold centuries, and until our own generation no one suggested the idea of exploring for a hidden treasure of this nature. Those who were willing to risk their money in drilling wells and building pipe lines were regarded visionary schemers, and their endeavors were not given serious attention. Aside from their own money no capital could be attracted to the industry, and the early development was exasperatingly slow. Never did the faith of the early promoters waver, however, and in the course of a few years they were able to demonstrate that the experimental days were over and that the best and cheapest fuel which the human race has ever enjoyed could be delivered to the home of the people for a few years at least.

These men were pioneers in the natural gas industry; they risked vast sums of money in pursuit of an effort to demonstrate a theory, and their success entitles them to the plaudits of the people. But what do we frequently find? A hostile common council, a meddling legislature, and a public utility commission that knows little about the business. It will be seen that a class of discoverers and investors who have been instrumental in furnishing natural gas to certain American cities should be permitted to continue the good work without unnecessary legislative restriction, and without being hampered by regulations which are not only impracticable, but often impossible. Years ago in the old Puritanical days in New England, when the State governments assumed control of the entire life of their citizens, the attempt was made to dictate the details of business and the mode of living. In those days government was regarded as essentially a paternal function, but restriction upon personal and industrial liberty were never looked upon with favor by the progressive element of the people. In like manner men of industry and energy look with profound astonishment and disgust upon legislative effort to hamper or discourage those who are engaged in an industry so hazardous and yet so productive of benefit to the people.

Under the laws of Ohio, the city councils fixed the price which the companies may charge on natural gas. Where prejudice exists on the part of the members of the city council, or where men seek political preferment by championing low prices the companies are often subjected to embarrassing conditions that are most costly and discouraging. Oftentimes the companies are buffeted between two hostile forces; the farmers who believe they should get higher rentals, and the citizens of the community who believe they should get lower prices.

Human nature does not essentially change from age to age; the present may be predicated from the past and the future; from both if you have the gift of seeing into the millstone. In discussions regarding the natural gas question the fever is inevitably followed by the chill, and this often confounds the average citizen, but it serves to maintain a true equilibrium in human affairs. The gas companies of Ohio have often seen the people advocate the most impossible public utility measures, and they have seen them oppose obvious and necessary changes. Many local managers have often been led to believe that it is impossible to please, and have ended by losing faith in the people's desire to be fair with the corporations.

In the work of educating the people of Ohio upon the natural gas situation there does not seem to be any well-defined plan. These questions are generally left until the heat of political campaigns in the public mind is swayed, not by the question at issue but by the comparative power of the rival political organizations. At such time the vicious often obtain control, and important questions regarding the future of the gas service are decided by a class of people who believe that by making the rich poor the poor will become rich. There is no doubt but that the natural gas companies of Ohio experienced conditions within the last few years which call for serious consideration from the citizens who are now beneficiaries of cheap gas. The companies have found their expenses have gradually increased largely in the field divisions on account of enormous rental requirements. Some of the companies have discovered that gas produced has diminished while the amount purchased in order to supply their customers has materially increased. They have found, too, that the required extensions of their fields, main lines, etc., in order to adequately serve the cities are becoming an alarming burden of expense, and that in many localities where the gas has been nearly exhausted an enormous investment of pipe line property, compression stations and other equipment, must still be maintained though the amount of gas procurable is relatively small.

It is practically certain that the next decade will witness many changes in the natural gas territories. It is certain that few, if any, additional cities or towns will get the benefit of this cheap commodity; on the other hand it is possible and highly probable that the service in certain localities will be discontinued, and it is not an idle prediction to state that cities and towns noted for their unfair attitude toward the companies will be among the first to be cut off from the gas field.

The recent appointment of a receiver for the Kansas Natural Gas Company affords an interesting object lesson for the people of Ohio. The main contention in the petition for a receiver was that the company cannot make enough money selling gas at twenty-seven cents per thousand feet to pay the bond interest, make payments on its sinking fund or dividends to its shareholders. It further states that the only way out of the difficulty is to furnish gas for cooking and lighting purposes only at fifty cents per thousand cubic feet. The Kansas Natural Gas Company supplies about fifty towns and cities in Kansas and Missouri with natural gas. At the close of last year it had one hundred and forty thousand customers. It has five hundred and sixty producing wells connected to its lines. According to its last annual statement it owned eight hundred and thirty-five miles of pipe lines and 138,937 acres under lease. The company has been continually harassed by litigation and politics. It was compelled to expend a large amount of money defending law suits and the politicians were continually passing ordinances of a restrictive if not a confiscatory nature. It bore up under the strain as long as possible and finally admitted its insolvency and passed into the hands of receivers. When the curtain rises again upon the scene the people of Kansas and Missouri will be paying a much higher price for natural gas.

The city of Toledo furnishes an interesting story of its experience with natural gas. The gas company doing business there in 1890 offered to enter into a ten-year contract to supply the city at twelve cents per thousand. The city had already been authorized to issue bonds to the amount of $1,250,000 to engage in the business. The gas field was within thirty-five miles of the city and the advocates of municipal ownership stated, without any reservation, that the city could sell gas at a price of five cents or less and pay off not only the amount invested, but the entire city debt, within a few years. The offer of the private company was rejected and the city built the pipe line and turned gas into the city mains in November, 1900.

The private company, on the first day of June, 1891, increased its price from twelve cents to twenty cents. The city, following the example set by the private company, increased its price to eighteen cents. One year later the private company increased its price to twenty-five cents. The city then increased its price to twenty-two cents. The following year the private company increased its price to thirty cents and the city to twenty-eight cents. In 1896 the city went out of the gas business. It had not, during this entire operation, had sufficient earnings to pay fixed charges. The interest on the bonds was paid from the general fund. The repairs to the street paving and other damages was paid from the street fund. The city still owes $1,250,000. What was left of the field and its main pipe lines outside of the city was disposed of for the sum of $83,000, which was not sufficient to pay the floating indebtedness. The plant inside the city was leased for an annual rental of $6,500 for twenty years. The investment at the present time, with accrued interest which has been paid from the general fund, amounts to about $4,000,000. The city is still paying four and one half per cent on $1,250,000, and receiving a revenue of $6,500.00.

The advance in price by the private company shows that there was no effort made on its part to undersell the city. It was simply a case of the city attempting to conduct a business of which its representatives had no knowledge, but which is generally deemed by the uninformed to be productive of great profits to those who invest their money in it.

WHERE FROM, LITTLE STRANGER?*

By JERRY NEWTON

I CAME from heaven, at night time,
  By all but God unseen,
To nestle in your fond embrace,
  To reign your baby Queen.

I came down through the little stars,
  And by their shooting rays
I slipped through little rifts in clouds,
  To love you all your days.

I came without my little wings,
  But dimpled cheeks and chin,
And chubby little hands and feet,
  With rosy-tinted skin.

I came to help you while away
  Sometimes, the tedious hours,
To woo the kiss that's born of love,
  As sun-glints woo the flowers.

I came to share your tears and smiles,
  As little angels do,
To love you when the weight of years
  Has worn and withered you.

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* A mother, presumably interrogating her new-born babe, and the baby's reply.

Golden Rule Applied to Food Products

IN the march of events nothing is of more interest or benefit to mankind than the means whereby certain unscrupulous persons have recently been thwarted in their efforts to amass fortunes by the adulteration of food products. How many lives have been saved by the activity of the Department of Agriculture through its vigorous enforcement of the Federal Food and Drugs Act is a matter that would startle the country if the facts could only be obtained; and it might truly be said that no single act of Congress has been of greater importance, or of more beneficial influence than the act which had for its object the protection of the people against the class of men who by adulteration and substitution would endanger the lives of innocent people who use their products.

The science of chemistry has been very active during recent years. Many valuable discoveries have been made which have tended to decrease the cost of necessary articles in daily life; but modern research has in some instances crossed the dead line. It has been found possible to imitate food products by the employment of poisonous substances so that the human palate could not detect the imposition. Chemical analysis, however, shows the dangerous ingredients of which the article is composed.

Everybody will welcome scientific discovery which will produce economy in the manufacture of non-edible necessities. For instance, the substitution of dye stuffs not only has been remarkable but a great economy. Today, men are not only manufacturing many successful substitutes for the natural coloring matter but they are vieing with nature in the production of dyes the formation of which since the world began had been a secret of vegetable life. The gradual development of chemical theories has in a sense deprived nature of its monopoly. Before 1870 large tracts of land were devoted to the madder plant from which a dye stuff giving the famous turkey red was obtained in large quantities. Today the madder industry is practically extinct. Chemists have found it possible to prepare the same dye stuff by artificial means from a constituent of coal tar. The indigo plant cultivation is also threatened by the successful accomplishment of the synthesis of the indigo from an important and plentiful constituent of coal tar.

ROBERT D. PALMER
President and General Manager of The Citizens' Wholesale Supply Company

The above accomplishments are not only gratifying but commendable; but when scientific men discover means whereby badly decayed tomatoes or trimmings may, through a process of boiling and the introduction of spices, vinegar and other material be made to appear as pure ketchup their activities are apt to lead to dangerous results. By the artificial sweating of coffee which was grown in South America unscrupulous men have labelled the pro-

LOADING GOLDEN RULE NATURAL LEAF TEA ON STEAMSHIP MONGOLIA AT SHIDZUOKA, JAPAN

duct "Mocha" or "Java," well knowing that such coffees are only grown in Arabia or the Dutch East Indies. By a process of manipulation and sweating of inferior grades of coffee the appearance is materially improved and the product is sold to the innocent purchaser at greatly enhanced prices. In the manufacture of various forms of prepared and dried mustard quite large quantities of charlock, or wild mustard, are often used and sold as the pure article.

Before the passage of the Pure Food and Drugs Act, and before there were food laws in but few of the states, the opportunities for amassing fortunes through the aid of chemistry as a means of substitution and adulteration were particularly attractive to unprincipled men. There were, however, persons who believed that honesty is the best policy and who felt that success would sooner or later come through giving the people a square deal. Among these men were Robert D. Palmer, James O. Cutler, J. Willis Blue, and Edward M. Bryant of Columbus, Ohio. These gentlemen organized The Citizens' Wholesale Supply Company, and the principle on which their organization was founded was "The Golden Rule." It was to be an undeviating rule that no deception should be practiced; that "Golden Rule" was to be the trade-mark under which the goods were sold and the name should never be brought into disrepute. The result is an object lesson. Today the Company's patrons form a part of the citizenship of every state in the Union and the business is growing by leaps and bounds.

During a recent visit to Columbus I was permitted to study the plan and organization of this company. I was told that this concern stands ready to furnish its customers the purest of household supplies, such as foods, drugs and toilet preparations at wholesale prices; that it had adopted "Golden Rule" as a trademark and that in the company's business the term means exactly what it implies. That this is true is evidenced by a recent letter from Professor Allyn, Chief Chemist of the famous Westfield State Normal School, which institution has gained a world-wide reputation through its advocacy of pure foods. Professor Allyn said: "After going rather deeply into the matter we can state with pleasure that we have never examined a line of goods which rate as a whole better than your Golden Rule products. Those that we have examined were not only legally pure, but were what is of almost equal importance, of distinctly high grade. They rank sufficiently high to be given a place in our Pure Food Display. The term Golden Rule is a good term to apply to these products."

When we consider the many instances in which the United States chemists have found the presence of arsenic and other deleterious substances in food materials which have found their way into the channels of trade the tribute given the Columbus company by Professor Allyn is well worthy of notice.

Too much commendation cannot be given merchants who practice the Golden Rule, especially with articles that are used for food. Not long ago government

GOLDEN RULE NATURAL LEAF TEA PACKED READY FOR SHIPPING

GOLDEN RULE NATURAL LEAF TEA EN ROUTE TO STEAMER LANDING

officials seized eight carloads of sardines before the consignee, a packing house, had an opportunity to process them. These sardines were in such an advanced state of decomposition as to constitute a very unhealthy article of food, even though they were doctored to appear as fresh material. Most of the sardines sold by the Citizens' Wholesale Supply Company are packed in Dourarnenez, France, where the finest sardines in the world are found. These sardines are packed by reliable firms and absolute purity is guaranteed. The same care in purchase and handling all kinds of sea foods is maintained and the Golden Rule anchovies, Russian Caviar, Japanese Crab meat, clams, herring, lobsters and salmon are now in great demand.

In conformity to its Golden Rule principle the Company will not doctor in any shape or form the rice which it sells. The ordinary commercial rice is coated with glucose and talc. The object in thus coating is to cover up the defective grains and make them appear as high grade. The bulk of the rice crop is full of inferior grains, but by a process of doctoring the rice presents a pleasing appearance to the customer. The Department of Agriculture has ruled that all rice so coated must bear the statement: "Coated with glucose and talc, wash before using," and this is done in interstate shipments. But the wholesale dealer often sells to the retailer in broken packages, and the retailer in turn sells to the consumer in small quantities so that this information seldom gets to the housewife. The rice sold by The Citizens' Wholesale Supply Company is in just the same condition as that used by the people of India, China and Japan, where it is the principal food of the people.

The Company gets its tea direct from Japan, where it maintains an experienced agent who makes the purchases from the natives and puts it up in packages under Golden Rule labels. Its coffee is purchased green and stored and roasted daily as occasion requires. In its spice department especial care is maintained. Nothing but the very best raw material is purchased and this the Company grinds in its own steel mills after which it is bolted through silk cloth.

Nothing but the very finest of California fruits, both canned and evaporated, are handled by the Company; in fact, the canned fruits under the Golden Rule brand have no superiors.

Perhaps one of the chief reasons for the unqualified success which the Company has experienced may be found in the general efficiency of the Laboratory Department. This department is under the direct supervision of S. J. Schwarzwalder, an experienced chemist, who was formerly associated with Professor C. S. Hallberg, and H. W. Snow, Ph. C., of Chicago. The Company's main laboratory is thoroughly equipped for experimental and analytical work, as well as for manufacturing. Nothing but the best domestic and foreign materials are used in the manufacture of Golden Rule food products, drugs and compounds. One of the most remarkable products of this laboratory is Golden Rule Imitation Maple Syrup; this article has reached the height of perfection and is one of the finest products of this Laboratory. It is made from the purest of cane sugar and flavored with a perfectly harmless vegetable substance which renders it impossible to detect that the resulting product is not the original maple syrup cooked in the maple groves. The Company sells it under the name "Imitation Maple Syrup" in accordance with its policy to tell the exact truth about all of its products. The consumer is left to judge as to the truth of the Company's claim that it is fully equal in every respect to the very best natural product, and it is prepared under the most absolutely clean and hygienic conditions, which cannot always be said in reference to the making of the natural product.

The method which the Citizens' Wholesale Supply Company has adopted to place its goods upon the market is unique, but it has proven remarkably successful. About four hundred agents are employed in various parts of the country. Each agent is supplied with a complete set of samples and he makes a canvass of his particular community. When he has secured sufficient orders to fill a car the shipment is made, the agent delivering each customer his particular order when it arrives. This system has much to commend it because it eliminates the middleman's profits and in this instance it insures the finest quality of goods at practically wholesale prices. Customers desiring to reorder may do so by mail if they do not wish to wait until the agent's next call.

Some difficulties have been experienced in consequence of ordinances passed in many cities requiring agents to take out a license before they can solicit and deliver goods under this system. The Supreme Court of the United States, however, has characterized these shipments (in the Company's own case taken to the Supreme Court) as Interstate business, and under this decision, local merchants cannot interfere.

It has been argued that by patronizing local merchants the money is kept at home. As a matter of fact, only the middlemen's profits are kept at home which go to the local dealer. The profits under the Golden Rule system are retained by the patrons and hence are kept at home just the same—*but in the pockets of the consumer and not those of the dealer.*

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

WE want Heart Letters: the missives that have been beautiful, cheering, pathetic or consolatory incidents in your own life or that of some friend or ancestor, who was the fortunate recipient. Or perhaps some historical or biographical incident may be embodied in such a letter, throwing a flood of light on the dead past.

For "Heart Letters" found suitable for publication an award of "Heart Throbs," autographed by the publisher, will be made.

Please do not send original letters of value to the Heart Letter contest, because selections submitted to the contest cannot be returned. When an acceptable "Heart Letter" is sent in by a number of contributors the award will be made to the first person who sent in the selection.

And now, while the matter is in your mind, let us have that letter which made the strongest appeal to you.

* * *

WITH "Compliments of the Author" inscribed in a clear, even hand, "Sunshine in Song" comes to the editor from his genial and kindly-faced friend, Stephen Moore, whose song is none the less sweet that it breathes in every line purity, cheerfulness and love of nature, or resignation to the Divine Will and hope of the life everlasting.

His verse is not always polished, his words and rhymes are sometimes written "with little skill of songcraft," and a simple love of God, His creatures and His world are often in strong contrast to the untamed passion that others consider the very soul of poetry. On the other hand, there are some of these poems that are quite equal in cheery and subtle inspiration to the best work of popular modern American poets. His "Gospel of Good Cheer" is refreshing and well expressed; "The Vision of the Monk" reminds one of Edwin Arnold's eastern allegories; "Life's Mystery" deals with the over-soul that groans in travail-pain to bring forth the solution of eternal mysteries, and can do no more than hold fast upon eternal love. No one can fail to find in "Sunshine in Song" the poetry of the simple life that arises from everyday duties and cares to rejoice in the salvation and acknowledge the beneficence of God.

For the rest, the book is finely illustrated, printed and bound for the author by the Excelsior Print of Roxbury, Mass., who have certainly given these pearls of modern faith and cheery piety a beautiful setting.

* * *

HOW the word "National" has been popularized in the periodical world since the NATIONAL MAGAZINE was established! There is the *National Food Magazine*, the *National Police Magazine*, *National Geographical Magazine*, National monthlies and National weeklies, which show that "National" seems to have taken a new significance after the Spanish-American War, about the time that the NATIONAL MAGAZINE was established. It is a great word, "National," and it is significant of the widest scope and interpretation, and the American people have become more national in their viewpoint during the past ten or twelve years. National includes a union of states, a united and cohesive people that constitute that Union. What the word Union meant in the days of the Civil War the word National has become in these later days.

* * *

HE signs his name "William G. Edens." It is a name that partially suggests Paradise. To his friends he is known as Billy Edens, one of the best fellows on earth. Years ago he was a railroad trainman. He knows the rough and tumble of labor from the bottom up and has never lost the heartiness of comradeship. At one time he was conspicuous in the political arena with the late Marcus A. Hanna, and he made things count. Whatever he undertakes to do he carries out, because he is a man of intense loyalty and conviction. Of late years he has been with the Central Trust Company of Chicago, Illinois. He is also chairman of the Committee on Banks and Bankers, of the Chicago Association of Commerce, and a member of the Executive Council of the American Bankers' Association. Among other distinctions placed upon his broad shoulders is that of President of the Illinois Highway Improvement Association. He has started out to organize one hundred thousand Illinois farmers in the work of building good highways, and it has been undertaken in the same energetic manner with which he has been doing other things during all these years.

The fact is, wherever an active man is needed on a committee they look over and see if Billy Edens is available. He is the special friend of the farmer, and the extra special friend of the Illinois farmer. He has been indefatigable in his efforts to establish a creed that begins with a belief in red clover, cow peas, soy beans and alfalfa; the pledge of a permanent agriculture and soil growing richer and richer. His creed includes one hundred bushels of corn and fifty bushels of wheat to the acre and a belief that the only good weed growing or grown is a dead weed. The farm boy and the farm girl, says William, are the farmer's best crop and the future's best hope. Faith in the farm house, the country school, and the country church, and the community spirit has the right ring.

Whether he is writing or speaking, Mr. Edens is enthusiastic on the farm proposition. He proves that the best place to work and to win wealth and happiness is on a farm intelligently conducted on a business basis, and if so the boys will remain on the farms. That is what the boys of today are beginning to realize. Of course, Mr. Edens is an advocate of good roads and urges the adoption of the Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and California plan to maintain them. The old-fashioned way of "working out"

MR. WILLIAM G. EDENS

It is not alone the convenience, or the freshness, or the crispness, or the unusual food-value, or the digestibility, or the cleanliness, or the price, that has made Uneeda Biscuit the National Soda Cracker.

It is the remarkable combination of all of these things.

If everyone, everywhere, knew how good they are, everyone, everywhere, would eat them—every day.

Sold by grocers in every city and town. Bought by people of all classes.

Always 5 cents in the moisture-proof package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY

poll taxes and giving a lick and promise to country roads is passing.

The new-time farmer, according to the Edens propaganda, is a versatile fellow. He can be as much of an engineer and a chemist and various other things as he cares to devote to time to study. Memory is an important asset, though the chief thing is crops.

Mr. Edens is the type of Middle West hustler who is never too busy to give his time and service to worthy public movements, and is always first and last for his friends, who by scores and hundreds are scattered far and wide in all parts of the country.

* * *

THE Queen Charlotte Islands, about three hundred and fifty miles north by west from Vancouver, B. C., form an archipelago of over one hundred and fifty islets, big and little, the more southern of which are well wooded and mountainous, while large proportions of the northern and central islands are prairie land and low meadows.

They contain deposits of both anthracite and bituminous coal which are being developed, and very promising indications of good oil territory, one well being already several hundreds of feet down, with, it is said, small pockets of oil already penetrated.

A number of coal and oil companies have already been formed to develop these resources, and copper ore and gold have been reported in some of the islets, none of which have yet been thoroughly explored.

The climate is mild, the scenery varied and beautiful; fish, game and berries abound, all kinds of green vegetables, etc., are raised, and it is probable that within a few years these hitherto almost unknown islets will become famous in the markets of the world.

* * *

ALMOST every mail brings new information in reference to HEART THROBS. The pleasure and inspiration of this book can scarcely be comprehended. In the private correspondence of one lady to another, she relates an incident of how the HEART THROBS book is being utilized in the various clubs of many ladies. Each guest in turn reads from HEART THROBS a favorite selection, tastes varying as widely as the contents page. This is in harmony with the purpose of the book. It is a volume truly made *by* the people, with a use *for* the people and the contents readily reveals itself *of* the people. How many happy hours and evenings it has contributed to readers all over the world none can estimate. One enthusiastic reader from Utah insists that the new HEART THROBS book put into circulation is keeping pace with the Bibles purchased. It is one book that becomes a necessity more and more each year, and the following personal letter tells a story of its own:

> Now to my B. & A. Club: The young girls of the Universalist church, with whom I have such pleasant evenings since last winter, when I became a member on my assurance that I was but seventeen years old! These girls are lovely, just the nicest kind of girls, from seventeen to twenty-five or so, and I am fond of them as they seem to be of me. Last winter I got up a set of resolutions for them, which we got the minister to approve, in which we pledged ourselves, while not being known to have any designs of mission work, etc., to do little things, if only just to start up others, etc. We would put aside our fancy work these Monday evenings, and cut and make over old stockings with mothers for lots of little children to do for, also made over lots of old sheets into squares for sick babies that I have known of; said we would drop all gossip and began to read aloud such books as Van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man." They especially enjoyed that book, which I think you will remember, published by Joe Mitchell Chapple, HEART THROBS, which one evening we passed around, each selecting and reading something from it. A number of the girls are going to own a copy as soon as they can get it, which I don't think will be long.

Do you wonder at the inspiration that has come from the publication of HEART THROBS? It is something more than making white paper and black ink into a book to sell. These incidents are among the most treasured profits resulting from the publication of HEART THROBS.

One of the Squadron of Twenty-Four White Motor Trucks Owned by Armour and Company, Chicago, and Operated by them in the Principal Cities of the United States

WHITE MOTOR TRUCKS

The predominant use of White Motor Trucks by the foremost mercantile and manufacturing firms, not only in the United States, but throughout the world, is the most convincing proof of their superior merit in practically every line of service.

A Few Well-Known Owners of White Squadrons

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Illinois Steel Company
McCreery and Company
National Cash Register Company
Pabst Brewing Company
Philippine Islands Government
Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
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W. and J. Sloane
Standard Oil Company
United Cigar Stores Company
United States Government
Winchester Repeating Arms Company

White Motor Trucks are built in capacities of 3-4, 1 1-2, 3 and 5 tons, and all models are uniform throughout in parts and design, thus making them the most practical for the standardization of delivery or transportation service. Literature and detailed information furnished on request.

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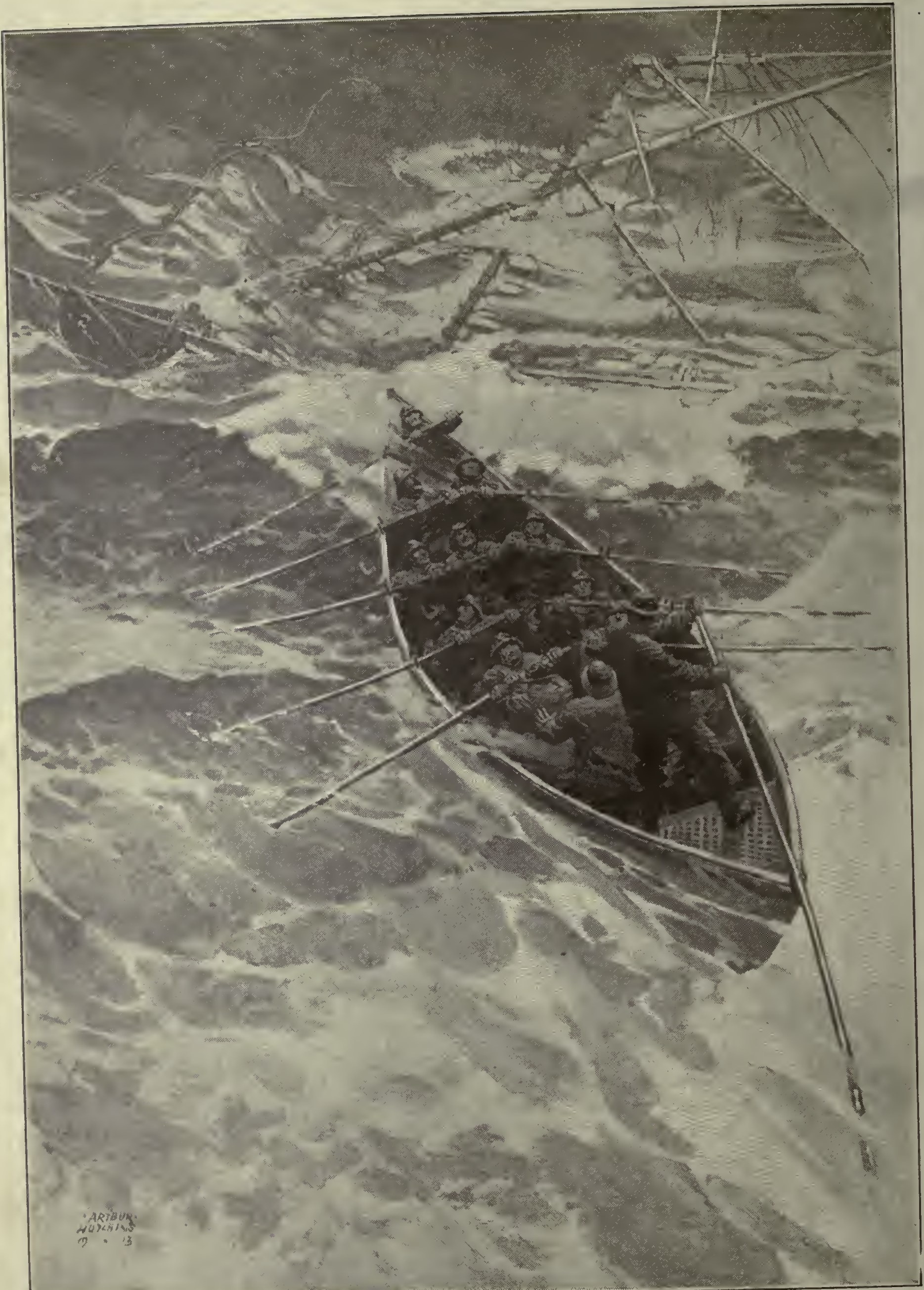
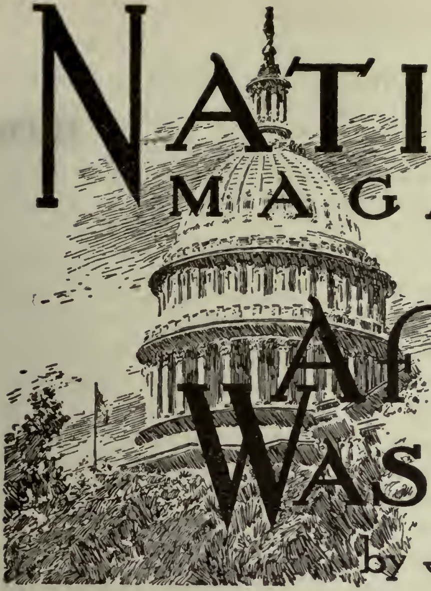

ARTHUR HUTCHINS
19 · 13

The roar of the mighty seas on the Bar, the beating and thrashing of the torn canvas, and the crash of breaking booms and topmasts, was indescribably appalling.—The Bar of Cascumpec

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1913



Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

CEREMONIES attending the inaugural of four years ago are recalled as the fourth of March approaches. The man who has been at five, ten or fifteen inaugurations can tell you about every one of them—the more remote, the more vividly the details are remembered—but the average visitor seldom harks back beyond the last event four years ago. Many thousands recall the snow-blizzard that broke like an avalanche upon Washington the day that President Roosevelt retired and William Howard Taft took the oath of office. The inaugural ceremony was held in the Senate chamber, and, directly after, President Roosevelt left the Capitol to reach the railroad station, through the slush and sweep of one of the worst snowstorms ever known in Washington.

The mild winter of 1913 presages the balminess of a May day in Washington March 4th. The records and predictions of the Weather Bureau have been baffled in attempting to follow the vagaries of the "cold waves," which seem to have abandoned the northern and eastern section of the country and to have visited "the glorious climate of California" for choice.

* * * * *

The inauguration of President Woodrow Wilson, the twenty-eighth President of the United States, will be simple and in accordance with the ideas of Thomas Jefferson, whose spirit—if he still watches over events mundane—may well be gratified at the restoration of his party to power. The personal friendship between President Wilson and his predecessor suggests that the harmony and unity of the republic will not be broken by any display of partisanship or petty feeling at the inauguration. The world is steadily outgrowing the bitterness and hatred characteristic of the days when the sword, pistol and bludgeon were resorted to by the representatives of conflicting factions and parties in Washington.

The thousands coming to witness the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson as President will greet him with heartiest wishes. Inaugurated about the time the republic of France welcomes Poincare to the presidency, Governor Wilson succeeds to a powerful leadership. The situation in Europe, with the Balkan storm still raging, and the diplomatic entanglements in Morocco and Algiers disturbing all the powers, is in strong contrast to the conditions in America, where the new President will find his country at peace with all the world—unless unhappy Mexico finds a new abyss of blood and flame into which to plunge her children and the best interests of at least two generations.

* * * * *

ALL the delicious dreams of the usual Inaugural Ball "faded like a wreath of mist at eve" when President-elect Wilson decided that it had "ceased to be necessary to the enjoyment of the people." Dressmakers, milliners and jewelers suspended operations as plans for Paris creations, gorgeous headwear and humming-bird shoes vanished into thin air. The sensational display of feathered slippers costing $2,500 a pair, radiant with the gorgeous metallic tints of five hundred Columbian humming-birds, will not be made at the Inaugural Ball. Such extravagance reminds one of decadent Rome, when gorgeous array and ornamentation sapped the strength of manly valor and womanly character. And President Wilson has studied history!

After it was announced that the ball was not to be, a proposition was made to establish a fixed standard limiting the cost of ball and reception costumes, as at some high school graduations—something that would eliminate useless extravagance, and induce women to dress in a modest manner approved by a queen of fashion. In England, Queen Alexandra had a potential influence in simplifying the styles at court functions. The average expenditure of a young woman in Washington society has been estimated at from three to four thousand dollars a season. Think what a nice little cottage, with rose vines and green blinds, this amount would buy—and the more one sees of society the more one feels how useless, in these prosaic and practical days, is the enormous expenditure inspired by some women's barbaric instinct for adornment, foreshadowed in Eve's first trousseau in the Garden of Eden, and increased in mystery, beauty and cost as administrations advance.

* * * * *

WHEN Mrs. Grover Cleveland visited Washington prior to her marriage to Professor Preston, she was the guest of honor at a series of notable social functions. Her charming debut as the bride of the White House was recalled, and many anecdotes were related of social life in the Cleveland administration. One incident had to do with a newspaper man's first visit to the White House in "full dress." He was in line at the first reception given by President Cleveland and his bride, and in the excitement of stepping up to shake the President's hand, the train of a lady's dress in front was trod upon and there was a resounding rip. Such a look greeted the luckless newspaper man that he blushed to the roots of his hair and was about to turn back and run, when the sweet little woman at the President's side, who had seen the catastrophe, smiled and whispered, "Never mind." With such graciousness did the first lady of the land say the words that she whose train had been ripped shot forth a forgiving look toward the young man who stood awkwardly in the spotlight trying hard to appear at ease in an expansive shirt front that seemed as stiff as the steel cuirass of an old time knight.

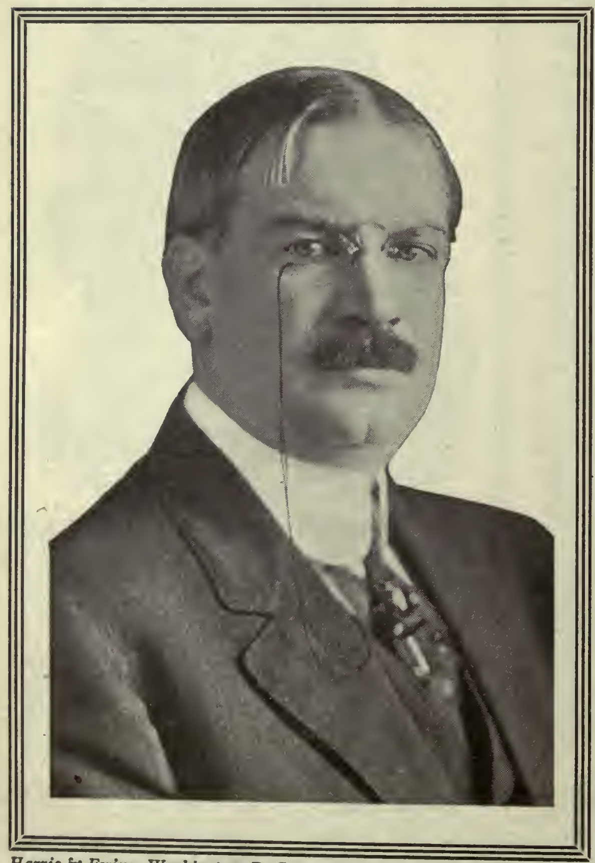
This kindness and tact was characteristic of the bride of the White House, who later became a bride at Princeton, where the presidential limelight was still focussed.

ONE of the most *recherche* social events of the season was the John Hays Hammond ball, at which Mrs. Cleveland was the guest of honor. The Hammond home dispenses the old-time Colonial hospitality that has made it especially popular among Washington functions, and no social leader is more admired than the charming Mrs. Hammond.

The ball in Mrs. Cleveland's honor was a brilliant function. About two hundred guests, chiefly of the younger set, enjoyed the beautiful decorations, exquisite music and most artistic dancing of the season. Baskets of American beauty roses and pyramids of white lilacs and other lovely blooms decorated the splendidly lighted salon, forming an exquisite background against which the bright faces and beautiful costumes of blushing debutantes reminded the beholder that American wealth and fashion have long since excelled the vaunted glories of Persia and imperial Rome. The hostess was resplendent in silver and white brocade with emeralds and diamond ornaments, and Mrs. Cleveland, who received in the famous yellow velvet gown worn at the coming out ball given Miss Esther Cleveland, was most charming. Miss Helen Taft and other young belles of the season, and many gallant cavaliers of the social coterie at the national capital made up a scene which will long be remembered in the annals of Washington society. The honors paid to the wife and daughter of the late President Cleveland were most heartily rendered by Washington society. The Congressional Club and the senatorial, diplomatic and judicial departments all vied with one another in doing honor to the former first lady of the land and her daughter, and a White House dinner was given by President and Mrs. Taft to Mrs. Cleveland and her fiancee, Professor Preston. Many men prominently associated with the Cleveland administration came to Washington to do honor to Mrs. Cleveland, who will long be remembered as one of the most beautiful brides that ever stood under the shimmering chandelier at the White House. The contrast between the costumes worn when Mrs. Cleveland was a bride and those worn today make an interesting comparison.

MISS ESTHER CLEVELAND
The daughter of Grover Cleveland. During her visit in Washington many entertainments were planned in her honor

HIGH cost of living has nothing to do with the high cost of being elected to Congress. Among the congressmen so fortunate as to have a star preceding their name in the Congressional Directory, indicating reelected, John J. Fitzgerald, Democrat, of New York, has long claimed the medal for economy on election bills. But when a Washington reporter announced that Mr. Fitzgerald's last election cost him only $11.98, and that such was his sworn statement filed with the clerk of the House, the Congressman from New York felt that it behooved him to deny the story, even at the risk of sharing honors. He proceeded to declare his expenses as $826. Then the laurels fell to Congressman Sherley of Kentucky, who expended only $400, while Congressman Francis Burton Harrison, the original of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and one of the Progressive New York congressmen, declared that $3,916 was necessary to secure his re-election. There was much amusement in comparing the tabulated list, grimly called the "Congressional Cost Market," and as one Republican congressman who was defeated remarked in going out of the gloom, "The Congressional bargain counter is growing more popular." But the question always comes up, even if a congressman does not expend much money individually, how much does it cost his friends? There is no doubt that the late legal provision has done much toward eliminating an unquestionable over-lavish and unnecessary expenditure in congressional campaigns. And there is still room for good work.



Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

HON. JOHN J. FITZGERALD

Congressman from New York, one of the most prominent members of the House of Representatives

* * *

NOW comes the negation of an old saying utilized in political parlance that "lightning does not strike twice in the same place." A government map has been printed showing a zone where trees are most likely to be struck by lightning, and the fallacy of lightning not striking twice in the same place has been proven by a scientific investigation conducted by three thousand forest service officers in a national forest terri-

HON. JOHN HAYS HAMMOND AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER NATALIE

Who may be seen driving about Dupont Circle on bright mornings. Mr. Hammond has never lost his thirst for adventure and expects to start shortly on a trip into the wildest mountain regions of Mexico in an attempt to pacify the Yaqui Indians

tory covering nearly two hundred million acres. It has been observed that some trees are favorably located for attracting the flashes of lightning and bear the scars of seven or eight thunderbolts. The same is true of some rocky summits and buildings, and out of 907 cases recorded by one observer, 21 covered repeated strokes on trees and buildings. This ought to furnish a new pointer or two for the ubiquitous lightning rod agent.

The old theory that the majority of persons killed by lightning are those who seek shelter under trees is also exploded, for more than half of such deaths occur in the open, and less than one-quarter under trees. The report also throws light on the origin of forest fires, and lightning has been given as one of the chief causes second only to the sparks from locomotives. Forked lightning is much more destructive than the ball or thunderbolt variety. It is more freakish, while the thunderbolt makes the most noise.

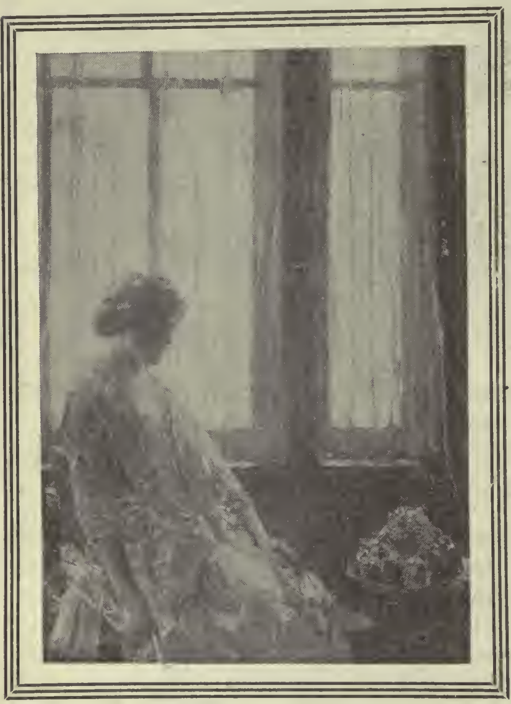
Scientific investigators have also exploded the old-fashioned verse which insists that "Lightning never strikes the laurel" and also the old saw:

"Beware the oak, it draws the stroke,
Avoid the ash, it courts the flash,
Creep under the thorn, it saves from harm."

These verses are probably constructed for the purpose of rhyme rather than to exploit scientific fact, although report does show that some trees suffer more than others, but this it is claimed is because of position rather than the variety of the tree. The report has engaged the sober interest of many defeated candidates who were interested in the late freaks of political lightning, getting back to nature for basic and fundamental laws even in the conduct of human affairs.

* * * * *

THE carnage and conflicts of the Balkan War revived a keen interest in war armament at Washington. There were tests of high-power shells at Indian Head to demonstrate whether an explosive dashing against the side of the ship is more dangerous than armor-piercing shells which penetrate the armor and explode inside with much less force. W. S. Isham, inventor of a high-explosive shell, appeared before the House Committee on Naval Affairs and upon his testimony $100,000 was appropriated for this purpose. He introduced evidence showing that this type of shell was far superior to the armor-piercing shell now used, but Admiral Nathan C. Twining, chief of the bureau of ordnance, held to the opinion that the high-explosive was inferior to the armor-piercing shell. Final tests were made on the monitor Tallahassee and the old naval ram Katahdin at the range of ten thousand yards. The perfection of naval armament is just now of all-absorbing interest and the testing is noted as the investment penny in times of peace that will save pounds in time of war.



THE CORCORAN GOLD MEDAL PAINTING

It is entitled "The New York Window" and is the work of Childe Hassam. It was awarded the first W. A. Clark prize of two thousand dollars, and the Corcoran medal at the fourth exhibition of contemporary oil paintings by American artists

* * * *

AN exciting experiment was recently conducted in Washington where it was desired to procure a likeness of the features of a typical American boy. Photographs were taken by the hundreds and were received from all parts of the country; from city and town alike, all types appeared. Finally a scientific study was inaugurated as the judges settled down to work. There was nothing on the photographs to furnish a clew as to names, no data as to the residence, for the purpose was to get the purest type of American boy. Now the theories of the ethnologists are shaken, for the face chosen was that of a Russian Jew's son, born across the water. This indicates that the "melting pot" of Israel Zangwill began work early. The face has every characteristic looked for in the general conception of a keen, alert and altogether typical American boy.

ONE of the first indications of a change in executive tenancy was the removal of Pauline Wayne, the administrative cow, presented to President Taft by Senator Isaac Stephenson of Wisconsin, and long a familar figure about the White House stables. She placidly chewed her cud and minded it little as she was led away to continue to give good milk for the Taft family. She seemed to give a little impressive switch of her tail as she tried to drive away the early spring flies whose attention she resented, probably as the harbingers of the incoming Democratic administration. With a resigned "moo" she walked down the executive avenue to find "fresh fields and pastures new" away from the White House stable.

* * *

IF the tariff and financial hearings at Washington could continue long enough the Capital City would be the center for celebrities not only of the government but of nearly every branch of business in the country. Washingtonians who have become accustomed to passing government officials in the streets and parks have taken an unusual interest in the men whose names are prominent in the world of finance, and the hearings of the Pujo Committee have been crowded with attentive listeners.

MISS HELEN TAFT AND "CARO"
The pet at the White House and "the first dog of the land"

Mr. George F. Baker, who in financial affairs is second only to J. Pierpont Morgan, has a way of remaining silent and yet carrying on big operations in a most successful way. Someone has said that "he makes less noise than a mouse in a wool barn." Mr. Baker was found to be on the directorate of over fifty-seven giant incorporations. His modesty, however, was impressive, and his biography in "Who's Who" more limited than that of the average new Congressman. The facts elicited were that he was born in Troy, New York, seventy-three years ago and that his father was a Washington newspaper man. Residence was given as on Madison Avenue, New York, and the witness admitted to having a summer home in Tuxedo. The names of the banks and railroads of which he is a director made an impressive list, but there are men living who can remember when George F. Baker came to the First National Bank in New York fifty years ago as a clerk. He had little to say then, but always knew what was going on, and his advancement was rapid. He has been through many a hard-fought financial battle, but has seemed to have just the right sort of judgment at all times. Even during the dark days of the Jay Cooke failure, with a nod George F. Baker made plans go through and with a shake of his head brought undesirable operations to a stop.

His disapproval "flows out from him" without speaking, as one observer remarked, like "an agitation of the psychic ether." His frank testimony before the Pujo Committee has had a paradoxical effect in establishing more confidence in these financial leaders than has been given them for at least a decade past.

CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN

The Norwegian explorer and discoverer of the South Pole, who has been lecturing to American audiences. His first address was before the National Geographic Society at Washington

* * *

WHEN Captain Roald Amundsen, the discoverer of the South Pole, entered the White House to discuss with the President his proposed "drift" across the Arctic Sea in the historic "Fram," the suggestion was made that the next time the intrepid explorer came to Washington it would be with the record of having visited the North as well as the South Pole. Captain Amundsen will start from Behring Sea on his five years' trip to the North next July, and will use Nansen's famous weather-beaten "Fram," now lying in dock at Buenos Aires.

It was a pretty tribute that Captain Amundsen paid in calling upon Miss Jane Wilkes, daughter of the late Rear Admiral Charles Wilkes, who discovered the south polar continent in the early forties. Admiral Wilkes and his party in two small sailing ships coasted for fifteen hundred miles along the Antarctic coast. He is recorded as being the first man to discover land in this region and the first one to state that there was a south polar continent. The memory of Captain Wilkes was greatly honored by Captain Amundsen's tribute and made a fitting and appropriate feature of his visit to Washington.

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IN the Senate chamber the rollcall of the states is now complete from west to east, and from our northern to our southern boundaries. Arizona and New Mexico can each now respond with two votes. No more states can be added to the United States of America, unless Texas should choose to divide itself, which is most unlikely, although this state has a legal right to do so. The new states of the future must come from distant Alaska or the islands across the seas. With the election of United States senators, the

Senate will become still more pre-eminent as a legislative as well as a deliberative body. The increase of membership in the House to 435 members has made it more or less unwieldy, and the work must necessarily be subdivided, and assigned to committees, and the average congressman is having less to do with national affairs than ever. The increasing interest in affairs at Washington is indicated by the length of the Congressional sessions in recent years; and many of the leading organizations of the country have a permanent representative in the District of Columbia, to keep in touch with affairs during the long sessions of Congress. There are more men possessing diversified information of national affairs located at Washington than at any other capital in the world, not even excepting London. Washington is a capital where official life and governmental matters predominate, and do not suffer business detraction as in the large commercial capitals of Berlin, Paris or London.

MISS BARBARA STEPHENS

The pretty debutante daughter of Congressman Stephens of California. She was formally presented to Washington society at a tea given by Mrs. John D. Works, wife of the California Senator, and her mother

* * *

IT is curious how they will laugh at an old joke, but this was a joke told by an Englishman to an American about a Canadian; consequently it represented the triple alliance. In arriving one gorgeous October morning at Hamilton, Ontario, that beautiful city where Sir John MacDonald's statue reigns supreme, a traveling man met a new cabby, a loyal subject of the King, just arrived from Halifax. When he was asked where he was to go, as the cabman tipped his hat, the traveler replied in a voice more emphatic than usual, "Go to Hell and Blazes." A fight ensued, and the cabman's labeled hat and the drummer's derby were picked up, when it was discovered that there was a firm doing business in sedate, Sunday-loving Hamilton under the name of Hell & Blazes. When the hats were brushed and everything was straightened out, the cabman said regretfully, "If you only said 'Go to Halifax' or more plain hell—I would have understood it all, sir, but to tell me to go to Hell & Blazes and not knowing the name or number, sir, what else could you expect?" The drummer took him aside and told him the story of the minister who was to announce the finding of a pocketbook by Miss Helen Hunt, and who told the congregation if anyone missed a pocket book "to go to Helen Hunt for it."

This may be one of the results of Thomas W. Lawson hyphenation, or the coining of words that are enlarging our vocabulary and struggling for admission to our dictionaries.

* * * * *

AS the Panama Canal approaches completion and thousands of tourists come and go, there are various opinions as to why the Panama Canal has been a success, but there is one thing upon which everyone agrees, and that is that the first great conquest made on the Canal Zone was the elimination of the mosquito. This made living conditions on the Canal not only endurable but attractive. Following that came the wonderful development of railroad transportation; and there are few machinists who do not insist that the great success of the enterprise is largely due to the development of excavating and other construction machinery.

In every city, town and hamlet throughout the land, the progress of the Canal Zone is watched with absorbing interest. The comparison is made that if the Culebra Cut was made into a ditch six feet deep and six feet wide it would encircle the globe, with many thousand miles of ditch to spare; but when you see the great steam engines at work the stupendous results seem naturally to follow operations conducted on such a gigantic scale, and it is doubtful whether there is any other part of the United States that will eventually be familiar to more of the American people than the Canal Zone.

The Navy Department will rendezvous a fleet at Colon this winter, and give the naval forces a chance to know all about the Panama Canal before the water is turned on into the big ditch, and this looks like completion in 1913.

DOC," THE FAVORITE BULL DOG OF LITTLE VINSON WALSH MCLEAN—
Washington's "hundred million dollar baby." Master Vinson declares that he can manage "Doc" without help except when a cat appears on the scene

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WHEN it comes to incubating new ideas, look toward Missouri. Here comes a suggestion that shows a psychological study of American youth. There is "A School for the Discontented" located at Kansas City. It is called the "Lathrop Industrial School," and it is educating children over fourteen years of age who have reached the fifth grade and find the work of regular schools distasteful. The theory is to overcome the aversion

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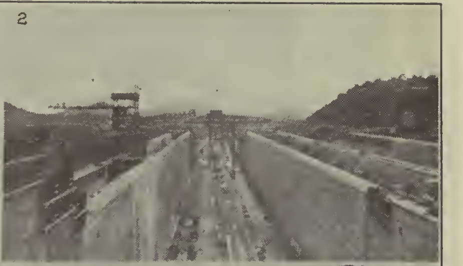
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1. U. S. S. Arkansas, used by President Taft on his recent trip to Panama.
3. The aristocratic part of Panama. The residence of the President of Panama is shown at right of picture.
5. Secretary Hilles, Mrs. Hilles, Miss Louise Taft and friends preparing to make inspection of Culebra Cut.
7. President Taft and party. Ruins of old Spanish Cathedral in Panama, founded in fifteenth century.
2. A view of the locks at Miraflores showing immense length—1,000 feet—by 110 feet breadth.
4. Part of Florida east coast railway, over which President Taft traveled to Panama.
6. The Spillway which furnishes the outlet from Gatun Lake.
8. Entrance to Gatun Locks from Gatun Lake.

of children for school due to the fact that the ordinary studies are not adapted to their particular needs. This is the explanation often for "backward" or lazy children, when in reality all they need is a different form of educational activity. So the idea of "pre-vocational" training has been conceived, and courses in bench woodworking, shopdrawing, patternmaking, printing, carpentry and shop electricity are provided for the boys; and cooking, sewing, millinery and embroidery for the girls. Classes in plumbing, bricklaying and concrete work will be also formed as soon as the demand warrants. This takes the place of the old apprentice system and captures the boy before he drifts to the livery stable or becomes a street corner loafer. The idea is to stimulate interest and make each study apply to the work in hand. Thus arithmetic would be utilized in the shop; English in practical instruction in necessary business forms; no attempt is made to teach technical grammar. Geography and history are taught from the commercial standpoint, and local government is an important subject. Three-year courses are provided. The first two years the teacher directs the choice of the pupils, but the last year each boy is allowed to select his work in the trade he wishes to learn. The work promises to develop into efficient men and women many who previously lagged behind in ordinary school work and have drifted toward becoming derelicts or loafers to recruit the army of discontented and helpless.

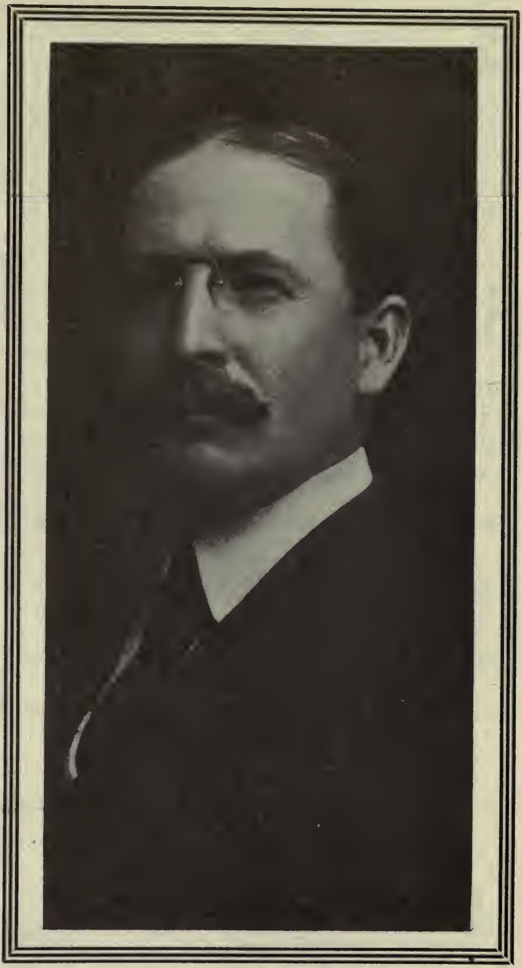
WILLIAM J. FLYNN
The new chief of the Secret Service. One of his principal duties is to protect the life of the President

* * * * *

THE resignation of Chief John E. Wilkie from the United States Secret Service retires a faithful, stalwart leader of those who have guarded the President in all his travels. Chief Wilkie will in future devote his efforts to leading the customs inspection, and William J. Flynn becomes his successor as chief of the Secret Service Bureau. Of all interesting departments of the government, the Secret Service Bureau is perhaps the most fascinating. Its band of men guards the President and accompanies him in all his travels.

President Taft's recent trip of eleven hundred miles from Key West to Colon was made by a nineteen-knot ship in sixty hours, which does not seem as if Colon or the Isthmus itself is very far away, after all. The President inaugurated a most delightful route to Colon by going via Key West over the Flagler railway, which bridges the seas of the Caribbean. The passenger looking out of his window is a long time out of sight of land, but just to think of only two days and a half to Colon and two days from Colon to Havana, reveals a development of rapid transit which proves that Mr. Henry M. Flagler has created a new route to the Southern continent.

On his third trip to the Isthmus with the President, Mr. L. C. Wheeler, the well-known secret service man, who has visited every state and territory with President Taft, noted the wonderful and decided improvement in two years, but outside of the industrial improvements made, he noted the marked development in business activities. Those who were in Panama five years ago cannot realize what a revolution American methods have made in the Little Republic of the Canal Zone. The coming in of German, French and other merchants, adapting themselves like frontiersmen to the new conditions and anticipating great developments close at hand, show that the keen commercial sagacity of Europe is a good match for American ingenuity. Through the great spillway the waters of the Gatun Lock rush with the roar of a Niagara. The immense volume of water controlled by the levees that govern the level of the lake, and so simply that the work could be done by a woman or a child, is now one of the wonders of the age. Everywhere over the construction tracks of the Canal Zone, hither and thither, Colonel Goethals' well-known "brain car" has sped incessantly for years. "The man in the brain car" seems to have carried in his head every detail of the stupendous work, from the riveting of a brace to the maintenance and efficiency of his army of workers. Even when inquiries were made at his office about some old photographs, he seemed to remember them and to know just where they were. As one of his associates



JOHN E. WILKIE

Who after fifteen years' service as Chief of the Secret Service, resigned in order to give all his time to superintending the special agents of customs service. This is one of the most interesting branches of government work. Millions of dollars are collected from dishonest importers by the efforts of the customs detectives said, "Colonel Goethals never forgets anything and always knows what is wanted at the time it is wanted."

President Wilson may not keep up the travel record attained by his predecessor, but after all is said and done, the President's travels have been of more value to the government than have been generally realized, because they exemplify the genuine executive spirit, which not only must know that things exist, but demands to go about to see and study them.

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SCHEDULE K was one of the shibboleths of tariff legislation aftermath. It sounded well and more people talked about it than any other portion of the late tariff bill—to say nothing of what was done to it in the Senate and at the various probes, pro and con. "Flannelette" or "cotton flannel," as it used to be called, is now a very handsome and comfortable fabric, and is said to be the real cause of many explosions in Schedule K. If not so processed as to be made reasonably non-inflammable, it is often treacherous and nearly as destructive to life as gunpowder, and the casualties are even more gruesome than the details of campaign discussion. In Great Britain, during the year ending March 2, 1912, 384 persons succumbed to severe burns, and of these 133 persons were fatally burned through wearing flannelette clothing. Curtains and portieres made of this material were the cause of a number of fires. Legislation to secure the purchaser in acquiring "safe flannelette" will be brought before Parliament this season. Even our British cousins have their troubles at home over parts and parcels of "Schedule K."

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, JR.

Who is following in the footsteps of both his parents by preparing to become a lawyer. He is twenty-four years old and a civil engineer, but has abandoned that profession to study law, in which his mother, as well as his father, has been signally successful

* * *

ONE of the daily sights that always interests me when I come to Washington is when the "Pedestrian Club" of the Supreme Court gets under way down Pennsylvania Avenue. Justice Harlan initiated the President into it, and nearly every night when the Supreme Court is in session the Supreme justices may be seen coming down the Avenue at a rapid pace. The distinguished jurists walking to the Treasury Building where they scatter for their cars is now as familiar a sight as the children coming from school.

Chief Justice White now holds the record as a good walker and seems to delight in that form of exercise. He may be in the lead, but fast upon his heels are Associate Justice Holmes and Associate Justice Lamar, and it is no leisurely stroll either. Justice Hughes and Justice McKenna discuss matters in a platonic way as they go along.

The tradition exists in the Capital that the Supreme Court "Pedestrian Club" was inaugurated by Chief Justice John Marshall and was continued by Justices Ellsworth and Miller. During Civil War days the figure of Justice Salmon P. Chase, swinging his arms as he rushed down the Avenue, was a familiar sight, until it is alleged he attempted to walk with Lincoln, when the long legs of the rail splitter outdistanced the Chief Justice, who never again boasted of his record from the Capitol to the Treasury, which is just one mile even measure.

MRS. FRANK T. O'HAIR AND RUTH O'HAIR
The wife and little daughter of Congressman-elect O'Hair of Illinois, the self-made, energetic young statesman who comes from Uncle Joe Cannon's district

* * * * *

IT would not seem right for a session of Congress to pass without at least one good story from Monsieur Victor Murdock. They call him "Monsieur" now, because his latest is a French story and when they whispered it was a French story, it seemed that if not *risque* it might be racy. For the popular Victor has a way of telling his stories.

He started by saying that he did not speak French—that is, at the time the story opens. His wife and daughter took a trip abroad, and they wrote to him, not for funds, but to let him know that he was still recognized as the head of the family. In the letter with womanly exactness they told him that the address would be printed on the envelope. Victor was a printer boy once, sat at the case and sticked, stuck or stucked type (past, present and past participle given for convenience) and "followed copy." He took pen in hand and began to address his reply. "Mme." he wrote, for French postal officials might not interpret plain American "Mrs."—"Mme. Victor Murdock." Now for the address, which "Mme." had stated was on the envelope. Laboriously the obedient husband and father began to inscribe the copy. He thought that a little American brevity was needed in French addresses, but he dared not abbreviate or omit, so he utilized every inch of preferred position, just leaving room for the postage stamp to perch on one end, and the words "Hotel Grand Prix" to be obscurely scrawled on the other.

The letter arrived safely, for a reply was received some time after and it included a cold English translation of the envelope as follows:

MADAM VICTOR MURDOCK
Every room with bath. Situated in large park.
Tennis courts alongside. Hot and cold water.
Private dining rooms.
Hotel Grand Prix Mourmelon, near Paris, France

His wife brought the envelope home, and is proceeding to give her distinguished husband a course in French. "The best of it all," whispers Victor "*santo un face*—you see I use French naturally in referring to this story—is that when she has anything not pleasant to say to me I ask her in tones most dulcet (notice the French again) 'please speak it, my dear, in French.'" The Sunflower statesman insists that every man who permits his family to go to Europe should take a course in French during their absence, or else have them address the return envelopes, leaving nothing for the fond husband or father but to affix the stamp and enclose the drafts.

* * * * *

EVER since John Wingate Weeks entered public life his friends felt that his promotion was only a question of time or as someone facetiously remarked "a question of 'weeks,' not years." After an exciting contest, the Massachusetts General Court selected John W. Weeks to succeed United States Senator W. Murray Crane in January. The November election had left him unruffled and unperturbed, one of the re-elected members of Congress from Massachusetts, and he was hard at work upon important committee work at the time of his elevation to the Senate. When members of Congress come from the House into the Senate and exercise their prerogative of entering the Senate floor, they dream of sometime coming over to take a seat as Senator. The Senate has been more generally recruited from members of the House during the last decade than ever before in the history of the country.

The election of Senator Weeks was especially gratifying to his friends. More than any man of recent years he seems to hold the personal affection as well as the respect of his associates. Some have compared his admiring friends to the enthusiastic following of Mark Hanna. While differing from Senator Hanna in disposition and temperament, the towering form and gracious manner of John W. Weeks, the New Hampshire boy, suggests all the

MRS. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, JR.
The daughter-in-law of the Democratic leader, and the daughter of Alex Berger, a Milwaukee millionaire. She and her husband, with their two children, have recently established their home in Washington, while young Mr. Bryan is studying law at Georgetown University

AT THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE HEADQUARTERS
Planning for the inaugural procession. At left, Miss Alice Paul, chairman and leader of the procession plan; at right, Mrs. Helen Gardener, chairman of the Press Committee

elements of a cool-headed and successful leadership. Mr. Weeks is a man of affairs, a level-headed, practical and tactful business man. Public service to him requires the same tension of brain and concentrated effort that is required in conducting any other business. He is not only business like and practical in his legislative policies, but his Appalachian bill, and like measures, and his indefatigable efforts to protect migratory birds, show that he appreciates the necessity of protecting and conserving those beauties and charms of nature which, once wasted, are lost forever.

* * * * *

LIVELY interest was manifested among the Boy Scouts of America in the event which occurred in London when Sir Robert Baden-Powell surprised his friends by marrying Miss Olave St. Clair Soames, of Parkstone, Dorsetshire, a young lady of twenty-two. The popular hero of Mafeking is in his fifty-fifth year, and had become known as a confirmed bachelor. The engagement had been announced only a month, and no definite date had been set for the wedding, when the pair slipped away to the little church at Parkstone and were quietly married.

The Boy Scouts of England contributed a penny each for a suitable wedding present for their beloved commander, and one Scout troop obtained permission to call themselves "Miss Olave Soames' Own."

Although General Baden-Powell appreciates first of all his title as Commander of the Boy Scouts of England, he has received at various times in his distinguished career the orders of Knight Commander of the Bath, Companion of the Bath, Commander of the Royal Victorian Order, Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and Doctor of Laws. He has been in the British army since 1876, and won his rank of major-general at the siege of Mafeking.

Besides being a soldier, the general is the author of many books, and a sculptor of ability, having exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1907. But now in his charming country estate in Dorsetshire, General Baden-Powell enjoys the crowning blessing of his life in the love of the tall, slender lady who has already won the devotion of the great army of England's Boy Scouts.

BANKING ROOM OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT

Of particular interest at this time because it was once utilized for the great inaugural ball, at General Grant's first election. Many recall that upon his re-election a huge structure was erected in Judiciary Park, and plans for the ball laid on a gigantic scale, with admission tickets selling at $20 each. A blizzard came up, the place could not be heated, and the affair was a failure

* * * * *

A CONGRESSMAN with just a bit of keen Celtic blood in his veins was buying a ticket for a Western town at Union Station in Washington. A group of friends were gathered about saying good-bye, for his fate had been sealed in the November elections. The mournful gathering moved up with him toward the ticket window while he asked for a ticket home. "Will you have a return trip ticket?" gently asked the polite official at the window. The Congressman glared. Then there was a peal of laughter.

"What in the name of common sense do I want to return for?" he demanded. "No," he sighed, "the voters out my way decided it was to be just one way this time."

The breaking up of Congress is always interesting because while familiar forms and faces are disappearing, new people step into their places and the magic wand of political prestige passes from one official head to another.

* * * * *

EVEN the most erudite professors of the psychological college have been unable to fathom that subtle factor that governs the public's impressions of prominent people. There seems to be no rule or reason for it at all. Little incidents and sidelights and the minor happenings of life for the most part make up the popular impression. The fame of Jay Gould as a financier was perhaps the primary cause of bringing Helen Gould into public notice, but, outside of this, she has always been in the opinion of the American people a thoroughly noble woman. It was the purity and charity characterizing the life of Helen Gould which made the American people rejoice when she found in a stalwart and efficient employe of the railroads in which she was a large stockholder her ideal of the lover and husband to whom she was content to commit the happiness and future of her life.

"PUNCH," THE INTELLIGENT DOG OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR

Mr. Stimson has just placed a lump of sugar on Punch's nose, to be snapped up at a signal. Punch is his master's constant companion; he trots along when the Secretary goes horseback riding, and seldom misses a day at the War Department headquarters, where he lies beside the desk on guard

This marriage, more than anything else, will have some influence in abating the fascination of American girls for titled and noble foreigners. The American public, like individuals, has its heroes and heroines, and expresses its affection as well as its dislike of those whose names appear in the public prints day by day.

Every detail of the Shepard-Gould wedding was read with keen relish by American women, for it was a simple, kindly ceremony as free from ostentation as the sterling sincerity of the philanthropy which has made Helen Gould one of the best loved women in America.

Clad in simple ivory satin, trimmed with rose point lace and seed pearl embroidery, wearing a string of pearls which formerly belonged to the Empress Josephine, and carrying a bouquet of lilies of the valley, her favorite flower, Helen Gould on her wedding day took her place among the loving and noble wives who in any generation win the hearts of the people.

A FEW days before he celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday I met Mr. Andrew Carnegie at his home in New York just as he returned from a vigorous walk around the reservoir and park with his secretary, Mr. Bertram. Newspaper men like to meet Mr. Carnegie because he always has something of interest to say. His sparkling eyes and quick movements indicated the excellent health he is enjoying, and he had all the activity of a man of fifty. He receives every guest with an enthusiasm and appreciation of life that is infectious even to younger men. He insists that every year he has a higher and better opinion of the human race, and when he opened the letters and telegrams of congratulation there was a gleam of happiness on his face that should have been caught and fixed as a most memorable and characteristic portrait.

Mr. Carnegie revels in literary quotations. One incident will remind him of a line from Hamlet, while another suggests Robert Burns. On that day discussion was centered on an epigram in Ben Franklin's autobiography which recalled Luther's declaration, "We cannot serve God. He needs no help from us. But we can do our greatest service to our fellows." This concisely covers Mr. Carnegie's idea of true religion.

Reference was made to a quotation of six lines from Burns, which Lord Morley once said had done more to establish the moral, social and political institutions of man than all the editorials that had ever been written. The quotation begins with the line, "Thine own reproach alone do fear." And Mr. Carnegie added, "Let the judge within decide. If you get a verdict from him, you have no other judge to fear. We are told the kingdom of heaven is within you."

The quotations on his library walls touch all phases of life and express in a few words more than sermons. The one original quotation of Mr. Carnegie's that sounds the keynote of optimism is, "All is well since all grows better."

In answer to an inquiry as to which of his many benefactions he liked best, Mr. Carnegie responded that next to pensions to needy friends, his favorite was the Hero Fund. This has the distinction of being Mr. Carnegie's own idea and is entirely original. It was conceived after a serious mine accident in Pittsburgh when a former superintendent of the mine, Mr. Taylor, hearing of it, drove many miles to the scene, organized a band of volunteers to save those entombed in the mine. He went down into the mine, saved a great number of men, but lost his own life. "He had a family," said Mr. Carnegie, and continued in a sympathetic tone, "What are the valors of war compared with such acts? I felt that such heroism should be rewarded." The Hero Fund is now established in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Sweden and Italy, and Mr. Carnegie finds the reports received from these countries are the best of tonics. The work was especially commented upon by the German Emperor, who declared there was nothing like it, and in his communication to Mr. Carnegie stated that never before did he know there were so many accidents, nor so many heroes within his borders, and he made particular mention of accidents which had recently occurred—all relieved by the fund.

As the talk drifted to the Balkan War situation, Mr. Carnegie stated that he felt the powers would not repeat the mistake of forty years ago, that the sentiment in Europe as well as in America demanded a settlement of the

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE

vexatious Balkan question, but even amid the clash of arms Mr. Carnegie felt more hopeful than ever of the ultimate success of universal peace, and insisted that the closer communication between all the peoples of the earth must soon make savage war impossible. Man killing man would cease as man eating man had through the march of civilization.

In referring to the recent election Mr. Carnegie reiterated, "I am a Republican, dyed in the wool, and I hope always to vote the Republican ticket—but a Democratic president is all right. Personally, however, I believe in President Taft's method—reduction of one article at a time by schedule of the tariff," and he had no patience with the log-rolling methods employed by the congressmen from various states in adjusting the tariff.

Every once in a while a statement was made that recalled the changes in business during Mr. Carnegie's career. When he started in business there was not a pound of steel made in this country, which now makes more steel than all the world. It was interesting to hear Mr. Carnegie's reminiscences of the failures met with in trying to make steel. In those days he believed that protection was needed to induce capital to embark in the manufacture, but he feels that it certainly is not needed at the present time.

New ideas are constantly advanced by Mr. Carnegie. The latest matter that has absorbed his enthusiasm is his plan for pensioning ex-presidents, concerning which he made a statement that attracted widespread attention. The matter was discussed with Mr. Roosevelt when he was President, although he personally did not need a pension. Mr. Carnegie had many interesting ideas on the subject, and awakened interest in a matter that previously had been given little attention.

Thousands of libraries besides those aided by Mr. Carnegie personally were made possible because of his ardent enthusiasm on the subject of public libraries. The same is true of the Hero Fund and his pension idea. He has followed unerringly the course laid out before he dreamed of the fabulous sums he has since distributed. These benefactions are organized under the management of regular corporations with headquarters at Fifth Avenue, and will be conducted in a systematic way. He has now turned over his entire fortune, with the exception of $25,000,000, to benefactions and pensions which have already benefitted veteran telegraphers, old friends on the Pennsylvania Railroad and other beneficiaries. Day after day he receives many registered letters. One Monday morning recently the number of letters was 743. For some time past they have averaged over five hundred daily, owing to his recent action transferring funds to the corporation—in fact almost every human desire was covered in the correspondence of a single day. In all the history of the world, no private fortunes have ever been lavished with such a generous hand for the public good as by American millionaires, and the time is coming when their work will live as an inspiring example for all future time and have an important influence in the progress of the world.

The great mountains of telegrams and congratulatory letters of kindly, loving remembrance that came to Mr. Carnegie on his seventy-seventh birthday were more to him than all his bonds or wealth could represent because, first of all and beyond all, he has lived up to his ideals, and has been one of the greatest living champions of an unfailing optimism and enduring hope and faith in his fellowmen. "Heaven our home" he thinks might some day have a counterpart in "Home our heaven" through service to man.

An Appreciation of Senator Crane

ON future rollcalls of the Senate one conspicuous name will be lacking: a leader of the Senate who was more familiar with the history of important rollcalls and the personnel of his colleagues than any other man of all the many illustrious leaders in that august body. The voluntary retirement of W. Murray Crane from the United States Senate is a matter that has evoked widespread regret, not only in his own state and the nation but among his colleagues and all those in any way associated with him. Senator Crane has long been recognized as one of the most level-headed, far-seeing and sagacious of political advisers. In his quiet and soft-spoken way, he has always commanded the respect and love of those with whom he came in contact. He has always had a loyal following in Massachusetts because in meeting W. Murray Crane, one instinctively recognized an ideal of a high-minded man. Never was there a more unselfish public official, constantly doing things for others, tactfully considerate of the individual, for whether they hailed from the city or the country hamlet, duty was always the first consideration with Winthrop Murray Crane.

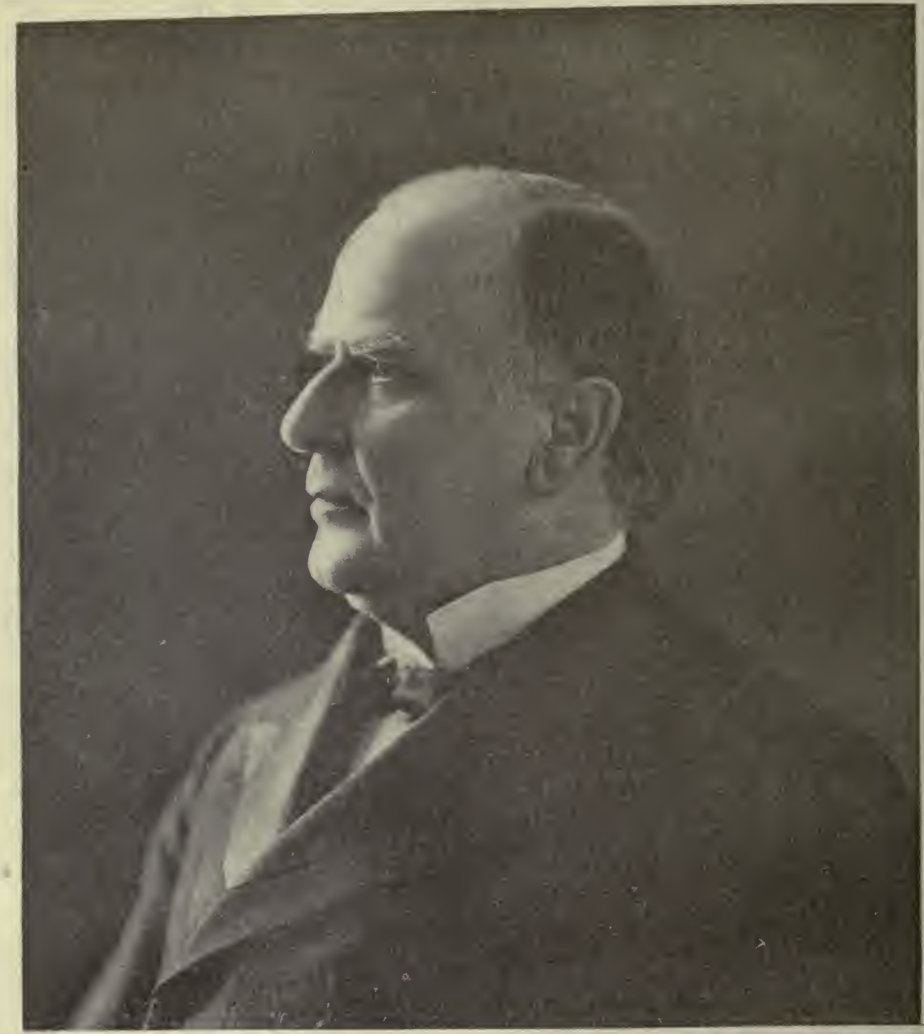
While not burdening the Congressional Record with labored speeches or desultory debates, no important measure was ever considered in which the convictions of Senator Crane were not eloquently expressed through the actions and votes of his fellow-Senators. He was one of the few men in public life who was content to remain in the shadow and let others take the glory so long as the best results were assured. In his office presiding as chairman of the Committee on Rules he was consulted early and late by colleagues representing all parties. It was in the quiet gathering around the conference table that W. M. Crane made his influence most widely felt.

During his entire service as Senator there was always a constituent at the door or in the waiting room, and in all the busy days, whether hours of sunlight or of darkness were exacted, Senator Crane was always at work. Devoted and conscientious, with those high principles characteristic of his Pilgrim forebears, he emphasized in his public career what the true manliness, friendliness and sympathetic consideration of all the people mean in a public man. Nor can his retirement ever withdraw him from the affection and appreciation of his fellow-citizens.

He stands today pre-eminently the First Citizen of Massachusetts, and no conference on national affairs in his party or any other large undertaking affecting the welfare of the country is complete without a consultation with Senator Crane. If there ever was a career which exemplified faithful public service in its highest and broadest sense, it is represented in the public life of W. Murray Crane.

Born in 1853 at Dalton, Massachusetts, he was reared among the activities of the famous paper manufacturing industry which his forefathers established. He was educated at Williston Seminary, Easthampton. He entered public life as a young man, first as delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention, in 1892. He has taken a prominent part at every national Republican Convention since that year, and served for nearly twenty years on the National Committee. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts in 1897 and Governor in 1900. He succeeded Hon. George F. Hoar in the United States Senate in 1904, was elected unanimously by the General Court of Massachusetts in 1905 to fill out the term and was again re-elected in 1907. His public life has been a continuous record of public approval.

It would take many large books to record the acts of generous kindness and friendly devotion which have characterized the grandson of Zenas Crane, and son of his namesake and successor. W. Murray Crane entered his father's paper mill and worked his way through every position of importance, mastering the details of manufacture and learning to understand those who worked with him. He was given the degree of A. M. by Williams College in 1897 and Harvard conferred the degree of LL.D. in 1903, but these diplomas are as nothing compared to the gratitude and



THE LATE WILLIAM McKINLEY

"His figure in history will be that of the pilot of the nation who guided our ship of state from a limited influence, somewhat insular and contracted, out onto the broad bosom of the ocean of international power and responsibility"

all the wards of the nation in the expansion of the nation's power and responsibilities during his guidance of the country's course.

The attitude which he occupied and into which he led his party and his country was the object for years of the bitterest political attack both before and after his lamented death. This fierce questioning of his motives and those who followed him, this heated denunciation of the selfish spirit of exploitation, which was supposed to be the underlying purpose, had the effect of keeping the dominant party and those who controlled its course anxious to show in everything that was done the spirit which actuated McKinley in the initiation of the policy, and have brought about the result that one of the prize pages in the history of the United States is that which covers the treatment of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines in the fourteen years since they came under our influence and control.

In Days of Long Ago

by Ethel Hamilton Hunter

ACROSS the coppice slanted the evening sunlight; across the sunlight fell a shadow. The little twigs peeping from their russet bed of brown creaked ominously. There was a soft rustle, the echo of something light and swift, and then as Mistress Barbara Winsome came slowly forward along the woodland pass, a smile crossed my lord's face.

Lying there half concealed by the brushwood, she did not see him as she passed, so he called her: "Barbara! Barbara!" and when he had repeated her name thrice—very softly, be it told—she turned and faced him.

"Barbara," says my lord, "I have found such a bonny place, I prithee wait a moment while I tell thee of it. It is like a robin's nest, all filled with down; there is a little creek through which the sun may creep, and yet a passer-by can scarce descry this secret spot. The trees are waving overhead; the grass is soft beneath the feet. I have been longing to find thee, listening for thy step to pass. Thou hast but to cross the path—for I shall hold aside yon brier-bush—and thou art there. Come, Barbara, and see my nest. I have been waiting only, dear, for thee."

"And dost thou think, my lord," says she disdainfully, "dost thou truly think I am a brown rabbit, a crawling hedgehog, or perchance a slimy frog, that I should find the time or inclination to stray into thy den? Thou hast, indeed, a high opinion of thy charms, higher I deem than other folks; and thou hast also little work to do that thou shouldst waste thy time so heedlessly."

Very saucily Mistress Barbara shook her curly head in derision. She had scarce finished speaking, however, ere my lord was by her side.

"Barb," says he, speaking very quickly, "thou art a wicked imp. What I have said to thee is all true."

"All!" says she mockingly, opening wide her blue eyes. "If I had not chanced to pass, I tremble to think how long thou mightest have waited, my lord." And with that she made to run away.

My lord caught her as she sprang by, and feasted his great black eyes upon her. The sun gleamed in her ruddy hair; it lighted up the youthful freshness of her winsome face; it caught the tender beauty of her flashing eyes; it deepened the rosy color upon her soft, warm cheeks.

"Stay!" cries my lord, laying a firm hand upon either shoulder. "Today, of all days, I have longed to see thee, Barbara. From early morning I have wandered everywhere I thought that thou mightest be. When evening came I said, she doth often pass this way, but such a tricksome lass is she, should I meet her, she will turn and run away. So I looked, and found this sheltered spot, where I might watch unseen. I have something I would tell thee, something I must tell thee now. Nay, child, I would not frighten thee; thou art such a little thing. Why dost thou pull away? I will be very tender. Barb, wilt thou not look into my eyes? I have never held thee in my life before, never may again, for tomorrow, child, I go away."

How the birds twittered! How still it was! How white the scarlet cheeks had grown!

"Thou hast shivered. I could swear it. Can it be, after all, that thou dost care, Barbara? Look up, child, and let me see."

"I must go home," says she very softly. "It is getting late. I must be going home."

My lord opened his arms and she stood before him, a trifle crumpled perhaps, and white, with her eyes fixed nervously upon the ground.

"I thought perhaps you might have cared just a little," whispered he, "we have been friends such a long time. Why! thou wast but a tiny maid when first we met;

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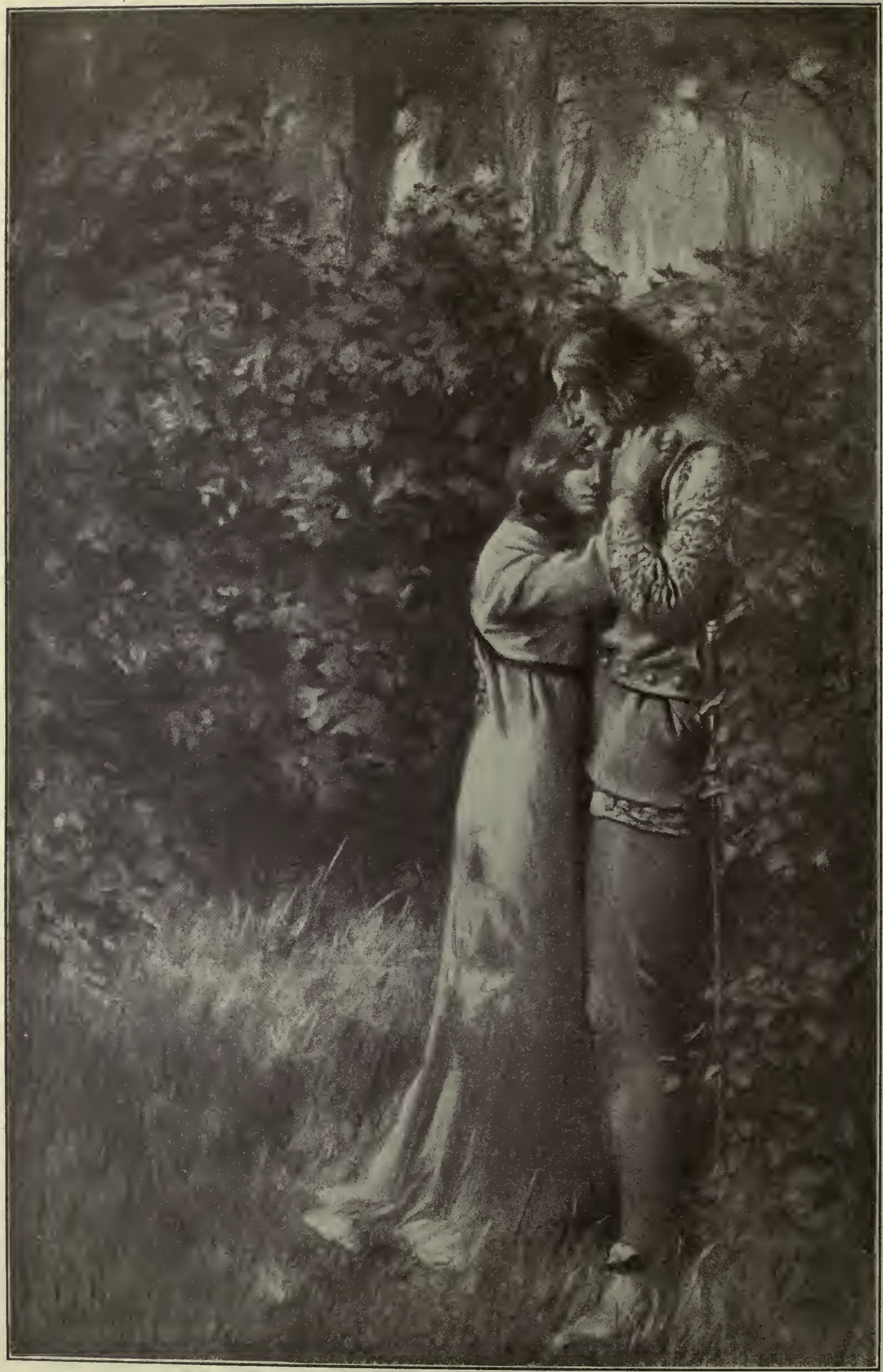


For a long time neither spoke. Above in the ivy a pigeon cooed. In the long grass, scarce a dozen yards away, a rabbit scampered past.

and now thou dost not care one jot—"

But she interrupted him.

"You forget, my lord"—a hot flush burned upon either cheek— "that I am only Mistress Barbara Winsome. Whilst thou—I am very sorry, but, b-u-t, thou wilt come back again, some day, my lord, I know thou wilt come b-a-c-k t-o—"

"I will never come back if it be not to thee," cries he, "never! I swear that with my life. Barb, wilt thou not even say good-bye?"

Very timidly a faltering hand touched my lord's; very firmly, very quietly, his trembling fingers closed over it. For a long time neither spoke. Above in the ivy a pigeon cooed. In the long grass, scarce a dozen yards away, a rabbit scampered past.

"Little witch," murmurs he at length, and then again, "Barbara, little laughing winsome witch!"

He loosens the soft, trembling fingers and folds his strong arms about her shrinking form. "Wilt come, dear, within my nest?" asks he; "I have a longing still to tell thee something there. Canst trust me, little one?"

The silken kerchief has fallen from Mistress Barbara's shoulders; it trails along brushwood as she creeps through the bushes with my lord. His mantle rests beneath the trees, where tufts of moss peep from out the grass, and graceful foxgloves raise their drooping heads.

The sun glistens softly through the rustling leaves, forming dancing shadows that play like elfin things, up and down the snowy texture of Mistress Barbara's simple frock. Around her slender throat is twisted a string of coral beads, which match in rosy color the changeful flushing of her dimpled cheeks. The bushes form a screen of green and gold and so my lord and she are quite alone.

"Dear heart!" cries he, stealing out his arms until they meet about her slender waist. "Wilt hear what I would say, what I have been longing, dear, to tell thee, all this weary day? Long ago, Barb, when thou wast but a tiny lass, I loved thee, dear. I wot thou wast a bonny imp then, with thy laughing eyes, with thy roguish smile! Later, Barb, when thou wast growing tall, and thy limbs were beautiful to see, I loved thee as a boy. Now, Barb, when *thou* art beautiful, when thine eyes are like blue forget-me-nots, and thy hair like wallflowers, brown and gold and red, when thy cheeks are soft and sweet and rosy as a mellow peach, and thy lips ripe and red and maddening as the fruit Eve longed so to taste; when thou art like a very heaven of delight, so full of wilfulness, and yet so sweet, so impudent and yet so coy, so merry, yet so shy. When thou hast grown to be a flower of beauty rare, I wist it is small wonder, Barb, I love thee as a man."

The little birds sang as they hopped from tree to tree, the cattle lowed as they rested in the shade.

Very gently my lord raised her soft arms and wound them about his neck. "Dost love me just a tiny bit?" asked he. "Wilt let thy lips burn into mine; wilt raise thine eyes and smile at me? Child, thou dost not know how good a thing is love. With my soul I worship thee. Barb, dost know, tomorrow I must away to fight? Tell me, dear, before I go that thou dost love me, and wilt be my wife."

There is no answer, none at all, so he lifts her little face with his strong hands and sees that it is wet with tears. Her arms tighten about his neck. He bends down, closer, closer.

The sun is sinking. Long shadows cross the copse. How very quiet it has grown.

"Barb," says my lord, when they have told their love, "yonder in my mantle is a little gift for thee; before I go, dear, I would like to lay it in thine arms." He stoops down, and lifting up a tiny spaniel, lays it lovingly in her outstretched hands.

"It is Trix!" cries she joyfully. "Oh, Brian, give her to me. Trix! wake up, thou hast slept quite long enough."

My lord strokes the silken fur. "Thou and she have my best love," says he. "Care for her very tenderly for my sake, dear. There are many reasons, as thou knowest, why I should love her well."

"When you come back, Brian" (she struggles bravely to stay the blinding tears) "I promise we shall be waiting, just as I promise I shall be true."

"It is a compact, then," cries he laughingly, "when I see you both I shall know my darling has been true."

"True, even until death," says she, sobbing now.

He lifts the tiny dog upon her shoulder and winds his great arm about them both; and thus they walk homeward in the evening sun. The minister is waiting for them at the gate; they can see him through the trees. The rosy sky is streaked with red. The village bells are ringing out their evening chimes.

"Good-bye, Barb! Good-bye! Good-bye!" repeats my lord in an agony of grief. "Little one! Dear heart! Farewell! Farewell!"

She lifts her dimpled hand and lays it against his sunbrowned cheek.

"We shall be waiting," whispers she. "Oh! Brian, I shall think of nothing but of thy return. I shall murmur every morning, 'He may come back today.' Good-bye, dear heart, and forget not thy little Barb."

II

"When thy father returneth, Mistress Barbara, thou shalt receive severe reprimand for thy misconduct. How many hours hast thou wasted seeking for that useless dog already? And now—when I have stretched thy tapestry and wound most carefully thy purple silk, when I have left my spinning to aid thee with thy task, thou dost refuse to be industrious. Moreover, this is not all. What do I discover? I discover thou art stealing like a stealthy thief down the corridor, already muffled in thy hood and cloak. Heavy snow is falling; moreover, it is growing dark. Art unmindful of the time and of thy father's anger, when he doth hear of thy misdeeds? Would thy gentle mother had not died, I had then been spared the upbringing of such a wicked minx."

Dame Harbin cleared her throat lustily as she paused for breath, scanning slowly meanwhile Mistress Barbara's woeful countenance.

"I am not unmindful," says the miscreant, forcing back the tears proudly. "When my father returneth, I shall tell him all. What if it doth snow? Far better for me than the little homeless thing I seek. Hast no heart, Dame Harbin, that thou wouldst leave a helpless animal to wander in yonder wilderness? Tell what thou dost like. I go to seek that which is lost. Wilt come? or must I go alone? I care not which, so long as Trix be found."

Dame Harbin out of sheer astonishment dropped the kerchief from her hand.

"Plague to thy tongue, thou saucy imp, and pray thou mayst find thy supper as readily as thy speech when thou comest back. Away, I tell thee! Get buried for all that it concerneth me." And with these cheerful words as a final rejoinder, Dame Harbin angrily slammed the door.

It was Christmas Eve. Snow was falling, softly, swiftly filling up the ditches, covering the leafless trees, leaving the fields pathless and the dark places cloaked with light.

The little figure muffled in the scarlet hood, hurried forward with resistless feet. "Trix! Trix!" she called. But no echo resounded. "I promised *we* should meet thee, just as that I should be true. Oh, Brian, when thou dost come again, thou wilt find thy Barb hath lied to thee."

Tears were falling, blinding her sight; she must needs stretch up her little hand to wipe them from their dimpled bed.

"It is so long and lonely. There will be no supper when I go home. Trix is lost and I am wet and cold. Trixy! Trixy! come back to thy little Barb, for she is all alone—"

But still no answer, not a sound!

. . . How thick the snow was falling. How hard it was to grope along the path. Sometimes her feet slipped into a deeper fall; sometimes she struck against a stone and hurt her tired feet.

At last through the gloom a familiar landmark caught her eye; another and another. Ah, truly she was coming to the old trysting place, where my lord and she had told their love. Onward she pressed quickly. How comforting it was to recognize something! She knew every inch of the ground now. She forgot her tiredness, forgot the wet, the cold; another moment she would be there—

Another moment. "Trix!" she called, and then paused.

Whose was that figure covered with the falling snow, standing where my lord and she had learned to love? For one moment a wild thought crept into her heart. Could it be—? But when he turned, she saw he was a stranger.

"I heard thee call. Dost seek, Mistress, for anything?" queried he.

"A little dog," answers she. "Oh, sir, I have come out in all the snow because the little thing is lost. Hast seen aught of her?"

"A dog is of small account compared with the danger of a storm like this. Thou art too fragile to have left thy home. Hast no mother, litttle one, that thou shouldst stray away?"

"My mother! She hath been dead long since, and Dame Harbin *did* try, sir, to keep me in; but if thou hadst loved a little thing with all thy might. Ah! I hear a bark; it comes from beneath thy coat. Trixy! Trixy! Thy little Barb hath found thee. Master, thou hast there truly what I seek."

The scarlet cloak is thrown aside. Out in the falling snow stretch two eager hands.

In a twinkling the stranger has caught her in his arms, and makes as though to draw her to him.

"What wilt thou give? Nay, I must have some return. One kiss, sweet maid. 'Tis naught, and we are quite alone."

Her cheeks grow white. Her eyes flash with a strange light. For a moment it seems her strength will fail, but happily when she speaks there is not even a quiver in her voice.

"Firstly, I beg thou wilt release me, sir; secondly, I beg to decline the honor thou hast so kindly offered" (she gazes full into his eyes with withering scorn) "and thirdly, I must congratulate thee upon thy chivalry, beholding I am a woman so alone and weary."

The stranger draws a step aside.

"A thousand pardons," murmurs he, bowing with the gravest ceremony. "I also have to thank thee, Mistress, for reminding one so blunt what ought never to have been forgot. I pray thou wilt forgive this churlish swain."

The anger dies from Mistress Barbara's eyes. Quite unasked she stretches out her hand that he may grasp it.

"Wouldst think me rude if I did ask a question?"

"Thou mayst ask," says she.

"'Twas not *alone* the dog that brought thee out?"

"It was, indeed it was."

"Art *sure?* I wish not to be rude."

"Indeed, sir, it was. I promised one—her master—that when he did return we should meet him sure."

"'Twas a promise?"

"Yes." (A pause.) "He loved her and left her in my charge when he went to fight."

"And thee—doth he love thee, too?"

The snow had ceased to fall. Darkness was creeping on apace.

"Aye, sir."

"And that is why thou wouldst not—thou knowest?"

"Aye, truly," answers she, and hangs her head.

What strange influence keeps them there, in the darkness, in the snow? The scarlet hood has fallen back from Mistress Barbara's face. There is just light enough to note her tender childish beauty.

She feels something soft, and looking down sees Trix is in her arms.

The weary search is over. She is almost numb with cold, but Trix is safe. She turns to thank the stranger and finds—

Can the darkness hold so great a mystery? Have her eyes been cheated? Is her mind unhinged?

Nobody has crossed the path. Not a footstep can be heard, yet standing there with his arms outstretched toward her, with the old, old boyish smile upon his face, stands my lord.

She raises her eyes in wonder, and while she waits he calls her "Barb! Barb!"

No ghost! No specter! No one else could call her name like that.

"Brian!" Then she falls.

III

"It is no dream, father. Thou art here, and there is Brian, and Trix, and Dame Harbin, too. Oh, it is lovely to remember again. Have I been ill, father, that I am here in bed?"

The minister raises his white head.

"Yes, little one. But thanks to our kind friend, yonder, thou hast been spared to us."

"Brian," calls she very softly, smiling sweetly up at him. "Tell me how it all happened." And when he has come over and knelt beside the bed, "I know something *has* happened, but it was such a long time ago I cannot remember."

My lord raises her oh, so gently with his great arm (over which hangs her bright hair), and when she has nestled her tired head upon his breast, he tells her:

"Men are so strong, little one, I did not think thou wast so wearied. I knew thou wouldst be true, but in my selfishness I thought it sweet to try thee, that I might feel the rapture of hearing once again the sweet fidelity of thy great love.

"It was noonday when I arrived (I had hurriedly been sent as despatch-bearer to Sir Philip Everton. Thou knowest him of Desmond Town? And was disguised.) Snow was falling thickly when I went to seek thee. Across the fields was my nearest way. I cared not that the snow was deep. Suddenly I heard a tiny yelp, and upon looking down, great was my astonishment to see poor Trix wading through the snow. I lifted her into the pocket of my coat, scarce believing my eyesight, and so we wandered on. Trix knew my voice at once and whined softly from her warm bed. A strange longing overtook me, dearest, to see the old spot, our trysting place. I breathed thy name softly, little one, and turned, turned, incredulous joy, to find thee by my side. For a moment my heart almost stopped beating. Then a mad desire to remain disguised took possession of me. The rest I have told thee, little one. How to hear thy love I kept thee in the coldness, in the snow, and it was only when thou didst fall senseless into my arms I recognized my brutality. I carried thee home all the way, filled with mad regret. But God who made thee *so* true hath been good. Dost think, little one, thou canst ever forgive or love me as of yore?"

. . . The old man is praying, with his face buried in his wrinkled hands. Dame Harbin, fearful of some household duty, has hurried away. Trix sleeps peacefully before the cheerful fire.

So no one sees the little hands that creep about his neck, or the salt tears that trickle, oh, so very quietly down the pallid cheeks. No one sees, no, nor hears the tender words that fill his soul with rapturous joy.

And it is far, far better so; they are much too holy to be noised abroad.

TWILIGHT

HUSH of the twilight now comes gently stealing,
Far-away vesper-bells send their slow pealing,
Stars one by one their pale lights are revealing,
High in the deepening blue;
Day seeks her couch in the soft fragrant air,
Night bends o'er Day in its calm dreaming there—
Wings of the west wind and breath of rose rare
Carry my message to you.

Heart of my heart, still thy passionate weeping,
Love me and trust me, thy faith I am keeping;
Tire not with waiting though time seems a-sleeping
If years are long love is still;
Dear, I will come to thee—Dawn follows Night,
Pray to our God that He guide me aright.
Slow move the years, my love, yet in their might
They bear me onward to you.

—Harry Alfred Earnshaw

The Bar of Cascumpec

By Arthur N. McGray

IT had been a big season for the Gloucester seining fleet in the great Bay of the St. Lawrence; the first "good year" for a long time.

In days gone by this fleet passing north through the Strait of Canso had frequently numbered four hundred sail. Pretty and lively looking craft they were, too, with their snow-white sails, newly scraped spars and glossy top-sides; for this was the summer fleet, fitted out and commissioned early in June of each year, much the same as the various yacht squadrons are, though for a far more serious purpose.

These rakish schooners, averaging about eighty tons each, hailed from every port between Eastport and Hyannis, though the majority were from old Cape Ann.

For several years past, the vast schools of mackerel which from time immemorial had made the sandy-bottom banks of the Gulf of St. Lawrence their feeding and spawning ground between mid-June and September, had gradually withdrawn from this, their ideal summer home, and migrated elsewhere to spawn their myriad host of young. Year after year the schools had become smaller and more scattered, and the great fleet had dwindled and scattered in consequence, until, where formerly the whole four hundred sail might at times be counted from the masthead of any vessel of the fleet, now it was seldom that a dozen of them were in sight of each other at the same time.

To discover the new spawning ground was as important to the fishermen of the New England coast as had been the finding of the Golden Fleece by the knights of old. Summer after summer the search was renewed, autumn after autumn the ever diminishing fleet returned from a voyage of failure. Everywhere the search was vigorously prosecuted, from the Georges Shoals to Cashes Bank; from Sable Island to the Magdalenes; from Bay Cheleur, Gaspe, Anticosti and the Seven Islands, to Mingan, the Mecatinies and the Strait of Belle Isle; while the coast of Newfoundland from the great French fishing rendezvous of Port-au-Port Bay was scoured by the eagle-eyed lookout all along the northerly trending coast, and thence down the east side of Terra Neuva to the glittering sands of White Bay. But all to no purpose, the new spawning grounds were otherwheres.

In the closing days of June, however, the people of Canso, still clinging to the old habit, would gather along the beautiful hillsides of the "Gut" to watch the heaving in sight of the familiar craft, for every family among them had some one of its number sailing in the Gloucester fleet, and even the women and half-grown children in the rustic homes which line the beautiful Strait from Sand Point to Cape Jack could call the name of many a vessel at an astonishingly long distance. Season after season had they watched their coming, as day after day they sped northward; sometimes with favoring wind and tide, sometimes with both against them, they sailed back and forth for hours in a contest with bluff Cape Porcupine.

The old men of McNears and Pirate Cove, sitting on a rickety old fish-flake, or lounging against the broken piles of a fast decaying wharf, would swap yarns for hours, and recount to the younger generation stories of the olden days when every vessel of the fleet, whether north or homeward bound, would drop anchor at Mulgrave or Hawkesbury to give "the boys" a night ashore, either as encouragement for the work before them or as a reward for that performed. Now in the declining days of the fishery it was recognized that every hour had its value, and every misspent day on passage might mean the loss of a two hundred barrel shoal, which would half load the largest of the fleet. So the little ships swept by with seldom a word of salutation. Gradually the vessels of Truro, Wellfleet, Chatham, Hyannis and Plymouth failed to come with the returning summer, while the hailing ports of Marblehead, Salem, Beverly, Portsmouth and Portland, once among the leaders, were seldom read on any taffrail now. The waterfront of the thrifty coves which once harbored them fell into ruins through misuse and lack of the sailors' generous patronage, and hence the old men had little to do but recount the exciting happenings of bygone days. They were exciting days, too, for many a tricky act was played on the fishing grounds by rival crews which had to be settled by brawn and fist when next they met on shore. No wonder then that the youngsters always gathered around the old men on the fishing stages to see the fleets go by, and listen with open-mouthed awe to the oft-repeated tale of the time when Wild Archie and Black John fought a three-days' battle, which might have continued for a week, only that Archie, scenting ultimate defeat, appropriated a siege-piece in the shape of a pitchfork from a nearby hay stack, whereafter he was deaf to the ardent invitation of the fleet-footed John to drop his weapon and "come down to the beach where there's no sticks or stones and fight it out."

While indulging in this scrap of past history, or, it might better be said, the past history of a scrap, the fleet have passed out of sight, and spent their first profitable season, in years, along the shores of the Gulf, and the treacherous "Bend-of-the-Island."

It will be remembered that the east coast of Prince Edward's Island describes a crescent of over a hundred miles between the North Cape and the East Point bar. This "bend," as the sailors call it, was a favorite schooling ground in the autumn months, but at that time, it is a favorite pastime of the northeast wind to blow up suddenly into a gale, accompanied by thick haze, with such a quick-rising and terrific sea, that unless the fleet crowds on all sail at the first warning and fetch out by one or the other horns of the Crescent, it is almost a certainty that the finish of the gale will find most of the vessels a heap of wreckage on the sands, and many a hardy fellow of their crews sleeping his last sleep among the swaying seaweed.

In the "Bend of the Island" are only two harbors with depth of water sufficient for eighty-ton vessels, and even these two have but little to spare—Malpecque and Cascumpec. Both are narrow-mouthed and barred harbors. Projecting seaward for nearly two miles from either side of the entrance lies a sandbank over which only two or three feet of water swashes. The little canal between is kept open, partly by the in and out going tides, and partly by the force of the Island rivers emptying into the harbors. At the outer point of each bank of sand is a buoy, to mark the "narrow path," while on the shore are two small lighthouses, one standing about two hundred feet behind the other. The rear one is the taller of the two, and stationary. The "fore light" is erected on a platform, equipped with wheels, and a track which lies at right angles to the course of inbound vessels.

The heavy northeast gales cause the sands to shift, and change the channel; so after a bad storm is over the light-keepers put off with a crew to take soundings and change the buoys to mark the new entrance. Then, returning to land, they move the "fore light" along the track, until, with the taller tower behind, they form a safety range. Here the "fore-light" is securely spiked in place to await another on-shore gale and another change of the treacherous sands.

Into these two harbors the fleet often sailed at evening, when the moon was shining so brightly as to offset the phosphorescent indication of the "schools."

Usually it was to renew their supply of water, and call at the post, or telegraph office, for news, or orders from home or owners.

While the boys were filling the water barrels and getting them on board, the skippers usually went over to the lighthouses to get the latest word of how the sands were trending in their shift. Thus it happened that Rube Haskell and Sam Poole, two of the youngest and smartest unmarried skippers in the fleet, met Sadie McPhee, the lovely daughter of old man Angus, the faithful light-keeper of the Cascumpec ranges.

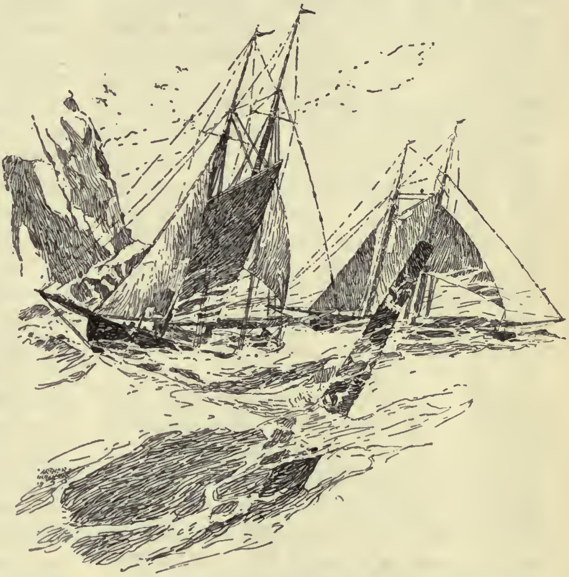
These two had been shipmates, bunkmates and bosom friends all the four years they had served as units in the famous picked-crew of that king of mackerel-killers, Sol. Jacobs. Both had graduated to skipperships the same year, Sam to command the Gatherer, and Rube the Centennial. From that time on, they became earnest, though friendly rivals for high-line honors. Both were close at the heels of their old skipper in "stock," both stuck to the schooling grounds night and day, and both "glued" themselves to the masthead on the lookout for "schools," and often caught a good decking when others were running for harbor, or for safe anchorage under the shelter of some headland.

Pretty Sadie MacPhee, however, was a new and vastly different factor in their rivalry for high-line; a thousand times more important to either of them than such mere worldly honors. All the mackerel in the North Bay wasn't worth "a tinker's cuss" without Sadie; and by dint of scheming, and stealing into harbor, one ahead of the other, they had both managed to tell her so.

Then there got to be "bad blood" between them, and one told the other he "wouldn't stoop to such meanness to court a girl that didn't want him," while the other retorted that he'd "quit when Sadie said so, but not to please any outside hanger-on."

Things were fast reaching a white heat, and Sadie only had the power to prevent open hostilities. Realizing this, she warned them both, that the first to aim a blow at the other would never again be welcomed across her father's threshold.

She was as cool-headed as she was handsome, and, so far, was not really in love with either of them, though immensely fond of both. She was as much charmed by the wonderful stories of deep sea voyages, the beauties of foreign lands, and the queer beliefs and habits of their people, as pictured in animated fashion by Sam, as she was by the sailor love songs which Rube, with his deep and beautiful basso voice was always ready to sing. But her love was not to be won, either by song, or story, it must be *the man;* and what there was in him, to win that.



They sailed back and forth for hours in a contest with bluff Cape Porcupine

In personal appearance they were so evenly matched that there was nothing to choose between them; of their real characters she knew very little, but hearsay bespoke no unkind word of either.

* * *

They both drove home their suit in the most arduous sailor manner; and the exit of one was the enter cue of the other.

The season was drawing to an end. Another northeaster, and the fish were almost sure to begin a migratory movement toward winter quarters, in a tropical sea, and the fleet must follow. Wouldn't she give an answer before they had to go?

"I may," she had said to them both, "but it will depend upon which one of you does something to make himself the best-talked about man in the fleet before you sail for home."

This was something—something tangible—at last. But what could they do? Could it be that she would say "Yes" to the one who caught the biggest school, or who was the first to secure his trip?

The same questioning had come to both, only to be dismissed without second thought. Either of these happenings hung largely on "luck," and Sadie was not the kind of woman to throw one man over because he was more fortunate than another. Indeed she would be far more likely to give both her sympathy and her love to the loser. Think as they might, neither could settle down to any definite idea of what course to take that would surely win. They must wait and let "fate" produce the opportunity; and it came in a way they least expected—could least have foreseen.

It was late in the afternoon, during the last days of September, when about a dozen sail of the fleet were grouped together near Bradlee Bank, about twenty miles due east from the fairway buoy of Cascumpec. The fleet had been fishing among small schools all day, but the fish were fairly tame, and few mis-sets had been made. They all had good fares now, and every deck was littered full of barrels of fish that had been split and gibbed, while around the hatches, piled nearly to the level of the rails, lay the last bailings from the seines, a sight to delight the fisherman's heart. It had been a hard days' work—but every man of them was happy, for it was late in the season to get either such fine weather or an abundance of fish. Not a skipper could voice the old Portuguese fisherman's complaint —"fine weder, no fish; bad weder, no kesh!"

But out on the eastern horizon, things had changed rapidly during the last hour. Heavy, murky clouds were rising. Fresh gusts began to drift along; each livelier than the last.

Rube Haskell was two miles further off-shore than the rest of the fleet, and probably had the largest catch of any of them. Every now and then he stopped in the rapid strokes of his splitting knife and scowled nervously to the eastward. He disliked to be first to make sail and run for shelter, but his good judgment told him he was courting fate to hang on, with night so close, and Cascumpec so far away.

But Rube's courage had always been the equal of his judgment, and if he didn't land his vessel and cargo safely in Gloucester, it wouldn't be charged to any foolhardiness on his part. Another glance to windward determined the matter, and sticking the splitting knife in the rack, he called out:

"Knock off dressing there, boys, clear away aft here, and while the seine gang's gettin' that twine on deck, the rest of ye bail them fish up into barrels and strike 'em below. We'll strike 'em up ag'in and dress 'em when we get to Cascumpec."

"Cascumpec! Think we can make Cascumpec afore it shets in thick or night comes on, Skipper?" anxiously inquired big Bill Dumphy, the seine heaver.

"Well," replied Rube, "I don't know as we can, and I don't know as we can't, but it would be way past dark afore we could round West Cape, an' it's goin' to be too thick and nasty to try any antics like that, an' I'm damned if I want to try and hammer her out to wind'erd far enough to leave what sea room we need between us and the bend of the Island. Most probably we'd come out all right ourselves, but I ain't goin' to risk them two seine boats, and all the stuff we've got on deck, No, sir-ree! I'll run for Cascumpec, an' if I get hold of the fairway afore dark we'll go in. If it gets thick so we can't get hold—I'll haul her down the Island and wallop her out by East Point, or bust. That's all there is to it, so lay hold an' make things hum."

In a few minutes the seines were on deck and the two big forty-foot boats swung inboard on their tackles. Rube went aft, and as he unbecketed the wheel, sung out, "All hands make sail. One hand run aloft and shift over that fore-topsail, an' get it on her as soon as she wings out. Hist away yer jibs, balloon an' all, an' get that stay-sail along an' 'scandalize' it. We can't get a move on any too lively the way this sea's makin' so soon."

The crew of twenty men made quick work of his orders, and a few minutes later the Centennial was flying before the stiff east-northeaster, with every stitch of canvas set and pulling.

"Here, Cale Paris," called the skipper, "take the wheel a bit while I run down and prick her off on the chart, for if I ain't much mistaken, course an' distance's goin' to count fer som'thin' before a couple of hours more's gone over yer heads. Keep her west by south three-quarters south, till I see what the chart says."

"Aye! aye! West by southe, three-quarters southe it is, sir," responded Cale, as he took his seat on the wheel box.

Dropping hastily below Rube snatched the Gulf of St. Lawrence chart from an overhead rack—unrolled it on the cabin floor and applied parallel rules and dividers with evident care and deliberation. "Yes," he mused to himself, "I was just a pint out givin' Cale that course—should have been west, three-quarters southe, an' it's just twenty-two an' three-tenths miles to the Cascumpec Fairway. She'll run that three-tenths now, afore I get the log over—if I don't look lively."

A moment later the skipper appeared on deck, bringing with him the taffrail log outfit, which he lost no time in getting overboard.

"Now, Cale, I'll take her, an' you see everything is lashed snug an' battened down tight, ready for whatever comes," was the skipper's order as he relieved Cale of the steering, and made the change in course.

"Sail, oh! Dead ahead!" came the voice of the lookout, and a few minutes later the Centennial came into full view of the rest of the fleet; all of which had hoisted in their big seine boats, lowered away their sails, and were hauling out reef-earins and trying points, preparatory to a hard beat to windward, out by the dreaded North Cape Bar.

"Sail, oh, to wind'ard," called the man aloft, furling the topsail of the Viking.

"Yes, by thunder," exclaimed Skipper Jim Graham, "an' it's Rube Haskell, runnin' for Cascumpec. Cast adrift them p'ints, boys, and h'ist away the mainsail. Avast furlin' that topsail up there, an' hook on the sheet again—I'm goin' to follow Rube. There isn't another man in the fleet I'd let shape a course fer me to run on a lee-shore by exceptin' him. Everybody can have their own opinion, an' say what they like about his bein' crazy in love with old McPhee's daughter, but when it comes to downright good judgment, an' first class navigatin', well—there just ain't nobody in this fleet can hold a candle to him. The rest of 'em can tackle North Cape if they want to, but the Viking's after the Centennial, just the same."

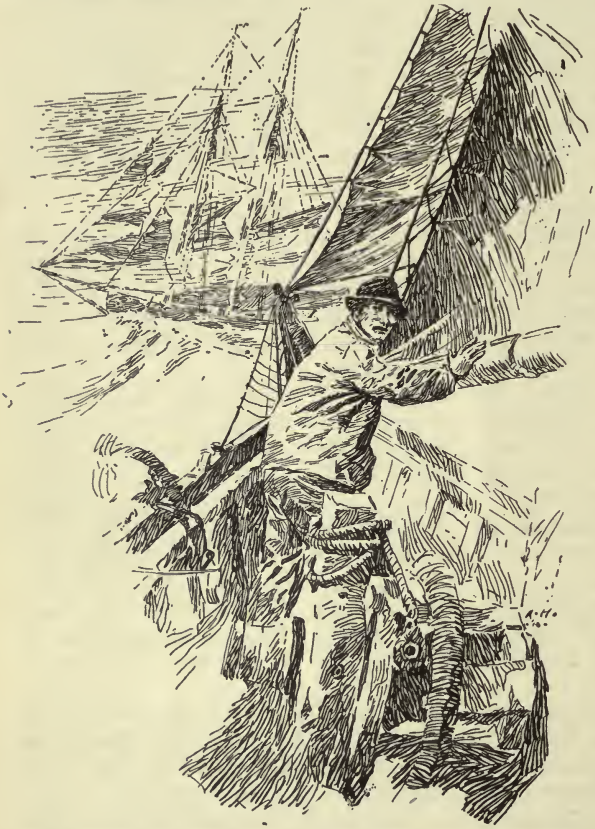
* * *

Skipper Jim undoubtedly voiced the sentiments of the other captains, for before the Centennial had run out of sight in the haze to leeward, the rest were seen, one by one, to change tactics, make sail, and follow.

Sam Poole was the last to accept the course set by his rival. He hung on where he was—giving orders for minor workings—to kill time—hoping his delay in following might influence one or more of the skippers to abandon the example of Rube Haskell, and join him in the original plan of weathering the North Cape Bar. But no signal of waver came to his cheer; while unmistakable signs of dissatisfaction among his crew was becoming strongly apparent.

He knew the pulse of his men too well to hold on longer, and the feeling was forced upon him, too, that no order would be obeyed which did not mean full sail for Cascumpec. In fact, he was more anxious to reach there than any of the rest, but to follow the wake of the Centennial as "pilot" for them all, was a bitter pill indeed. But as no other course was available he finally pocketed his pride, slipped the becket from the wheel, and assuming a jaunty air, called out, "Sway up everything, fore an' aft, boys, an' p'raps we'll show 'em all the road to Cascumpec yet. It's a good bit of a run, but the feller that strikes the Fairway's the one'll get a night's sleep in smooth water, so bear a hand, an' we'll show 'em a trick."

The Gatherer was famed as one of the fastest vessels hailing from Gloucester, and, before the wind, could outsail any of those she now followed. The tail-end vessel of the Indian file, had, however, fully two miles of a start, and was barely visible through the fast-closing haze. To gain that distance in less than two hours sailing would be a wonderful performance, and most unlikely of accomplishment.



"*What in blazes has he luffed to for, if he's made the buoy?*" *questioned the skipper*

But she was now under full sail in pursuit, and the frequent and ever-increasing weight of the gusts from the east-northeast was first felt by the off-shore craft, and the lead of the foremost was gradually diminishing. It was to be a short race, and fortunate for all that it was.

The Centennial was still well in the lead, while the leadsman's call, and the sharp-running seas both told the story of a lee-shore, close aboard. The haze was now impenetrable beyond a quarter of a mile, and the fiercely flying mist drops fairly cut the faces of the sailors.

Rube Haskell, early in the run, had made his plans for every eventuality, and imparted them fully to his crew, so that every man knew his station and work, and realized the full significance of any error or delay, when the time for action should arrive.

The almost inappreciable twilight of the northern autumn was now upon them. Two of the best lookout men were at each masthead—watching for the Fairway—or for breakers, while Cale Paris sat on the taff-rail, reading off to the Skipper every quarter knot as registered by the log.

"What does she say now, Cale?" anxiously inquired Rube.

"Just hittin' nineteen an' three quarters, sir," quickly responded Cale.

"If we don't make the Fairway in less'n two minutes, none of us'll ever see it again—that's all there is to that, boy—an' if any man of the fleet gets ashore alive, everybody'll blame Rube Haskell for all the widders an' orphans an'—"

"Fairway, right under the lee bow, sir," yelled the lookout in the port fore crosstrees.

"Let run all the jib halliards, an' man the down-hauls," roared the skipper. "Let go the fore topsail sheet, an' clew away—an' stan' by for the ji-bo'—Hard down—run in yer main sheet, an' lower away the foresail. Steady now—Let your mainsail run—That's it, boys—now then, h'ist away yer jibs again—balloon an' all!"

It had taken but a few moments to execute all the orders so well understood in advance. Quickly the gallant craft had swung to—into the very eye of the wind—just at the point of the Bar, over which the giant seas were raging in deafening tumult. A moment later, freed from the weight of main and foresail, and their topsails, Rube rolled up the wheel again, and as the jibs went crashing and banging up the stays, the Centennial quickly swung away dead before the wind to begin the perilous run between the long stretches of sand, which the angry sea now bellowed with a thunderous roar.

"Rube's rounding to," yelled the masthead lookout of the Viking, at first sign of the Centennial's luffing.

"Must have missed the Fairway; an' his run's up, too," was the anxious remark of Skipper Graham to his second hand. "There'll be H—l to pay here in about a mini't', when all this fleet has to shorten down, an' start in for a drubbin'."

"Fairway's right alongside of him," joyfully exclaimed the lookout man a moment later.

"What in blazes has he luffed to for, if he's made the buoy?" questioned the skipper. "By gracious," he immediately continued, closely watching Rube's tactics, "I can't understand how Rube always figures out some new sailor dodge, that lets him out, just when you think he's gone the length of his rope. You see, boys, he's drove her 'galley-west' like all possessed, till he made his land-fall all right; then he just lets her come to, lowers away everything, an' now he's off again with nothing but them jibs on her—an' they'll keep her from broachin' when he gets in the shaller water of the Bar—in there aways. Ye see, boys, her heel'll likely take bottom, an' kill her steerage, when she settles in the holler of one of them big ones, an' when she'd rise, on the next one that come; if he kept all that after sail on her—hangin' by the skig, with no use of the rudder, she'd just give one bounce—lift her tail in the air—make a bee-line for the weather bank, an' stick her nose in it—an' with her layin' cross-ways a narrow place like that—well, the whole fleet'd be piled up atop of him in ten minits. It would make the worst smashup ever heard of in fishin' history—an' no one above water to tell how it happened. Stan' by, boys, we'll take a leaf out of his book, an' Lord help anyone this night as doesn't."

A quick movement of the wheel, and hurriedly executed orders, had, a few moments later, duplicated Rube's action on board the Viking, while Solly Rowe, who was next astern, took in the full significance of the movement and duplicated it again. And so it ran—vessel after vessel—until the procession of rolling, plunging, pounding fishermen had all entered the lane—from which there was no turning back—all but the Gatherer.

Sam Poole had taken all the leaves out of another man's book that he intended to for one day, and he didn't use any choice words, as he so expressed himself.

While the rest were shortening sail the Gatherer had gained on them all. As she reached the Fairway his masthead lookout man had noted the tactics adopted by the nearest vessels ahead and reported it. Intuitively, Skipper Sam recognized it as a new plan, and Rube Haskell as its father, for the Centennial was too far ahead in the haze to be visible.

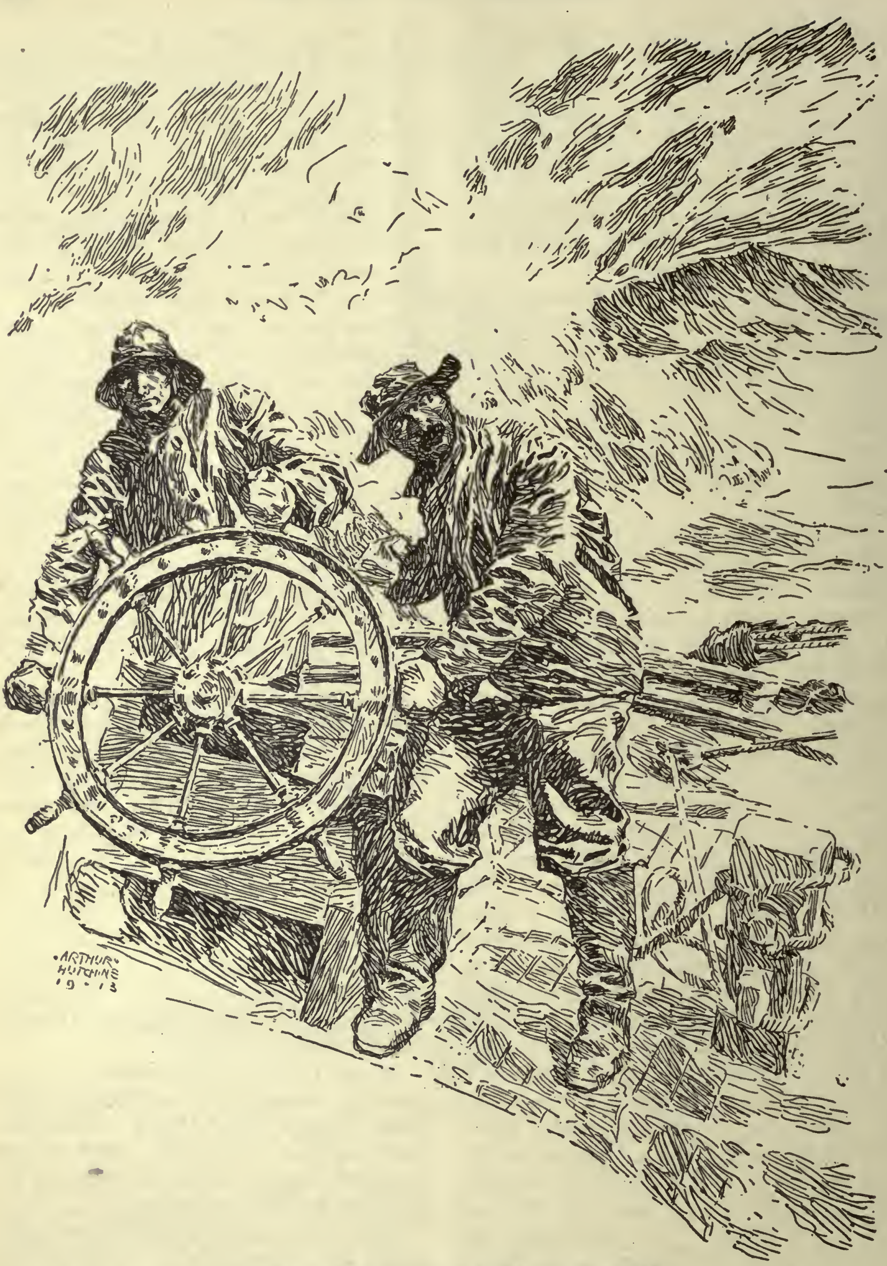
"Bah!" he retorted, "nobody but an old woman would disgrace a vessel handling her that way. We'll go to the anchorage with all sail, or by the horned-sculpins, we won't go at all."

As he looked about the crew for approval of his expression, he was met by an ominous silence. Inwardly he repented his words, for Sam Poole was no second-rate sailor, and fully alive to the danger of the narrow channel, the treacherous sand-bar, and the fierce-running breakers. He was a desperately stubborn man, and would never humble his pride by withdrawing his utterances—and would actually prefer to drown himself and every man of the crew—if necessary, rather than retract on a proposition in which Rube Haskell was concerned.

As she reached the Fairway the haze suddenly became so dense that the next vessel ahead was barely discernible. Darkness, too, was closing down on the turbulent waters, while the fury of the gale kept steadily increasing.

With every stitch of canvas set, with booms and spars buckling under the terrible strain, the Gatherer flew by the Fairway and entered the seething maelstrom.

"God help us all," solemnly said old Bill Bouy to a group of the boys standing around the windlass, "if she don't stick straight to the channel, or if we overtake one of them others, there'll be no gettin'



"Hard up there, quick—meet her, boy, meet her"

out of it then, not in this wind, an' sea, an' dark, too."

"Here Johnnie Highlands," shouted the skipper, "lend me a hand with this wheel, she's gripping like blazes, an' no one man can handle her—why, you're white an' tremblin' like a leaf, man. Hard up there, quick—meet her, boy, meet her."

As the monster wave that threatened to engulf them ran by and the vessel kept safely to her course, the Skipper smiled grimly to his wheelmate, and continued, [illegible] expected you'd show white [illegible]

"I aint got any to show, Skipper," returned Jack, "but the man that ain't fearin' fer his life, aboard this craft, at this minit, ain't got sense enough to fear anything—that's all."

Before the Centennial was fairly within the harbor's mouth, Rube, who had kept an anxious eye on the fleet astern, whenever possible, called out, "Hook the tackles on that starboard seine boat, an' swing her out, Cale, see the whole fourteen oars is in her, an' put in an extra three or four from the other boat—we may need 'em."

A few moments more and the big boat was swung outboard and hanging in her tackles, ready for lowering away.

"Let run yer jibs; an' stan' by to anchor. Here, Cale, boy, listen a minit. Soon's the anchor's clear of the cat-head you an' the cook must look after her—the rest of us is goin' back—understand?"

"I suppose I do," returned Cale slowly, while a look of anxiety, mingled with disappointment, overspread his face, and moisture filled his eyes. "I guess we can take care of her, an'll be here when you come back, if that's what ye mean."

As the good craft, relieved of her head-sails, was swinging slowly to the wind, Rube called out again, "Let go yer anchor under foot, an' pay away chain. There, Cale, let her have the other one soon's ye like—stan' by an' lower away the boat—all hands, but Cale an' the cook, man her out."

An instant later the boat was afloat—thirteen oars striking vigorous strokes—and Rube, with the long steering oar, swung her head to the wind, straight for the harbor's mouth.

"Give it to her, boys; ye can't tell what's happenin' out there, or how bad somebody may be needin' ye this minit. I set 'em the example, an' if any of 'em makes a miss-hit I'll always blame myself.

"Here comes Jim in the Viking," he continued, "I only hope we'll meet 'em all inside the half-way bar, an' if they've all been careful, an' no one took bottom too hard, we will."

As Skipper Graham and his crew flew by the outward-bound seine boat, they first cheered, and then speculated.

"P'raps he shipped a sea an' washed his seine overboard, an' is goin' out to see if he can save it," suggested one of the crew.

"We'd likely a seen the corks of it, floatin', if he had," answered another.

"What do *you* say, Skip," inquired the second hand, "what's he drivin' that seine boat out there for, with his whole eighteen men in her—an' they're forcing her like sixty, too. If they was on a life-savin' job they couldn't drive her any harder."

"Well," replied the skipper with a knowing look, "p'raps that's just the kind of a job they're on—we don't know, nor they don't know—but Rube Haskell's more likely to guess right than any man in this fleet—or any other fleet for that matter—an' that's all I've got to say about it now."

Onward came the fleet, one by one, and cheered them, as the crew of the Viking had. Out by the harbor's mouth, and through the angry seas slowly sped the boat, heavily toiled the oarsmen.

As still another craft flew by them in the early darkness, one of the relief men, who had carefully noted every passing vessel, turned to Skipper Rube, and said, "Sam's the only one out now."

As the rowers drove on with unslackened energy the stern expression on Rube's face changed to one of deepest anxiety, and the relief-man continued, "He or'ter be here by this time, sure—'praps he didn't follow us, they say he's awful stubborn, an' set like, when he wants to be."

"I only hope to Heaven he didn't," fervently responded Rube.

"What's that noise," broke in the relief-man, excitedly, "sounds like canvas blowin' to ribbons—an' by thunder, that's what it is, too!"

"Give way, boys, give way with all your might," shouted Rube as with the big steering oar he beat the water, and swung the boat's head toward the weather bar. "She's broached on him, boys, an' in ten minits she'll be in kindling wood, an' not a soul to tell the tale—give way—hard's you can, bullies."

The roar of the mighty seas on the Bar, the beating and thrashing of the torn canvas, and the crash of breaking booms and topmasts, was indescribably appalling.

Never for a moment did the seine-boats' crew relax in their task, until from out the stormy darkness loomed the dim outlines of the Gatherer.

"Avast rowing," shouted Rube. "Back water, quick, or her spars'll fall across us—steady, hold."

High up on the sands reared the bow of the wreck, her stern sunken to awash, while monster seas rolled her back and forth with terrific violence. It was plainly a question of minutes, only.

Another deafening roar of the sea—another awful crash—the whole weather side tore apart, the spars snapped at the deck, and together with their rigging full of men, were dashed into the foaming torrent.

"Give way, men, give way," roared Rube; and straight into the midst of the churning wreckage shot the seine boat.

* * *

As the little craft with her double crew of storm-drenched seamen passed inward, by the Cascumpec ranges, widely different feelings pervaded the hearts of the two men in the stern sheets. Just here, too, they were met by other boats of the fleet, whose skippers, becoming alarmed at Rube's long absence, had put out in search.

Oars were shipped in, and the boats came alongside to divide up the crew, for accommodation purposes, among the fleet.

"I'll go in with Graham, if you like, Rube," said Sam, in a voice so greatly changed, so sadly soft, that it almost startled Rube.

"Why, anything that suits you, my boy, of course. But I've got room for you, an' you're welcome to it; you know that, Sam."

"Yes, I do, Rube—but I'll go with Jim tonight," and offering his big brown hand continued in a choking whisper, "I can't thank you enough, Rube—no man can, for savin' his life. I can't ever pay you, Rube—but, God bless you—and—her."

TO THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

By HENRY L. SWEINHART

SILENT it stands and strong, its white-walled way
From earth to heaven leading. Up it soars
And boldly breaks the blue of Heaven's bright floors
Within whose reach its glorious top holds sway.
Its sun-kissed cap sees last the light of day,
And first the light, when morning glory pours
Its stream of gold adown the shaft. It stores
Within it memories that will live alway.

A Master speaks, this monument proclaims:
His lessons learn, Americans, and live;
As high as his be your motives, high your aims!
Let his great life to you the impulse give
To make this nation, as this tower tall,
A hope by which the world shall rise, ne'er fall!

SARA'S WAY

By

L · M · Montgomery

Author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Chronicles of Avonlea", etc.

THE warm June sunshine was coming down through trees white with the virginal bloom of plums, and shining panes, making a tremulous mosaic upon Mrs. Eben Andrews' spotless kitchen floor. Through the open door, a wind, fragrant from long wanderings over orchards and clover meadows, drifted in, and from the window, Mrs. Eben and her guest could look down over a long, misty valley sloping to a sparkling sea.

Mrs. Jonas Andrews was spending the afternoon with her sister-in-law. She was a big, sonsy woman, with full-blown peony cheeks and large, dreamy brown eyes. When she had been a slim, pink-and-white girl those eyes had been very romantic. Now they were so out of keeping with the rest of her appearance as to be ludicrous.

Mrs. Eben, sitting at the other end of the small tea table that was drawn up against the window, was a thin little woman, with a very sharp nose and light, faded blue eyes. She looked like a woman whose opinions were always very decided and warranted to wear.

"How does Sara like teaching at Newbridge?" asked Mrs. Jonas, helping herself a second time to Mrs. Eben's matchless black fruit cake, and thereby bestowing a subtle compliment which Mrs. Eben did not fail to appreciate.

"Well, I guess she likes it pretty well—better than down at White Sands, anyway," answered Mrs. Eben. "Yes, I may say it suits her. Of course it's a long walk there and back. I think it would have been wiser for her to keep on boarding with the Morrisons, as she did all winter, but Sara is bound to be home all she can. And I must say the walk seems to agree with her."

"I was down to see Jonas' aunt at Newbridge last night," said Mrs. Jonas, "and she said she'd heard that Sara had made up her mind to take Lige Baxter at last, and that they were to be married in the fall. She asked me if it was true. I said I didn't know, but I hoped to mercy it was. Now, is it, Louisa?"

"Not a word of it," said Mrs. Eben sorrowfully. "Sara hasn't any more notion of taking Lige than ever she had. I'm sure it's not my fault, I've talked and argued till I'm tired. I declare to you, Amelia, I am terrible disappointed. I'd set my heart on Sara's marrying Lige—and now to think she won't!"

"She is a very foolish girl," said Mrs. Jonas judicially. "If Lige Baxter isn't good enough for her, who is?"

"And he's so well off," said Mrs. Eben, "and does such a good business, and is well spoken of by everyone. And that lovely new house of his at Newbridge, with bay-windows and hardwood floors! I've dreamed and dreamed of seeing Sara there as mistress."

"Maybe you'll see her there yet," said Mrs. Jonas, who always took a hopeful view of everything, even of Sara's contrariness. But she felt discouraged, too. Well, she had done her best. If Lige Baxter's broth were spoiled it was not for lack of cooks. Every Andrews in Avonlea had been trying for two years to bring about a match between him and Sara, and Mrs. Jonas had borne her part valiantly.

Mrs. Eben's despondent reply was cut

short by the appearance of Sara herself. The girl stood for a moment in the doorway and looked with a faintly amused air at her aunts. She knew quite well that they had been discussing her, for Mrs. Jonas, who carried her conscience in her face, looked guilty, and Mrs. Eben had not been able wholly to banish her aggrieved expression.

Sara put away her books, kissed Mrs. Jonas' rosy cheek, and sat down at the table. Mrs. Eben brought her some fresh tea, some hot rolls and a little jelly-pot of the apricot preserves Sara liked, and she cut some more fruit cake for her in moist, plummy slices. She might be out of patience with Sara's "contrariness," but she spoiled and petted her for all that, for the girl was the very core of her childless heart.

Sara Andrews was not, strictly speaking, pretty, but there was that about her which made people look at her twice. She was very dark, with a rich, dusky sort of darkness; her deep eyes were velvety brown and her lips and cheeks were crimson.

She ate her rolls and preserves with a healthy appetite, sharpened by her long walk from Newbridge, and told amusing little stories of her day's work that made the two older women shake with laughter, and exchange sly glances of pride over her cleverness.

When tea was over she poured the remaining contents of the cream jug into a saucer.

"I must feed my pussy,' she said as she left the room.

"That girl beats me," said Mrs. Eben with a sigh of perplexity. "You know that black cat we've had for two years? Eben and I have always made a lot of him, but Sara seemed to have a dislike to him. Never a peaceful nap under the stove could he have when Sara was home—out he must go. Well, a little spell ago he got his leg broke accidentally and we thought he'd have to be killed. But Sara wouldn't hear to it. She got splints and set his leg just as knacky and bandaged it up, and she has tended him like a sick baby ever since. He's just about well now, and he lives in clover, that cat does. It's just her way. There's them sick chickens she's been doctoring for a week, giving them pills and things. And she thinks more of that wretched looking calf that got poisoned with paris green than of all the other stock on the place."

As the summer wore away Mrs. Eben tried to reconcile herself to the destruction of her air castles. But she scolded Sara considerably.

"Sara, *why* don't you like Lige? I'm sure he's a model young man."

"I don't like model young men," answered Sara impatiently. "And I really think I hate Lige Baxter. He has always been held up to me as such a paragon. I'm tired of hearing all about his perfections. I know them all off by heart. He doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke, he doesn't steal, he doesn't tell fibs, he never loses his temper, he doesn't swear, and he goes to church regularly. Such a faultless creature as that would certainly get on my nerves. No, no, you'll have to pick out another mistress for your new house at the Bridge, Aunt Louisa."

When the apple trees that had been pink and white in June were russet and bronze in October, Mrs. Eben had a quilting. The quilt was of the "Rising Star" pattern, which was considered in Avonlea to be very handsome. Mrs. Eben had intended it for part of Sara's "setting out," and while she sewed the red-and-white diamonds together she had regaled her fancy by imagining she saw it spread out on the spareroom bed of the house at Newbridge, with herself laying her bonnet and shawl on it when she went to see Sara. Those bright visions had faded with the apple blossoms, and Mrs. Eben hardly had the heart to finish the quilt at all.

The quilting came off on Saturday afternoon when Sara could be home from school. All Mrs. Eben's particular friends were ranged around the quilt, and tongues and fingers flew. Sara flitted about, helping her aunt with the supper preparations. She was in the room, getting the custard dishes out of the cupboard, when Mrs. George Pye arrived.

Mrs. George had a genius for being late. She was later than usual today and she looked excited. Every woman around the "Rising Star" felt that Mrs. George had some news worth listening to, and there was an expectant silence while she pulled out her chair and settled herself at the quilt.

She was a tall, thin woman with a long, pale face, and liquid green eyes. As she looked around the circle she had the air of a cat daintily licking its chops over some tidbit.

"I suppose," she said, "that you have heard the news."

She knew perfectly well that they had not. Every other woman at the frame stopped quilting. Mrs. Eben came to the door with a pan of puffy, smoking-hot soda biscuits in her hand. Sara stopped counting her custard dishes and turned her ripely-colored face over her shoulder. Even the black cat at her feet ceased preening his fur. Mrs. George felt that the undivided attention of her audience was hers.

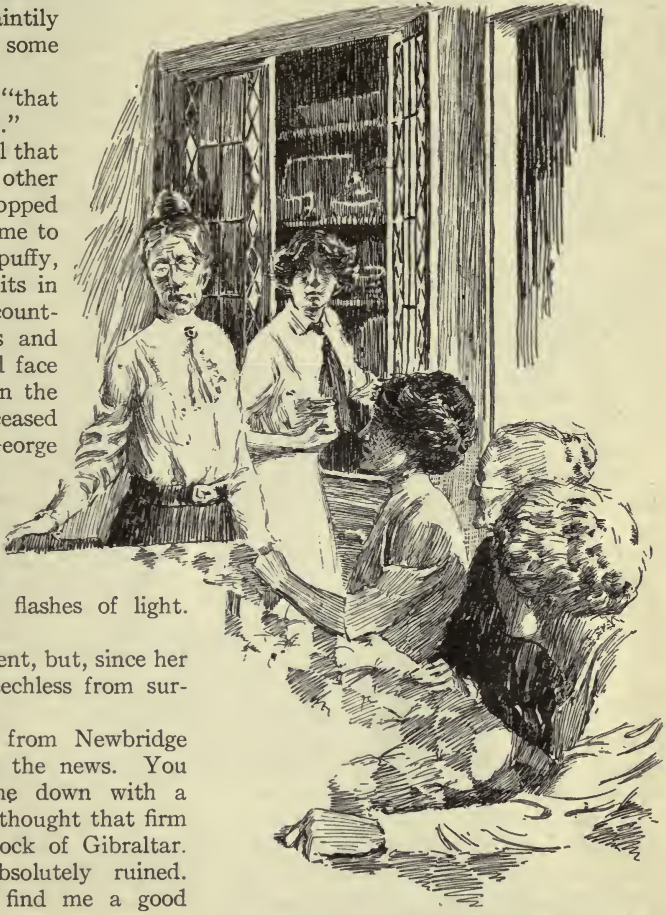
"Baxter Brothers have failed," she said, her green eyes shooting out flashes of light. "Failed *disgracefully!*"

She paused for a moment, but, since her hearers were as yet speechless from surprise, she went on:

"George came home from Newbridge just before I left, with the news. You could have knocked me down with a feather. I should have thought that firm was as steady as the rock of Gibraltar. But they're ruined—absolutely ruined. Louisa, dear, can you find me a good needle?"

"Louisa dear" had set her biscuits down with a sharp thud, reckless of results. A sharp, metallic tinkle sounded at the closet where Sara had struck the edge of her tray against a shelf. The sound seemed to loosen the paralyzed tongues and everybody began talking and exclaiming at once. Clear and shrill above the confusion rose Mrs. George Pye's voice.

"Yes, indeed, you may well say so. It *is* disgraceful. And to think how everybody trusted them! George will lose considerable by the crash, and so will a good many folks. Everything will have to go—Peter Baxter's farm and Lige's grand new house. Mrs. Peter won't carry her head so high after this, I'll be bound. George saw Lige at the Bridge, and he said he looked dreadful cut up and ashamed."



Every woman around the "Rising Star" felt that Mrs. George had some news worth listening to

"Who, or what's to blame for the failure?" asked Mrs. Rachel Lynde sharply. She did not like Mrs. George Pye.

"There are a dozen different stories on the go," was the reply. "As far as George could make out Peter Baxter has been speculating with other folks' money, and this is the result. Everybody always suspected that Peter was crooked, but you'd thought that Lige would have kept him straight. *He* had always such a reputation for saintliness."

"I don't suppose Lige knew anything about it," said Mrs. Rachel indignantly.

"Well, he'd ought to then. If he isn't a knave he's a fool," said Mrs. Harmon Andrews, who had formerly been among his warmest partisans. "He should have kept watch on Peter and found out how the business was being run. Well, Sara, you were the level-headedest of us all—I'll admit that now. A nice mess it would be if you were married or engaged to Lige, and him left without a cent—even if he can clear his character."

"There is a good deal of talk about Peter and swindling and a lawsuit," said Mrs. George Pye, quilting industriously. "Most of the Newbridge folks think it's all Peter's fault and that Lige isn't to blame. But you can't tell. I daresay Lige is as deep in the mire as Peter. He was always a little too good to be wholesome, *I* thought."

There was a clink of glass at the cupboard, as Sara set the tray down. She came forward and stood behind Mrs. Rachel Lynde's chair, resting her shapely hands on that lady's broad shoulders. Her face was very pale, but her flashing eyes sought and faced Mrs. George Pye's cat-like orbs defiantly. Her voice quivered with passion and contempt.

"You'll all have a fling at Lige Baxter now that he's down. You couldn't say enough in his praise once. I'll not stand by and hear it hinted that Lige Baxter is a swindler. You all know perfectly well that Lige is as honest as the day, if he is so unfortunate as to have an unprincipled brother. You, Mrs. Pye, know it better than anyone, yet you come here and run him down the minute he's in trouble. If there's another word said here against Lige Baxter I'll leave the room and the house till you're gone, every one of you."

She flashed a glance around the quilt that cowed the gossips. Even Mrs. George Pye's eyes flickered and waned and quailed. Nothing more was said until Sara had picked up her glasses and marched from the room. Even then they dared not speak above a whisper. Mrs. Pye alone, smarting from her snub, ventured to ejaculate, "Pity save us!" as Sara slammed the door.

For the next fortnight gossip and rumor held high carnival in Avonlea and Newbridge, and Mrs. Eben grew to dread the sight of a visitor.

"They're bound to talk about the Baxter failure and criticise Lige," she deplored to Mrs. Jonas. "And it riles Sara up so terrible. She used to declare she hated Lige, and now she won't listen to a word against him. Not that I say any myself. I'm sorry for him, and I believe he's done his best. But I can't stop other people from talking."

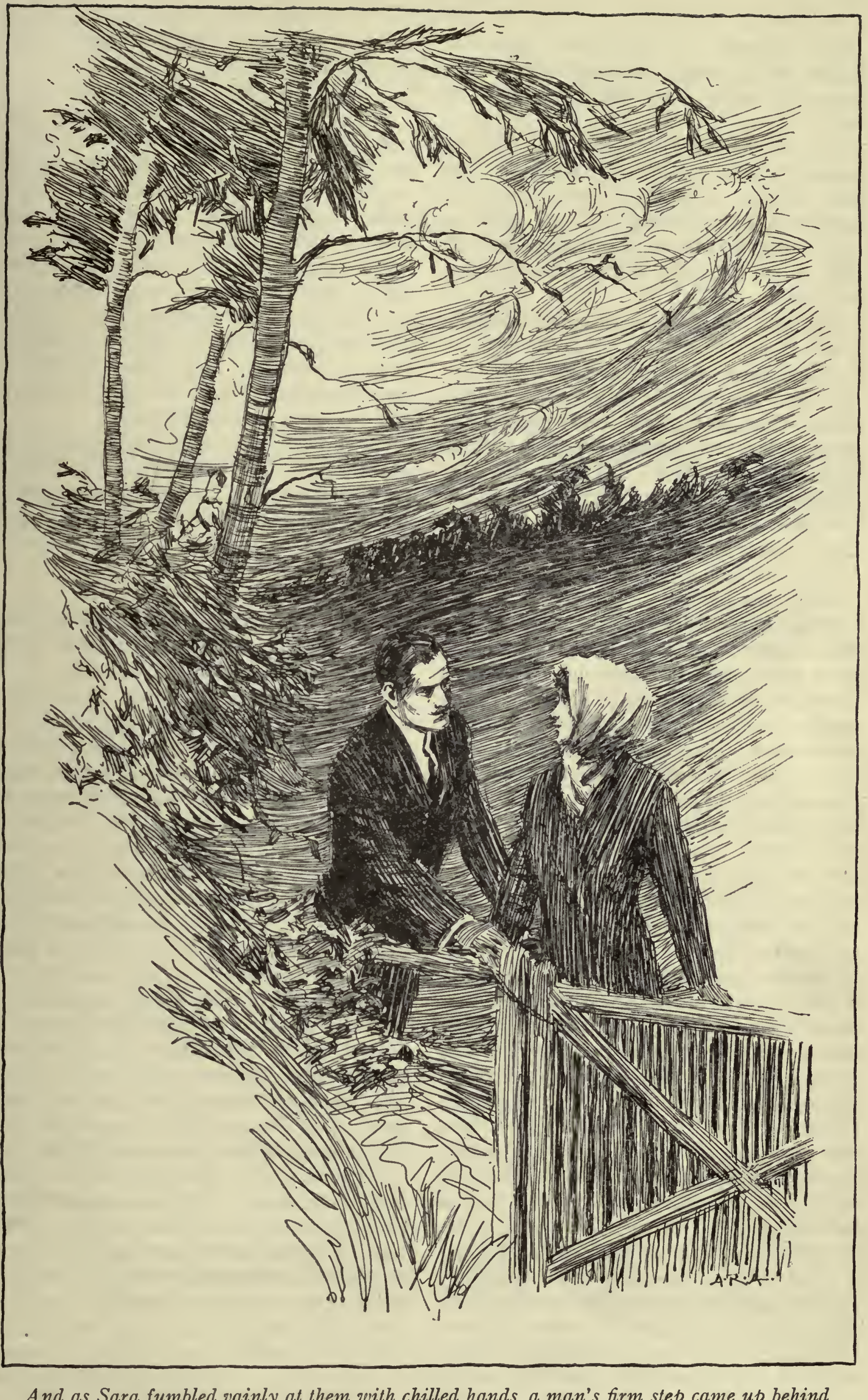
One evening Harmon Andrews came in with a fresh budget of news.

"The Baxter business is pretty near wound up at last," he said as he lighted his pipe. "Peter has got his lawsuits settled and has hushed up the talk about swindling somehow. Trust him for slipping out of a scrape clean and clever. He don't seem to worry any, but Lige looks like a walking skeleton. Some folks pity him, but I say he should have kept the run of things better and not have trusted everything to Peter. I hear he's going out west in the spring, to take up land in Alberta and try his hand at farming. Best thing he can do, I guess. Folks hereabouts have had enough of the Baxter breed. Newbridge will be well rid of them."

Sara, who had been sitting in the dark corner of the stove, suddenly stood up, letting the black cat slip from her lap to the floor. Mrs. Eben glanced at her apprehensively, for she feared the girl was going to break out into a tirade against the complacent Harmon.

But Sara only walked fiercely out of the kitchen, with a sound as if she were struggling for breath. In the hall she snatched a scarf from the wall, flung open the front door, and rushed down the lane in the chill, pure air of the autumn twilight. Her heart was throbbing with the pity she always felt for bruised and baited creatures.

On and on she went heedlessly, intent only on walking away her pain, over gray, brooding fields and wilding slopes, and along the skirts of resinous, dusky pine woods, curtained with fine-spun purple gloom. Her dress brushed against the



And as Sara fumbled vainly at them with chilled hands, a man's firm step came up behind her and Lige Baxter's hand closed over hers brittle grasses and sere ferns, and the moist night wind, loosened from wild places far away, blew her hair about her face.

At last she came to a little rustic gate, leading into a shadowy wood-lane. The gate was bound with willow withes and as Sara fumbled vainly at them with her chilled hands, a man's firm step came up behind her and Lige Baxter's hand closed over hers.

"O Lige," she said with something like a sob.

He opened the gate and drew her through. She left her hand in his as they walked through the lane where the lissome boughs of the young saplings flicked against their heads, and the air was wildly sweet with woodsy odors.

"It's a long while since I've seen you, Lige," Sara said at last.

Lige looked wistfully down at her through the gloom.

"Yes, it seems very long to me, Sara. But I didn't think you'd care to see me after what you said last spring. And you know things have been going against me. People have said hard things. I've been unfortunate, Sara, and maybe too easy-going, but I've been honest. Don't believe folks if they tell you I wasn't."

"Indeed, I never did—not for a minute!" cried Sara.

"I'm glad of that. I'm going away later on. I felt bad enough when you refused to marry me, Sara, but it's well for you you didn't. I'm man enough to be thankful my troubles don't fall on you."

Sara stopped and turned to him. Beyond them the lane opened into a field and a clear lake of crocus sky cast a dim light into the shadow where they stood. Above it was a new moon, like a gleaming, silver scimitar. Sara saw that it was over her left shoulder; and she saw Lige's face above her, tender and troubled.

"Lige," she whispered softly, "do you love me still?"

"You know I do," said Lige sadly.

That was all Sara wanted. With a quick movement she nestled into his arms, and laid her warm, tear-wet cheek against his cold one.

* * *

When the amazing rumor that Sara was going to marry Lige Baxter and go out West with him circulated through the Andrews clan, hands were lifted and heads were shaken. Mrs. Jonas puffed and panted up the hill to learn if it were true.

She found Mrs. Eben stitching for dear life on an "Irish chain" quilt, while Sara was sewing the diamonds on another "Rising Star" with a martyr-like expression on her face. Sara hated patchwork above everything else, but Mrs. Eben was mistress up to a certain point.

"You'll have to make that quilt, Sara Andrews. If you're going out to live on those prairies you'll need piles of quilts, and you shall have them if I sew my fingers to the bone. But you'll have to help make them."

And Sara had to.

When Mrs. Jonas came Mrs. Eben sent Sara off to the postoffice to get her out of the way.

"I suppose it's true this time," said Mrs. Jonas.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Eben briskly. "Sara is set on it. There is no use trying to move her—you know that—so I've just concluded to make the best of it. I'm no turncoat. Lige Baxter is Lige Baxter still, neither more nor less. I've always said he was a fine young man and I say so still. After all, he and Sara won't be any poorer than Eben and I were when we started out."

Mrs. Jonas heaved a sigh of relief.

"I'm real glad you take that view of it, Louisa. I'm not displeased either, although Mrs. Harmon would take my head off if she heard me say so. I always liked Lige. But I must say I'm amazed, too, after the way Sara used to rail at him."

"Well, we might have expected it," said Mrs. Eben sagely. "It was always Sara's way. When any creature got sick or unfortunate she seemed to take it right into her heart. So you may say Lige Baxter's failure was a success after all."

The LURE OF THE TREASURE

By George Ethelbert Walsh

(*Continued*)

SYNOPSIS—James Everard, an eccentric old man living alone, is found dead in bed after the visit of a one-armed stranger. Suspicion of foul play is not proved, and it is supposed he died of fright. His nephew, Allen Halliwell, attends the funeral. At the cemetery four evil-looking men under the pretext of friendship for the deceased attempt to search the coffin. That night in the house a beautiful woman burglar is caught ransacking the old man's desk. Halliwell, struck by her beauty, lets her have the papers she is looking for. In his city home Halliwell is attacked by the four men at midnight, and but for the timely appearance of the woman again he would have been killed.

CHAPTER IV

HIS hands pinioned to his sides after the departure of the five men, Halliwell remained silent and motionless on the sofa. With all his senses alert, he listened to catch any noise that would indicate the manner by which the men left the apartment. He half expected to hear a commotion in the outer hall or on the elevator, but no one in the house seemed to know that anything was wrong.

His sole companion in the room stood rigid near the door, listening. In this attitude Halliwell had an opportunity to verify his first impressions of her beauty. He unconsciously sighed when assured that his senses had not been misled in their first appraisement of her.

After the door at the far end of the hall closed behind the men, the girl stole silently away, and Halliwell could hear her slip the bolt and snap the lock. This accomplished she returned to the apartment.

But she was still unsatisfied. She walked swiftly to the window and looked out. A sheer drop of sixty feet to the pavement below convinced her that no one could enter the room that way. Then from window to window she passed, inspecting each with caution, returning finally to the front room.

She sighed now, as if in relief, and then for the first time appeared to notice Halliwell. He was watching her with steady, anxious eyes. What would she do next? Had she some more exquisite way of torturing him than the men? He recalled her words, "A woman's way." Was she, in spite of her great beauty, in league with these human fiends, and had she some way of accomplishing what brute force had failed to do? Halliwell smiled.

"Oh, you must be suffering!" she exclaimed suddenly, noting apparently for the first time that he was tightly bound.

She walked to the desk and picked up a paper knife and attempted to sever the ropes. It was slow and clumsy work to saw the stout manila with such a blunt instrument.

"If you really mean to free me," Halliwell said, "I would suggest a sharper knife than that. You will find my own penknife much more satisfactory."

She ceased operations with the paper cutter, laid it down carefully and abstracted the penknife from his pocket. With this she quickly cut his bonds.

"Thanks," Halliwell exclaimed, rising from the sofa and stretching his cramped limbs. "It feels good to be free again. I never realized before what the free use of the limbs really meant. Do you mind if I smoke? You see this—er—experience has given my nerves a jolt, and I need something to steady them."

She smiled and motioned him to proceed. He struck a match and lighted a cigarette. He was interested in seeing his hands tremble when he tried to light the end. Drawing a few puffs at the cigarette, which seemed to relieve him, he turned toward her, smiled, and resumed his seat on the sofa.

"Now I'm your prisoner," he said. "You've freed me, it's true, but I'm on parole, I suppose. I won't do anything to break it. Is there anything you want me to do?"

For the first time the woman showed signs of nervousness. She walked toward the desk and bent over it.

"I'm afraid," she said slowly, "that they've mussed up your papers terribly. I will try to repair the damages."

"No, leave them scattered about. They're not important papers to me—some relics of Uncle James."

Nevertheless she busied herself in restoring order to the desk. Halliwell watched her deft fingers picking up and sorting out the papers. He was amused and fascinated, and waited for her to finish the self-appointed task. Then he said:

"The paper isn't there, is it?"

She flushed.

"Oh," she cried, "you thought this a ruse to examine the papers?" There was the faintest suspicion of a sneer in the voice. Then hastily she added, "But you have every right to think so. I don't wonder."

"I beg pardon," Halliwell replied. "It was unfair to suggest anything so rude."

"You needn't apologize. I alone am to blame for it. But I had no intention of examining the papers. If you remember rightly I looked them all over once before—with your permission."

"So you did. I'd nearly forgotten. Well, you can look at them again. I give you full permission to keep them if you want them."

'They are nothing to me. I have no need of them."

There was a little tired expression in the voice, and for an instant the face looked weary and drawn. Then she recovered herself and walked away from the desk to the door. Once more she listened intently.

"I guess we're alone," she murmured.

"I hope so. My man Williams will be back soon, and—"

"Oh, will he come in here—and—and find me?"

Her look of alarm amused Halliwell.

"I can arrange that. Williams never enters without first knocking. I will see that he doesn't disturb us. But the others—have they really departed for good?"

"I hope so. Yes, I know so."

"Then I'm relieved. To tell the truth, I didn't take an extravagant fancy to them. A bit out of my class. A little rough—and coarse."

She did not seem to notice his allusions, but swept the apartment with her eyes. They came back finally to rest on him. There they remained so long, absorbed in watching him, that he grew nervous under the gaze. With a little laugh he broke the silence.

"I wonder now what paper of uncle's they were looking for, and where it is."

The words brought her out of her reverie, for she replied quietly:

"I have it."

"You?"

She nodded and added, "Not with me, but I know where it is."

"I'm glad that you circumvented them, for while the paper was of no earthly value to me, I hate to see it fall into the hands of such ruffians."

"They may not be so bad at heart as we—as you—think," she replied.

"I don't think anything you could say would make them angels in my sight. You see this is the second experience I've had with them."

"You've met them before?" she asked quickly, bending toward him.

"Yes, on the day of uncle's funeral. They were grave-robbers then—attempted to rifle the dead."

"Oh! And they found nothing?"

"Not that I know of. If they did they were too clever for me."

"Tell me what happened on that day—everything."

Halliwell related in as few words as

possible the strange scene at the cemetery. The face of the woman was seriously attentive. When he had finished she said:

"That was the day of the funeral, and that night—"

"I met you," Halliwell finished with a smile.

She showed confusion and annoyance, her brows drawn into a pretty pucker.

"Then they played me false," she remarked after a pause. "They said—but never mind—that has nothing to do with the present."

"Probably not. I can't say. You see, I'm all in the dark in the whole matter. In fact, the mystery is getting on my nerves. Would you mind explaining a little?"

"I don't know. I don't know how far I can trust you."

"No, of course not. You don't know anything about me. But if references will do any good—"

"I don't mean that. I mean something else."

She looked dubiously at him. Then her face brightened.

"Suppose," she began, "I told you that the manuscript which you let me take away that night is the paper these men were looking for, and that it is of so much value to them that they would commit any crime to get it—even murder."

As she stopped Halliwell replied:

"I should say that you were telling me no more than I've already suspected."

"But suppose I add that this paper is just as valuable to you?"

Halliwell shrugged his shoulders.

"In that event," he replied, "I should tell you that I had relinquished all right to it the night I gave it to you."

"You wouldn't make a fight to recover it?"

"Not from you—but from them—yes!"

She sighed and looked down at the floor, one elbow on the mantelpiece, and the other crooked so that it rested on her hip. Halliwell thought she made an exquisite picture for a painter, and he so forgot himself as to wonder if the temptation was not removed whether he could long resist it.

Then slowly she spoke again.

"I think I can trust you—with—with a part of the story."

"Why not all of it?"

She looked up startled. Her eyes gazed straight into his as if she was trying to read his innermost soul. Halliwell permitted the examination without a flicker of the face.

"I may have to tell you all before I'm through," she said. "This much I will say now. The paper is valuable to those men, valuable to you, but infinitely more valuable to me. Its value to me is different, though, infinitely different! It means—it means—to me something greater than life itself. To you and to those men it means simply money—wealth—fortune, but to me it means the one ambition in life, the one thing I have slaved for, worked for, thought of, dreamed of for years. It—it—oh, how can I explain?"

Overcome with her emotion she covered her face with her hands and remained with bowed head for some time. Halliwell rose from his seat.

"My dear young lady," he said with intense feeling, "I am still all in the dark, but if you will permit me, I will do anything and everything for you. If, as you say, this paper means wealth and fortune to me, I will pledge in advance the full use of that fortune to help you in your ambition. It is all yours—every dollar of it."

She looked up at him with eyes that were moist with unshed tears.

"You—would sacrifice the fortune to help me?" she asked a little unsteadily.

"Every dollar of it."

"You have no idea how large the fortune is."

Halliwell smiled. "The size does not concern me. It would be the same if it were a thousand or a million."

Still doubtful she added:

"I have seen men lose their self-respect and manhood for the sake of less money than this. They change and become demons. Their promises and good intentions are forgotten when they get money-mad. Oh, it leads to anything—to murder—and to worse!"

Halliwell smiled at her exhibition of emotion, but there was lurking behind her words a sadness which made her trite remarks seem like an echo of some past experience. Instead of answering flippantly, as he intended, he suddenly became grave.

"But not all of us are subject to the same temptations. You will admit that?"

She shook her head doubtfully.

"I have known many men, and they—they—"

Halliwell rose from his seat and faced her. In her attitude of doubt and skepticism, she was more winsome than before.

"Then you must let me convince you that there are some exceptions," he said, "that there are some decent men left in the world, and that chivalry among us has not entirely died out in this prosaic, money-mad age. If you will entrust me with your secret, I will promise to keep it sacred until the time you give me permission to reveal it to others, and if I can be of any help to you I will pledge my word to you in advance. Will you not believe in me? Have I not earned that much trust after turning over to you without question the papers of my uncle which you yourself said were of great value to me?"

He stood close to her as he spoke. She raised her eyes and looked him squarely in the face. Something in the glint of his eyes affected her; her lashes drooped and a flush overspread her cheeks.

"I must sit down," she said faintly. After a moment she added, "Yes, I think I can trust you and that you can help me."

"That is the best I've heard from those lips tonight. I will make myself worthy of them."

Halliwell would have taken a seat by her side, but a sudden noise brought them quickly to an alert attention. The woman raised her head in startled fear, and grasping Halliwell's hand murmured:

"If they have come back, say nothing of this to them. Let me deal with them."

She rose from her seat and started toward the hall. Someone was fumbling with the lock of the outer door. It opened suddenly, and the woman darted back with a quick intake of the breath. Her face went deathly white and then changed to a deep crimson. She had not exhibited such fear when she faced the five men.

Halliwell started forward, alarmed at her agitation. If there was new danger ahead he would not submit to indignities or permit any to lay hands on her.

He stepped into the hall, and as his eyes caught sight of the intruder he almost laughed outright.

"That you, Williams?" he said as nonchalantly as he could under the circumstances. "You fumbled so with the lock that I thought you must have lost your key or got it mixed up with another."

"Yes, sir," Williams replied. "But the fact is, sir, it didn't fit very well. The lock looks dented, sir, and, if I may say so, broken."

"Yes, I noticed it myself tonight. Speak to the superintendent tomorrow about it and ask him to put a new one on."

"Yes, sir."

"And say, Williams, I have company in the library—a friend of mine. I don't want to be disturbed. You can retire and I will lock up tonight."

"Yes, sir."

Williams walked down the small hall and entered his room at the extreme end of the apartment. When his door closed softly behind him, Halliwell returned to the library. It was empty, and for a moment he stared about him in utter doubt and confusion.

"I wonder now," he muttered, "if she's gone—and where?"

He stepped to the window and pulled aside the curtains. She surely could not escape through that. He stood in doubt a minute. He could not call her by name, for she had given him none.

"Now I wonder what a man should do? Sit down and wait—or—or—"

He knit his eyebrows, glanced about the room, and finally lighted a cigarette.

"The deuce take Williams! Why couldn't he have waited another half hour?"

Just then, when his perplexity was at its height, the door of a clothes closet slowly opened. He breathed a sigh of joyful relief:

"Has he gone?" she asked in a whisper.

"Williams? Yes, he won't bother us again."

Halliwell laughed softly at the absurdity of her fright at being discovered by a servant in his apartment after she had bravely faced and outwitted five murderous men. She looked at him and blushed crimson. In true feminine habit her hands went to her hair.

"Do I look like such a fright?" she murmured. "It was rather close quarters in there, and I—I had to squeeze up in such a small space that—that—"

"What?"

"I think I stepped on one of your hats and—and—ruined it."

"Then I shall preserve it," chuckled Halliwell, "as a memento of this evening. What a lucky hat!"

Halliwell repressed his smile and became serious again. Any overt act on his part might drive his fair visitor away. The little glimpse of her feminine nature, betrayed by the closet episode, appealed to him, but she was now in no mood to share with him any further thought or discussion of it.

For a moment she stood silent and contemplative, the color still flushing her cheeks. Fearing lest his words might have offended, Halliwell sought to divert her mind from the subject by abruptly recalling their past conversation.

"You were going to let me help you, you remember," he suggested. "Before Williams interrupted us, you decided that you could trust me."

"Did I?"

The question was asked deliberately and with a certain amount of doubt in the voice. Her eyes were sombre and brooding, but in their sadness they were wonderfully magnetic. Halliwell's face twitched. What mystery enshrouded her life, and what tragedy gave to her this age-weary expression?

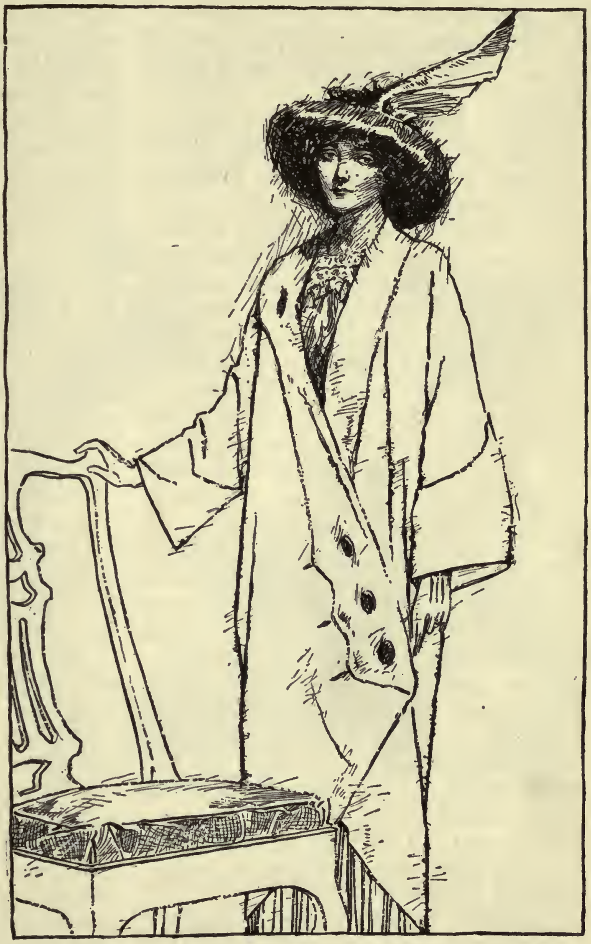
Impulsively he started forward, admiration in his face and eyes.

"Trust me," he said impulsively, "and tell me your secret. I will do whatever you ask—anything within or without reason. Simply bid me and I will obey."

He stood near her with outstretched hands. A smile slowly lit up her features.

"I may take you at your word," she said quietly, "and ask you to do the unreasonable—unreasonable it may seem to you."

He returned the smile. "I am at your service at any time." His hand touched hers. The warmth of the flesh thrilled him. For a moment they regarded each other steadily.



"I may take you at your word," she said quietly, "and ask you to do the unreasonable—unreasonable it may seem to you"

"First, then," he said musingly, "will you not give me a name to call you by? Remember we have never been introduced. You have the advantage of me on that score of names. You know mine, but I am ignorant of yours. I have thought of a dozen that might fit you—Patricia, for instance, or Genevieve—I had a beautiful cousin by that name—or Dorothy or Helen or—"

She withdrew her hand and replied with a little laugh:

"You may call me Miss Ruthven. It is as good as any."

"Yes, I know, Miss Ruthven, but are we not to be *real* friends? Must we be so formal?"

"Let me see," she mused. "Una is a good name. It goes well with Ruthven."

"Una!" he repeated. "Una Ruthven. I like it because it signifies you."

He watched the soft coloring of her face as it changed and like the rippling head of gold, reflected the light and shadows cast by the electric bulb over her head.

She started. "Now, Una," he said, "you must tell me something of the meaning of that old manuscript of uncle's. I never cared a picayune for it before, but as it concerns you I am intensely interested in it. Why should those men want it, and what are they to you? Tell me as much—or as little—as you choose."

With sudden agitation she walked across the room several times, her hands locked tightly in front of her. Then she stopped in front of him, facing him with a look that searched him through and through.

"You want to know the secret of that manuscript?" she said. "If I tell it, you will know the secret of my life, the whole sordid story of—of—

"No, no, I can't do it—not now," she cried brokenly.

She turned and made as if to walk away, but not a dozen steps from him she stopped suddenly and raised a hand.

"Listen! I thought I heard a noise."

Halliwell listened attentively and then replied:

"No, it was nothing but the wind outside."

But she was not satisfied. She turned pale. "That is not the wind. It—it comes from in there—down the hall. I'm sure someone is there."

"No one except Williams. But I will go out and see."

Halliwell, annoyed by this second interruption, turned to open the door which he had closed after his valet. It was not the hall which opened into the elevator shaft, but a small narrow one leading to the servant's quarters. He placed a hand on the knob, but before he could turn it a wild, unearthly cry rang out on the still air that caused him to step back in alarm.

It was a half-muffled shriek, as if someone had tried to stifle it—a shriek that might have been made by a cornered animal or a dying man. It seemed so near and yet so far that it baffled the senses. For an instant Halliwell stood silent in dumbfounded surprise. It seemed so absurd to think of its coming from the apartment that his eyes turned mechanically to the nearest window opening on the street.

"Someone is being murdered!" he ejaculated, and started toward the window.

"No, no, it is in there!"

His companion blocked the way and pointed toward the small back hall, her startled eyes beseeching him to go. He lurched around, but when at the door he said:

"You stay here. If there's any danger, I don't want you in it. But," he added, "I don't think it was in this apartment. It must have been in the street."

"No, no!" she replied. "I know it was in there."

Halliwell threw open the door with sudden energy. If the cry had come from that hall Williams would have heard it and would already be up. In fact, he expected to find Williams in the hall, for the shriek had been loud enough to arouse him from the deepest slumber.

But Williams did not come forth to meet him. All was silent and quiet. Even the door of Williams' room was closed and peaceful looking. Halliwell reached it and knocking loudly, called:

"Williams! Williams!"

There was no response from the inside. Then in a louder voice he called twice again and banged forcibly on the heavy panels of the door. As there was still no answer to his call, he turned the knob.

The door yielded readily to his touch and opened inward. It was so dark inside that Halliwell could make nothing of the interior. He took a few steps and switched on the electric light.

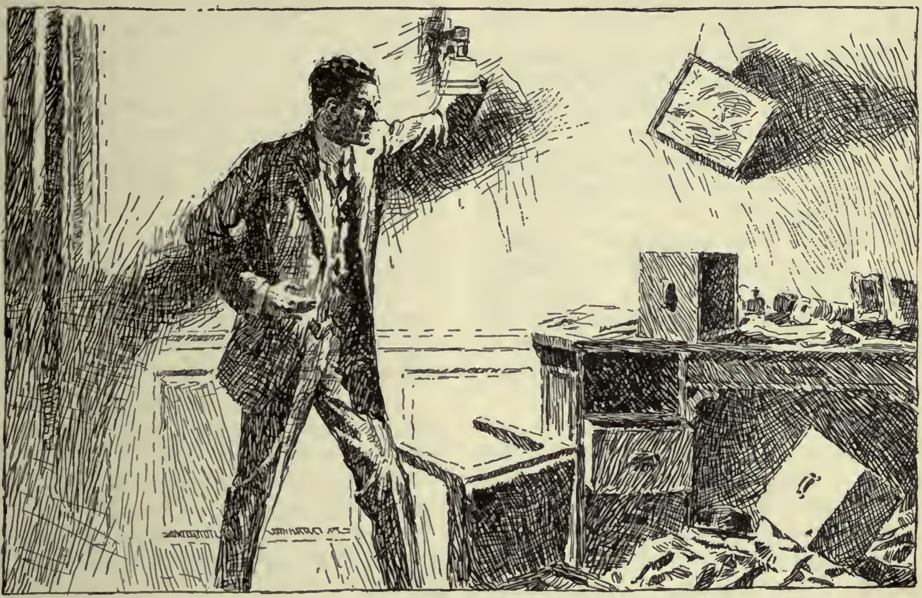
It did not take more than a glance to show him that some sort of tragedy had been enacted. The room was in a deplorable state of disorder. Papers and clothing were scattered about on the floor, bed and chairs, and crumpled all in a heap Williams lay near the wash-stand, with a tiny stream of blood flowing from a wound on his head.

Halliwell rushed to the side of the unconscious man and raised his head so that he could look into the face. Williams was not dead, as he first feared, but unconscious from a blow made by some blunt implement on the back of the head. Just over the wash-stand a window was open. Halliwell climbed on the wash-stand to look out.

There was a drop of fifty or more feet to a paved court below. Surely no man could have escaped that way. Then the intruder was somewhere in the room or apartment. Halliwell, recalling the events of the early evening with the four desperate men, arrived quickly to the conclusion that they had returned. He leaped to his feet and stood in an attitude of defiance, expecting to meet his old enemies again face to face. But there was no one else in the room.

The brutal attack of the men and the indignities they had inflicted upon him brought sudden anger to him. He had been an easy victim before, but he would not yield so easily again. He would fight this time to the bitter end. But he was unarmed, and against such odds he would need all the weapons he could muster. His own pistol was in the library, and thither he went to get it, forgetting Williams in the more pressing need of the moment.

Down the hall he stole, softly and quickly, expecting at every turn to encounter one of the intruders. Every muscle was taut. Without a weapon of any kind, he intended to make a plucky stand against the murderers.



He took a few steps and switched on the electric light

But he gained the library without interference, and seeing his pistol on the desk he picked it up and twirled the cylinder to see if it was loaded and in working order. For the first time he glanced around him and noticed that the room was empty. He looked puzzled. Then, remembering with a faint smile Una's concealment in the clothes closet when Williams appeared, he stalked toward it. He tapped lightly on the door and called:

"Una?"

There was no response, and he opened the door. The closet was empty. But there were other good hiding-places in the apartment, and Halliwell returned to the valet's room and began a search. There was no sign either of the murderers or of Una Ruthven. The apartment was empty except for him and Williams.

Twice Halliwell made a thorough round of inspection, frowning each time he finished a room. No one could be in the apartment and hide from him. He examined the front door lock. It was in perfect condition. The only exit was the open window in Williams' room and that seemed out of the question.

Calling the name of his fair companion, Halliwell began the third round of inspection, beginning with the library, but a groan suddenly startled him. He hurried to his valet and found Williams sitting up on the floor holding his head between his two hands.

"Williams, what happened?" he asked, hoping to get some light on the subject.

"I don't know, sir, that is, I don't just remember now. I'm a little knocked out, sir, a little—"

"You were attacked, Williams, by someone, were you not?"

"So it seems, sir. I—I—"

Halliwell helped him to his feet. The man was shaking and considerably upset, and before questioning him further Halliwell staunched the flow of blood from the wound and bandaged it. Then he led him into the library and placed him in an easy chair.

"Now, Williams, if you can recall what happened tell me as clearly as you can."

"I will, sir, but I—I don't seem to know much. I was asleep, sir, and hearing a noise, I sets up in bed. Then I thinks I see something in the room and I calls out. I thought maybe, sir, it was you wanting something, and I gets out of bed, and then—"

"What happened next?"

"I think, sir, somebody hit me. I seemed to remember it and then I didn't know anything else until just now."

"You didn't recognize your assailant?"

"No, sir, I didn't. It was too dark."

"Couldn't tell whether it was a man or woman?"

"No, sir, but I don't think it could have been a woman, sir. No woman could have hit such a blow, no woman that I knows, sir."

Halliwell questioned and cross-questioned, but Williams knew nothing more of the circumstances than he had related.

"Had you any enemies, Williams, who would want to rob you of anything in particular—any papers, letters, or such things?"

"No, sir, not that I know of. Was the room robbed, sir?"

"It was considerably upset, as if they were searching for something."

"Then, sir, it was burglary, and that explains it. I will notify the police, sir, if you say so."

"No, Williams, I think not. It will only create a sensation and bring detectives here. I think we'd better keep it quiet. I will dress your wounds and have a doctor for you if you want one, but don't say anything to anybody. I don't want it to get in the papers. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And, Williams, if you have lost anything let me know. I will see that you are reimbursed for it."

"Yes, sir, but I had nothing of value—nothing but my money here, and they didn't take that."

He withdrew his pocketbook from the inside of his coat and examined it.

"They must have been frighteend away, sir, and didn't get what they were looking for."

"Yes, I heard you scream when you fell and I hurried to the room."

"Thank you, sir."

"Williams," asked Halliwell, "do you think anybody could climb down that iron ladder in front of the window of your room?"

"No, sir, but they might climb up it to the roof—that is, sir, a good climber like a sailor, may be."

Halliwell's face brightened.

"That's it," he exclaimed. "They came down from the roof and went up to it."

Then immediately his face clouded again. If that explained the way the intruder entered the apartment, it did not explain how Una Ruthven had left it. She could not climb such a slippery ladder. And if not, how had she escaped?

VI

The police never got the first inkling of the queer happenings that night; nor the elevator boy of the night shift, who was usually inquisitive enough; nor the liveried door attendant, who certainly should have known if any suspicious character entered or left by the usual exit.

Williams guarded his master's secret with the faithfulness of a bloodhound, and for two days remained in his own room nursing a damaged head. As he knew only half of the night's strange happenings, his curiosity was not particularly excited. It was natural that his young master would shrink from police and newspaper notoriety in a simple case of midnight burglary.

Halliwell wasn't so sure that he had yet escaped such publicity. Every night he feared another visit of the murderous men, and the next interview might not prove so harmless.

But if he dreaded the men, he longed for a second meeting with Una Ruthven. He was satisfied that her sudden disappearance was the result of fright rather than of any desire to avoid further revelations of her past.

What her relations with the men were puzzled Halliwell. He could conceive of no possible circumstances that would make her a friend of such bloodthirsty monsters. Undoubtedly, they knew of her secret—a secret which in some way involved the past of his uncle—and they were using it to make her serve their purpose.

As the days and nights passed and there was no further word from the girl, he grew worried and apprehensive. She had confessed that the papers which the men were searching for were in her possession. Suppose they had discovered this and were torturing the girl to make her confess their hiding-place? They would be equal to this crime.

The very thought of it sent the blood tingling through his veins. Without any clew, Halliwell was forced to chafe and worry in silence, hoping against hope that something might develop to reveal her whereabouts.

The fear that the men might visit him again and finish their cruel purpose was naturally an inducement for him to abandon his apartments temporarily; but the thought that in so doing he might miss meeting Una prevailed over any desire to run away and seek safety.

Usually he spent his evenings in society, but he suddenly became a recluse and remained at home. Night after night he pondered in silence and alone over the queer events which had disturbed his uneventful life.

His faith in Una's return was somewhat shaken on the sixth night after the memorable event of their second meeting. He began to despair of seeing her again, but her face was ever before him. Time seemed to increase her power over him. He longed for another glimpse of her wondrous beauty. He could not believe that she had gone forever out of his life.

The thought that she was suffering, in torment of some kind, constantly recurred to him. It made him restless, angry and despairing. She in trouble, perhaps a mile or only a few blocks away, a stone's throw, and he near, strong, willing, and gnawing his soul out without a possible chance to help her!

Fate was weaving a strange web around him, but it was as cruel as death. She had given him a glimpse of heaven and then drawn the curtain so that he could no longer peer back of it.

The seventh night he grew weary and discouraged. His vigil was without avail. Neither the men, whom by this time he would have welcomed, nor Una, whose face was always before him, had appeared, and he was trying to reconcile himself to the inevitable.

Williams returned from a visit at ten o'clock and entered the apartment. Halliwell heard the first click of the key in the lock and sat up with features drawn and motionless. He had got into the habit of listening to every sound. Even the striking of the clock sometimes brought him into an alert, tense attitude.

"That you, Williams?" he called before the door closed.

"Yes, sir. I'm afraid I'm late, sir, but I was detained."

"It's only ten, isn't it?"

"Quarter past, sir."

Halliwell looked at his watch.

"What did you say detained you, Williams?"

"I didn't say, sir, but it was a woman."

"A woman?" Halliwell smiled as he repeated the word.

"Yes, sir, a woman, but not the kind of a woman, sir, as you may be thinking."

"What kind was she, Williams?" with an indulgent smile.

"I don't know how to describe her, sir, she was that handsome, and she seemed to know me, sir, know me as belonging to you. How she knew I don't understand. She just drifted out of the darkness, sir, and walked along side of me, and when I started to ask her what she wanted she just looked at me with them eyes. You couldn't nohow forget them eyes, sir; they went straight through you."

Halliwell threw his half-smoked cigarette away.

"What did she do then, Williams?" he asked impatiently.

"She looked at me, sir, as I said with them eyes and then she says, 'You are Mr. Halliwell's man, aren't you?' I tells her the truth, sir, and then before I can finish she adds, 'Then I can walk a bit with you in safety, for I'm a friend of Mr. Halliwell's.' Well, sir, seeing she's a lady and a friend of yours, I take more notice of her, and I see she's very white and timid, as if she's frightened, and she's all the time casting a look over her shoulders. I told her that I would take her home, if that was where she wanted to go, and that no one would trouble her, not if I had to knock his head off. She seemed immensely relieved at this and she walked along by my side."

Halliwell was standing with bated breath listening to every word of his valet, for he was certain that this fair stranger of the darkness was Una. When Williams hesitated a moment he spoke impatiently:

"Go on! Go on! What then?"

"Well, sir, it was a longer walk than I thought. To tell the truth, sir, I think we walked around and around several blocks, but neither of us seemed to notice it. She didn't seem to be so frightened after a while and she talked a good deal. At least, sir, I thought she was doing a good deal of talking, but come to think of it I don't think she did. I don't seem to remember anything she said. Leastwise, nothing of importance. She asked a good many questions, and—and—I answered them."

Halliwell smiled.

"What did you talk about, Williams?"

"That's just what's troubling me, sir. I did talk a good deal, now I think of it, and she kept asking me questions to keep me talking."

"Can't you remember what you talked about?"

"Yes, sir, very well. It was all about you!"

"About me, Williams?"

"Yes, sir, she asked me about you, and I'm afraid sir, I talked too much. You see she was very handsome and she had a way with her and them eyes was always urging me on. It was unusual, sir, but her saying she was a friend of yours, I didn't stop to think much about it."

"Well, Williams, I hope you didn't let the family skeleton out and display it in all of its ugly details?"

"Oh, sir, I told her that you were the fairest man in New York, sir, and rich and all that. I got the impression, sir, that she knew all this, but she just wanted to get a valet's point of view. That, sir, was why I talked more than I should have done."

Halliwell, impatient as he was to learn all of the details, was amused by his man's expression of remorse. Williams had never before been taken off his guard by a stranger or friend. He seemed to realize fully that he had been systematically led into a trap by a beautiful woman to reveal all he knew of his master.

"Did she, by the way, touch upon my financial standing?" Halliwell asked.

"Not directly, sir, but—er—she said she supposed you kept your own car and private yacht, and—and—"

"I hope, Williams, you didn't over-rate my standing in the financial world."

"No, sir, but I didn't let on that you had no private yacht. She didn't get that from me."

"I see. Well, what else did you tell her?"

Halliwell was uncertain whether to frown or smile at the indiscretion of his man—an indiscretion of talking over his private affairs to a total stranger that might ordinarily have cost him his position, but which under the circumstances he approved. It would not do to let Williams see this, however.

"She wanted to know what your business was, and—and—if you could possibly leave it for a long time if something very urgent called you away. I didn't like that question, sir, but she put it in such a way that I couldn't take offense. She said, sir, if it was a case of life and death for a friend, would you go. I said 'Yes' in a moment."

"And then?"

"That didn't seem to quite satisfy her. That wasn't what she meant exactly, she said. What she did want to know, sir, if your business was such that you could drop it on short notice and go away without hurting the business. She seemed to be anxious about my answer to this, and she began to glance over her shoulders again as if she was afraid someone was following her."

"And you said, I suppose, that I was my own master and could go where I pleased?"

"Something like that, sir. I told her I didn't know much about your business, but that you were a gentleman and not tied down to anything particular."

"Did that seem to satisfy her?"

"I think it did, sir. She was quiet for a long time and just walked along by my side. I wondered if I had said something to hurt her feelings, and I asked her. She looked up and said, 'No.' Then with a queer look in her eyes she added, 'But I'm afraid you've got your master in for a lot of trouble.' Of course I couldn't understand that, and asked her why, but she shook her head and said she couldn't explain. She didn't seem to be so ready to talk any more. We walked another block and then I says, coming to my senses, 'Why, we've been around this block once before.' She laughs at this, merry and musical like, and replies, 'Yes, I believe we have. How strange!' Then I asked her where I was to take her, and where her home was, and she smiles up at me and says, 'I don't think we could find it together in the dark. Besides, it doesn't really matter.' I was so surprised at this that I stammers, 'But I thought I was to take you home.'

" 'Were you thinking of that?' she asks, and the look she gave me was saucy enough to turn any man's head. But it brought me straight into my senses, sir, and I stiffens and says:

" 'If you've been leading me on to tell of my master's life, it's you that's been fooled, for not a damn thing I've told you is true.' "

Halliwell suddenly straightened and his eyes shot an angry flash at the speaker.

"You told her that, Williams?" he demanded sharply.

"Yes, sir, for I thought she'd been rigging me for a fool and I didn't want her to think she'd got the best of me. But I was sorry, sir, for it right away. She apologized for the way she spoke and said:

" 'I'm very grateful to you for telling me all this. It will be of great service to me and to your master—if he's all you say he is. I shall put him to the test shortly. Then I will know whether you've told me the truth.' Of course I didn't understand what she meant nor do I now, but I swear she didn't mean any harm, sir; no woman with them eyes could."

"No, Williams," Halliwell said softly.

"Then, sir, you know who the woman was?"

"Yes, I know her. Then you separated?"

"We walked another block and she explained that she didn't want me to take her home, for then I would know where she lived, and for the present she wanted to keep it secret. She had enemies, as well as friends, and people with enemies wanted to be careful how they let people know where they lived. Then she stopped and put out a little hand to say good-night. I didn't take it, sir, seeing she was a lady, but she made me and she said, 'I thank you! Good-night, Williams.' You see, sir, she even knew my name."

"Yes, I've spoken to her about you, Williams."

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir."

"She left you then?"

"Yes, sir—that is she did and then she came back and said, 'You can take this message to your master. Tell him that he may be asked to take a long voyage shortly. If he is willing to redeem his promise made to a woman, he must prepare right away for it. That is all.' Then, sir, she just melted away in the darkness."

"Where was it?" asked Halliwell quickly.

"That, sir, is the funny part of it. It was just where we started from. We'd come back after walking blocks and blocks, and neither of us had noticed it."

"And where was that, Williams?"

"Right on the corner of the avenue, sir, not two hundred feet from here."

"And you never saw her again?"

"No, sir, I tried to follow her, but couldn't. Then I came straight here, sir."

"You saw no one else around—no man or woman with her?"

"No, sir, she appeared to be all alone."

"I suppose you were too absorbed to have noticed if anyone was following you during your walk?"

"I don't think they could have followed us without attracting my attention. No, sir, I don't think so."

Halliwell frowned, lighted another cigarette, and threw it away after a few nervous puffs at it. Williams stood in obedient silence.

"That will do, Williams. Good-night!"

"Thank you, sir. Good-night."

Halliwell stood a long time after the departure of his valet studying the intricate pattern of a Turkish rug at his feet. Finally he raised his eyes from it.

"What the devil does it all mean?"

(*To be continued*)

THE TOILER'S SONG

By LILLA B. N. WESTON

WHAT sound is that ascending sweet,
  Eternities of tune to greet?
  What can it be, so pure and free,
  That brims and swells from hill to sea,
The uncreated years to meet?

It is the song that women sing,
Who fetch and carry; and who bring
  To valiant birth, to living worth,
  The boastful, struggling sons of earth,
Who stand to challenge everything.

It is a song no human tongue
But those who toil could e'er have sung;
  No idle hand with gesture bland,
  Could weave a melody so grand
As that from toiling women sprung.

And blest be she who hums it low,
While homely tasks about her grow;
  And thrice be blest her final rest,
  Whose lips chose song as favored guest
Above all others life could know.

The Fall of Constantinople

A TRAGEDY *of* THIRTEEN CENTURIES

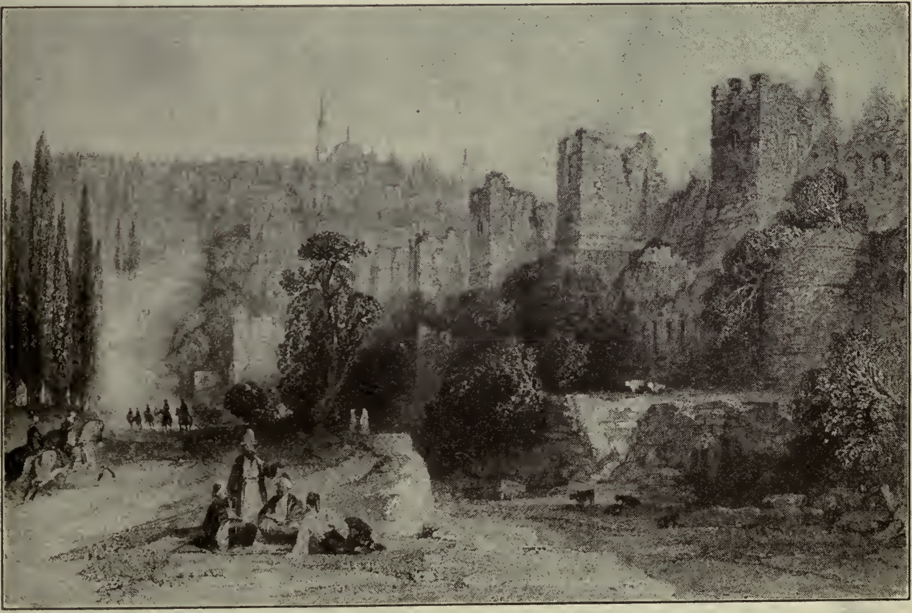
by Charles Winslow Hall

THE eternal feud between the East and West—in which the shadowy legends of the Argonauts in their quest of the Golden Fleece, and Homer's deathless epic of the Siege of Troy, with later records of the westward invasions of Cyrus, Darius, Cambyses and less successful Assyrian and Babylonian conquerors are but episodes in the terrible succession of alternate successes and defeats—is again presenting to the world a supplemental scene of the almost countless tragedies which Mahomet inaugurated at Medina thirteen centuries ago.

Fleeing from a sentence of death, and the hot pursuit of his idolatrous tribesmen of Mecca, Mahomet was received at Medina in 622 A. D., greeted as prophet and king, and gathered to his standards a horde of Arabian warriors, to whose fanatical enthusiasm, love of conquest, predatory instincts and sensuous desires, his doctrines and counsels were as the lighted fuse to the charged mine.

He declared that God had ordered him to propagate the new faith "with the sword which opens the gates to paradise and to hell." "Be humane and just between yourselves," he said to his wild horsemen. "All Moslems are brothers; but let not two religions exist in Arabia; idolatry is worse than murder." . . . "The sacred month once expired, slay the infidels everywhere that you may find them." Within ten years, Arabia was cleansed from idolatry, and Mahomet was everywhere accredited as "the prophet who was at once a torch to enlighten the world, and a sword to strike down the impious."

Then he dreamed of world-wide conquest, and on the very threshold of eternity, announced as a revelation from God a policy which to this day has deluged three continents with human gore, reduced millions to an execrable tyranny, and polluted the seas with insolent piracy and the horrors of a slave-trade that spared neither black nor white.



THE TRIPLE WALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE ON THE LAND SIDE NEAR TOP KAPOUSI

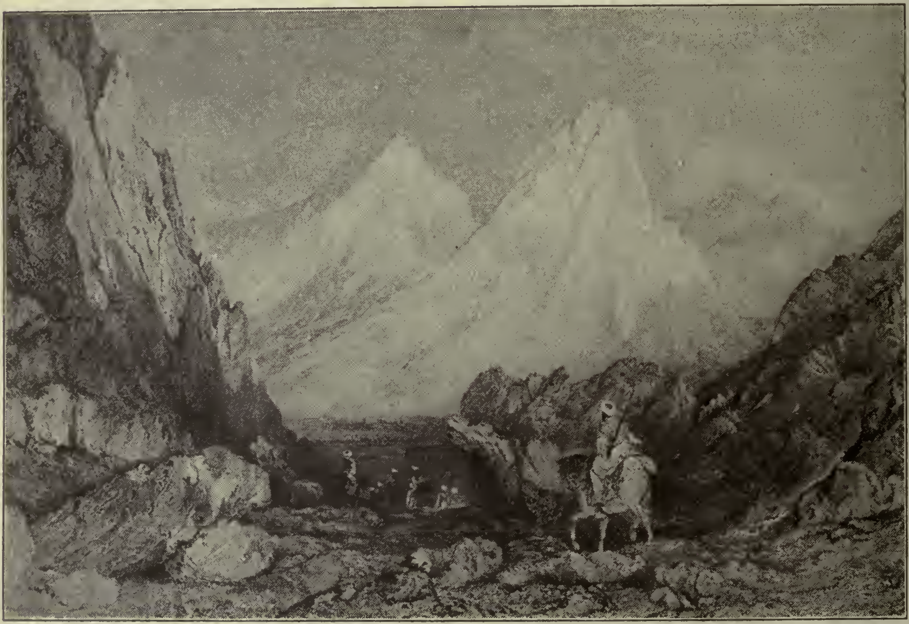
"It is my mission," he said, "to fight the infidels until they cry, 'There are no other gods but God.' When they have pronounced these words they have safeguarded their blood and their possessions from all injury on my part. As to their belief, they shall render an account of that to God."

Dividing the then known world into two arbitrary divisions he called one the *Dar-el-Islam* or the "House of Islam," and the other the *Dar-el-Harb* or the "House of the War" or "Land of the Unbelievers." He announced to his people as the oracle and will of God: "Finish my work; extend everywhere the House of Islam. The House of War belongs to God; God gives it to you."

Thus he declared and established that "Jehad" or Holy War, which, however innocuous through treaties or the fears and weakness of Islam in its imbecility and decay, is still as venomous and ready as the fangs of a rattlesnake to strike wherever a helpless "unbeliever" can be safely sacrificed to Mahometan fanaticism, sensuality and avarice; as many a bereaved Armenian and Syrian among us can testify of their own experience.

Mahomet prepared a comprehensive plan of conquest; regulated and ordained the terms to be granted to subjected nations, and promised that at last the standards of the Faith should wave over conquered Constantinople: in that day the key and gateway of transportation and travel between three great continents.

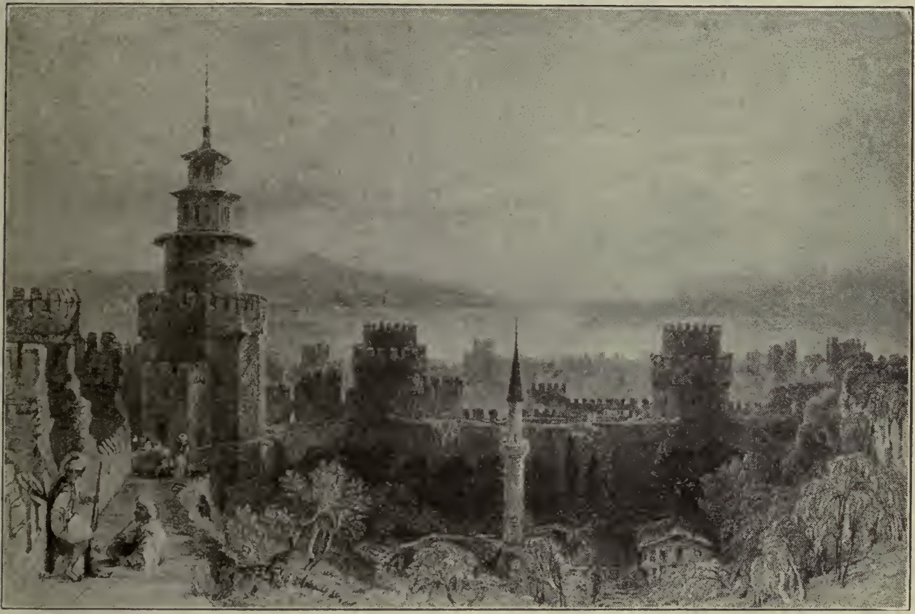
Mahomet died, leaving no heirs of his body, A. D. 632, just as he was about to lead his assembled Arabian hordes to the conquest of Syria. His father-in-law, Abu-Bekr, succeeded him, calling himself the Khalifa (English "Caliph," meaning the Vicar, or Vice-gerent of the Prophet, and probably in imitation of the heads of the Roman and Grecian hierarchy). He subdued Chaldea, reduced Damascus, and was succeeded by Omar, who took Jerusalem, and reduced Egypt to subjection. Othman, the Third Khalifa, overran Persia, and began the conquest of the Mediterranean provinces of Africa. The Fourth Khalifa, Ali, the son-in-law of Mahomet, who succeeded Othman (665 A. D.) was the last ruler of the "Perfect Khalifate" whose simplicity and devotion more than surpassed the traditions of primal Rome. Elected by the whole



ROUTE THROUGH THE BALKANS, ON THE FRONTIERS OF BULGARIA AND ROUMELIA people and in all things subject to the common law, their only authority was derived from the Koran, whose dicta neither ruler nor citizen might question. "You behold me charged with the duty of governing you," said Abu-Bekr, the first Khalifa, at his installation; "if I do well, assist me; if I do ill, set me up in the right way. To speak the truth to the holder of public authority is an act of zeal and devotion; to conceal it, an act of treason. Before me, the weak and the powerful are equal. I wish to render impartial justice to all. If I ever should deviate from the laws of God and his Prophet, I shall cease to have the right to your obedience."

This ruler of irresistible Arabian horsemen was a merchant, who during the first six months of his Khalifate supported himself and his family by his trade. Afterward, when his whole energies were given to the state, he received from the public treasury sums amounting to eight thousand drachmas, which he repaid by bequeathing his lands to the state. To tend and shear his own sheep and, if unmarried, to sweep out his own chamber, and even mend his own clothing and shoes, endeared the prophet and leader to the Arabian tribesmen, whose pride lay not in riches and luxury, but in manly virtues, loyalty and piety.

Later on, in 661 A. D., Moviah, whose father had persecuted Mahomet himself, assassinated Ali, and made the Khalifate hereditary in the house of the Ommiades, who gave fourteen rulers to Islam in ninety years. The Syrians supplanted the Arabs; Damascus became the capital of Islam, numerous sects arose, and luxury, intrigue, civil war and assassination, replaced the ancient order and simplicity. Nevertheless the Arabian swordsmen extended the rule of their sect throughout northern Africa, the isles of the Mediterranean, throughout Spain and Portugal, in Europe, and in Asia from the Mediterranean and Red Seas and the slopes of the Caucasus, across the steppes of Turkestan to the banks of the Indus and the Persian Gulf.



STATE PRISON OF "THE SEVEN TOWERS" LOOKING OVER THE SEA OF MARMORA

Before the close of the first century to Mahometan rule (A. D. 622–722) Constantinople itself had been four times besieged, but their lack of artillery and the terrible effect of that mysterious "Greek fire" which was showered down upon their light-armored and scantily-clad troops were too much even for a people who steadfastly believed that Mahomet, who could not lie, had said that "Paradise lies under the shadow of swords." In Western Europe they attempted, like Hannibal, to sweep across France and conquer Italy, but were met by Charles Martel, "The Hammer of the Infidel," who crushed their immense host at Tours, and albeit they made some stay in South-western France, and laid waste many a fair domain along the shores of Southern Europe, no serious invasion of France or Italy was afterward attempted. Indeed, it is said that the fourth siege of Constantinople, in 718, was largely broken up by the fear of a great expedition of "Franks" on the way to raise the siege.

In 752 the Abassides, descended from an uncle of Mahomet, overthrew the Ommiades with a great proscription and slaughter, which left but one of the ruling house alive. He, fleeing for his life, at last reached Cordova, in Spain, where he established a Khalifate, from that time forth independent of the original dominion.

The Abassides removed the seat of empire eastward and finally to Bagdad, where the tribes of Chaldea and Khorassan restored the Koran to its pristine dominion over their daily lives and laws, declaring it "uncreated," of divine origin and immutable. For the first time, Islam became enveloped in legends and miraculous traditions. The Khalifa became an absolute despot, feared and obeyed, and almost worshipped; and an age of luxury and progress in art, literature and scientific development produced magnificent and original works in architecture, textiles, metal-working and jewelry, and greater progress in mathematics, medicine, astronomy and chemistry than the world had yet known.

Under that dynasty ruled the great Khalifa, Haroun Al-Raschid, known so widely through the tales of "The Arabian Nights," who was the first of his house to recognize the value of French neutrality, and to take measures to secure it. Impressed by the prowess of Charlemagne, in keeping in check the Moors in their attempts to conquer Europe from the west, he readily agreed to treaties through which Charlemagne became the protector and benefactor of Jerusalem and the pilgrims who visited it, and secured for French merchants especial privileges in Egypt and Syria. These privileges were enjoyed for over fifty years and well into the ninth century. In the tenth century the rule of the Abassides, long merely nominal, and in its decline a terrible history of revolts and excesses of every kind; in the course of which twenty-eight Khalifas died by violence, and petty rulers divided up a once magnificent empire, ended the conquests and career of Saracen or Arabian Islam.

They were succeeded by the Turks, or as they call themselves today the Osmanlis, whose tribes formerly held, and still sparsely settle the territory known as Turkestan. Largely drawn upon by the later Abasside Khalifas, to form mercenary troops to supply the lack of martial spirit into which the Saracens had fallen, they formed, with Circassian slaves and Christian renegades, the chief reliance of the later successors of Mahomet and at last their practical masters. Like the Roman Praetorian Guard in the decline of the empire, they set up and deposed whom they would and ruled an unhappy country through its ostensible tyrants.

Three great Asiatic hordes have issued out of Central Asia, devoured everything before them for a while, and only halted when the great wave of human migration had by the very area of its ravages exhausted its force. First the Huns, who in the Fourth Century entered Europe and devastated much of what is now Eastern and Central Europe. Then the Mongols, or Tartars, who conquered most of Russia and Poland, devastated Hungary and burned Moscow in 1240. It was not until 1481 that Ivan, the Threatening, successfully revolted against "The Golden Horde" and its last Khan was slain in battle. For over two centuries, the "Grand Prince of Russia" had been practically or actually a tributary of this savage and filthy locust brood, and Ivan, the Terrible, grandson of his country's liberator, was the first Russian emperor who could truthfully claim to be the "Tsar" or "Caesar" of the Muscovite Empire. From that day to this the traditions of those centuries of rapine and oppression, of centuries more of struggle against Turkish invasion and arrogance, with the relentless hatred of both faith and feud, and never-dying sympathy with their co-religionists still under the iron and merciless dominion of the Sultan, has made the hatred of the Russian against the Turk one that can never be quenched as long as the Osmanli bears sway in Europe.

At the beginning of the Thirteenth Century the Byzantine empire had become Greek in her weakness as well as in her separation from the Roman faith; and while its emperors aped the title and splendor of the Caesars, their rule retained little but the effeminacy and pretension of Roman decadency and Grecian intrigue and avarice. For many years, and especially from the Ninth to the Eleventh Centuries, the adventurous mercenaries of Scandinavia, Iceland, the British Islands, and to a lesser extent of Western and Central Europe, driven from home by outlawry, intrigue and oppression, found in the Varangian Guard and on the war-galleys of the Greek Emperors a never-failing welcome of their generally faithful service and utterly dauntless courage. The Crusades, during which the Byzantine policy was by turns favorable to and hostile to the leaders of the several invading forces, and the spirit of loyalty which in due time replaced the sense of wrong consequent on the wars and conquests of civilized Europe, gradually lessened the number of these northern mercenaries, and finally reduced the Byzantines to the necessity of alliance with Saracen and Turkish leaders, or to the purchase of peace by gold instead of steel.

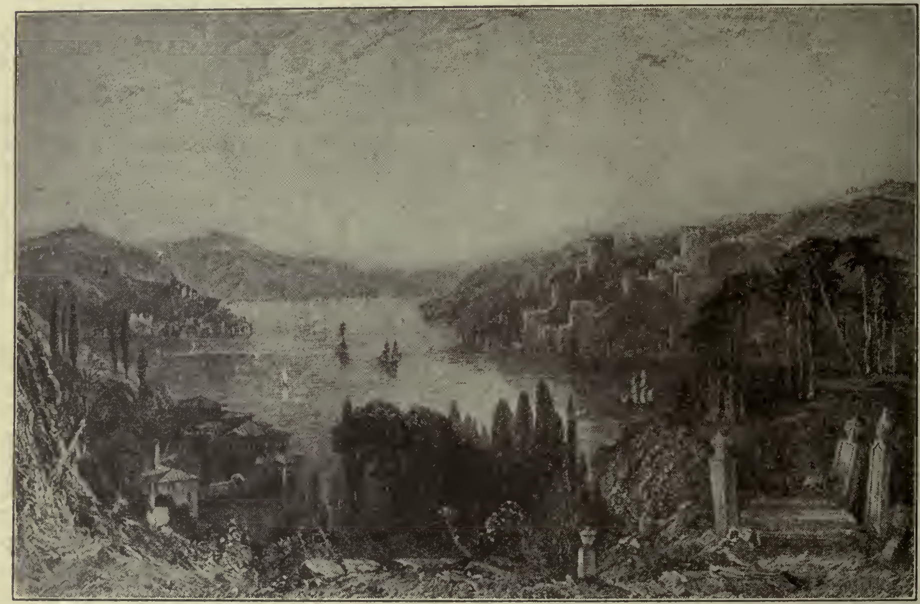
About the beginning of the Thirteenth Century, Soliman Shah, a chief of the Oghuz Turks, had for a time settled in Armenia, but about 1231, in attempting to return to Khorassan, was drowned in crossing the Euphrates. Erthogrul, one of his younger sons, wandering with a small force, in the country of Roum, came suddenly one day upon two armies in desperate conflict, and as a mere matter of chivalrous preference, struck in on the weaker side, and turned impending defeat into a victory over a superior force of Mongols. Aladdin, the Seljuk Sultan, whom he had so unexpectedly relieved, gave him a district on the Eastern slopes of Mount Olympus and its sister ranges, and winter quarters on the Plain of Saegud on the Sangarius. Later on for good service against the Greeks, who still retained many cities in Asia Minor, he was given the district of Hosaeni, whose name the Sultan Aladdin changed to *Sultan-Aeni* (the Forehead of the Sultan) in honor of Erthogrul's advanced guard of pioneers or scouts. The name still remains that of one of the seventeen "sanjaks" or provinces of Asiatic Turkey, and was the narrow cradle of the Ottoman power.

Osman or Othoman, his son, fell in love with the beautiful Malkatoun (Treasure of the Eyes), daughter of an Arabian sheik, Edebali, who would not consent to the marriage. So beautiful was the maiden that many other princes sought her hand and for two years Osman defied their enmity, in addition to the discouraging attitude of Edebali. Finally one night he sought the shelter of Edebali's tents, and in the darkness dreamed a wonderful vision—Malkatoun stood before him in all her beauty, but from her virginal breasts the crescent moon issued and passing from her rested upon his own bosom. Then an immense tree rose majestically from the earth, whose gigantic trunk reached to mid-heaven, and threw out massive branches to the farthest confines of Europe, Asia and Africa, resting the extremities of their emerald and golden-fruited boughs on four lofty mountain ranges, the Caucasus, Atlas, Taurus and Haemus ranges. From these, four great rivers—the Tigris, Euphrates, Nile and Danube—poured down in crystal torrents, widening into broad streams, winding through verdant valleys, yellow harvests and mighty forests to many ports, from which another forest of tapering masts spread snowy sails that wafted countless argosies to the seas. Fortress towns, walled cities, massive pyramids, obelisks, domes and minarets, rose in masses of ancient masonry and exquisite architecture, but over them all the crescent moon hung dominant yet softly radiant, gilding the rougher outline and softening the glory of the rose, and the emerald freshness of the foliage, while through it all the muezzin's call to prayer, in unearthly sweetness, proclaimed the unity of God, and the sanctity of the prophet.

Then all at once a sharp wind from the south and east turned the myriad branches of the tree, its every spray gleaming like sword-blades and lance-points toward Constantinople, lying like the sapphire jewel of a ring in its setting of the Golden Horn, between the emeralds of two sun-kissed straits. It was to be the nuptial ring of Osman or Othoman in his marriage to the capital of the world; but just as he was about to place it on his finger, he awoke.

He was still the not over-welcome guest of Edebali, but his vision had made him another man and as he told it to his host, the father's heart relented; for he too believed that from the marriage should spring a dynasty who should gather the warriors of Islam from three continents and realize the plans of Mahomet in the fall of Constantinople and the conquest of the world.

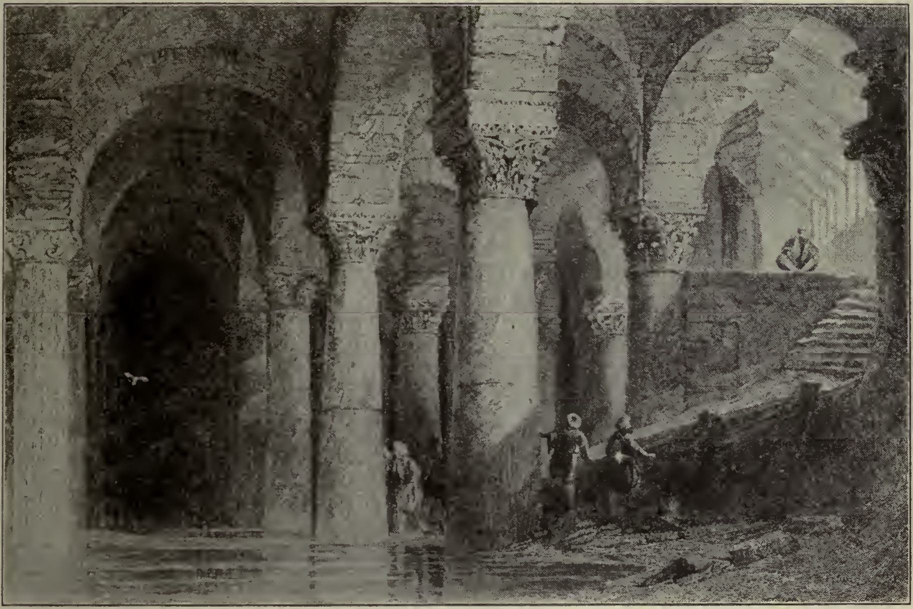
So Osman married Malkatoun, who doubtless often told the little Orchan the marvellous dream, and later when he could bend Osman's bow and wield lance and sword, he led his father's horsemen and at his father's death succeeded him in office, his elder brother not only consenting but becoming his right-hand man as Vizier, counsellor and friend. With Broussa as his capital, he coined money, established a standing army of both horse and foot, and carried his conquests to the borders of the Sea of Marmora. Other chiefs had reduced most of the Asiatic Grecian cities, and in 1330 an attempt by the Greek emperor, Andronicus, the Younger, to save Nicaea ended in his defeat and the fall of the city. In 1337, Orchan attempted to realize his father's dream of the conquest of Constantinople, but lost half of the thirty-six ships with which he sailed, and had to return discomfitted. Later, in 1356, Solyman, Orchan's son, captured the fortress of Tsympe, about thirty-four miles from Constantinople, and after a violent earthquake had ruined the walls of Gallipolis, the Turks took possession in 1357, thus laying the foundation of the Ottoman empire in Europe.



ROUMELI HISSAR, OR CASTLE OF EUROPE, ON THE BOSPHORUS

From thence the Turks made inroads upon the broken empire, raiding to the very banks of the Danube, and Solyman, residing at Gallipolis, represented his father's authority in Europe, but was killed by a fall from his horse in 1359. Orchan followed him the same year in the seventy-fifth year of his age, having firmly established his dynasty, and a permanent authority in Europe.

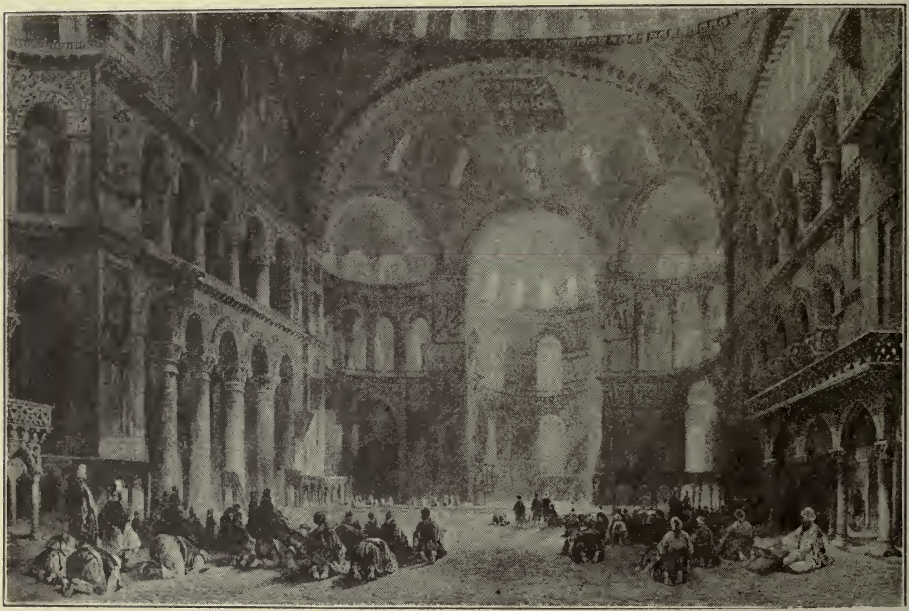
The Grecian emperors were by this time stripped of most of the immense territories which had formerly made up the European provinces of the first Constantine. To the south, the French, Venetians and Genoese occupied large territories; scarcely ten leagues away the Osmanlis held Gallipolis, and Tartar and Slav had long since established those Balkan peoples, whose descendants are now warring against the Turk. Servia was then, as now, the strongest and least unsettled of these independent principalities. The Serbs are the most noted of the four branches of the Slavonic race, called by historians Illyrian, which also people Bosnia, Croatia, Dalmatia and Slavonia, territories which their fathers overran about the middle of the Seventh Century; the three other branches settling in Bohemia, Poland and Russia. At this time they were ruled by a dynasty founded in the middle of the Twelfth Century by Stephen Nemania, whose descendant, Stephen Douschan, in 1340 ruled over Bosnia, Bulgaria, Macedonia, Dalmatia, Herzegovina, Albania, etc., and was crowned "Emperor of the Romans, and of the Triballi" that same year. He had already marched against Constantinople once, and forced the Emperor Andronicus to sue for peace, and commenced another campaign in 1356 at the head of eighty thousand men, when death ended his victorious career. The Albanians claim to be the most ancient of all these races, and have by turns been independent, and attached by conquest or interest to the Grecian, Servian, Bulgarian and Turkish rule. The Bulgarians, of Tartar origin, settled like a swarm of locusts in the Fourth Century, and for three hundred years were almost continually at war with the Byzantine emperors. Conquered by John Zimisces and converted to Christianity (971) they again and again became independent or tributary to the Servian rulers. Thus it will be seen that at the death of Orchan, the Serbs, who really form the chief part of the people of Turkey in Europe, had prepared the way for the


YÉRÉ-BATAN-SERAÏ, AN ANCIENT CISTERN OF CONSTANTINOPLE

conquest of the Byzantine empire, and their own overthrow.

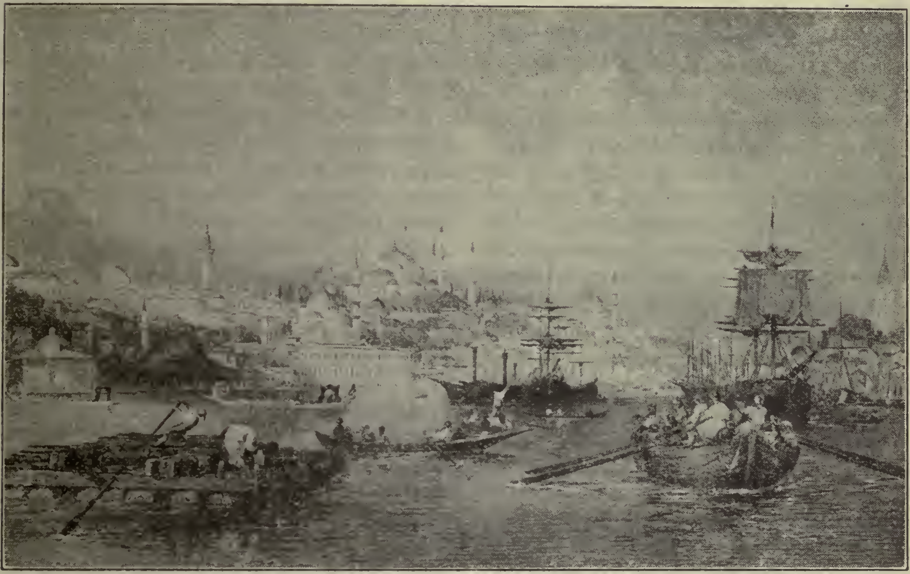
Amurath, the second son of Orchan, established the celebrated corps of Janissaries by taking every fifth man from among his Christian captives, choosing the young and vigorous, and severely inculcating discipline and devotion to the Faith. Eventually he mustered ten thousand men of this terrible fighting corps, which eventually, under Mahomet IV, numbered forty thousand infantry. By this time, after the lapse of only three centuries, it was estimated that over five millions of Christian captives had been converted by force and sacrificed in battle to the maintenance of Ottoman supremacy and conquest.

In 1389 Amurath, having reduced nearly all of Asia Minor and much of the Balkans to submission, met on the fatal field of Kassova the united forces of Servia and Bulgaria, with allies from all parts of the Balkans and even Hungary and Poland. So great was the number of the Servian forces that Amurath hesitated to give battle, but an appeal to divination by the Koran disclosed the text, "O Prophet, subdue the infidels and hypocrites; for often a weaker force subdues a greater." A few cannon opened upon the Servians with little effect and a Servian noble, Milosch Kabilovitch, spurring his horse as if deserting his comrades, rode up to the Turkish headquarters, declaring that he had an important secret to impart to the Sultan. Kneeling at his feet as if to kiss them he plunged his dagger into the body of Amurath and as suddenly broke through the guards and had nearly reached the River Ibar when he was overtaken and cut to pieces. Amurath was mortally wounded, but lived to direct the conflict which destroyed the allied forces, and to direct that King Lazarus of Servia, who was taken prisoner, be beheaded with many other victims. Then he, too, died, having broken completely, while mortally wounded, the last barrier to the conquest of the Balkan principalities. Bajazet succeeded Amurath and after forcing the helpless rulers of Constantinople to pay tribute and even to join him in besieging and assaulting Philadelphia, the last Greek fortress in Asia, continued a series of brilliant conquests in Asia and Europe, culminating in the defeat of a Christian army, sixty thousand strong, which set out



THE MOSQUE OF SANTA SOPHIA, FROM THE GALLERY from Vienna, and in 1396 joined battle near Nicopolis with two hundred thousand men, nearly half of whom were Servians, Bosnians and Grecian auxiliaries. The flower of French nobility and Bavarian and Teutonic and Syrian knighthood and the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John with his chevaliers from Malta, came to aid the Austrian, Wallachian and Hungarian levies, and in their first assault carried all before them. Unfortunately they scattered in cutting down the fugitives and were confronted by the *corps d'elite* of the Turkish army, forty thousand strong, under Bajazet himself, who, despite a desperate charge, held their own and finally defeated the Christian army, taking over ten thousand prisoners. Bajazet lost sixty thousand men, and in his rage and shame massacred in cold blood nearly all the noble chevaliers who fell into his hands, forcing the Count de Nevers, son of the Duke of Burgundy, to view the terrible spectacle, while expecting the same fate. After this victory Bajazet held Constantinople at his mercy, but dared not take possession for fear of an invasion by the united chivalry of Christian Europe.

Finally, in 1397, he repented of his delay and had demanded the surrender of the city, when the inroads of Timour the Tartar, or as he is largely called, Tamerlane, forced him to defend his own dominions in Asia. Born in 1335 in an obscure corner of Balk, Timour had subjugated Khorassan, Persia, much of India, Russia as far as Moscow, Mesopotamia and Armenia, and with his vassals bordered closely on the limits of the empire of Bajazet. He having carried his conquests into the domains of Tamerlane, refused redress when demanded, and after several campaigns, in which Timour was everywhere victorious, the two greatest soldiers of the age confronted each other on June 30, 1402, near Angora. A million of men, representing nearly every race and tribe between the Danube and the Indus, were represented in this immense muster of opposing dynasties. But Bajazet's allies were weary of his avarice and cruelties, and considerable numbers deserted to Timour before the action. Still the battle lasted the whole day, and to the last his Servians and Janissaries maintained their wonted steadiness and valour, but at night all gave way, and Bajazet, a prisoner, and broken-hearted, died in the camp of Timour, on his return to Delhispin, 1403.



CONSTANTINOPLE, FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE GOLDEN HORN

His son Mahomet reassembled much of

the dismembered empire between 1414 and 1421, and Amurath II, his grandson, 1422–1450, although often defeated, recovered many of the lost provinces in Asia and Turkey, but it was reserved for his son Mahomet II to besiege and reduce the long-desired capital of the Byzantine empire. Constantine Dragozes, the last emperor "born in the purple," easily arranged with him for a renewal of all the treaties which had subsisted between him and Amurath, including the payment to Constantine of a yearly pension of three hundred thousand aspres for the support of Solyman's grandson, who was held in captivity in the Blaquernal. But when Mahomet was absent in Asia, Constantine dunned him for the prompt payment of this sum, threatening, if it were not soon forthcoming, to release the captive. Mahomet, enraged, returned at once to Europe, determined to besiege and capture Constantinople at whatever cost of men and money. In order to prevent the arrival of food and re-inforcements, he first erected an enormous castle on the European shore of the Bosphorus, opposite one previously constructed by Mahomet I on the Asiatic coast, exacted a tribute on every craft bound for Constantinople, and refusing all offers of peace and submission, retired to Adrianople, there to prepare for the approaching siege.

The effete and humbled emperors of the Eastern Empire had already parted with their special secret of the preparation of the mysterious and dreaded "Greek Fire" to their Mohammedan allies, who had from time to time been induced to aid them in war against alien foes, or some opposing faction, and the Turks had added a knowledge of, and enterprise in the construction of cannon exceeding that of any of their contemporary nations. An Hungarian founder, named Orban, constructed for Mahomet at Adrianople three enormous guns, one of which carried huge granite shot, weighing 1,344 pounds each, and requiring seven hundred men to load and point it after each discharge. When first tested at Adrianople, it is recorded that its smoke formed a curtain over the whole city, the report caused consternation many leagues away, and the ball at the distance of a mile from the muzzle, buried itself a fathom deep in the earth. Two smaller guns, carrying balls weighing 672 pounds, were also cast for use at the siege, with numerous smaller pieces. Troops were hurried forward from every province of Islam, and a fleet of four hundred galleys, under Baltaoghli, a Bulgarian renegade, blockaded the Bosphorus.

In Constantinople, only 4,973 men of all arms were effective, to whom two thousand alien residents and five hundred Genoese were added. There were no war-galleys, but fourteen merchant ships were pressed into service, and aided for a while in guarding the harbor, and the great chains which blocked its entrance. On three sides, steep cliffs rising from the swift tides made the city almost unassailable, but the land side was defended by walls whose height and thickness, once practically impregnable, had suffered much from time and neglect, while it was much to be feared that the huge cannon to be brought against them would be found much more formidable than anything ever before used in warfare.

In April, 1453, Mahomet with two hundred thousand men began the twelfth and final siege of the city whose fall had been predicted by Mahomet, had been figured to Osman as he slept under the camel's hair tent of the father of his beloved; and later foretold to John Hunyade after the defeat of Kassova by a prophetess, who declared "that the reverses of the Christians would never end until the fall of Constantinople." Now hundreds of Sheiks and dervishes swept through Mahomet's army repeating the traditions of the past and predicting the sure successes of the future. The leader of them all, discovered under a recently erected mosque, the tomb of Ayoub, a leader and prophet slain in the third siege, two centuries before, and this apparently miraculous discovery excited the Moslems to a very extravagance of confidence and activity. The great cannon and its smaller sisters arrived, and were first laid against the Caligaria gate, still known to Moslems as *Egri Kapouci*, and painfully it was loaded, probably by unscrewing the barrel from the breech, by means of bars inserted in rings or apertures provided for the purpose. The immense charge of powder was poured or ladled in; the great stone shot rolled carefully into place and plentifully lubricated with oil to lessen friction and the danger of bursting; the immense tube, screwed onto the breech-piece, and the ponderous gun laid by means of wedges and timbers to be discharged at the peril of the cannoneer's life. It took seven hundred men two hours to load and lay it for firing, and never exceeded eight discharges per diem, while its effects were far less destructive than had been hoped by the maker, and feared by the besieged.

Later it was removed to another point commanding the St. Romanus Gate, now called the "*Top Kapouci*" or "Gate of the Cannon." Here it was used more effectively, but in a few days burst, killing its own artificer. There were, however, some fourteen batteries in all, playing upon the eight thousand paces (about four miles and a half of wall) which Constantine and Justiniani, the Genoese admiral, had great difficulty in manning with so small a garrison. Their cannon were few and of light metal compared with those of the Turks, but they were well served by an aged Scotch soldier of fortune, who made havoc in the enemy's trenches, and with the rest of the defenders destroyed many of the siege works, including a great wooden tower, covered with hides, and furnished with platforms from which an assaulting force could be thrown upon the ramparts. About the last of April, a fleet of four Genoese and one Grecian vessels sought to enter the Bosphorus, and at once attacked the Turkish galleys, which were lighter and lower in the sides. Rushing toward the city with all sail set, and raining cannon-shot, Greek fire and other missiles from their lofty decks, they hurtled through a fleet of four hundred sail, sinking several galleys and safely entering the harbor, passing over the great chains lowered for their passage, which were promptly drawn tightly up behind them. Mahomet was furious, and loaded his admiral with chains, gave him an hundred blows of the bastinado with his own hand, confiscated all his goods, and sent him disgraced and a beggar into exile.

Unable to force the chains, Mahomet had constructed a shoot of planks from the Bosphorus at the rendezvous of his fleet, around back of Pera, and following the lowest possible levels for five miles to a point in the Golden Horn near the water-front of the city. This was thoroughly greased and in turn each galley, setting its sails, with the captain at the prow, the helmsman at the tiller and her drums and trumpets sounding, was driven by her sails and hauled by crowds of men and teams of horses overland, to be launched into the Golden Horn. Seventy vessels were thus safely brought into action, and when Justiniani attempted that night to burn the fleet he was betrayed by the Genoese of Galata, and lost the vessel in which he took part in the attempt, with all his companions. A floating battery was constructed to breach the sea-wall of the city, and Justiniani again attempted its destruction and that of the enemy's fleet by fire, but was foiled. Forty picked Genoese seamen were captured and put to death the next morning in sight of the besieged, who decapitated two hundred Turkish prisoners and decorated the turrets of the outer wall with their heads.

About the end of May Mahomet offered Constantine life and liberty for his subjects, and a peaceful sovereignty of the Morea for himself, but Constantine would not yield, and on May 24, 1453, Mahomet announced to his whole army that he would assault the city on the twenty-ninth day of the month. At once his whole camp was as joyous as if some great fete were being celebrated. The prisoners were released, the Janissaries promised the pillage of the city and great honors for special bravery; the sheiks and dervishes excited the more religious to a very delirium of desire for battle, and at evening the whole camp and fleet were alight with illuminations and fireworks. A belt of light surrounded Constantinople, amid which myriads of excited men brandished their arms and echoed and re-echoed the oft repeated war-cry of Islam, "God is great, Mahomet is his Prophet." But within the doomed city all was gloom and apprehension, and from cowering thousands ascended the piteous entreaty: "Kyrie Eleison! Lord have mercy on us."

Still every endeavor was made to meet the assault, and on the night of the twenty-eighth Constantine and his staff and the ecclesiastical dignitaries took with great pomp the last sacrament to be administered in the splendid fane of St. Sophia. Then the doomed Emperor, still in his splendid purple dress, went to his post at the St. Romain gate, where the assault was most imminent. At daybreak the forlorn hope began the attack, only to fill the ditches with their bodies. Up to ten o'clock the besiegers were still repulsed, but Justiniani, wounded in the hand, retired in spite of the appeals of Constantine, whose courage and example still held his men to their terrible task. Suddenly, an unused gate, long walled up and for some reason opened the previous evening, was forced by a small number of Turks, who took the defenders in flank and rear. At once men cried, "The Turks are in the city! The city is taken!" and Constantine rushing toward the Caligaria Gate just as the Janissaries were breaking through, threw himself into the melee, and fell under the sabres of the Janissaries, who spared neither sex nor age until Mahomet himself wearied of his vengeance.

Thus fell Constantinople after eleven centuries of strange vicissitudes of power and weakness, of gain and loss. It fell through the weakness and jealousies of the Christian powers of Europe, whose quarrels and intrigues gave the Turks not only a divided land to conquer, but the silent aid of Christian powers, who were not ashamed to allow a savage horde of fanatical, greedy and sensual semi-barbarians to conquer and pillage in Europe to keep some other power from reaping a political or commercial advantage. This is not the first time that the "Unspeakable Turk" has been driven back from the lands he has ravaged for over four centuries, and appealed to the infidels whom he despises to save him from being driven out of the splendid heritage which he has so long misused and made of so little benefit to humanity. And now the old game is being played, and the brave men of the Principalities will doubtless see "the chancelleries of Europe" stepping in to lessen as much as may be the losses of the Turk, and the reward of the brave men who have done in a few brief weeks what Russia failed to do in almost as many months, in more than one ancient and recent campaign.

It would seem as if in this Twentieth Century, Constantinople might at least be made a kind of free port and clearing-house for the business of the world; and a great centre of rail and water transportation, whose railroads, telegraph lines and steamboat connections should unite in peaceful prosperity the peoples of three great continents.

Certain it is that if this bleeding vein is again closed for a season, in deference to a nation that is utterly out of touch with modern civilization, and that cannot be made to cast aside its ancient attitude toward progress and humanity, it must be only a question of a few brief years, when more massacres and fanatical savagery will provoke another struggle, or go unpunished, because no people will dare to attempt the needed chastisement which all financial and political Europe will prevent if need be under the pretext of preventing a useless effusion of human blood, and "preserving the peace of Europe."

The Renaissance of Venezuela

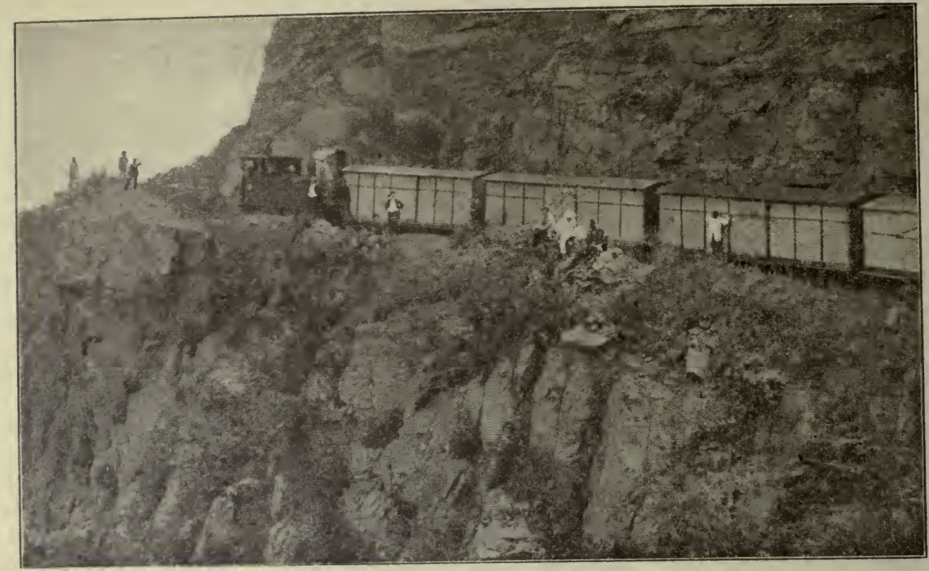
by Marcos J. Trazivuk

VENEZUELA, our nearest South American neighbor, is the land of the legendary "El Dorado," which was so long the goal of Spanish and English adventurers in search of gold in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The birthplace of the great liberator, Simon Bolivar, who defied Spanish power in South America, and gave independence to half of the South American republics, is strangely enough not as well known to Americans as other and more distant South American countries. For the past century its story has been one of struggle and rebellion, but a new day has dawned and what was one of the most "topsy-turvy" of Latin-American countries has settled down into a peaceful and prosperous republic which is promising to become in the near future one of the greatest commercial centres on the American continent. "Peace and Labor" is the motto in Venezuela today.

This wonderful transformation and progress which is taking place is only in its infancy. With the departure of General Cipriano Castro revolution has passed into history and the people of Venezuela are looking today toward a great future, after the four years of peace during which Venezuelan destinies have been placed in the hands of her patriot-president, General Juan Vincente Gomez.

It would require considerable space to enumerate the many reforms that have been brought about since General Gomez began his administration, but that he has established peace and order is the first and most important step toward the prosperity of Venezuela. The national debt amounting to several millions of dollars has been extinguished during the short period of his administration, and strained international relations have been resumed, thereby gaining politically and commercially the confidence of the world at large. The organization of the

GENERAL FELIX GALAVIS
Inspector-General of the Venezuelan army and right hand to President Gomez



FREIGHT TRAIN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN LA GUAIRA AND CARACAS

army has put it on a footing with the most modern and up-to-date military establishment. The extension and reform of republic instruction are other important undertakings. Public roads are under construction throughout the country. Industrial improvement is visible in every section and several railroad companies are extending their lines. Public sanitation is almost under absolute control, and the seaport of La Guayara, for many years a pest hole of cholera and yellow fever, is being transformed into a clean and healthful city. Foreign enterprises are being encouraged under the most favorable conditions, and important steps have been taken to bring in the most desirable European immigra-

SENORITA JOSEFINA REVENGA
Of Caracas, the famous South American beauty

GROUP OF CARIB INDIANS
Inhabitants of the Orinoco River Country

GENERAL JUAN VINCENTE GOMEZ, PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA

tion. These are some of the most notable proofs of what a Latin-American country can accomplish when peace and order are permanently assured.

Nature has made Venezuela rich, but on account of her past unsettled conditions the country has never been properly developed; hence foreign capital has not been largely attracted hither. It is only recently that the Venezuelan people have realized the immense natural wealth of their country, and have endeavored to place Venezuela among the leading Latin-American republics. Some of the largest American corporations have realized the great resources of Venezuela, and already there are several American companies seeking to obtain concessions for large enterprises, particularly the Standard Oil Company, which has a large staff of engineers and experts exploring the Venezuelan oil fields.

Situated geographically in the very northern centre of South America, Venezuela is fifteen days nearer to New York than Argentina, and may be reached from that metropolis in seven days by a direct line of steamers. Caracas, the capital, only two hours by rail from the principal port, La Guayra, is located on a plateau about three thousand feet above the sea level, and only five miles distant by the air line from La Guayra, but to get there it is necessary to ascend the high range which borders the Spanish Main, climbing around by mountain railroad nearly thirty-five miles. This railroad is beyond any doubt the most daring piece of engineering ever constructed, and was finished several years ago by an American engineer named Pile, after all hopes of completing it were abandoned by some of the more prominent engineers of the Old World.

Caracas, just beyond the Silla or ridge of the mountain range, is a fine Latin-American metropolis of about 100,000 inhabitants, sheltered by gorgeous mountains rising almost perpendicularly around it. The city has many beautifully situated and attractive plazas, boulevards and avenues with more now under construction. Bolivar Square, located in the heart of Caracas, is the chief rendezvous and promenade of Venezuelan society. Conspicuous buildings, such as the Capital, Cathedral, University and Military Academy, grace the city, particularly the historic Miraflores Palace, the official residence of the president.

SIMON BOLIVAR
"The liberator" of Venezuela, Colombia, Equador, Peru and Bolivia, at Bolivar Square, Caracas, Venezuela

Every foreigner who has visited Caracas has been charmed by its society, whose luxury, accomplishments and fashions rival those of the larger cities of Europe and America. The beauty and elegance of the ladies of Caracas bring high tributes from the stranger visiting the capital, for here is to be found the rarest types of Spanish beauty among the direct descendants of the old Spanish conquerors of South America.

It is impossible to describe the courtesies and hospitality shown to foreigners by the Venezuelan people. This was especially evidenced during the visit of Secretary Knox a few months ago, when official holidays were declared for the entire three days that he remained in Caracas, a tribute of respect and esteem to the American people, to whom Venezuelans have long felt that they owed a debt of gratitude which they were glad to satisfy by extraordinary honors and hospitality to their representative.

OIL AND ACID

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

Author of "Routledge Rides Alone," "Faith Knocks at the Door," etc.

The worker in the arts is apt to drive himself and his work, forgetting that the fuller artist is driven.

When a man pampers the body, following its fitful and imperious appetites, he surely stiffens the seal of the casket that incloses his Spirit.

The world needs souls that can thrive on dreams and denials.

It is stimulating to hear a man say, flat and unqualified, "I don't know."

A people glutted with what it wants is a stagnant people.

Miss Gwendolen Floyd as Gertrude Rhead in "Milestones." In the first act she is twenty-five, in the second, fifty; in the third, seventy-five years old

The English Season *on the* American Stage

by George Willoughby

OVERSEA the English papers are talking of "the American invasion" of their stage. Colonel Henry W. Savage's production of "Everywoman" met with unusual success in London, and James Montgomery's "Ready Money" has been accorded a hearty welcome. Our musical comedies, "The Pink Lady" and "The Quaker Girl," have crowded houses of enthusiastic English audiences, and while our lighter efforts at drama and opera are entertaining the London theater-going public, English actors and playwrights are coming to the States with their serious plays. Many of these dramas are wholly English—the product of English playwrights, strong in English color and acted by English companies. "Fanny's First Play," "Milestones" and "The New Sin" came to Broadway at the beginning of the theatrical season; the several Scotch companies of "Bunty Pulls the Strings" were also ready to begin another successful year in America. By mid-season the Irish Players had come from Dublin for their second American tour; and strong English casts came with "Hindle Wakes"; "Rutherford & Son," the harsh but powerful play of young Miss Githa Sowerby; and "The Whip," an excellent example of English melodrama.

Some of our favorite American actresses, too, are playing in productions that are steeped in English atmosphere. "Pretty Little Billie Burke" has found herself in Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's play of the English music-hall dancer who leaped to fame with a song entitled "Mind the Paint." "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl" is a typically English play. It depicts English atmosphere, English types, English conditions, and it is to the credit of Miss Burke and her American company that they so successfully sink their American mannerisms in their English parts. "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl" is a most fascinating play, and Billie Burke has made the "girl", Lily Parradell, a character as strongly, deftly individualized as "Jimmie Valentine" or "Salvation Nell."

The daughter of a poor London grocer, Lily has worked every step of the way from poverty and obscurity into her success as reigning star at the Pandora Theater. A real flesh and blood person is Lily Parradell, a person of moods and morals, secure among her hosts of friends and admirers. Her luxurious apartment in Bloomsbury, with her humble Cockney mother is the salon of the Pandora talent and their worshippers, among the latter some of England's most distinguished young noblemen. Lily Parradell, however, regards all her admirers in the same friendly light, except one Captain Nicholas Jeyes, whom she treats more as a brother than as a suitor, though he is generally accepted as the successful candidate for Lily's hand. Then comes manly Lord Farncombe, truly in love with Lily's charms, who begs her to be his wife. For the first time in her life, Lily returns the love that is offered her, but she bravely sends the Viscount away, having explained her humble origin and dwelt upon the difference in their stations in life. At this tense moment Captain Jeyes bursts into the room, denounces Lily and the young nobleman, launching into a bitter tirade against the girl who he says has ruined his life, and ending with a sweeping denunciation of the Pandora girls, who have been called by English women of caste "a menace to society." This is one of the strongest scenes ever presented on our stage. Lily is all remorse for herself, all tenderness and sorrow for both men. She promises to marry Jeyes at once; she will try to repair her injury and "make a man of him." The men go out together, and later Jeyes comes to his senses, sends Farncombe back to Lily, and the little "'Mind the Paint' Girl" is permitted to marry the man she loves. Lily Parradell, as created by the exquisite dramatic power of Miss Billie Burke, is one of the most appealing and lovable feminine characters seen on the stage in many a day. But she is intensely, completely English!

Miss Molly Pearson as Bunty, in "Bunty Pulls the Strings"

* * *

"Hindle Wakes," by Stanley Houghton, came from London one of the most widely advertised plays of the year. The company was rehearsed under the direction of Miss Gertrude Hornimann, and the cast was notable. It was the play itself, however, that aroused popular curiosity.

A wealthy young man of Hindle, a town in the English manufacturing district, offers to marry a poor mill girl with whom he has spent a week-end at the Hindle holidays or "Wakes." He is already engaged to a baronet's daughter, a very desirable match approved of by both families, and furthermore he loves his fiancee; his father, however, insists upon justice to Fanny Hawthorn, the mill girl, and commands his son to break his engagement and make Fanny his wife. Then Fanny takes matters in her own hands. She will not marry a man who loves another; she has no respect for a man who will give up the girl of his choice to please his father; again, she is able to care for herself—she wants no favors; she will take no money. Thus the play leaves the erring young man to wed his fiancee, while Fanny for her part is ready to face the world and go her way alone.

Whether or not one objects to the spirit of "Hindle Wakes," the performance was admirable from an artistic standpoint. The character-drawing was notable; the lines in the play were full of depth and meaning; there was not a dull moment in the three acts. The play did not succeed in New York because of its plot; but as a play, deftly developed, it was replete with subtle character drawing and interesting situations. The cast was excellent. "Hindle Wakes" was an extraordinary production.

Against the failure of "Hindle Wakes" and "The New Sin," Macdonald Hastings' brilliant drama, are the wonderful successes of "Fanny's First Play," by George Bernard Shaw, and "Milestones," which boasts the joint authorship of Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch. Both

Miss Billie Burke as Lily Parradell, in "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl" of these plays promise to run an entire season in New York, and as Mr. Belasco recently pointed out, there have been only four real successes this year on Broadway.

Miss Emelie Polini as Fanny Hawthorn, in "Hindle Wakes"

"Milestones" is an unusual play, though as Miss Gwendolen Floyd, the leading woman, laughingly said in an interview, 'Milestones' hasn't any melodramatic 'thrills.' It hasn't very much—what is that American word?—very much *punch* in it."

Be that as it may, "Milestones" is not only entertaining, but has many dramatic situations. The three acts take place in the same room, the first in 1860, the second in 1885, and the third in 1912. Each act shows marked changes in dress, furniture, decoration, sentiment and manners, and the principal characters are shown in the three stages, youth, maturity and old age.

"Milestones" is a touching little drama of the lives of two well-to-do English families, the Rheads and the Sibleys. John Rhead and Samuel Sibley are partners in a firm of shipbuilders. Gertrude Rhead and Rose Sibley are friends; and the betrothals between John and Rose, Samuel and Gertrude, are approved by both families. Friendly relations are severed, however, when John Rhead defies his partner by proposing to build ships of iron instead of wood. The spirited Gertrude breaks her engagement with Samuel because he attacks her brother, but John marries the quiet, affectionate Rose.

Twenty-five years later Gertrude is eatablished in her brother's house as a sort of companion to her niece, Emily Rhead. Samuel Sibley has lately married beneath his class, but his infant son is the pride of his heart, and his wife is a well-meaning if not a cultured woman. Gertrude, torn by the wreck of her own life, urges her niece not to give up the man of her choice, a brilliant young inventor in John Rhead's works, but Emily fears to disobey her father and weds a wealthy but elderly nobleman.

In 1912 John and Rose Rhead are celebrating their golden wedding day. Emily is a widow, the mother of two children, and her daughter Muriel is in love with Richard Sibley, Samuel's son, who has become a clever engineer. Again John Rhead interferes, although the gentle Rose argues for the young people; but Emily has other plans for her daughter, and "cannot bear to be left alone." Then Gertrude Rhead, bent and lame, but still with bitter memories of the past, urges Emily, for her daughter's sake, to remember her own unhappy marriage. Emily is moved but not convinced when she meets her former suitor, who still loves her. She will now be lonely no longer, and agrees to her daughter's marriage. The aged John Rhead also weakens in his objections and everything ends happily, with the three old people left together, John and Rose Rhead before the fireplace, while Gertrude, whose voice is still sweet though faint, sings "Juanita" as the curtain falls.

A sweet, wholesome play is "Milestones," exquisitely acted by remarkable English players.

* * *

The Irish players from the Abbey Theater, Dublin, returned to America the first of the year for a second American tour, with a repertoire including new plays by W. F. Casey, Lord Dunsany, George Fitzmaurice, C. Murray, R. J. Ray and other noted Irish playwrights. The first American tour of the Irish company, with their budget of realistic plays, is thought by many to have made possible this year's English successes, and the new tendency toward the artistic and classical in the American theater. The Irish players, fresh from Dublin, made their American debut with the opening of the new Plymouth Theater in Boston, thus establishing the unique new playhouse as a sponsor of the reaction against commercial drama.

The players had in their repertory the best dramatic works of the most celebrated native writers, among them George Bernard Shaw, J. M. Synge, W. B. Yeats, Lennox Robinson and Lady Gregory, the widow of Sir William Gregory, M.P., and later Governor of Ceylon. This talented lady, who came to America with the company, was born in the county of Galway, where she lived most of her life, among the simple country people, and her plays were an immediate success with American audiences. Her delightful comedy contrasted with the keen satire of Shaw, and on the other hand, the symbolic plays of Yeats, and the dreamy dramas of Synge, all with a realistic Irish background, made a deep impression upon Americans.

The players spent a busy American season from their opening in Boston, in September, to their farewell performance, also in Boston at the Plymouth Theater, in March. They were the real skirmish-line

Character part in a scene by the Irish players of this season's English invasion—though heaven forbid that one compare them with the English companies, when their one aim in life has been to establish an institution that is wholly and distinctly Irish!

* * *

It is now well past mid-season at the theatre, but the plays and players from the other side are still America bound. At this writing it is reported that three English companies with new plays are being rehearsed for American production. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's recent visit consummated plans for an American tour next season, and it is also reported that Granville Barker is arranging to come to New York for a revival of the classics.

Meantime Americans are asking, Why this influx of English plays and players? Are there not hundreds of our own actors out of work? The theatrical agencies will testify to this lamentable condition. Why, agan? Producing managers will answer the question in a word—the play. Seldom has there been such a poor season for the American playwright. Audiences refuse to accept his product. They have begun to weary of commonplace, commercial drama or melodrama. They want plays with new plots, new problems. The plays from across the water have set a new standard for our dramatic development. And of the players from oversea—everyone seems completely an artist. The man with one line to say says it well; but that brings to light another interesting fact: in the English plays the parts are usually equalized. This has dissipated the star system in England; it compels every actor to be on his mettle.

Then the English actresses—what practical, wholesome women they are as a class. There is less glamor in their daily life than in that of our humblest chorus girls. They regard their work as work—it is their "job" to act, as ours may be to practise law or to keep books. They dress quietly and live more quietly. They are domestic. Their private life is entirely distinct from that in the theater. They are home-loving folk—Miss Molly Pearson, who plays the title role in "Bunty Pulls the Strings," had an apartment engaged "away, way out of town" before she came to Boston for an engagement. "Bunty is supposed to live in the lap of luxury," she said laughingly, "but she really is very domestic—loves to cook, mend and make frocks, and live a simple home life." Miss Vera Pole, also in the "Bunty" company, told of the "dear old-fashioned house" where she secured a room.

Miss Gwendolen Floyd, who is "Gertrude Rhead" in "Milestones," spent her first week in Boston house-hunting. "I hope we shall be here a long time," she said. "I'm not a good traveler." Like all foreign visitors she was caught by the "American spirit" of rush and bustle—her impressions of our American distances, of our railroad trains, cities and customs were as finely drawn and amusing from a woman's standpoint as Arnold Bennett's from a man's in "Your United States." She is very much interested in the "interview system" of the press. "It is done very little at home," she said. "Sometimes our great actors are interviewed, but it is usually on some artistic point. They are not questioned about their lives, or their fads or customs outside the theater." Miss Floyd is the niece of Sir Herbert Tree, and comes, indeed, of stage stock. Her mother is now acting in England, and the young lady herself has been on the stage from childhood. She has played many times with her distinguished uncle, both in Shakespearian repertoire and in other plays. While the ambition of nearly every young American actress is to "star" and to have a play written for her, Miss Floyd, who is a typical rising young English actress, hopes in later years to do "Coster types," thus completely sinking her personality (a word, by the way, which she did not employ), or to act in Shakespearian roles.

* * *

Thus the English plays and players. They have at heart the real interests of the stage and their profession, and do not altogether measure success by big earnings, meretricious display or a somewhat dubious popularity.

Music and the Rest Hour

by Frederick Hulzmann

FEW public officials have left a more indelible impress on departmental life in Washington than George Bruce Cortelyou. He was one of the first to inaugurate modern business methods in federal affairs. He is the only American that enjoys the distinction of having his portrait hung in three cabinet departments. It occupies a place in the room of the Secretary of the Treasury with that of Secretary Crawford of Georgia, who was for thirteen years Secretary of the Treasury; in the Department of Commerce and Labor; and also in the Post Office Department. Each one of the portraits effectively reveals the strong characteristics of Mr. Cortelyou, adapted to different branches of the federal deparrment.

His work in organizing the Department of Commerce and Labor was a monumental undertaking, and in each one of the departments the traces of his initiative force still remains, including the expedition of correspondence of the White House and the business-like methods subsequently introduced in other departments. With the same energy and with his aptitude for knowing the requirements of public service, he is now administering the affairs of the largest gas and electric company in the world, in New York City.

Mr. Cortelyou took the presidency of the Consolidated Gas Company with the same purpose of promoting public service that has marked his public career. In a quiet, fearless and capable way the solution of the problems by public service by corporations was taken up. He began first with an educational campaign, taking employes and consumers into his confidence. This was no small task in an organization supplying several million customers, and having more employes than any other company of its kind in the world. His program has won and deserved the confidence and co-operation he so earnestly sought.

Just off Second Avenue near 20th Street in New York there is a glimpse of Stuyvesant Park. The district has been known as the "hospital reserve," and here I found myself one noon on my way to the repair shop of the Consolidated Gas Company.

In the gas meter repair shop where three hundred men work repairing meters from all over the metropolis, one found striking results of the new ideas. It was the noon-hour and in the front portion of the large shop a place was cleared among the work benches, and amid the odor of the foundry and tinshop, around a piano, after luncheon, gathered an orchestra of sixteen workmen. In splendid style they played the strains of the Sans Souci overture. There were trombones, cornets, violins, a bass viol, and drums, forming an orchestra representing many nationalities, and all of them ardent lovers of music. At the piano was a young lady from the office. Camp chairs were brought in and the men gathered about and smoked, enjoying the noon-day rest, and applauding every number with a hearty enthusiasm.

During past years I have attended many Symphony concerts in Boston, and have heard recitals of the Thomas Orchestra in Chicago and various other noted orchestras, but I do not think I ever heard the "Sans Souci" and "William Tell' overtures played with such spirit and earnestness as by those workmen coming direct from their benches. The leader was a carpenter, and with the waving of the baton every shade of expression was given and the score read with a Symphony thoroughness. The little man with the tuba never missed a note, and the French horn came in with stirring resonance. The violins galloped away and the bass viol kept on sawing wood, while the drum clattered and balanced the tempo. That day a placard announced two original compositions written by men in the orchestra; they were very creditable compositions. Every number of the program was heartily applauded, including a song by one of the young men, who, it was plain to see, had given attention to the cultivation of his voice, although he had all the natural earnestness of singing for real love of it.

One could not look upon that orchestra of workmen, with their hands grimy with toil, and watch them handling the delicate instruments, without realizing the charm of music. To many of these foreigners, music is the one thing that makes bearable the routine of work in their adopted home.

AT THE WORKMEN'S NOONDAY CONCERT IN THE GAS METER REPAIR SHOP OF THE CONSOLIDATED GAS COMPANY, NEW YORK

As the program continued the chimes of the time clock "ringing in" mingled with the music of the orchestra. This noon-hour was altogether an inspiration, for here the men meet and become acquainted instead of finding their way to the saloons near at hand. There was a spirit of comradeship about that would be difficult to find in fashionable clubs or high class musical societies. When the orchestra finally pealed out the stirring strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" and down from the ceiling floated an American flag, everyone arose and applauded heartily, and the shouts broke forth with a spontaneity that indicated a hearty spirit of patriotism. As I sat there looking on the rafters grimy with the dust and soot of the work of years past and looked into the faces of the men assembled and saluting the flag during the stirring strains of the national anthem, I could scarcely resist the impulse to jump on a bench and make them a Fourth of July stump speech. What an inspiration it was to see these men, many of them born in foreign lands, so keenly appreciative of the flag of the republic. As the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" faded away, every man was back at his bench; and just a glimpse at their faces as they returned to work, showed what the innovation means.

The orchestra was especially appreciated by President George B. Cortelyou, who was a student at the New England Conservatory of Music, is now a vice-president of that institution, and is himself an accomplished musician. You can imagine his feelings when one day he was greeted by the men with this orchestra and given a most happy surprise.

Noon-hour concerts are becoming so popular that visitors come in every day. On the register are the names of many distinguished people. One day Miss Anne Morgan, the daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, dropped in with friends to hear the orchestra. The shop will soon be removed to new quarters, but there will always be pleasant memories of this old gas meter repair plant on 19th Street.

There is a law requiring that gas meters be brought in at least once every six years, and here they are brought, overhauled and tested. Gas stoves are also brought in, given a bath and then repaired. The welding of iron by gas, unknown in the old days, is made possible by weighing a mixture of oxygen and illuminating gas. Heretofore, acetylene gas only could be used, but within a short time experiments have been made showing that illuminating gas also can be used for this purpose. Since 1823, when gas was first used in New York, the great metropolis has not been one day without the service of the gas company. More than 60,000 sheepskins are used every year for making new diaphragms for meters, and these must be thoroughly tested under light for inperfections. Some people who are not college graduates may therefore claim that they possess a sheepskin—in their basement in the gas meter if not on library walls. The sheepskins have to be treated very carefully, as they are the lungs and vital life of the meter.

The work of this department is in charge of Vice-President L. B. Gawtry, an expert conversant with every detail of gas production and operation. The meters are of all sizes and dimensions, and are thoroughly tested by a state inspector before sent out. After you have gone through a meter repair shop, there is sure to be a little more consideration for a gas company, for it is not only supplying gas in which more than a million tons of coal are used every year in New York, but constantly repairing meters, the one thing that registers the transaction between the company and the consumer. The meter

SINGING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

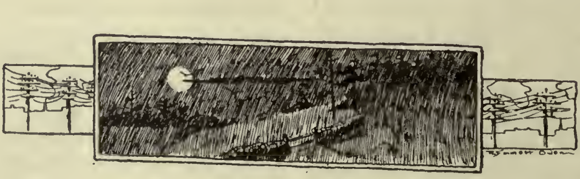
seems to be a simple contrivance, but it possesses what is known to sailors as the "lazy dog" to prevent its running backwards and repeating. The constant care and attention necessitated by providing for emergencies and accidents reveals the importance of the vigilant public service, and there is an individual responsibility which impels alert and considerate service that could be secured in no other way. Public utility corporations are taking hold of and solving many problems in this country which have baffled the governments of older European nations in this line of beneficent paternalism.

The subject of pensions, liability, accidents, and old-age insurance, giving their employes, as far as possible, steady employment and protection for the members of families—all these matters necessitate a practical solution of vexatious problems.

It comes down to the old proposition of making food, raiment and the comforts of life find their natural and equitable distribution; always encouraging effort and efficiency, for progress can only be secured by policies appealing to the self-respect and ambitions of the individual.

It does not seem as if one could find a theme for poetic enthusiasm or philanthropic reflection in a gas meter repair shop, but I do not think I ever looked on a scene that reflected so vividly that possibility of mingling daily work with pleasure that invokes individual interest, just as Tom Sawyer induced the neighboring boys to paint his fence.

In this noon-hour concert is a reflection of the times. It is not always welfare work or charity that accomplishes the best results. Here the individual is permitted to follow out a well-directed, natural impulse for pleasure, amusement and recreation, always keeping in mind a fixed ideal, wholesome and progressive. There is no fear as to the future of the American workman here, for in the boys at the benches you could see the gleam of content. It is the old proposition of the brass band in the country village where everyone gets together in a democratic spirit and there is no chasm between poor and rich, labor and capital. It is just the old idea of "getting together" and working together. At the gas meter repair shop the men followed the baton of the leader, played the score, and the result was harmony and a general feeling of content and enjoyment of these things which, however they may appear to be no part of this workaday world, are after all the heart of it. After that noon-day hour I felt a more welcome admiration than ever for the workingman of America, and the Gas Company, and everyone concerned, for it revealed how simple a matter it would be to smooth out the rough places and contentions of life if we all had a more considerate appreciation and knowledge of one another, and music at the noon-hour, instead of breeding strife and discontent among the agitators and "down and outers" trying to pull others down. If men "higher up" would only realize that "a man's a man for a' that," no matter what his position or task, there would be more harmony in the industrial world.



The Creator of "Somewhere Else"

by Bennett Chapple

A TALL, blonde, almost red-headed boy with a frank, open countenance and genial smile came bounding up three flights of stairs at the headquarters of Henry W. Savage on 45th Street, New York, for the express purpose of meeting a young lady and granting an interview. But the wisp of femininity could not keep the appointment, and so six feet of masculinity, weighing two hundred and twenty pounds and broad in proportion, was substituted at the last moment.

"Well, you're no lady," was the merry challenge as our hands met, "and I *am* relieved."

Mr. Avery Hopwood, for he it was, had better "knock wood," for he seems likely to become as famous as a playwright as the celebrated baseball star who pitched through seventeen consecutive games without a defeat. True, this young and gifted playwright has only just scored his seventh successful comedy, but as the saying is, he is "growing stronger" all the time. To become a successful playwright at twenty-eight is quite a distinction, but Avery Hopwood was only twenty-one when he first began writing plays, and has achieved seven decided successes since he was "old enough to vote."

Avery Hopwood attended Ann Arbor College, Michigan; finished his course a full three months ahead of time and for want of something better to do, applied himself to writing his first play, "Clothes." Between times he succeeded in landing a coveted "job" with the Cleveland *Leader* at $15 per week. It was some weeks, however, before the position would be available, and in the interim the young man came to New York and carried his first play, seeking a customer, up and down Broadway. He was literally peddling "Clothes," and he finally came across a manager who would invest in "Clothes" to the tune of $250 advance royalties.

A telegram was forthwith dispatched resigning the Cleveland *Leader's* offer, for Mr. Hopwood was determined to plunge into the raging billows of theatrical composition. Divested of his old "Clothes," he was determined to "follow suit"—win or lose.

MR. AVERY HOPWOOD

One successful play followed another in quick succession, including such popular comedies as "Seven Days," "Nobody's

Widow," and last but not least, "Somewhere Else," which was staged on Broadway by Henry W. Savage beginning the year. It is an unusual record, and one to be proud of, and yet Avery Hopwood—he of the blondish hair, the blue eyes, the stalwart form, the broad forehead and expansive smile—is not satisfied. Oh, no! He doesn't like to write plays half as much as he would like to write novels. Let us pause, take off our hats and sympathize with him in this sad defeat of his ambitious pursuit of literary prestige. In the vernacular of worshipping Broadway, "Can you beat it?"

"I wanted to be an actor," he said, half closing one eye, but aiming the other straight at me, "but I think I would have made a poor one. The actor instinct, however, has helped me greatly, for I can see myself act every part as I write it." This confession would seem to indicate the difference between a successful author of novels and a playwright. A task easy to one becomes almost impossible to another.

"You do most of your writing in summer, when the theaters are closed, I presume?" said I.

He nodded and his eyes twinkled. "I have a tent on a little farm up among the hills of the Hudson, near Tarrytown," he said. "Here I work and sleep, but I get my meals at the farmhouse."

"And in the winter?"

"I go to the show every night."

"You are not married?"

"Hardly."

"Why?"

"Because my wife wouldn't let me."

"Er—go to the show every night?"

"Exactly."

In the libretto of "Somewhere Else" young Hopwood has seized upon the old plot of a man, tangled up in domestic difficulties, who decides to cut loose from everything and go "somewhere else." The more humorous developments are built around the fact that he forgot that others would want to go "somewhere else," too. The music is by Gustav Luders, who had won great success in his short career. The cast is a notable one. Taylor Holmes, the young comedian who became so successful in "The Million," has been drafted for the part of Billy Gettaway, while Catherine Hayes, who laments that a fat actress cannot act drama, is irresistible as a baby. Everything in "Somewhere Else" is done in "some other way." There are new kinds of animals, new kinds of food, new ways of living. The whole thing is absurdly funny.

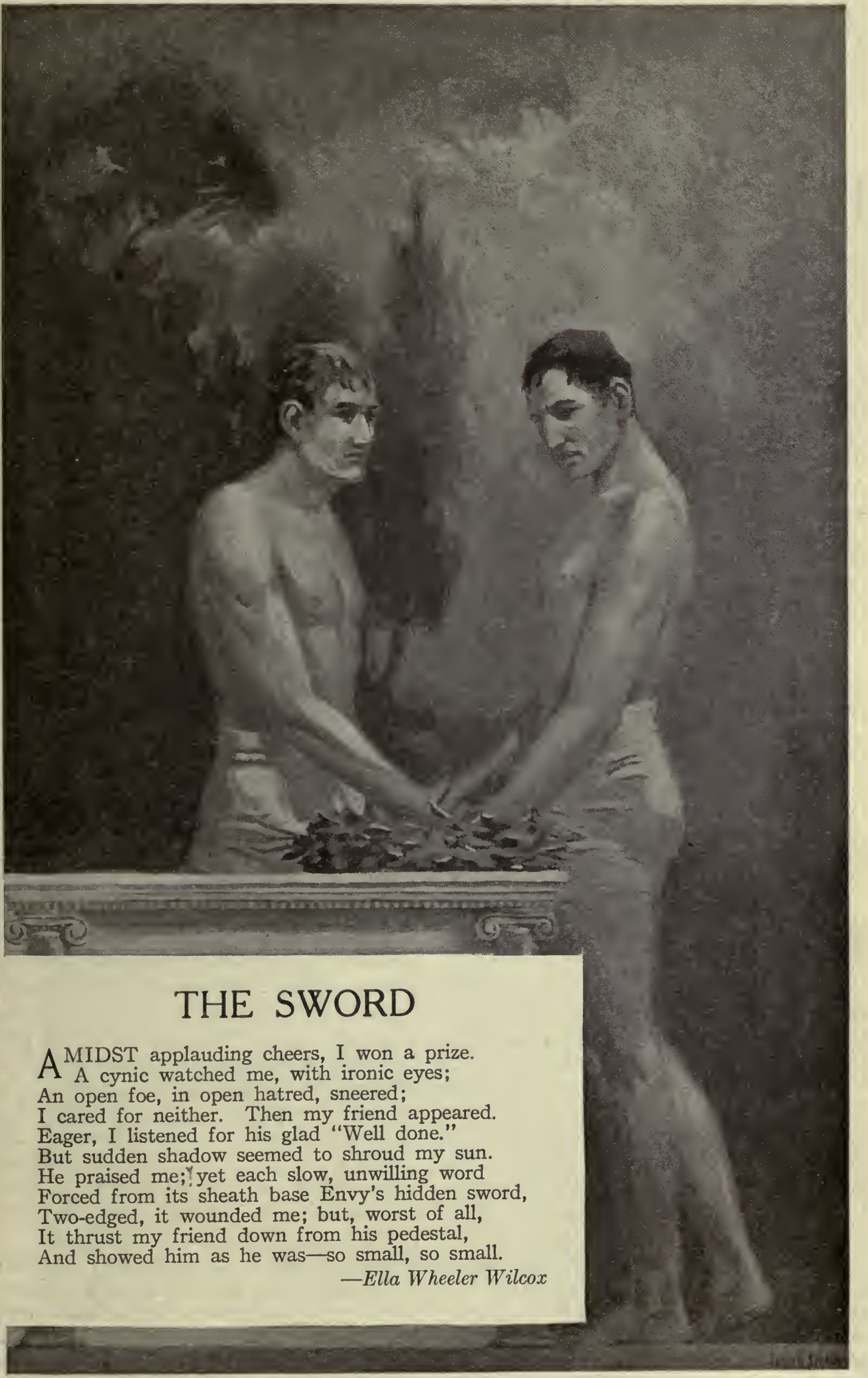
"Do you find it very difficult to write a new play each season?" I asked Hopwood.

"Not at all. I have another practically finished now." This was said with no tinge of anything except boyish enthusiasm and the desire to work.

Although Avery Hopwood has established a record of one successful play each season, there's no telling what he could do if he had a small boy to sit beside him and sharpen pencils. That's the feeling I had as I shook hands and said good-bye.

* * *

The untimely death of Gustav Luders, who wrote the music for "Somewhere Else," the first week of the production was a blow felt keenly by the world of musical comedy. In his field Luders' success had been as spectacular as has Hopwood's in his. Luders' music was a great factor in the triumphs of such well-remembered musical comedies as "King Dodo," "Woodland," "The Prince of Pilsen" and half a dozen others which still pucker the lips of the whistling portion of our population. Colonel Savage produced the majority of Luders' compositions.



THE SWORD

AMIDST applauding cheers, I won a prize.
A cynic watched me, with ironic eyes;
An open foe, in open hatred, sneered;
I cared for neither. Then my friend appeared.
Eager, I listened for his glad "Well done."
But sudden shadow seemed to shroud my sun.
He praised me; yet each slow, unwilling word
Forced from its sheath base Envy's hidden sword,
Two-edged, it wounded me; but, worst of all,
It thrust my friend down from his pedestal,
And showed him as he was—so small, so small.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

A Day with John D. Rockefeller

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

IN boyhood I was the proud possessor of the works of Washington Irving, whose wholesome and genial spirit won the enthusiastic appreciation of the youth in those days, and a visit to Sleepy Hollow to revel among the scenes he described was one of the fond dreams of the future.

Many tourists now tarry at Tarrytown, to recall the memories and traditions of Irving. Here also is the monument of Major Andre, the brave and talented British officer, spy though he was, who paid the penalty of his share in Arnold's treason, as even the smallest schoolboy can relate. Up the hill, past Sleepy Hollow, lying on two sides of a distant ridge, are the heights of Pocantico Hills. In the green Kent House, with square tower and gothic decorations, lives Mr. John D. Rockefeller, on the border of his estate, while the new gray stone house on the summit is being completed.

The home was in keeping with the simple tastes of the man. In the corner of the hall were flowers—just the old-fashioned, late flowers of autumn; hollyhocks and chrysanthemums. There was the usual hall rack with hats and caps. A photograph of a group on the golf-links, showing Mr. Rockefeller in his best golf fettle, was near the entrance, and in the adjoining room pictures of Lincoln and Washington made it seem like an old-fashioned American home. A cheery fire was glowing in the grate inside, and on the table were magazines, books and newspapers in friendly array. It was all cozy and homelike, such as any man of moderate means might enjoy. Promptly at the hour appointed, Mr. Rockefeller came downstairs. He was attired in a gray outing suit, trousers rolled up, and was wrapped in a gray sweater, with a golf cap set squarely atop as though ready to eclipse his best record. As the single guest of the golf "gallery," I was armored with a paper vest to keep out the chilling wind, while waiting to watch the solitaire game of golf.

"Now we're ready," quoth the host, leading the way to the green. "Louey," the Italian caddy, with a heavy moustache and genial brown eye, pinched the sand and perched the ball. After one or two sweeps with the club, Mr. Rockefeller sent the ball circling through the trees toward the green, like a bird seeking its nesting place. It was a prime drive, and Mr. Rockefeller turned to me, his eyes gleaming with the satisfaction of a man who has accomplished his purpose. Henry, the colored man, as the advance guard, held up the targets showing the location of each hole.

"Where is it going, Henry?" called Mr. Rockefeller after a drive. "Is it all right, Henry?"

"Yaas, sah, I guess it struck the green all right," shouted back the good-natured advance scout, "and hit's still goin' yit."

* * *

Leisurely we walked up the hill, enjoying the splendors of that beautiful autumn day. It was well that the host did not insist on sprinting, for every step recalled the new pair of shoes—which pinched and continued to pinch. Mr. Rockefeller has an unusually pleasant voice which reminded me of Elbert Hubbard's over-the-field tones, although lacking that piquant, sarcastic tinge characteristic of the sage of East Aurora. As we climbed the turfy hillside, the noble Hudson was seen in the distance, and for the moment the golf ball was forgotten. Off in the distance, dimmed by the purple haze, were the Orange Mountains of New Jersey. Beyond the river the storied peaks of the Catskills stood out grandly in the radiant glow of the early morning. These were the scenes which Washington Irving loved and made memorable.

With all the enthusiasm of an ardent lover of nature, Mr. Rockefeller pointed with his golf club to this and to that view, trending away to the Briar Cliff and the Buttermilk Mountains. In the far dis-

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER—HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH tance the towers of New York City blended with the horizon twenty-five miles away. In these moments the real life passion of John D. Rockefeller was revealed. There was an exhilaration and tingle in the air that made everything seem youthful and buoyant. It seemed impossible to realize that this man before me, who has been through the storm and stress of three-score and ten years and perhaps harder fought business struggles than were ever allotted to any one individual, nevertheless had retained his youthful love of Nature in the fields, forests and streams. His eyes sparkled as from time to time he turned to comment between strokes on some new view. The conversation never lagged. Charming incidents were related concerning the early days of '53 when he attended school in Ohio, with the late Mark Hanna, and how with Mrs. Rockefeller, a schoolmate, the three struggled over essays and compositions; how great flocks of wild pigeons now practically extinct used to hover overhead as the boys wandered in the forests about Cleveland; with a story here and there, breezy and effective, that brought forth peals of hearty laughter.

Every stroke and drive as we proceeded was commented upon, for it was only a practice game. How the distance and direction for the ball is gauged by the golfer is beyond the comprehension of the uninitiated spectactor, but it is evident that Mr. Rockefeller plays golf with all the quiet poise and intensity of his nature. The ball would go circling over the mounds as if guided by intuition. For a time it seemed that he was going to beat his own best record, and I was looked upon as a mascot, but later the antics of a contrary ball dispelled the illusion. While walking and talking with Mr. Rockefeller on the links it is not difficult to understand why he loves golf with all the ardor of a Scotchman, for he insists that golf has been the means of preserving his life.

On the putting green, Mrs. Rockefeller also was enjoying her game with a companion. The tender and deferential way in which Mr. Rockefeller referred to the wife and companion of his early manhood, in explaining what the open air has done for her, gave a glimpse of the domestic life of one whose early ideals and affections have never been shaken by wealth. Behind the simplicity of the man, as he turns and looks you in the eye, there gleams forth the undaunted spirit of one who has created a world-wide revolution in the methods of doing business, that has marked him as one of the pre-eminent figures of his age.

* * *

Conversation in a walk on the links seems to be so much freer than within the walls of an office or study! In it lives the flow and freedom of open environment. During the walk over the golf-links there were many scores of distinct topics discussed.

There was an armistice in the game against himself, as we went on up the hill to the new house under construction, occupying the site of the old house, which was burned. The gardener who was looking after the renaissance of the grounds came up to Mr. Rockefeller to report as to how expense could be saved. He was asked considerately concerning an aching ear. "Henry," said Mr. Rockefeller, "you had better go into the city with me and we will see about that ear." All the details of constructing the retaining walls of the new courtyard were watched carefully by the builder. The embankment in the rear of the house was being graded and there was the sound of pick and shovel; but suddenly the operations ceased, for it was lunch time, and the workmen gathered in groups for their noonday meal.

"May we have some lunch?" inquired Mr. Rockefeller of some men who were delving into their dinner pails.

"Sure," was the quick response in colloquial Italian-American, and a fat cheese sandwich was offered.

"How high is the wall going to be?" The reply was at first unintelligible, but the little Italian's eyes sparkled like those of his ancestors when building the Appian Way as he slowly counted, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven feet." They all seem to understand figures before the words of a language are comprehended.

Again and again we stopped to look upon the beautiful hills. If there is anything that delights Mr. Rockefeller it is picturesque views and good roads. In the final analysis, his whole life has been one of getting the right view of things—and going ahead. The new house commands a supreme view of the Catskills up and down the majestic river, and a prospect sweeping from Connecticut in the east to New Jersey in the South. Sylvan lakes here and there dot the view in the foreground—every detail of which is studied by Mr. Rockefeller as an artist would study a picture.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., does not take as kindly to golf as his father, who laughingly remarked that his son thought golf was like puttering away valuable time; but Mr. Rockefeller straightened with all the glow of conscious health and the vigor of renewed youth as he defended "This is what golf means."

Never before was I so impressed with the analogy between playing golf and life itself; as Mr. Rockefeller pointed out, golf is a good deal like life. The ball never goes just where you want it to go, and you have to keep at it with patience, concentration, poise and persistence to win the goal. Henry carried along a basketful of balls, and when a drive was not satisfactory—for this was only a practice game—Mr. Rockefeller would strike ball after ball until he had carried his point, cultivating an intuitive confidence in being able to make an inanimate ball carry out a definite human purpose. Skill lies largely in knowing just how and where to hit the ball in striking, and that's about what there is in life if one is to succeed—hitting squarely, not carelessly or even with over-calculating precaution, but gaining an intuitive sense of direction and determination to get the ball in the hole with the fewest possible strikes. Isn't that the whole idea of modern business?—how to accomplish tasks with the least possible labor and unnecessary waste of temper and friction. On the return to the house at the foot of the hill the last drive was made as the ball landed in a circle of foliage and the eighteen holes were covered.

When I started to unloosen my paper vest Mr. Rockefeller insisted that it be kept as the souvenir of a good game, and it will have an honored place among other trophies as a relic of the day spent on the golf-links with one of the pre-eminent figures in the financial world, whose career spans a veritable revolution in business development.

* * *

After meeting Mr. Rockefeller face to face and talking with him of the larger views of life, a new revelation of the man appears. In his conversation there is the same poise and mastery of himself that is indicated in his "Random Experiences," recently published. There is a modest, almost shy little way that indicates a natural desire to go quietly along about his business at all times. His simplicity and directness in thought and action as well as in work tells the story of his success.

In the walk about Pocantico Hills, Mr. Rockefeller revealed the great hobby of his life—planting trees and building good roads. The happiest hours of his later years have been spent in beautifying the surroundings of various estates. He tells of friends absorbed in business life whom he has tried to interest in his "Back to Nature" ideals, and no matter what the subject, he holds fast to the inspiring note of optimism.

With enthusiasm, he tells of making new paths and better roads. An engineer who visited him commented on the splendid lines and grades of the roads. "Who made the survey?" he demanded. "I did," said Mr. Rockefeller with cherry-tree frankness. The little forests of seedlings that grow into great trees are his special admiration. Young nurseries are the incubators of nature on which he draws, and his wonderful success in moving large trees, gained by a knowledge of moving trees by the thousands, indicates the same masterful genius that has carved the greatest business career of the ages. A careful account is kept of the trees transplanted and transferred between Pocantico Hills, Lakewood and Forest Hill. Every detail of the work is conducted on the simple credit and debit basis of old-fashioned business methods. Even in the matter of nursery stock the advantage of doing things on a large scale is appreciated. Trees ninety feet high were moved by a contrivance which Mr. Rockefeller had especially constructed for this purpose. Trees were transplanted to considerable distances at a cost of twenty dollars each and one tree-moving campaign in a single season was accomplished with a loss of but three per cent of the trees that were transplanted. Mr. Rockefeller follows his trees about like an enthusiastic boy, and he delights to talk of them. He says oaks must be handled when comparatively young. Birches have baffled him, while evergreen transplanting has been unusually successful.

Planning good views has been a passion with John D. Rockefeller since he was a boy in New York state. Instead of working with a brush and palette Mr. Rockefeller is painting landscapes with the living objects of nature, placing a tree here, a hill there, a lake between.

When one contemplates the inspiration of the softened hues and skies of an English landscape or one in misty Holland, the radiant, brilliant outlines of American scenery stand out in marked contrast. Mr. Rockefeller has the same impulse that inspired the famous Barbazon school. The art of Inness, Wyatt and Homer Martin and the spirit in which they portrayed American landscapes is apparent in his passion for trees. He loves landscape, but it must be American landscape—landscape on a grand, sweeping scale.

* * *

As we looked again across the hills down the noble Hudson there seemed to loom up in fancy the scenes of Mr. Rockefeller's early days, and how delightful it was to hear from his own lips little incidents and anecdotes that went to make up a unique career.

At the age of sixteen he left the Cleveland high school and attended commercial college to learn the A. B. C. of commercial transactions, and later for days and weeks he tramped about seeking a job, asking for a position "as a boy." Finally he took a position as a man in the house of Hewitt & Tuttle of Cleveland, Ohio, under the supervision of a book-keeper, who was a stern disciplinarian. The first three months netted him fifty dollars, the following year twenty-five dollars a month, and thus Mr. Rockefeller launched upon his business career. The influence of this business apprenticeship was of vital importance in after life. The lad became practically a member of the firm, as he was taken into their confidence when important deals were considered, and had charge of auditing and paying all bills. Even in those days he reports a lively tussle over a plumber's bill about a yard long, but he won the fight, insisting that his "O. K." on a bill was the executive act which released his employer's money. In this work he became familiar with almost every sort of commodity, ranging from the famous marble of Vermont to pumpkins from the farms thereabouts. This experience came to him at an impressionable age. Unwilling to accept a seven hundred dollar annual salary he resigned his clerical position and resolved to start in business for himself. A young Englishman named Clark, with two thousand dollars, joined him as a partner, and young Rockefeller added one thousand dollars, which his father loaned him, to the money which he had saved. His father loaned the money at the rate of ten per cent as a strictly business transaction, and it was never allowed to become anything else.

The first bank loan he ever secured was from Mr. T. P. Handy, who had known him as a boy in the Cleveland schools and who loaned him two thousand dollars on his warehouse receipts. In later years Mr. Rockefeller was able to return this favor manifold to the friend of his early manhood. His strenuous efforts in those days to raise money on short notice for meeting emergencies have the thrill of romance, and are an inspiration to the young man in business today.

The organization of the Standard Oil Company is perhaps one of the most interesting events in the economic history of modern times. In knowing Mr. Rockefeller one can understand the vital and cohesive effort and hearty co-operation of the organization of which he was the master-mind. The practice of lunching together and talking over matters between all interested and responsible for results, developed a congenial intimacy that competitive assaults could not shatter.

More than one-half of the entire product of the Standard Oil Company is sold abroad, and its success in bringing into the United States a million dollars in gold every week in the year for scores of years is certainly a record of industrial achievement. This represents money from foreign countries, paid for American products produced by American labor. Mr. Rockefeller modestly insists he never dreamed of the magnitude of its later expansion. In early days the oil business was considered hazardous. It made fortunes and lost them as quickly, and the consumer paid prices as fluctuating as the oil men's fortunes. Mr. Rockefeller resolved to put his business on a sound basis and eliminate waste and profligacy.

What a dramatic incident it was in Mr. Rockefeller's early life when the partners decided to dissolve and bid for the good will of the oil business, which became the nucleus of the Standard Oil Company. Each of the buyers insisting "It is naught" the sale proceeded. The bidding started at five hundred dollars, and this was the pivotal incident that decided John D. Rockefeller's career in the oil business. Mr. Rockefeller kept bidding until a figure of $27,500 was reached, when he found himself the winner. He offered a cheque in full to the competing bidder. The reply was: "Never mind, John, I am glad to trust you for that. Settle at your convenience."

But this was only the beginning of the battle. Events which made history, such as the construction of the pipe lines, the purchase of the ore lands on the Mesaba range, and of nursing the commercially declining mining project and later the development of building more ships for transporting the ore through the Great Lakes, and finally selling out to the steel company, were touched upon modestly by the man whose brain planned and brought these projects through to success. Mr. Rockefeller weathered some severe financial strains in panics from '57 down to 1907 and his experiences of those days would furnish an invaluable text book for students of modern economics. The story of the oil business begins and ends with alert and aggressive American business initiative. A large portion of the dividends paid by Standard Oil represent the enhanced value of investments, sometimes compulsory and often of purchases made when values were low.

It all shows how simple have been the plans that have wrought tremendous results. The one thing that Mr. Rockefeller often impresses on young men in his talks with them is to follow the established lines of high-minded dealing; and to keep to the broad and sure way, watching the natural operations of trade, keeping within them and not being lured by temporary or sharp advantages.

"Don't waste your effort on a thing which ends in a petty triumph, unless you are satisfied with a life of petty success," he says in well-weighed words. "Be sure that before you go into an enterprise you see your way clear to stay through to a successful end. Look ahead. It is surprising how many bright business men go into important undertakings with little or no study of the controlling conditions they risk their all upon."

He insists that the man who enters business life with the idea of merely getting rich will not succeed. He must have a larger ambition. There is no mystery in business success, it is only the evolution of sound judgment building up a character for fair dealing and unlimited confidence.

"That is the real capital we all work for," he has recorded. Each day's work successfully performed with a clear head, within the natural operations of commercial laws—this, insists John D. Rockefeller, is the method that will best meet modern conditions. In meeting him one can understand why he first urges young men not to lose their heads over a little success or to grow impatient and discouraged by a few failures.

* * *

It did not seem that I was chatting here so comfortably with one of the wealthiest men in the world. The arbitrary, purse-proud bearing which often accompanies the possession of even moderate wealth is not in the least apparent in the manner of Mr. Rockefeller. He is simplicity itself, though he is a deep philosopher. He takes life seriously, but he believes in good, old-fashioned commonsense methods—in keeping things well balanced and not depending on artificial conditions. There is no easy, short road to success, he says firmly. His general philosophy for a large, broad-gauged success does not begin with the idea of getting all you can from the world by hook or by crook, whether you sell your own labor or are an independent producer.

The whole proposition as he sees it is thus summarized: "Where can I lend a hand in a way most effectively to advance general interest? When a man enters life and chooses a vocation he is going in the right direction toward success, insisting upon doing even one worthy thing better than any one else. Great fortunes have been made by performing far-reaching and far-sighted economic services by men who have had uncompromising faith in the future of their country, giving attention first and foremost to creating development. Commercial enterprises that are not needed fail." These are Mr. Rockefeller's words to young men. Calling attention to the unnecessary duplication of existing industries, he declares that money spent in increasing needless competition is worse than wasted, not only destroying the national prosperity but taking the bread from the laborer and unnecessarily introducing heartache and misery into the world. He asserts that the greatest single obstacle to progress and happiness of the American people lies in the willingness of so many men to invest their time and money in multiplying competitive industries, instead of opening up new fields, and putting their money into lines of industry and development that are needed. The type of man who creates the new, rather than follows the worn paths, commands his special admiration.

* * *

Mr. Rockefeller insists that the most generous people in the world are usually the very poor. The mother of ten will adopt the waif, while the childless choose the dogs. His tribute to the Jews and to the Catholic Church, for the work of their charitable institutions, shows his broad appreciation of good work and good deeds. He is an ardent champion of religion, and another side of his character is reflected in his own church work. He has been trustee of a Baptist church ever since he was eighteen years of age. At that time he insisted on raising the mortgage of two thousand dollars on the little mission church of which he was a member in early life and with a long, far-reaching arm buttonholed the people at the door, interesting them in right methods of raising a debt.

In his church work are found reiterated in words and acts these simple axioms to young men: "Study your own affairs frankly and face the truth; if methods are extravagant realize the facts and act accordingly. One cannot successfully go against natural tendencies and laws." His thorough study of American business and analysis of character would stamp him as a philosopher, if his genius had not been directed into business channels.

His discussion on the art of giving dealt with a new phase of economics, for private fortunes have been given with unstinted generosity by the American millionaire for public purposes. Mr. Rockefeller recognizes that the only gratification in giving is to give where the heart prompts, which illuminates one system of modern philanthropy. He has insisted that the very rich cannot greatly increase their pleasure beyond moderate bounds, and that money lavished on fine raiment ofttimes brings nothing but public envy and ridicule. The joy and happiness of a kind impulse yields the largest permanent results to the largest possible number of people. He has pointed out that real giving is not what is usually called charity. An investment of time and money considered with relation to the result of employing people at remunerative wages and expanding the resources available and giving opportunity for progress and healthful independence where it did not previously exist is his first idea of a capitalist's duty. No mere giving of money is comparable to this in its lasting and beneficial results.

* * *

Up to 1890, following the old haphazard fashion of giving here and there as appeals presented themselves, Mr. Rockefeller's task almost resulted in a nervous breakdown. This is what compelled him, very fortunately, to take up outdoor work and golf. Making his way without sufficient guide or chart through the ever-widening field of philanthropic endeavor, he saw how impossible it was to continue without a well-defined and consecutive purpose. The needs in philanthropic work must be put on a practical basis. While it has been remarked that Mr. Rockefeller does not believe in giving money to street beggars, yet it is well known that he does believe in doing something to relieve the situation which makes the street beggars. He goes to the root of things, dealing justly and humanly with the weak and unfortunate in giving them a chance to help themselves in a self-respecting and independent way. He has pointed out that good men and women wear out their lives in raising money to sustain institutions, that have been constructed by unskilled methods, and calls attention to how much more could be done if simple adjustments were made as required in ordinary business operations. The directorates of these associations for helpfulness will soon be formed of the flower of American manhood and womanhood of those who know not only how to accept gifts rightly but to administer wisely. As much care should be taken of the money spent in benefitting others as if it were a trust fund confided to the trust or guardian for the benefit of children, according to Mr. Rockefeller's ideas.

There was something of the same ring of enthusiasm and optimism found in the closing words of "Random Reminiscences" in what I heard Mr. Rockefeller say when making the drive for the last two holes on the links, that he was urging with all his power the organization of a Benevolent Trust. In this, one could readily see that the supreme ambition of his life lay in his suggestion of securing as directors men who will make it a life work to help manage practical benevolence, where it will be of enduring benefit to the largest number of people. The work of the General Education Board includes the consideration of the hundreds of letters that come every day appealing for money for widespread educational charities all over the country, which shows the necessity of the work of benevolence being systematized for permanent advantage to all the people. The value of dealing with organizations which gather all the facts to decide just where help can be applied to the best advantage, is the simple idea of the same genius that knew how to eliminate the waste of material, conserve energies and promote researches in business operations.

For the past ten years Mr. Rockefeller's interest has been especially centered in the Institute for Medical Research in New York City. The influence of this institute is, as already felt, world-wide, and the results are given as freely to the world as the air. The buildings tower on the high bluff over the East River on 66th Street and Avenue A in the very center of the metropolis, and overlook the rushing tides of the East River. Spacious grounds surround the impressive and substantial buildings. On the south side of the main building is the hospital, the only hospital in the country devoted exlusively to the purposes of research. The animal hospital flanks the main building on the north, and the grounds add a distinctive beauty to that section of New York.

Of all the institutions I have visited in New York, none have interested me more than the Institute of Medical Research. The work is being carried on for the progress of medical science and the preservation of human life, work which the government seems to overlook in eagerness to develop material progress and cultivate the popular classes for votes. In this Institute the various doctors and scientists of the staff concentrate their abilities upon the one subject before them with no thought of worry about fees or financial returns. In the vestibule, the signs indicating whether "in" or "out" are pushed back and forth indicating that they are making a serious everyday business of research, most of the time during working hours of the day or night. These eminent men are in the laboratories and various departments, with apparatus and facilities at hand equal to the demands made in these swift moving days for the research of problems whose solution will add to the health and life of the millions who are affected with disease, but more than that to give warning and assistance as to how to keep well.

Mr. Rockefeller related the story of one little girl from New Jersey whose life was saved at the Institute and seemed to feel that in saving this one life the work of the Institute would be repaid and further would multiply its field of usefulness because all humanity is given the fruits of research.

Mr. Rockefeller's tribute to Dr. Simon Flexner in discovering a serum for cerebrospinal meningitis and to Dr. Alexis Carrel, who received the Nobel prize this year, shows that he has the same keen perception in selecting men for scientific research, as in business responsibilities. His fundamental belief is that people who are educated to help themselves, develop that self-reliance and independence which is the inherent pride of the American.

* * *

While spending even a few hours with John D. Rockefeller, one is never reminded that he is associating with one who possesses great wealth, but rather one begins to understand how in the very simplicity and directness of his thought, plans and actions, Mr. Rockefeller has already left an impress upon his times that marks an epoch in the evolution of business and the progress of civilization, that must be reckoned with by the historian in a cool and dispassionate examination of facts and achievements free from emotions and the envy and fear that necessarily follow the contemplation of great fortunes. He began life in the times when opportunities presented themselves, and he "took them by the forelock" as the old Grecian saying goes, and turned the resources of a great nation, not like Midas into streams of gold, but into institutions, ideals and purposes that will have a sweeping and enduring influence upon the future.

My day with John D. Rockefeller gave me a more profound respect and appreciation for the men and the times in which we live.

ASHES

ALONE, on the birdless barrens,
  Alone by a southern sea,
The ghosts of the days that have vanished
  Come scurrying back to me.

Then a face on my memory flashes
  Like the flash of a falling star,
When I'm flicking the fading ashes
  From the end of a good cigar.

Life's spring, with its buds of promise,
  Life's summer, with rose of June;
But the buds, they burst so early,
  And the roses die o'er soon.

A rustle of silk and laces,
  The wind of a passing car,
Then gray are the once glad faces,
  Like the ash of my good cigar.

—*"Songs of Cy Warman."*

The FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR MAN

by Clarence Buddington Kelland

Author of "The Passenger's Dog," "The Dressed Up Feller," Etc.

FIVE hundred dollars for a husband," remarked Chet Sparling, looking over the top of his paper to take in the gathering in Snub Smith's grocery store. "Here's a woman offerin' that *ee*-normous sum for one she's had the bad luck to mislay."

"Five hundred?" asked Lem Grove skeptically. "Did you say *five* hundred?"

"*Don't* seem possible, does it?" agreed Chet. "It's quotin' a higher rate than prevails on the local market."

"I'll bet," delivered Snub Smith with solemnity preternatural, "that Lem's wife would give a heap more'n that to git *him* back if *he* strayed away."

If Snub's reputation as a wag had not been set and cemented by a life devoted to quip-making, this sally would have raised him above all rivals for humorous fame. It was admitted to be his masterpiece. The counter was pounded, fingers were thrust under ribs, backs were slapped, men rocked to and fro as they sat on potato barrel or cracker box, and hoarse, appreciative laughter rolled out of the door and up the street.

The point of Snub's witticism lay in the circumstance that Lem was married to the local financier, the Hetty Green of Eagle township, who owned mortgages and loaned money and preserved her income as though it were her life's blood. Lem represented her one poor investment, and long ago she had charged him off to profit and loss. She was content to admit his negative qualities as an income producer, or as a producer of any kind whatever, and was resigned to support him in idleness if not in luxury.

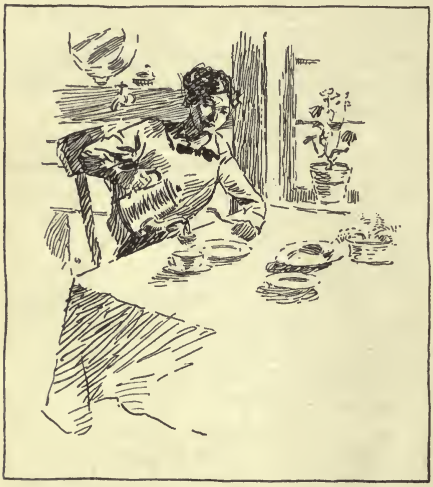
Lem joined in the laugh with hearty good will, taking no offence. He had no pride to be injured, and besides he knew that more than one of his friends regarded his laborless life with envy.

"You fellows don't see me breakin' my back follerin' a plow," he said pertinently.

But he began to wonder what his wife *would* do in conditions akin to those stated in the paper. Would she offer a reward for him and how much? Sarah was kind to him in her way and provided for his daily needs and a little tobacco over, but would she regard his disappearance as a loss to be regretted? Would she consider it worth hard money to have him back? Lem regarded the question dubiously and it began vaguely to trouble him.

"I'd like to find that fellow," Chet Sparling announced solemnly when a degree of quiet obtained. "Wouldn't I have a time with five hundred? Wouldn't I, though? Think of it, fellows, five hundred dollars to spend any way you wanted to."

Lem thought as directed, and the idea was pleasant. He lacked for no necessity, and most of his small desires were within his reach, but he, for the first time, bemoaned that his wife allowed him to handle no sum of money in excess of a dollar, and seldom larger than a quarter. He longed to know the sensation of fingering hundreds. Just once would be enough. He felt that if he could have the absolute control of five hundred dollars or even two hundred and fifty he would ask no more. Then he could boast; he could take place beside the village banker and speak of the time he disbursed tens and twenties and maybe fifties. The longer he thought of it, the more alluring did the idea become. He forgot his companions, his dream blotted out the grocery store, and he revelled in a tremendous orgy of money-spending. Not a purchase was made under five dollars, and if the cost did come a few cents below he saw himself grandly waving the vendor to keep the change. It was glorious.



"I ain't reckonin' you as a asset to be hid from the tax assessor"

He ambled home, turning the matter over and over, peering at all its sides. Assure himself he could not that his wife would regard his loss as a calamity, not that she would consider his recovery a thing for which to spend her money. Sarah was an astute shopper. He suspected she would let him stay lost forever and ever amen unless somebody offered to return him at bargain rates. It was depressing, humiliating. His half-portion of self-esteem was injured.

In unwonted silence he sat through the evening meal, at which his wife was mildly surprised, for usually he was all abristle with gossip and anecdote gleaned at the store. At last he wiped his moustache on the back of his hand, looked soberly at her and spoke.

"Sairy," he propounded with a gravity worthy of the question, "be I worth much to you?"

"Well," she calculated dryly, "I ain't reckonin' you as a asset to be hid from the tax assessor."

"I know I ain't much good carryin' on business, and my health ain't robust enough to work hard" (this was his favorite bit of fiction), "but I've done the best I knowed how to be a good husband to you, Sairy, and not git in the way nor mess up things, and I'm real fond of you. Ain't you fond of me a little, Sairy?"

"What's gittin' into the man?" exclaimed his wife, staring at him fixedly. "Sure I'm fond of you, or I wouldn't have you around. If it ain't affection that makes me hang onto you, then I'd like to know what it is." Evidently she regarded him in the light of a pet cat or canary.

"I seen in the paper where a woman lost her husband and offered five hundred dollars reward to anybody that would bring him back." He stated this tentatively.

"Nobody around Eagle, was it?" Sarah asked dryly.

"I was wonderin'," ventured Lem after a pause, "if you'd offer a reward for me if I was to disappear mysterious."

"I ain't sure," she snapped, "but I'd offer one to make you disappear."

"Would you?" he insisted.

"I don't know what I'd do in a case that ain't happened. Maybe I would and maybe I wouldn't."

"How much?" demanded Lem.

"If I offered to pay what you was worth the man that found you would owe me money," she said with a glint of grim humor in her eyes.

"Sairy," whined Lem, "I'm feelin' my age and I'm ailin'. There's no tellin' how much longer I'll last." He sighed in deep sympathy with the self he pictured. "I guess I could go a lot easier in my mind, Sairy, if I knew you set some value on me. It 'ud make my burden easier to carry if I knew you'd be sorry to lose me. I'm goin' to make a last request, Sairy, just like I was dyin' this minnit. I make it now cause maybe I'd forgit it when the time comes. I want you to promise me, Sairy, that if I ever vanish complete and mystifying', you'll offer a reward for my return, dead or alive. Will you do it, Sairy?"

"What ails the man?" she repeated. "Be you feelin' bad? Ain't you got your usual health?"

"A feller never knows what the next day will bring forth," he moaned lugubriously. "Will you make that there promise?"

"I guess I want you around bad enough to pay to git you back if you was lost," she conceded.

"How much?" he insisted. "Five hundred?"

"It 'ud depend on circumstances. Maybe so."

"This here is a last request," he reminded her. "I got a forebodin'."

"Go 'long," Sarah rejoined sharply, but because she had a sort of affection for her worthless spouse she was willing to humor him in what she put down as a childish whim. "Yes," she promised, "I'll offer five hundred."

A contented sigh voiced Lem's appreciation. He felt that his position among men was established. He had a money value; he almost considered himself legal tender.

Long he laid awake that night entertained by the felicity of his speculations. They carried him far; he saw himself lost, mourned, frantically sought for. He watched his wife distracted, heard her crying out for him. He stared at the posted notice of reward, and grateful to his ears were the comments of the crowd at the grocery. He listened while they marvelled that such store should have been set by him; they appreciated his merit for the first time. He was a personage.

He heard the men clustered around the placard assure each other that it was no mistake—that it certainly was five hundred, not five or fifty dollars that was offered for his return. He did not sleep, in fact he exercised effort to remain awake the longer to enjoy the sensation of having a market price, an inventoried value.

Soon his dreams turned off the main road and dallied along a by-path. The five hundred dollars filled his mind; he impersonated his preserver, counted the easily-won wealth, revelled in spending it. The noble satisfaction of possessing such a sum was not to be described. He began to envy his rescuer, to covet the treasure. Then a desire crystallized, a driving desire to have five hundred dollars of his very own. Again and again he repeated the wish for the sake of mouthing the words.

He began to plan, to scheme, to search for some method which would harvest these riches for him. Outlining a financial campaign, however, was labor to which he was little accustomed; it fatigued his brain, his eyelids bore down heavily and he fell asleep.

II

Next morning Lem was up and stirring early. Life had changed its gray for colors, and he looked on it with eyes that glistened. His daily Hegira from the radius of his wife's tongue to the welcome purlieus of Snub Smith's store was advanced by hours, and he was first on hand of all the idlers who there made headquarters. He had a disclosure to make.

Impatient as he was, he would not spring his mine until a goodly gathering was there to be hoisted by the explosion, so he waited. One by one they straggled in, each taking his long pre-empted place on cracker barrel, counter or soap-box, until Lem deemed that sufficient were present to make his sensation worth his while. He cleared his throat and prepared to dive headlong into the conversational pool. He began with a question.

"D' you fellows think there's a man in this town that his wife would give five hundred dollars to git back if he was lost?"

"Not one," grinned Snub, "unless it's you."

"This here's a serious question I'm askin'," rebuked Lem. "D'you s'pose there *is* such a man?"

"Wa-al," mused Chet Sparling, "even if Missis S. had so much gen-*u*-ine, unadulterated cash, I ain't makin' no prophecy that she'd lay it out in that *i*-dentical manner."

Constable Higgins agreed that, while his disappearance would leave a void, five hundred dollars would be regarded as an exorbitant price to pay for filling it.

This made the verdict unanimous. Lem stood alone; he of all the men in Eagle represented an actual, determined money value to his wife of half a thousand dollars. It was a proud moment.

From his soda box he reached over and rapped knuckles on the show-case. The authority of the proceeding won him undivided and unaccustomed attention.

"Boys," he said pompously, "there *is* a man. Yes, sir, and I'm him. If I was lost, Sairy would be tickled to death to give five hundred to git me back. She told me so." He had expelled the whole in one breath, rapidly.

In silence his audience gazed on him; perhaps for a space they failed to comprehend; then with one accord they threw back heads and guffawed until the lamp hanging in its wire basket toppled and threatened to come crashing down. Lem stared, choked, stood on his feet and opened his mouth in dumb amazement. Could it be possible here at the moment of his success, the crisis of his life, the climax of his ambitions, he was not credited. His announcement had met with unbelief. Lem's hour of glory gasped and died.

"She said it," he repeated huskily, turning from one to another of the jeering faces in the vain hope of detecting a flicker of credence, but laughter unsubsiding, in crescendo broke in waves over him. Snatched from his pinnacle he turned, head sunk on breast, shoulders hunched forward disconsolately, and went out without another word.

Lem dragged one leg after another wearily. His bright day was dimmed; his gold was dross. He had come bearing a wonder, a story water-marked with truth, and it had been disbelieved. They thought that he, Lem Grove, had lied to them. Because he knew that he would have lied about this very matter if there had been a chance of convincing. But he had forborne to veer from truth; had sacrificed to veracity, and when he could come truly speaking they had laughed in his face. He might as well have lied; he might as well have told them that his wife valued him at a *thousand* dollars.

"They got to believe it," he rasped at last, striking his open palm with emphatic fist. "They got to."

From that hour he gave thought to the convincing of the grocery store coterie. He absented himself from their midst and pondered how best to prove his assertion past all peradventure. The best evidence, the final proof, would be the actual occurrence—his disappearance and the public proclamation of the reward. But, he thought despairingly, he would never disappear; nobody would ever kidnap *him*. And if he were to drown himself in the mill-race he could not be present to enjoy the glory of it in person. No, this would never do. He must be on the spot to benefit by the bull movement which it would give to his stock.

Little by little the idea grew from the desire. Lem's ruling passion for vindication forced his brain, little used to stratagems, to devise a scheme. Slowly it erected itself. Almost without his knowledge it added head and limbs to trunk and stood before him complete. The plan was to lose himself, to go into hiding. Then the reward would be offered; he would live to witness it, and his commercial value as a merchandisable husband would be established in the open market by the working of the immutable law of supply and demand. He would be acknowledged as a five-hundred-dollar man.

Five hundred dollars! What a magnificent sum! What wealth! What joy to possess it! to be master of it. Lem envied his finder, coveted his good fortune. Brooding over this worked upon him to attach an amendment to his original scheme that would make it possible for him to reap not only the credit for possessing a wifely affection price-marked five hundred dollars, but also to bag the money itself. This required a confederate, and he took stock of the inhabitants of Eagle, weighing each male to test if he were of the stuff of conspirators, and calculating the expense of suborning him. He decided on Tully Crane, sexton of the Methodist Church, and grave digger for the deceased of that sect.

He approached Tully deviously, sounding him as to finances, testing his moral fiber—at last stating with circumstance a hypothetical case. Tully agreed that in such an instance he would not consider that a wrong was being committed, but on the contrary, that money obtained from a wife by any means was virtuously gained.

This soothed Lem's conscience, coming as it did from one of indisputably sound theology and churchly connection; in short from the last connecting link between the finite and infinite worlds, the functionary who prepared the grave and consigned the mortal remains to its temporary resting place therein.

Tully reckoned he would help a man with such a plot for one hundred dollars. Lem scoffed. Tully acknowledged that an actual offer of fifty would tempt him sorely.

"Sexton," said Lem impressively, "this here is a actual case. I'm the man and my wife is the woman, and her five hundred dollars is the money. I'll give you twenty-five dollars of that reward if we can git it."

Tully accepted after a futile attempt to increase his honorarium to thirty-five. So the machination was set afoot, well-oiled, well-conceived. To Lem it bowed under its weight of promise.

That night Lem sighed deeply and frequently, groaned sorely, complained of pains and aches, prophesied dissolution. "I ain't long for this world," he told his wife. "I feel it in my bones that the end is comin' suddin, Sairy."

"Pshaw," snapped the lady.

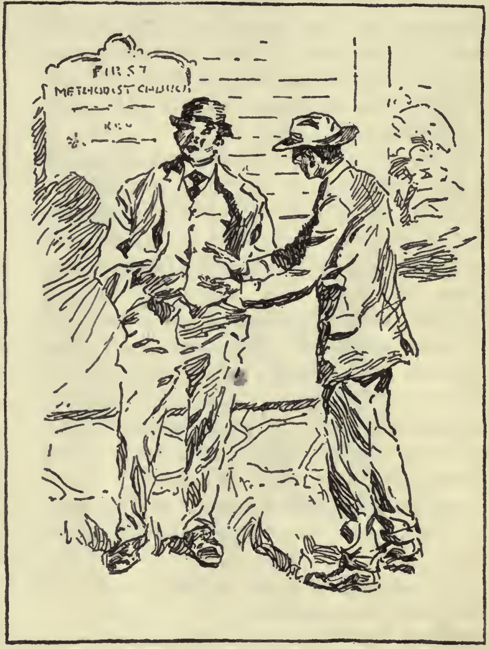
"Maybe I'll wander off somewheres and have a stroke," he moaned, imagining skilfully. "It might be in the woods or off in some lonely place where I wouldn't be found for weeks." He let this take effect. Now he deemed was the time to renew his advanced last request. "You won't forgit about that reward, will you, Sairy? Seems like I could contemplate my end easier if I knew you was goin' to show me that there final respect. You'll remember, won't you?"

Sarah was affected in spite of herself; she imagined that Lem might be actually ailing, and because she could detect no ulterior motive she humored him. "I'll remember, sure, if anything happens," she assured him. Whereupon Lem, satisfied, went to bed.

He dared not put his plot into execution until the recollection of his persistence in proffering his last request was dimmed a little in his wife's mind. He waited a week, two weeks, and could bear it no longer. So he dropped from sight completely.

III

When Lem failed to come home to supper his wife was surprised, for Lem was not one of those who deny their appetites, but not alarmed. She predicated an argument at the store or a strolling vendor of medicine who entertained his potential customers by maunching broken glass or plucking coins out of the air. However, when bedtime came and he failed to appear she became mildly alarmed in spite of her efforts to reassure herself. As the hours passed with no sign of him, she began to recall his forebodings, his complaints of failing health, his fears of a stroke, and in genuine fright she hurried over to Dunk Elmslee's and raised the alarm.



"I'll give you twenty-five dollars of that reward if we can git it"

Eagle had waited years for a sensation or even a happening that fond imagination could expand into one, and Dunk recognized that it had come. Hurriedly, lest someone should forestall him, he dashed over to Constable Higgins' with the news. Thence, like released gas, the tidings spread through the village, and in an unbelievable short time a crowd of men in various stages of excitement, real and spurious, gathered at Snub Smith's store, and with Constable Higgins at their head, formed a searching party with formality and seriousness.

Constable Higgins had been devoting his leisure to the reading of yellow-backs to master the methods of great detectives. Recently he had taken a post-graduate course in Sherlock Holmes, and all against just such an emergency as this. He felt that he was equipped to take his place as the man of the hour.

"Come," he said with a wave of the hand, "we'll go to the home of the murdered man. We got to begin there to search for traces, and I want to interview that wife of his'n." He drew out a large reading glass which he had purchased from a peddler, with the idea of using it to make microscopic investigations of such phenomena as scratches, pipe-ashes, promiscuous hairs, shreds of texture, to run down astounding clues. This he wiped carefully.

As the searchers approached Lem's house Sexton Crane joined the party. Manifestly he labored under excitement.

"Poor Lem," he gasped, trembling visibly.

"What d'you know about Lem?" demanded the constable.

"Poor Lem," repeated the sexton. "I seen him about six o'clock down by Hayses' wood-lot. He was talkin' to a tramp-lookin' person—makin' motions and arguin'. The last I seen they was turnin' off the road among the trees."

Here was a disclosure indeed. "Come," shouted Constable Higgins dramatically, "show me the *i*-dentical spot."

"It's a mystery," explained the constable as they hurried forward. "Probably somethin' out of his past. Maybe he was a member of some Black Hand or counterfeitin' gang and they've come to take vengeance onto him." The idea met with instant favor.

There was no sleep in Eagle that night. Lanterns bobbed to and fro through the darkness, searchers shouted hoarsely to one another, the mill-race was dragged, couriers dashed up to Mrs. Grove's door to report lack of progress, and that lady of finances discovered what a good, faithful, helpful husband Lem had been.

"His last wish," she told the assembled condoling matrons, "was for a reward. He wanted I should offer five hundred dollars to git him back if he ever come to disappear, poor man, and him probably lyin' in some lonely spot with a stroke, and he shouldn't have had nothin' to do with tramps, but was always that good-natured and obligin', and I'll have John Denny print the reward in the *Observer*, and put up cards all over town with it on."

This pious fulfillment of last request was carried out to the letter. It required a day to set up and print the placards, so that they came out contemporaneously with an inflated edition of the *Observer* on Thursday, which carried a highly-seasoned story of the unaccountable vanishing of one of Eagle's best-known and most distinguished citizens—a gentleman of large interests and wide influence, broad mind and great accomplishments—whose loss would be felt by all.

Lem had waited forty-eight hours for this moment—in the loft of his own barn. As frequently as safety would permit, Sexton Crane had stolen in to him with news and descriptions of the furore he had caused. Lem was happy. But when the sexton appeared with a copy of the *Observer* in one hand and the placard in the other, Lem renewed his youth and would have demeaned himself with noise and lack of dignity but for the propinquity of his dwelling and of Sarah.

"Be them cards stuck up around town?" he asked beamingly.

"They be," assured the sexton, "dozens and dozens of them."

"I wish," mused Lem plaintively, "that I could git a look at one of 'em with the crowd a-standin' around it."

"You can't," growled the sexton, with an eye to the safety of his investment. "You'd be seen."

"Are they searchin' for me?" demanded Lem.

"Searchin'," exclaimed the sexton with scorn. "Lem Grove, them fool people is lookin' for you under every dead leaf in the county. Some of them must reckon you ain't no bigger'n a sparrer the places they're pokin' into. I seen Constable Higgins lookin' up the waterspout of the Baptis' church with his glass; said some powerful criminal might ha' poked you up there."

"Gosh," breathed Lem, sweetly satisfied.

"When you a-goin' to be found?"

"Let her simmer a bit. I hate to sp'ile it. If I was to come out now it would bust up all the excitement, and I got public spirit, Sexton Crane, I have."

"But somebody might stumble onto you, and then what?"

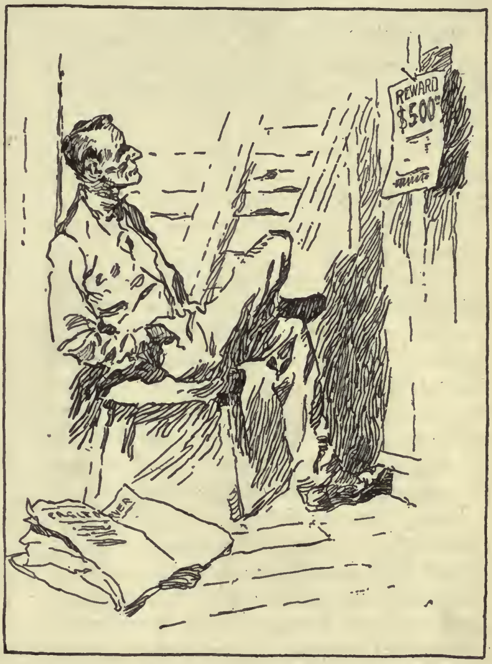
This view troubled Lem a little, but the glory already his far outweighed the possibility of money reward to come. He was satisfied. However, the sexton convinced him that extreme caution was best. "I got a equity into you," said he, "and I ain't a-goin' to be done out of my hard-earned money."

Leaving Lem alone with the *Observer* and the placard, the sexton slunk away. Lem fastened the notice on the wall conspicuously and every time his eyes rested on it, which was not infrequently, he felt that his height had been added to and that he was as good a man as the town could boast, an equal of the banker, on a par with the justice of the peace. He felt almost that he might stand unabashed in the very presence of his wife.

The placard was a temptation. In itself it was not enough; Lem must see his neighbors standing in excited groups before it. He knew the risk, but what was five hundred dollars when set against a sight like that? He would drink it in if he were caught the next moment. He determined to make the effort next night, which was Saturday, and when the town would be full of farmers from the surrounding country, when there would be throngs to hear of and discuss the wonder.

"I'm more important right now than the President of this here *U*-nited States," Lem told himself, and so far as Eagle was concerned, he was right.

He took what precautions were possible. First he donned a disgraceful, dilapidated old suit which had been thrown away in a corner of the barn, then he found an old slouch hat which would pull far down over his face, and he took an extra measure which he considered absolute insurance against recognition—he wrapped a handkerchief around his face and tied it above his head as though he suffered from mumps or toothache. Thus equipped he sallied forth looking very much like a tramp.



He felt almost that he might stand unabashed in the very presence of his wife

IV

There was a crowd in town, an unusual crowd attracted by the tragedy. It gathered before Snub Smith's grocery, it congregated on the hotel porch; it foregathered on corners and surged around inhabitants who were willing to devote their time to narration. Lem joined a group of the latter to hear what was said about him. Chet Sparling was telling the tale.

"One of our leading citizens, gentlemen. A man we were proud of and loved. Yes, sir, there wasn't a better business head nor a more farsighted feller in town.

Everybody went to Lem Grove to find out how he ought to vote. He should have been sent to the legislature by this here district, he ought." There was more of it and repetitions. Lem revelled in it, he squirmed with joy and nodded his head in confirmation of the statements. Mentally he was a cat in ecstatics over a bunch of the catnip of public adulation—post-mortem opinion.

"I never knew it," he told himself ruefully. "I might just as well have gone to the legislature as not. Somehow I ain't never half appreciated myself."

He flitted from group to group, attracting no attention in the general bustle and flurry. He paused before placards, he refreshed his soul.

"They suspect a tramp-lookin' feller," said a stranger, "and if he gits caught he'll dangle to the end of a rope."

Lem was gratified. The miscreant deserved it.

Constable Higgins made his appearance, comporting himself in stately manner as the hero of the hour should do. He condescended, he was affable, knowing, silent discreetly or wisely talkative. Clues, mysteries, suspicions, these oozed from his very pores. At intervals he drew his reading glass from his pocket and polished it conspicuously on his handkerchief.

Every strange face he scrutinized professionally. When his restless eyes perceived Lem scooting from group to group, engrossed in every word, his detective intuition gave a sharp click. He followed. Certainly Lem was a tramp-looking person, and Constable Higgins deduced at once that here was the criminal, drawn back by the inevitable attraction which emanates from the scene of the crime. In an instant his decision to apprehend the villain was made.

Stealthily he approached his quarry, nearer and nearer. At last he was within reach and with a tremulo yell he seized Lem by the arm.

"I arrest you for the murder of Lem Grove," he cried shrilly.

Lem started violently, then he knew that he was not recognized as himself, but was seen as his own slayer. Cold, crawly hand caressed his spine. He thought of ropes, of trees, and of himself dangling between sky and sward. Too terrified to disclose himself, he broke away with a squeak of terror and dashed up the street.

Constable Higgins raised the hue and cry. Giving voice, the mob gathered and roared after the flying Lem. His bulging, fear-dilated eyes told him he was losing ground and he squealed affrightedly. "Sairy, Sairy," he cried.

Unerringly the homing instinct carried the fugitive. He flew to his dwelling and wife for sanctuary and protection. Sarah would not see him harmed. And still the mob thundered after, nearer, nearer. His breath whistled from his bursting lungs, his rheumatic muscles protested, he could hold out little longer. But home was at hand. Shrieking loudly for Sarah, he stumbled up the steps and backed against the door. The leaders of the populace were at his heels, were upon him hungrily, rejoicing in the event. As their hands clutched him, Lem raised his voice in one last, despairing shout for his wife.

Then the door opened and Sarah stood on the threshold, uncomprehending, startled. For an instant the men fell away from Lem and left him standing alone.

"We got him," shouted a voice. "He's the murderer."

"I ain't neither," panted Lem huskily. "There ain't no murder. Nobody killed Lem Grove. I'm him—I'm Lem."

His wife pushed back his hat, snatched the bandage from his face and let her arms fall weakly at her sides.

"Well, I vum, Lem Grove," she exclaimed, "what in time have you been a-doin'?"

Lem thought quickly—he was inspired.

"I escaped," he said boldly. "They kept me for days and days, starvin' me, but I got away. I beat 'em."

With renewed interest the mob gathered around him to catch his story, which was marvellous indeed and worthy of commendation as a good, serviceable narration of something that never happened invented on the spot. It was hair-raising.

A little, stooping figure wormed its way to the hero's side. A shaking hand tweaked his sleeve and a rancorous voice hissed in his ear. "I'll thank you for that twenty-five, Lem Grove. You gimme it, or I'll tell on you. I'll sue you."

Lem was inspired again. "You open your peeper, Sexton Crane," he hissed fiercely, "and I'll declare you was one of them miscreants that kidnapped me. You'll dangle to the end of a rope." It was effectual.

At last he was able to escape from the ovation and find seclusion in the house. For a time he eyed Sarah apprehensively, but evidently she was without suspicion. He chuckled.

"I'm much obliged to you, Sairy, for offerin' that there reward," he said without fear. Then after a time, "You can't say I'm no good to you now, Sairy. Hain't I saved you five hundred dollars by outwittin' them ruthless outlaws?" Then to himself he muttered, "I guess I'm somebody in this town now, I rather guess so—and I showed them fellows, too."

He had shown them. He had gained fame, standing. He was a public character, pointed to, boasted of. Nobody laughed at him now, his past was forgotten and men sought openly for his friendship.

Lem was not without perception.

"I'll run for justice of the peace," he declared.

Which he did, and no candidate dared oppose him. His decisions are regarded as oracular; he is an ornament to the bench where his first-hand knowledge of criminals makes him doubly valuable.

Nobody would dream now of denying that he is a five-hundred-dollar man.

THE OLD STONE WALL

By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

ACROSS the windy hill
  And down the gentle valley,
Where the wind is hushed and still
  And pleasant waters dally,
Marked by the stains of countless rains
  Green moss and ivy clothing all—
Stretches out my grandsire's work—
  The old stone wall!

How often when a boy—
  When summer days were sunny—
I sat with idle joy
  And ate my bread and honey.
High o'erhead the white clouds sped,
  I heard the black crows caw and call—
Oh, what a cooling shade it gave—
  The old stone wall.

And then one starry night
  The old home I was leaving,
And life for me looked bright;
  And my sweet lass was grieving.
"Do not weep, my troth I'll keep,"
  I said to her, "whate'er befall."
And so we kissed and parted by
  The old stone wall.

DISPARITY

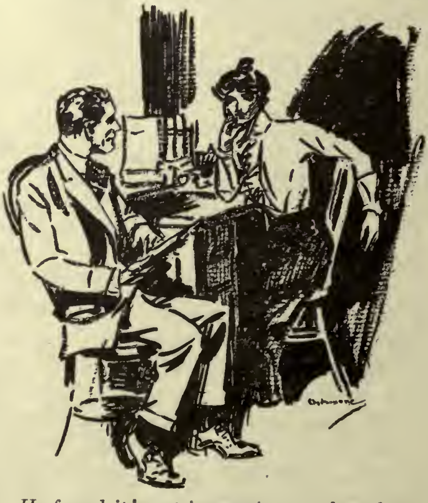
By Frank H. Cross

WITHOUT doubt the girl was ugly, but she had a quiet, gripping way of saying what she thought and of doing the right thing well. One could not be inattentive when she spoke; she was always the principal figure wherever she went. Some said she had poise; some said she was the real and only gentlewoman; but all admitted it was a pleasure to be with her and to talk to her.

The Puppy Idealist prides himself on his scorn of outward beauty; he seeks the soul; the inner temple, from whence shines the radiant spirit of womanhood. There is a puppy idealist in this story as well as a gentlewoman. Mind you the gentlewoman was a stenographer in the District Manager's office—so the intelligent reader will at once conclude that she is his countrywoman. Her name was Henrietta Guck. A disadvantage, this name; it might disbar anyone from social contact on the grounds of its bad effect at introduction. Tom Stoddard, the puppy idealist, imagined it might be changed to good advantage. But he had a prejudice.

Henrietta had rejoiced with Tom that time he discarded his knickers for a long-pants tailored serge, and she used to pat him on the head and send him on errands. But Tom grew up; he grew up so fast that Henrietta used to laugh an apology for patting his brown curls; and when he was promoted to the invoice desk she shook his hand instead.

Tom read a lot of books. He found it most interesting to chat about them to Henrietta during noon-hour, when there was no one there to guy him about his youthful admiration for her. For this reason he carried his lunch to the office, instead of going out to the German restaurant at twelve. Henrietta had taken lunch in the office longer than most of the clerks could remember.



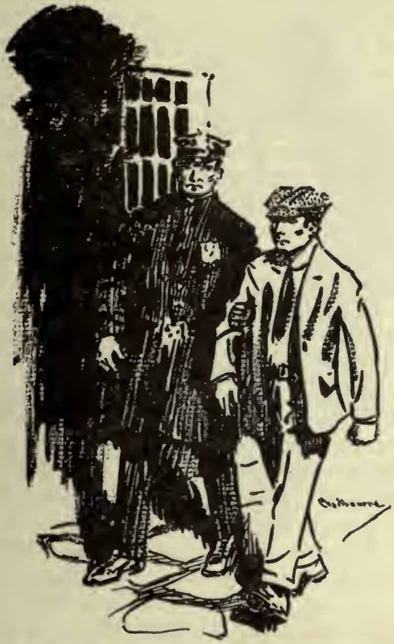
He found it most interesting to chat about them to Henrietta during noon-hour

Of course there was a big, handsome man of twenty-eight, who thought he was the whole show for Henrietta; there is one of these villains in every proper story. He was in the habit of talking over Tom's head, and for this reason Tom didn't like him. Anyhow, he was one of those practical fellows who say things from the newspaper point of view.

"I don't see why you let that fellow talk to you, Miss Henrietta," said Tom.

"Why, Tom, my dear boy, that's all he can do."

"Well said. Bully for you, Miss Heine." This was a name permitted only to Tom of his sex. He had been sent on an errand once and told to say he was sent by Heine. The name was promptly snapped up by Tom, and he was permitted to use it after some slight remonstrance. "It's such a nice, homely name," he had said. "And Guck such a discouraging one," she had returned.


Showed him into a reception hall, along whose sides were many closets with stout iron gates

"Certainly a name that does not promise such a fine girl"—at which his ears were mildly boxed.

The plot thickens with the man of twenty-eight. It solves with the boy of eighteen.

The man's name was Rosco Bridges. A strong name this—a name of effect. Rosco filled the office of chief clerk at a hundred dollars a month, while Tom was just priding himself on his late fifty.

The tale leads into the dance hall, where Henrietta has invited Tom. Tom is proud of his trust. In fact he insists on standing the expenses, and Henrietta laughingly concedes and promptly economizes by declining to hear of refreshments and candy. Tom, at a loss what tactics to pursue, is silently looking at her, where they stand a little out of the crowd, when Rosco Bridges appears, bows gallantly and engages Henrietta in sparkling conversation to the exclusion of Tom, who, however, occasionally receives a reassuring look from his charge.

Rosco turned around and seeing Tom as though for the first time, said generously, "Here, boy, run down for some candy!"

"What?" cried Tom.

"I say run down for some candy," repeated Rosco, producing a dollar bill.

"Go yourself. Do you think we're at the office?"

"Don't be impudent, boy," said Bridges, frowning.

"Impudent, nothing," returned Tom, now red as fire, "I'm with Miss Guck—Come, Miss Heine," he said, holding out his arm and stepping toward her. Bridges interposed his outstretched arm, and Tom ran against it with his face. "Damn you," he cried, lashing out with his fist. Bridges doubled up and in that attitude received a swift left to the face. There was a scuffle, during which Miss Guck disappeared and a policeman took her place. He offered an arm apiece to Tom and Rosco and escorted them downstairs to the green box on the telegraph-pole. Further, the officer called an official automobile known as the "hoodlum" and conveyed them forthwith to an imposing structure in the twelfth district.

And here is shown the glaring fallacy of so-called equal rights. In this country you are placed at a certain monetary value. You are worth an amount of money greater with the magnitude of your crime. For instance, a street-fighter is worth two hundred dollars; a safe-blower, two thousand; and a bigamist or an embezzler a varying amount according to social or commercial prestige. An honest man is worth nothing, because he is as common as dung.

Bridges went his own bond. Tom Stoddard couldn't. Had he known that he could purchase his liberty for a trifle from the district bondsman, all would have been easy. But he didn't know, so an animated statue in blue and buttons showed him into a reception hall, along whose sides were many closets with stout iron gates. He glanced stupidly at the inmates, as they walked the length of the hall. The imperturbable officer unlocked an iron gate and let him into a vault next door to a six-foot negro. The gate clanged, the lock shot, and Master Tom was in the custody of the city elders. He sat down and contemplated the floor.

Suddenly a great volume of melody arose from the next cell, and Tom came to his senses with a start. The six-foot negro was singing:

"O Lovie Joe dat evah lovin' man
F'um 'way down home in Buhmunham."

It awakened in Tom a start of abnormal gaiety. He thrust out his heels, stuck his hands down in his pockets, and made the accompaniment, whistling low and musically. The negro was elated. He yelled out, "Go to it, bo'!" and go to it they did—over and over again.

"An' when ah heah dat weddin' march so gran'
Ah wanna get a weddin' ban',
Take it to the preachah man—"

A homely face peered through the gate, and Tom stopped, with his lips still puckered. It was Henrietta Guck. Of all people in the world she was the last he could have expected to see in the police station. He little knew her. She had come to see him through, realizing the difficulties from the first. She came like sunshine to a gamin. She came like the first blush of dawn—a plain dawn though it might be. And she; she had timidly ventured in, asked for her sinner, and lo, she had found him on his bench, head back, heels thrust out, whistling at the ceiling of his vault. She had expected to find him with his head bowed down, huddled in a corner. But as we know a touch of nature—animal nature—had made the prisoners kin.

But of Tom: that youth, after gazing at his redeemeress and wondering if there was aught more loyal in God's lot, had found a level understanding and thrust both hands through the bars in a fervent clasp of hers—for gratitude and aye. The officer unlocked the gate.

As they passed the negro's niche, that swarthy optimist hailed Tom through the bars, saying, "Once moh, pahtner, 'foh you go." And together they executed the chorus of "Lovie Joe" in full swing:

"O Lovie Joe dat evah lovin' man
F'um 'way down home in Buhmunham—"

Officers, sergeant and telephone boy all came to listen, grinning their silent plaudits.

Henrietta signed Tom's bond, and off they went together, his summons to appear in police court the next day giving immediate way to subjects of steel true and hour of need. Tom didn't know she was a property owner. He told her so. She said, "Tut, lad, I'm thirty. I've been working for thirteen years."

The puppy idealist kissed her hand at her door, at which Heine—he said Heine, Good-night, Heine—laughed a nervous little laugh, and quite out of keeping with her thirty years of cumulative wisdom, sighed audibly.

II

Tom burst in upon his widowed mother and found her weeping out of anxiety for his long absence. It was midnight. He sat down and recounted the night's adventures, whereupon that genteel lady cried some more. Her tears, however, gave way to sudden consternation when her son declared he loved Heine—"dear old Heine." She thought she saw something in his brown eyes that induced her to take him seriously. But then there was always something in Tom's eyes. At any rate she tucked him into bed that night as she had always done when he was a very small boy—and to the shrewd human-naturalist this fact could not but point to a faith in the intuition.

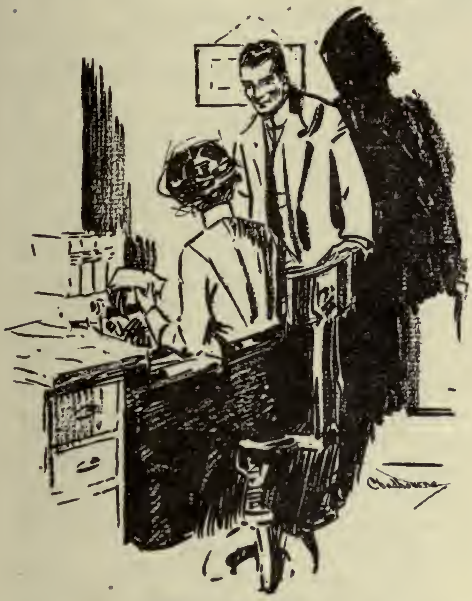
The trial came off. Judge Boland, close-cropped, ungroomed, glared over his glasses at the close of the evidence, glared over his glasses at the self-assured Bridges. Then his eyes dwelt kindly on the brown-curled Tom. A compass of twenty seconds was occupied thus: then he straightened in the bench with a jerk and shouted, "Bridges, twenty-five dollars and costs. Stoddard, discharged."

Tom smiled at the old Judge, and whenever Tom smiled everybody smiled. The

Court scowled down on the desk, looked up again over the spectacle-rims, repeated this maneuver twice—and, and—why, to be frank, the court smiled too.

Bridges "coughed up," as we say.

Tom was already at his desk when Bridges arrived at the office. He said nothing, and Tom felt relieved. At noon he telephoned his mother and told her the result of the trial; then he went over to Henrietta's desk and had a chat with her on the day's pertainings. He apologized meekly for having caused the disturbance and said it was lucky she had disappeared before she had been seen as the prize of combat. But Miss Guck's head was low, and the inference is that her eyes were moistening. She opened the drawer of her desk and took out her lunch-bag. She was for closing it again when Tom thrust out his hand and held it, and took out an oblong cardboard. Turning it over he was confronted by a likeness of plain Heine, Miss Henrietta Guck—Murillo portrait. He promptly pocketed it and fled. Heine's hand shook a little when she closed the drawer.



"*Heine, you're fired*"

At 5 P. M. Tom was called onto the carpet. Bridges didn't even look up. He said, "We shall not need you after tonight, boy." And Tom answered smoothly, "All right." Henrietta scanned his face anxiously as he came back to his desk. She had expected it. But Tom's handsome features showed no perturbation. He cleared his desk immediately and went home, after telling Heine he would call her up that evening.

The first thing he did was to show his mother the photograph of Heine. His mother said, "Goodness, how plain she is."

"Nature seldom stores brains behind a pretty face," quoted Tom from a fellow who signs himself "F. H. C." in the St. Louis *Globe Democrat.*

"By the token," said mother, "you would not be very well equipped with gray-matter."

Tom laughed, "Rattat, Ma'am, I inherited both from you."

"You'll do," quoth Ma'am.

Then he told her he was fired. Instead of the despair he had anticipated she just said, "what odds?"

"What odds?" he echoed. "Why, fifty dollars a month odds."

"Bridges discharged you, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, Bridges doesn't know who hired you."

"Who did?"

"You know of Conrad Powell?"

"V. P. G. M.?"

"Yes; the Vice-President and General Manager worked up through the division with your father, who died before the incorporation. But Conny and his wife and your dad and I spent many an evening at 'five-hundred' with the 'Avondales'—that was our club."

"And what now?"

"He was here today to see how you were doing. I told him about the affair with Bridges, and he thinks you had better report to his office tomorrow. He needs an intelligent young man. Tom whistled.

III

Bridges must have felt uneasy. He caught Miss Guck as she stepped out of the office at quitting time.

"I say, Miss Guck," he began, "that nuisance of a kid—"

"Pardon the difference of opinion," she

broke in, "but I think Tommy is the finest little gentleman alive."

Rosco was at a loss for words. Henrietta moved away.

"But, Miss Guck," he blurted, "the ugly affair last night—I'm sorry."

"Granted," she said. "Good-night!"

And Roscoe buttoned his coat up tight and heeled away.

Henrietta's supper was served in her room that evening. It suffered little justice. The plain old maid was deeply in love with a puppy idealist of nineteen. She did not deceive herself, neither did she hope. To her, it was out of the question that Tommy should love her, and even if he did she would not let a boy of nineteen ruin his life with an old maid of thirty.

Her brooding was cut short by a knock on her door. "Telephone, Miss Heine," called a voice outside, a voice of brass and thunder, the voice of the negress house-girl.

Heine hurried to the landing and took up the receiver.

"Hello."

"Hello, Miss—hello, Heine?"

"Guilty. That you, Tom?"

"Yep. Listen, Heine, I'm going to work for the great V. P. tomorrow."

"What's that? Be serious, Tom."

"Serious as old Judge Boland, Heine. The great Powell was an old friend of dad's, it seems."

"Oh, Tommy, Tom—how glad I am."

"Thanks, redeemer." Etc., etc.

As time went on Heine grew older. Oh, no, not much older. And Tom's salary grew larger. One day there was a great big order laid before the sharp eye of Powell. Tommy laid it there. Conrad Powell jumped up and slapped Tommy on the shoulder. There was a quick shuffle of portfolios. That of District Manager fell into Tommy's lap.

Roscoe Bridges was bowled out.

Tommy's visits to the boarding house on West Belle grew more frequent. Tommy hired a new stenographer, an old one, literally, an old maid in fact who had grown four years older. Also Tommy built a great big house in Cabanne on the time-payment plan; and when the last decorator had departed therefrom with his implements, Tommy sought his desk with a shining glory over his face. "Heine," he said.

Heine took up her note-book.

But Tommy stood up; he stood over her. "Heine," he said shakily, "Heine, you're fired."

Heine had been looking worn and tired of late. At this moment of her dismissal she turned her thin, white face upward and depicted thereon was all the glory of womanhood since Eve. For a moment it glowed there, then her head fell down and she wept the tears of the outcast whom Nature prided not. Tommy gathered her up, and the brown curls mingled with the faded psyche, and the homely old maid, whose lips were chaste as a Vestal's, moored close into a haven as strong as time. Her quivering lips had framed a meek remonstrance, but it was swept away by other lips more strong. And she thought he must know best; he had grown so big, and oh, so strong.

There are in Cabanne, I believe, three young Stoddards whose capers are the bane of a buxom mother's life. The buxom one is Heine. It is true that married life tends to round a woman out. Ask Mrs. Stoddard the elder, who does fancy-work and advises Heine.

Tommy is just father. A much pampered Industrialite.

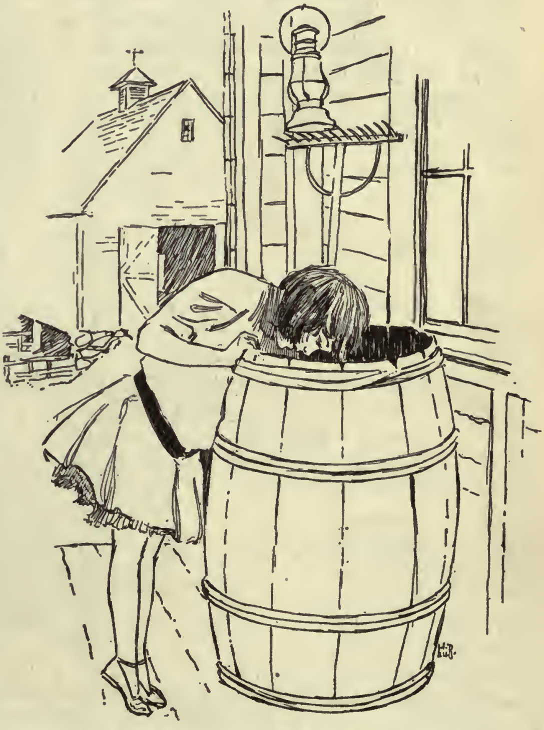
AT COUSIN MARY'S

By Clara B. Shaw

COUSIN MARY lived in the country. And wasn't it delightful to visit her in the summer days of childhood! Mother tied on your hat and gave you a goodbye kiss; then, with your best dolly carefully arrayed for the occasion (clothes were a minor consideration, but Mother had told you it was better for dolly to be covered on going a journey) you set forth, hand-in-hand with Cousin Mary's Hannah, who had come for you.

There were so many things to do at Cousin Mary's that the days never seemed half long enough. Right after breakfast every morning she would put on what she called her garden rig and go out to get the vegetables for dinner. While she was gone, you had to run out into the wood-shed and look at the new kittens in the barrel. Kittens were perennial at Cousin Mary's. You bent down until you could reach one of the warm, soft balls of fur which you cuddled and talked to until Cousin Mary, her dress all wet and muddy around the bottom, came in from the garden. After she had changed her dress, you watched her begin the morning's baking. Such cream cookies and custard pies as she made! And she always knew when little girls were hungry. She was very busy in the morning, and you followed her about, from the cool, dark cellar where she did the churning, to the mysterious attic, that was sweet with its many bundles of dried herbs, whither she went to get out an old cradle for dolly.

In the hot July days when the haymakers were working, what fun it was to see the big load drive up on to the barn floor! You always liked that barn, for when both doors were open you could look right through and see the woods and pond



You had to run out into the woodshed and look at the new kittens in the barrel and blue sky at the back just like a lovely picture in a frame. Then when Cousin Nathaniel climbed down off the load, how quickly you ran for the checker-board; for you knew he would play as many games with you on the piazza as it took the men time to unload the hay, pitching it up on the great mows, before they went off for another load.

Right after dinner Cousin Mary lay down for a little while. This was your time for roaming about by yourself. There was the big old-fashioned garden with its bushes of fragrant boxwood taller than you were; and phlox, such quantities of it! The mignonette and blush roses smelled so sweet, and the bees in their little houses along the garden wall hummed so drowsily! So you wandered on out of the sunny garden to a spot a little farther away. There were tall pines here enclosed by a stone wall, and a few marble slabs gleamed among the trees. There was one little headstone here marked "Lucy, aged nine." Here you sat for a while and thought about the little girl with the merry blue eyes, who hung over the mantel in Cousin Mary's parlor. You wished she could come alive again and play in the sunshine with you.

When you returned to the house, you found Cousin Mary in her fresh violet-colored print, and you thought her very handsome. Her cheeks were still delicately pink, although she must have been nearly seventy. Then when the shadow of the house had crept over and made the lawn shady, she played a game of croquet with you under the old buttonwood, and when she hit your ball she would say laughingly, "Now I'm going to send you to Ballyhac!" wherever that was—but you never had to trudge any farther after it than the barnyard gate. Sometimes when Cousin Nathaniel drove to mill he would bring some ladies home with him to tea, and they would all play croquet until it grew so dusky that Hannah would come out and hold a lantern while they hit the balls.

Then when the spare room had grown quite dark, and you were getting ready to creep into the linen sheets faintly scented with lavendar on the big four-poster bed, Cousin Mary would tell you how the bear came up through the pasture right with the cows one night while her father was driving them home. And lest you should see a bear coming out of the dark corners of the room, she would leave a candle burning on the claw-footed table in the hall when she went downstairs. Dear Cousin Mary, the loving thought of that little girl still follows you.

YOUTH AND AGE

I saw within a battered flower vase
  A rosebud blushing, and I thought in truth
How like a life scarred by time's marring mace
  Yet keeping fresh within the heart of youth.

—*Arthur Wallace Peach.*

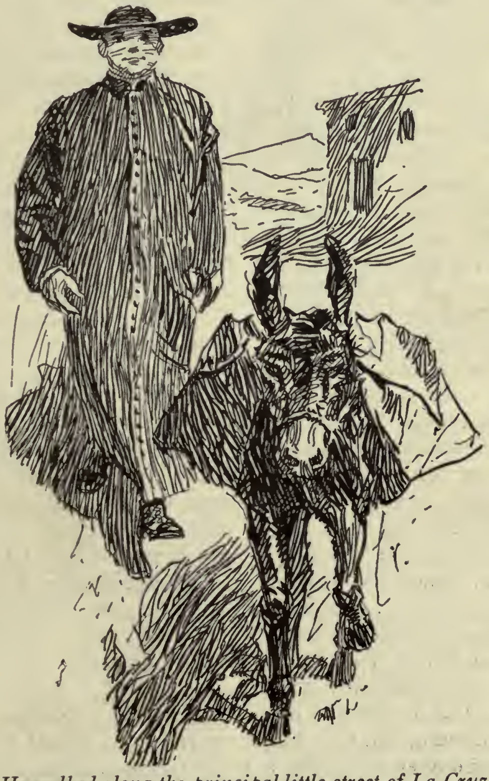
Padre Bernardo's Birthday Cake

by Harold de Polo

THE good Padre Bernardo had seldom been so happy; so gloriously, blissfully happy. He walked along the principal little street of La Cruz Blanca, driving his burro before him, with a step so light, so springy, so gay as to belie the time-honored belief that the stouter one grows the slower one walks. And, even more than that, the smile on his round, genial face, the bright, dancing sparkle in his eyes, the utterly youthful bearing that today seemed to be stamped all over him, made even those who had known him for long years think that the kind Padre must surely be mistaken when he asserted with permissible pride, that on this day he had completed his sixtieth year.

Ah, yes, he was, indeed, happy. The world was so good, so sunny, so generous; truly a wonderful and gorgeous place in which to live. And what dear children he had; how kind, how affectionate, how self-sacrificing they were. Never in all his life had he had such a birthday, so full of gifts from those loving children whom he knew could ill afford it. There were his favorites, Rosalina and Roberto Valdez; well he knew that the money they had spent on that warm and comfortable pair of slippers could have been used to great advantage in their own modest hut. Yes, indeed, probably they had denied themselves various necessities in order to purchase his gift. And then there was that poor old soul, Maria Uribe, trembling on the brink of the grave, who must have spent many long and weary hours on the thick, woolen muffler she had given him, which would come in so handily when the chill was in the air. Also, there was Armando Valera, the village cobbler, who had insisted, and most vehemently, that the Padre must accept the pair of heavy, serviceable shoes which he had gone to pay for; and the cobbler, he was positive, could well have used the money, for did he not have three healthy, fast-growing children? Ah, yes, how fortunate he was—how very fortunate! And there were other gifts; many, many other little things which his dear children had given him; and everything had meant some sacrifice to themselves, that he knew.

The good Padre sighed. Ah, *Dios*, but really he did not deserve such great kindness in this marvelous world; he was unworthy of such devotion, of having his loyal flock save and stint themselves so that



He walked along the principal little street of La Cruz Blanca, driving his burro before him, with a step so light, so springy, so gay as to belie the time-honored belief that the stouter one grows the slower one walks they could make him happy. Ah, yes, *no* man, in this world, deserved such faithfulness; and he, a simple padre trying humbly to serve his Master, was the recipient of such great love. No, surely he did not deserve it. But—but it was, nevertheless, exceedingly pleasant to think of it; so much so that it brought tears of gladness into his eyes. For Padre Bernardo, next to giving, loved to receive, not because of the gain, but because it showed that he was loved; and to be loved, by those whom he loved, was one of his greatest joys. He told himself again, though, as he looked down at those shiny, creaking shoes, that surely the world and his children loved him too well, indeed they did! . . . Yet it never occurred to him, or never would occur to him, to think of the many long years during which he had worked and slaved, denying himself even the bare necessities of life, so that his suffering children might have food, or clothes, or roofs over their heads. No, Padre Bernardo never thought of these things!

The Padre chuckled, once more telling himself how happy he felt and what a fine place the world was. How pleasant his morning had been, walking through the town, purchasing his supply of food for the week, and having everyone rush up to him, with a smile and a laugh, and wish him a happy birthday as well as many, many other ones. They were all so kind. Why, in all the shops where he had bought anything they had insisted on his accepting some trifle as a gift, until his poor burro, fat and well-cared-for though he was, had such a load that the Padre felt most sorry for him. "But never mind, Pepe," he whispered to the animal, "when we arrive at our home on top of the hill, thou shalt have an excellent meal, and maybe a piece or two of sugar, thou sweet-toothed one!" And Padre Bernardo, when he thought of his arrival at his modest home, also remembered that he, as well as his burro, would have an excellent dinner. For his grave, loyal Pancho, when he had started out that morning, had told him that he had taken the liberty of buying a special dinner for him, out of his own pocket, and that one of the dishes was to be his favorite *arroz con pollo*. . . . Ah, that dear Pancho, how kind and thoughtful he was; and the Padre rubbed his hands together as he thought of the treat awaiting him.

As the short little street widened out and the Padre found himself on the road, where only a few *adobe* huts dotted either side, he felt glad, for his own sake as well as for Pepe's, that it was but a quarter of a mile or so to the narrow path which led up the steep hill to his pretty white church. For his walk about town, exchanging greetings with all, pleasant as it was, really made him wish that the ascent to his dwelling was done with and that he was seated at his own table, with Pancho's wonderful cooking before him. Ah, yes, *gracias a Dios*, he still had an exceedingly robust appetite, even though he had been in this world for three score of years.

But Padre Bernardo was not destined to reach his home as quickly as he had anticipated, for young Matilda Velasquez, who, as well as her husband, was one of the Padre's most constant visitors, came from the door of her small hut and called gaily out to him, wishing him a happy birthday.

"*Feliz cumpleaños*, Padre Bernardo!"

The Padre beamed upon her. "*Gracias, gracias*, my dear Matilda, and I may tell thee that this *has* been an exceedingly happy day, for all my dear children have been so good to me!"

The young wife smiled and dimpled and lowered her eyes. "Could—could you come inside just for a moment, Padre Bernardo? Just for a moment?" she asked in a low tone.

The thoughtful Padre, on hearing her voice, believed that she had some bad news to communicate, and his kind face immediately became sympathetic. "Surely, my dear, surely," he said, and told Pepe to remain quietly outside as he followed Matilda through the doorway.

"Well, well," he laughed, thinking to cheer things up, "and what is the trouble, eh?"

Matilda, in answer, went over to the table in the center of the room and hastily flicked a white cloth from it; and the Padre then saw, round and freshly baked, a chocolate cake that almost doubled his appetite, so good was it to look at. Ah, *Dios*, what a person he was—what a lucky, lucky person. Bless his dear children, for here was Matilda Velasquez, another of his poorest people, who had made a sacrifice and baked him a cake. And cake—chocolate cake—it must be known, was one of the Padre's favorite things. His heart rose in his throat and his eyes became blurred with happiness.

"My—my dear," he said to the young woman standing beside him with wide, joyous eyes, "thou—thou art too good."

"I thought that it was what you liked, dear Padre!" she said shyly, "and—and we decided that it would be the best present to give you!"

The Padre smiled and shook his finger roguishly. "Ah, I fear that my weakness for it is known to all, eh? Well, well, well!"

The pleased, rippling laugh that followed made his heart swell with joy. How delighted she seemed in knowing that she had given him something he liked. How lovable his dear children were.

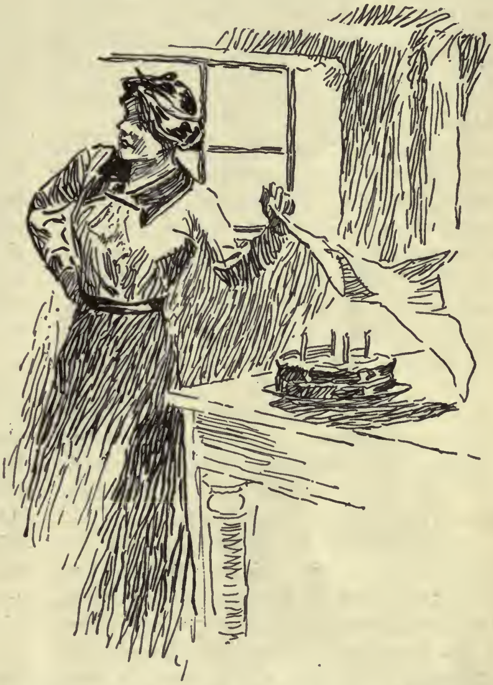
"I—I hope, Padre Bernardo, that it is a good one. I do not know; I did not taste it," she said, eyeing it with an expression that told him she herself really believed it to be *very* good.

"Ha, then, what is the matter with our having a bite now, eh?" he laughed, knowing that it was the expected thing to do, and thinking, also, how luscious this cake must surely be.

Matilda, who had been waiting for just those words, opened a drawer in the table and brought forth a knife, cutting off a slice of cake so large that the Padre almost demurred. But he knew how much she thought of it, and told himself that it might possibly offend her.

At the first bite he smiled his appreciation. Really it was quite a wonderful cake—quite wonderful. Scarcely ever had he tasted a better one. So the good Padre, in company with Matilda, finished a huge slice of cake with great pleasure. "My dear," he told her, as he arose from his chair, "truly thou art a marvelous cook! I thank thee, I thank thee!" And it was with difficulty, even after he had assured her that he had promised Pancho to be home for an early dinner, that he managed to have the remainder of the cake wrapped up without his taking more of it, so that he could place it in one of the baskets which hung on either side of his burro.

Once on the road he quickened his pace as best he could, but he found it no easy matter to do so after having eaten such a large slice of cake. Eh, it sort of appeased one's hunger, did the cake, and even made one feel a trifle heavy. And that, with Pancho's dinner awaiting him, was exactly what he must avoid. Well, his walk up the hill would surely renew his full appetite; of course, certainly. Ah, dear Matilda Velasquez, what a generous soul she was! What generous souls *all* his children were, in fact! . . .



Matilda, in answer, went over to the table in the center of the room and hastily flicked a white cloth from it

The Padre was awakened from his reverie by someone clutching his cassock from behind, and on looking about, he saw the form of a small boy. "Ah, Alfredo, and how art thou today, my little man?" he asked kindly, patting the child's head.

"*Feliz cumpleaños*, Padre Bernardo," answered the boy, remembering what his mother had told him.

"*Gracias, mi querido hijo!*" smiled the Padre, as he was about to move on.

But the little hand that grasped his cassock still held him back. "Oh, Senor Padre, mamma told me to ask you to please come inside for just a minute; she has something to tell you."

The Padre heaved an infinitesimal sigh; he really must hurry his visit or he would be late for Pancho's dinner. "Surely, surely," he said, turning back and driving Pepe before him, vowing that he would remain in Pepita Alarcon's house as short a time as possible.

Padre Bernardo, after he had entered the hut, did not have to wait long before he found out what was wanted of him; for there, directly in the center of the bare, plain table, was—a cake! A huge, round, four-layer chocolate cake! He stepped back with a gasp, wondering how in the world he was going to eat his birthday dinner after he had taken another slice of such a rich delicacy. For the look on Pepita Alarcon's face, as she gazed lovingly and proudly down at her own handiwork, told the poor Padre that it would never do to leave before he had eaten in her presence a slice of her birthday gift.

Good Heavens! Suddenly it came to him! Here he was thinking only of how he himself would have a fairly difficult task, after another piece of cake had been eaten, to partake of the dinner Pancho had prepared! Ah, vile wretch that he was! To think of such things when one of his dear children had sacrificed and worked, hard but joyously, simply to be able to give him—*him*, unworthy creature that he was—such a generous present. Ah, *Dios*—dear *Dios*—please forgive him! How kind these people were to him; how loving; how thoughtful; how devoted! Ah, yes, the world was too good to him—too good! . . . Nevertheless, the fact remained, he reminded himself, that he would also offend Pancho if he appeared to slight his dinner! Well, well, he must not think of it now, no.

"Pepita, my dear Pepita," he said, his voice full, his smile gentle, "truly I cannot thank thee sufficiently. Thou—thou art very kind, my dear—very kind. *Gracias, gracias!*"

The woman blushed, lowered her head, and spoke softly. "If—if the kind Padre would please taste it I should be very happy. I—I do not know if it is good, I—"

Padre Bernardo chuckled good-naturedly. "Why, certainly, Pepita, certainly! I am really most anxious to have a piece; it is my favorite cake, thou must know. Ha, ha, and this one surely looks as if it were most delicious, eh? Ah, yes, my dear, there is scarcely anything which I prefer to chocolate cake—scarcely anything!"

"So—so I was told, Padre Bernardo," she said gladly.

The Padre's eyes became dimmed, and he told himself once more how unworthy he was to receive such great love and such wonderful sacrifices from these generous, simple children to whom he only did his duty. . . . No, the good Padre never thought of what he had done, or what he would continue to do as long as he lived. . . . But, ah, what a great world it was—what a good, sunny, loving world.

Again he received a shock as he saw the size of the slice of cake that Pepita had cut for him. It—yes, he was sure of it—it was truly a good quarter of the whole. And the cake, be it known, was not a stingy one, not by any means. It was, he was sure, nearly a third larger than the one which Matilda Velasquez had given him. Also, it was rich; very, very rich, and Padre Bernardo, after he had done away with but half of it, was very much worried indeed about his steadily decreasing appetite. But, bah, he must not think of it. There would surely be plenty of time to do that when he sat down to Pancho's feast of rice and chicken. And truly, this was a most well-baked cake; there was a lightness and a certain taste about it that made him glad, indeed, that he *had* found it necessary to eat it at present. Ah, how kind Pepita was, how kind, and she looked so pleased as she watched him eat, that he murmured a short, silent prayer of thanks to the good *Dios* above for giving him such noble, devoted friends.

Finally he finished the slice of cake, and again, as before, he had a hard time in leaving without trying another portion, especially as he had told her that it was one of the most marvelous cakes that he had ever tasted in his sixty long years of life. For Pepita argued that if such were the case he must surely eat just one more bit of it; and it was only by consulting his large silver watch and pleading that he would be late for dinner if he did not hasten, that he was able to depart without offending her.

The good Padre, once outside, was grieved to find that he was not able to walk with the same ease and sprightliness as he previously had. He felt rather heavy, rather full, even a trifle breathless. Well, well, of course it was but the natural thing when one who was sixty years old gorged themselves with two immense pieces of cake. He would feel better after he had climbed the steep hill; surely, surely, even his appetite would come back to him, he was sure of it. His feeling of fullness, undoubtedly, was caused by his eating the cake at such short intervals, that was all. Why, had he had them at, say, an hour apart, it would have been a different case. Of course, most assuredly, his appetite was not deserting him; it was simply that he had eaten too quickly. Ah, yes, he would be fine and fit, he knew, by the time he reached his little church, and now he had only a hundred yards or so to travel before he began his ascent.

Aha, that made him think of something. He still had to pass two little adobe huts, and it came to him suddenly that perhaps there *might* be another cake in waiting for him. That, truly, would be deplorable; for again he would be obliged to partake of it. Eh, he felt a short stab in his heart as he thought of it, but he really feared the only thing to do was to cut across fields, behind the houses, and thereby escape notice, even if it would take him a good bit out of his way. Why, what else was there to do? These dear, kind people, who loved him so, did not know that he had already tasted two cakes, and, if there were any more waiting for him, he would surely be expected to sample them. Yes, yes, possibly it was a mean thing to resort to, but he believed that it was absolutely necessary, this scurrying off behind houses as if he were a thief. So the good Padre, with a sigh, clambered over a crumbling stone wall, called Pepe after him, and walked over the fields until he was a good two hundred yards from any house.

Yet each moment he walked still slower, for the amount of cake he had eaten, coupled with his unusually long walk, was certainly telling on him, that he admitted. He felt relieved, though, when he looked up at the top of the hill that towered above him, where he could see, clearly silhouetted against the fleckless blue of the sky, the sharp outline of his squat, white church, with the copper bell, high in the belfry, shining like burnished gold as it caught the rays of the sun. What a pretty little church it was! Why, he vowed that there was not another as beautiful in the whole of Mexico; it was so simple, so quiet, so pure in all its dazzling whiteness. Soon he would reach it, and then to have his birthday dinner with his stanch Pancho. Ah, but would he not be surprised with those two cakes, eh? Ha, ha, ha, Pancho cared almost as much for chocolate cake as he himself did. Ah, yes, he would surely be vastly surprised and pleased. "Eh, Pepe, not much more now, not much more, and then thou shalt be rewarded," laughed the Padre, doing his best to quicken his pace.

But the words were barely out of his mouth when his heart sank within him, for he heard a voice, young and strong, loudly calling his name, and, upon looking to the side of him, saw Alberto Rosas leave his work of hoeing corn and rush over in his direction, coming at such a rate of speed that it would have been impossible to avoid him.

"Ah, dear Padre Bernardo," he panted as he came close, "*feliz cumpleaños, feliz cumpleaños!*"

The Padre, if the truth be must told, emitted a slight sigh of relief. The young man, apparently, had but raced to his side to wish him a happy birthday. Ah, these dear children of his, how kind and loving they were. "*Gracias, mi hijo Alberto; muchas gracias!*" he said, smiling his big, benevolent smile.

Alberto's face became rather solemn, and he hung his head and spoke quietly. "Could you, *querido* Padre, come to the house for an instant. Leonora told me that she would like to see you, if you please, the first moment she possibly could."

"Why, has anything happened?" questioned the Padre, all attention at once.

"Not that I know of, Padre Bernardo. She only said she wanted to see you; that she had to ask your advice about something."

Poor Padre Bernardo shook his head. Well, probably one of his dear children was in trouble, and he must hurry to her aid at once; but yet he thought of Pancho and the dinner which was undoubtedly waiting. "Is—is it important, Alberto? I—I am really in a great hurry," he said gropingly.

The young man spoke sadly. "I—I think that she must see you at once, dear Padre Bernardo, if—if you could come."

The kind Padre's face grew worried; his wrinkles became more prominent, and he clasped and unclasped his fingers nervously. Heavens! Possibly the young man's wife had something very important to tell him, and here he was thinking that it might be a trivial matter which would delay his dinner; or else, as he had at first thought, another chocolate cake. Well well, it was some comfort, after all, to have *that* possibility eliminated, indeed it was.

"Come, Alberto, come; let us hasten," he said, starting back, with the young man, to a little adobe hut which loomed up almost a quarter of a mile away, walking so fast that he found it impossible either to question Alberto further or to speak a word of comfort to his burro by promising him extra sugar. Ah, by the good *Dios* above, but that cake had surely made him feel very heavy and tired, even if it had been so good.

The Padre, when he arrived at the little hut, found young Leonora Rosas waiting for him with an air of great expectancy, while her small daughter Carmen clung to her skirts and looked at the Padre as if something very wonderful, indeed, were about to happen.

"Well, well," questioned the Padre, in some trepidation, "and what is the trouble, my dear Leonora?"

Leonora said not a word, but walked quickly over to the big cupboard in the corner, usually barren of much food, and brought forth something that was covered over with a large piece of paper. She laid it, with great care, on the table, and then stepped back and pulled the paper away, while all of them—except the Padre—burst out into joyous, whole-souled laughter, as if they had, indeed, played a very good joke on Padre Bernardo.

The Padre did not, at once, join in their mirth, but stepping aside, almost as if he had been struck full in the face, he put his hand to his forehead with a gesture of utter hopelessness. For there on the table —need it be said?—was a chocolate cake; another chocolate cake, a chocolate cake far surpassing, in size, the other two which had been presented to him that very day. Scarcely ever had the good Padre been so taken aback. By all the dear saints above, how under the sun was he to eat any more cake? For eat it he must; he knew that by the joyous look on the faces of all three; for this little family, one of his poorest, had probably made a supreme sacrifice in order to purchase the ingredients for their present. Ah, yes, the kind *Dios* in heaven alone knew what they had done to get it. . . . Ah, how unworthy he was—how terribly unworthy! No one in all the world deserved such devotion; and he—*he*— . . . The gentle Padre could think no further, for his heart was very full and his eyes were brimming.

"Oh, Padre Bernardo, what is the matter? Do—do you feel badly?" asked Alberto and Leonora, in unison, coming quickly to his side.

The Padre saw that he must act quickly. "Why—why, no," he laughed, and his voice grew soft, "it—it is only my great surprise. Oh, thou art too good—too good, my loving children!"

Leonora smiled happily. "It is nothing, Padre Bernardo, nothing. We—we knew how very fond you were of chocolate cake and we thought that it would be the best thing to give you!"

"Yes, Padre," smiled Alberto, "you remember you have always said that the best sweet, of any kind, was chocolate cake, eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Quite true, my children, quite true! Thou hast truly found out my weakness." But the Padre was thinking, all the time, of how he could manage to secure a small piece of cake instead of another of those monstrous slices. Ah, *gracias a Dios!* He saw on the table a long knife, and before anyone else was able to grasp it he sprang forward, took it in his hand, and called gaily out, "Come, come, my dear children; let us taste this cake that looks so lovely." And, thanking himself most fervently for his rapid action, he cut a piece for each of them, and then for himself a much smaller one. A slice that was not, by far, even half the size of either of the two others which he had previously eaten.

"Thou must know, my dear children, that I must not eat very much, for I am afraid that my poor Pancho is waiting for me," he said, somewhat apologetically.

Padre Bernardo soon learned that it was no easy task to get rid of this third piece of cake; it was, alas, a most difficult one. Somehow it persisted in sticking when he had it about half down, so that it was necessary to swallow and gulp very hard before it would go further. But at last, with the whole family looking on in great glee, he managed to get rid of the last crumb of it.

"Ah, ah," he breathed, doing his best to smile as if he had enjoyed himself immensely, "truly thou art a wonder at cooking, my dear Leonora. It is one of the best cakes that I have had the pleasure of eating in all my life; indeed it is! *Gracias, gracias, muchas gracias!*"

And that, in a measure, was where he made his big mistake. For Leonora, not knowing of course about his other two slices, insisted that he must, if he liked it so much, have just one more bite. The good Padre demurred, saying that really he must already be late. Then Alberto, in pleading accents, begged him to partake of just a *little* more; it gave them such unbounded pleasure to see him eat it, they were so overjoyed to think that they had pleased him; *surely* the kind Padre would oblige them. Still he demurred, telling them of the big dinner awaiting him. But then, alas, just as it seemed settled, little Carmen joined in the conversation.

"Please, please, dear Padre," she lisped, "you see I helped mamma make it. Did I not, mamma, dear?"

"Yes, my child, yes! *Querida nina*," replied the fond mother.

"But—but truly, my dear Carmen," said the Padre, "I am in a very great hurry, thou must know."

Now Carmen was exceedingly proud of having helped her mother with the cake, and thinking that the Padre was spurning her offer, immediately resorted to the weapons of the very young—tears and wails that made such a deplorable sound, really as if she were undergoing excruciating torture, that poor Padre Bernardo was at last forced into agreeing that he would take another piece of cake. And this time, unfortunately, he did not have a chance to cut it himself, for little Carmen, on his acceptance, instantly rushed forward and wielded the knife with her own small but very generous hand, cutting a slice of cake that was so large as to make the Padre vow that it was fully as much as his first *two* pieces put together.

Just how he managed to eat that last piece Padre Bernardo never knew; he knew only that exactly three glasses of water had been necessary in order to wash it down, this cake that was the richest and sweetest and thickest of any he had that day eaten. Finally, though, it was all gone, every crumb and every bit of the delicious icing. Then, thanking them profusely, he wrapped up the remainder, placed it in one of his baskets carried by Pepe, and once more started on his way to the little path which led to his church, thanking the good *Dios*, as well as all the saints, that he had no more houses to pass.

His ascent up the steep, rugged hill had never been so slow, not even when he had been a much younger man. He felt, indeed, as if there were a large piece of lead inside of him, while his feet seemed to be protesting against the work they were put to, so heavy and dragging did they feel. At last though, puffing, perspiring, his poor brain trying to puzzle out how he could eat Pancho's dinner, so as not to mortally offend him, he reached the crest of the hill and stood, panting and mopping his brow, before his little church.

"Ah, Pepe," he gasped, "thou hast a heavy load on thy back, it is true; but thou shouldst thank the good *Dios* that thy stomach is empty!"

Pancho, his long grave face wearing a

smile upon it, at that moment came around the corner of the building.

"I hope, Pancho, that I am not late for our dinner, eh?" said the Padre, again forcing himself to smile, while inwardly he was wishing that there was no such thing as dinner, or chocolate cake, or *anything* eatable—especially chocolate cake. But the kind *Dios* must really pity him, if he did not eat the *arroz con pollo* he would grieve his loyal Pancho almost to death. Well, he would take as little as possible, that was it, and perhaps Pancho would not notice it.

"No, Padre Bernardo," answered Pancho, his quiet, gray eyes glowing brightly, "I have been very busy with the dinner, and just this moment put it on the table, as I saw that you were coming up the hill."

"Excellent," said the Padre, more politely than heartily, "excellent."

Pancho, solemnly and with great dignity, led the way around the side of the little church to his master's dwelling behind it, pompously opened the door which opened directly into the dining-room, and, bowing ceremoniously, held it ajar so that the Padre might pass inside.

Padre Bernardo, the instant he entered, received such a shock that he almost fell back through the doorway. On the table was a huge, steaming platter of his favorite *arroz con pollo*, as well as many other little delicacies, but what he noticed—the only thing, in fact, that he did notice—was a cake! A cake that truly was a cake; a cake that must have had at least six layers, and six thick layers; a cake that had icing all over it nearly an inch deep; a cake that would have gone a long way toward feeding a regiment, he told himself; and it was, as the others had been, a chocolate cake. But what a cake—what a cake!

Pancho, as he saw his master stagegr back and noticed the hopeless expression on his face, sprang forward in alarm. "Oh, Padre Bernardo, do you feel ill?" he asked, his voice much worried.

The Padre made a supreme effort to regain his usual happy expression, really succeeding most admirably. "Not at all, my loyal Pancho, not at all; I was but overjoyed at the great surprise of your gorgeous chocolate cake," he said, at the same time mentally imposing penance upon himself for his excusable untruth. Then, with a jolly laugh, but an inward sigh, "Come, Pancho, and let us sit down to the feast and make merry."

* * *

For the sake of the good Padre Bernardo, if for nothing else, that which remains to be told had better be done so as quickly as possible; it is by far the kindest way. He ate a fairly hearty dinner, for Pancho insisted on helping him again and again; and when it came to the monstrous cake, he found it absolutely imperative to make away with two slices of it. Had he not done so, Pancho would verily have gone sadly and morosely about the house for at least a month or more. He was proud of his cooking, was Pancho, and justly proud.

And that is why poor Padre Bernardo went to his bed the instant the meal was over, and stayed there all through the night and all through the next day, arising, even then, with an acute pain in his stomach. And that is why, also, that whenever chocolate cake is mentioned in his presence he does not lick his lips as he formerly did, nor does the pleased sparkle come into his eyes; instead, he turns his head aside and coughs so as to enable him to hide the pitiful look on his face. And that is why, again, many of the poorest and hungriest families, in the outlying districts, as soon as he was well, each received a piece of cake that was to them an untold-of luxury; while the good Padre Bernardo, as he watched them eagerly devour it, told himself that the pleasure he was giving these dear children surely did more than make up for the terrible day he had been through.

A Texan's European Studies

By Frank Putnam

III

Some of my British friends warned me that the Germans would be rude to me, that I wouldn't like them, that the German army officers would elbow me off the sidewalks, etc., etc., but they didn't. They are the most courteous of modern gentlemen, and I'm sure if the folks in England really knew them there would be an end to the silly but exceedingly disquieting constant talk about the certainty of war between the two nations. The Germans don't want war, and the British can't afford even to think of such a war as that would be, yet the loose talkers keep the war pot simmering all the time. If the makers of guns and armor are responsible for it, then the decent people of the two countries ought to take them out and hang them for deliberate treason to the Anglo-Teutonic breed and to civilization. If reckless newspapers are responsible, then the editors ought to be held under the pump until their blood cools and they acquire some realization of the mischief they are doing.

Englishmen asked me whether, in case of war between Britain and Germany, the United States, being a former British colony, wouldn't send an army and a fleet to fight on Britain's side. Germans later asked me if, in view of the very large Germanic element in our population, the United States would not, in the event of such a war, line up with Germany.

It afforded me great pleasure, in both cases, to assure the inquirers that if their two countries were such bally asses as to enter into a war in which both were certain to sustain enormous and irreparable loss, and in which neither could hope to gain and hold anything of compensating value, my country would stand by and let them fight their blooming heads off, meantime selling food and manufactured goods to the combatants, and reaching out after their best customers in other lands.

Naturally, with all this war talk going on, I as an old reporter tried wherever possible to get a line on the strength of the British and German armies and navies. I don't pretend to speak with any authority, but on what I saw and read and heard I have a hunch that if the two countries do clash during the next two years, the German fleet will give a good account of itself, the Germans will land a big army in England—and have a dickens of a time in ever getting it back home. I shouldn't like to be a soldier in an army that tried crowding the English bulldog off his native isle. Nor should I, if an Englishman, be overfond of a test of strength between the British fleet and the huge, magnificently equipped, perfectly trained, fit-to-the-minute naval force of the German Kaiser, re-enforced as it will be by a fleet of Zeppelins which I personally know to be quite capable of flying over London and raining down explosives certain to cause no end of destruction. I made it a special point to study the newest of the Zeppelins, both in the air and on the ground, and these air monsters in my judgment are going to inaugurate a new era in warfare the first time they get a serious trial. Britain, by the public confession of her

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* The third and last of Mr. Putnam's articles will appear in the April National

admiralty, is wofully behind Germany in the development and utilization of airships.

This war talk has a direct bearing on my subject, because the German disinclination for war, unless it be forced upon them, is due in part to the fact that all of their cities are carrying vast bonded debts, payment of which depends on continued peace and industrial prosperity.

Want of time to continue will probably compel me to condense my ob servations on German cities into a single article. Want, also, of belief that my observations are worth more of your time and attention than can be claimed for a single article. While I was over there I had the booksellers get for me all the works published in English dealing with modern Germany, or as many of them as they could get on short notice, a goodly collection of them. And I read 'em all. The authors' observations, and their conclusions, did not usually tally with my own, yet I couldn't find it in my heart to condemn them for writing their books, because, for an observant, thoughtful man, interested normally in human progress, modern Germany certainly is a fascinating subject. I found in all of these books written by Englishmen and Americans what I deem a marked failure, or disinclination, to adopt the Germanic viewpoint when weighing German institutions. It is a commonplace of good newspaper reporting that he will get the best, the most accurately interpretative "story" of any given event, who most completely sees the event through the eyes of the active participants. So I tried to get the Germanic viewpoint, to understand their natural human motives.

Before we begin talking about German cities, let us consider for a minute or two Germany as a whole. The empire has sixty-six million inhabitants on a piece of land roughly about three-quarters of the size of Texas. Naturally, they are crowded. (Texas, by the way, is almost if not quite as big as Germany and England together, and has only five million inhabitants to offset the one hundred and six million living on approximately the same amount of land in England and Germany; so don't be afraid you'll be crowded if you want to locate in our little state). The Germans have organized their lives, as individual members of a human society, more thoroughly by far than either the British or the Americans have done. They were the first people, I take it, to appreciate the significance of the vast migration of workers from villages and farms into city factory centers, following the invention of the huge new product-multiplying machines of modern industry. They were the first people, that is, to perceive that these millions of village and country people, moving hastily into city centers to serve these new machines, had created a new human problem—the problem of suitably housing, feeding and entertaining the newcomers in their new and strange environment. So the science of city planning and management got its first big start in Germany. With their usual scientific thoroughness, the Germans made city building and city management a profession, like any other, and require of all who wish to enter that profession that they undergo suitable preparation for it, just as in this country men have to study years and pass severe examinations in order to practice in the professions of law and medicine.

Today, so far as I can learn, the only large cities in the world which have been deliberately, scientifically planned from center to circumference, and built or rebuilt according to such plans, with the primary purpose of placing the general welfare above private profit from land exploitation, are the cities of modern Germany.

Having been first among civilized peoples to organize governmental agencies to protect their workers against want resulting from sickness, accident or age, and having thus assured, for a very great majority of their rank and file, a reasonable certainty of food and shelter under all circumstances, the Germans naturally bred faster than their neighbors. They overflowed into all the surrounding countries. I am told there are five million Germans in France, over one million in Italy, another million in Switzerland, another in Great Britain, and many more, born in the Fatherland, who have gone into other European countries to live. We know several millions of them have located in America during the past fifty years, our very best immigrants or as good as the best, and during the past twenty years nearly if not quite a million of them have gone into South American countries to win their fortunes.

Now the Germans, being well aware that at home they have gone farther than any other people in providing their individuals with governmental safeguards against want, in the development of the appreciation of art and philosophy and education, and in the thoroughness of their military training—all of which they esteem essential to the welfare of human beings—the Germans, I say, being aware of these facts of their own superiority to other peoples in other lands, naturally wish to procure the like safeguards and advantages for their fellows who migrate to those other lands. The German government, which thinks with, if it does not, as some rather shallow commentators assert, think for the German people, is thus under pressure to obtain suitable colonies in distant lands, where the surplus population of crowded Germany can find continued not only their language and their national traditions but their social safeguards and their esthetic ideals.

The belief has been entertained by a good many Americans during my brief period on earth that the German government desired, and intended some day to establish German sovereignty over a section of South America, and it has been customary with my fellow-Americans who entertained this belief to strike an attitude and solemnly warn the Kaiser that he must remember the Monroe doctrine and keep off the grass in the western Hemisphere.

After studying the Germans at close range, I am not so almighty sure we are justified in assuming such an attitude. I have my doubts whether we are not really standing in the way of human progress when we warn a superior people, with a superior civilization—a more humane, a more genuinely Christian civilization—that they must not try to substitute their government, their civilization, for an inferior one which happens for the moment to be in control, under our assumed protection, of a section of South America. I have tried, honestly tried, to see life the way Eugene Debs and Tom Hickey and my other ardent utopian socialist friends—splendid, big-hearted, big-brained men—see it, but I have found the job too big for my imagination, and have had to give it up. I simply can't see it that way. The way I see it, the earth and its fruits still belong to the hand that is strong enough to seize and hold them. When the strong hand is apparently guided by the wisest brain, the brain animated by the most humane ideals, the best applied democracy, and the highest practical intelligence, I can't for the life of me see why we should try to interfere to prevent that hand from being stretched out to make a better use of any part of the earth than is being made of it by its present inhabitants.

I don't say we ought to abandon the Monroe doctrine in favor of Germany in any part of South America. I do say the issue is not one which has only one side worth considering. There are good arguments on both sides.

But we don't need to worry about that issue. The German birth rate has fallen rapidly during the past two decades and is still falling. The population of the empire appears to have risen until it presses close upon the available food supply, and at that point nature always calls a halt in the birth rate. There is very little overflow of surplus population out of Germany these days. Indeed, I read an official statement in Berlin that during 1911 more people had moved into Germany from other countries than had migrated.

Ringed around with potentially hostile nations, Germany had to have an army. They have found this army, recruited by conscription laws which require every able-bodied young man to serve one to three years in field and barrack, before going back to business or industry as a reservist, is the best of all their schools—a school of manhood. The German army takes yokels from the fields, unwashed, unschooled in the arts and often but scantily acquainted with the decencies of life, and it transforms them into up-standing, alert, tidy, orderly citizens, worth a thousand per cent more in the industries of the nation, after this schooling, than they would have been without it. The army takes young fellows from the cities, just at the age when if left to their own devices a good many of them would degenerate into hoodlums and loafers and criminals, and it works the same change in them. It teaches all its pupils respect for law and order. It makes them amenable to discipline. It schools them in physical hardiness and mental alertness. It brings them into contact with the world of ideas, and rubs off their deadening provincialism. If Germany knew she would never engage in a foreign war, I doubt if she could provide, as a substitute for her army, any school of manhood which would give her equally valuable results at anything like the cost. Fronting the constant hazard of foreign war, Germany has equipped herself with five million stalwart sons trained to arms, and ready at the drop of the hat to defend her against all comers.

Germany is known abroad as that land in which the socialists have made largest gains in voting power. At the last election for members of the Reichstag the Socialist candidates polled nearly 4,500,000 votes—far more than the candidates of any other party. It should be understood that not all of these 4,500,000 voters are utopian socialists, or advocates of a class division of human society, with the present hand laborers on top after dispossessing the head workers (this being the doctrine most commonly taught by American socialists), but are in the main very like what we call Democrats in the United States. A prominent member of the social democratic party of Germany told me that if it were believed the party had a chance to come into control of the government at this time, fully one-half of the 4,500,000 who voted for socialist candidates last year would have voted for the candidates of other parties. Theirs is what we call in this country a "protest" vote, or, more accurately, a demand vote. They put a constant and steadily increasing pressure upon the ruling class for larger and ever larger shares, up to an equitable maximum, of the fruits of their hand labor allied in partnership with the brain-power and the accumulated capital of their employers. They demand constantly increasing governmental guarantees against want, for themselves or their dependents, resulting from sickness, enforced idleness, accident, death or old age and physical incompetency. The more conservative half of the 4,500,000, I was told, are well content to leave active governing in the hands of the class of men who have been especially educated for it and who make it a profession, so long as they can procure through this agency an ever-increasing application of the principles of democracy to the industries—where it really counts most for the hand workers. Bismarck initiated the German government's invasion of the field of "friendly society" self-insurance (against accident, sickness, old age, etc.), in order to "beat the Socialists to it." They saw it first, and by actively demanding it they forced the old chancellor and his imperial master to put the idea into action. Today they are pressing forward for enlargements of the principle, rather than for proletarian control of the imperial government.

Getting back to German cities: They are the best built (as to their public streets, parks, buildings, sewers, waterworks, lighting plants, and, with one or two British exceptions, their tramways), of all the cities I have seen. Where they have harbors, these too excel anything in Britain in completeness of equipment. These public services represent an inconceivably great investment of capital, most of it made during the thirty or forty years last past.

Where did the German cities get the money?

Why, they borrowed it. They have borrowed larger sums per capita, on public bond issues, with which to make or buy public services, than the cities of either Britain or America—far larger. Unlike American cities, the German cities have invested most of this borrowed capital in public services which can be and are made to produce revenue sufficient to pay off the bonded debt and ultimately leave the cities in possession of the properties debt free. German city governments being in the hands of professionals, men with a high code of professional honor, men assured of permanent employment until they reach the retiring age and of comfortable pensions on retirement, the German cities have been able, as a general rule, to get their borrowed money spent wisely and honestly, and to have their publicly owned public services managed in the same way.

That's all there is to it. We can do the same thing in this country, any time we abandon the childish notion that we can pick up Tom, Dick or Harry in his shop or store and place him without any technical preparation in charge of the highly technical business of managing a municipality or a municipal department. It sounds democratic, or we have been taught that it is democratic, this assumption of every citizen's natural ability to fill capably any post in government without training for it, and no doubt in times past, when our governmental machinery was far less complex than it has now become, there was a large measure of truth in the assumption.

There is mighty little in it today.

If we really want skilled, honorable, responsible municipal government, we can get it the same way the Germans got it, by applying to it the same rules of common sense which we must apply in our private affairs if we wish to escape going broke.

The British cities are following in the footsteps of the German cities as fast as they can. Lloyd-George's scheme of industrial and old-age insurance, recently adopted in Great Britain, is another step in imitation of the Germans. British men of sense, on the top side of life, realize that if England is not to rot at the core, she must take better care of her workers, through governmental agencies which will encourage thrift and reward it with security against enforced want. Liverpool, ruled by top-caste folks as certainly as Berlin, is each year tearing down several hundred rotten old tenements, built to hatch private profit at the cost of human health, and is replacing them with decent habitations publicly owned and operated. In all of this the Germans led the way. They led the way because they first perceived that the prosperity of folks at the top (the initiating, planning and energizing master level of human society), rests absolutely upon the prevalence of health, plenty and contentment among the folks in the middle and at the bottom.

We have that lesson to learn here in the young United States, where ninety million hustling individualists, possessing the richest tract of land of its size on the globe, have been recklessly living up their capital, and wasting it as no other civilized people ever did.

The Germans, thanks to their application of laboratory science to the problems of the workshop, and their need, which was keener than ours or even than Great Britain's, have learned how to convert $110,000,000 of waste into by-products which they export each year to other lands—a larger item than our biggest single export, which is steel.

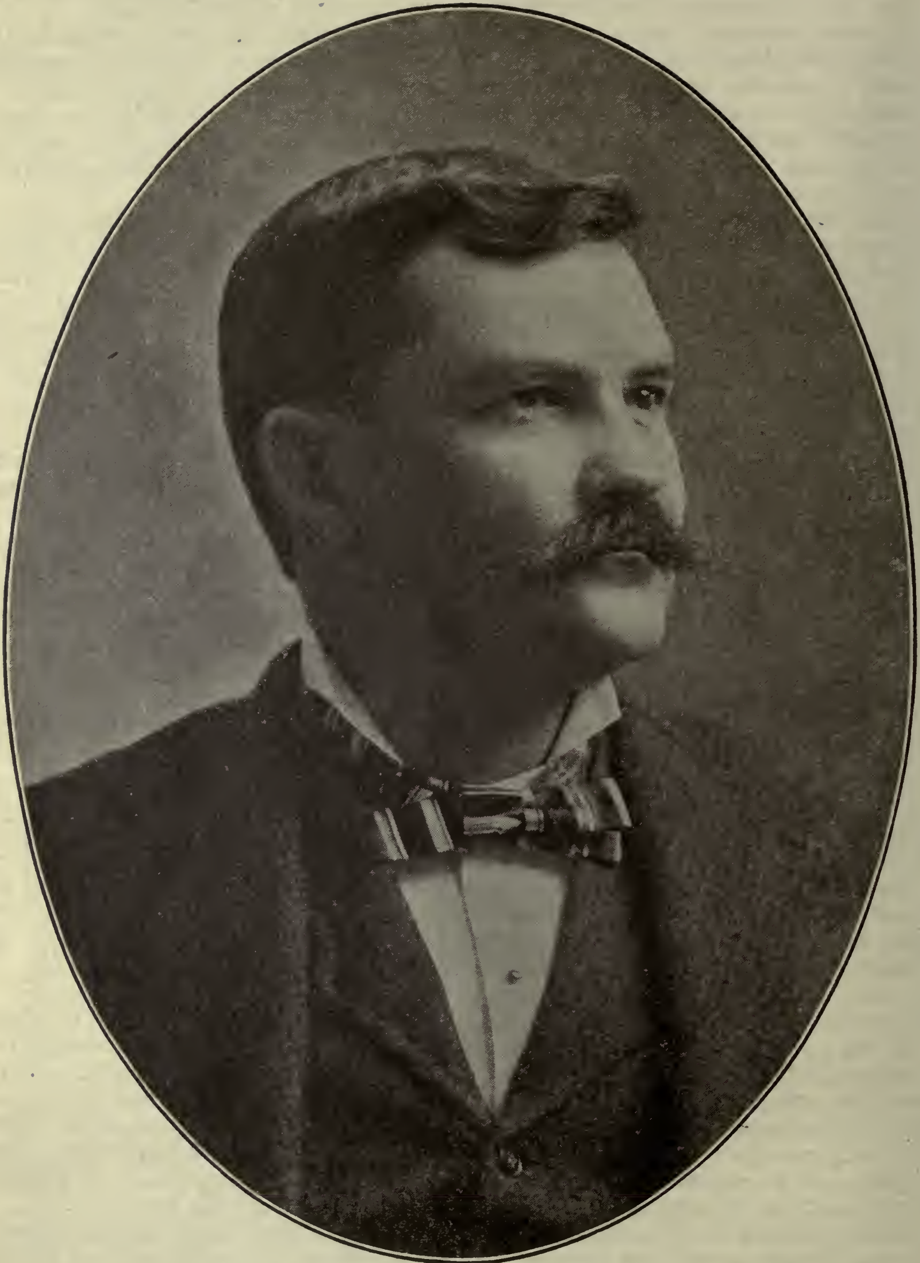
Last September I was the sole delegate from an American city to the International Municipal Congress held in Dusseldorf, Germany. Messrs. Bruere and Sheppardson of the New York Bureau of Municipal Research, a privately endowed institution, were present, but no other accredited delegate from any American city sat among the 350 municipal experts present from all of the nations of Europe.

Considering how far our best managed cities are behind the best German or Swiss or Italian cities in the construction and management of public services, I think we should have had at least fifty cities represented in that great convention. We certainly need what they can teach us.

Here is, in substance, what I recommended to my city—set down here by way of suggestion to other cities of our size and prospective future growth:

First—That the term of office of mayor and commissioners or councilmen be extended from two years to four, in order that men in office may have time to get at least fairly started upon an intelligent constructive policy before being called upon to run the gauntlet of partisan attack when seeking re-election.

Second—That of our four commissioners, only one be elected each year, leaving at all times three holdover members in the government, acquainted with municipal affairs and pledged to settled policies, so that we may hope for continuity of such policies, instead of being, as now, in constant hazard of sudden, complete



MAYOR H. BALDWIN RICE OF HOUSTON, TEXAS

Who has given eight years of loyal and intelligent service at the head of the second commission city government in the United States, laying foundations for "The Nation's Next Great City."

and radical changes consequent upon the election of an entire new government at the end of any two-year period.

Third—That we issue municipal bonds to or near the limit each year, until with the money so obtained we shall have completed our foundation laying—of water mains, sanitary and storm sewers, pavements, etc., and that thereafter as speedily as possible the city issue bonds with which to take over all privately-owned public utilities, in order that the people as a whole may obtain such benefits as improved service at reduced rates, and the surplus, if any, go into the municipal treasury to supplement revenues derived from taxation.

Fourth—That the city employ the best obtainable harbor engineer to make a thorough study of modern German harbors, in order to make sure that in the development of Houston's big inland harbor none of the latest and best harbor equipment shall be wanting.

Fifth—That the city government create a city-planning commission, to work out a general city plan, schemed to procure the maximum of health, comfort, utility and beauty for all the varied interests and elements which make up a city. This plan, once adopted, to be enforced by the city government, subject to such modifications as later experience may dictate, in shaping the future growth of the city.

To President Lovett of our new college—Rice Institute with its ten million dollar endowment—I have suggested the creation of a chair or department of municipal engineering and administration, so that we shall have in our midst an agency for training municipal experts.

I have no doubt, once we acquire men thus schooled, our voters will give them preference in elections over men who lack such special training. To doubt that would be to doubt the fitness of Americans for any kind of intelligent self-government, and I entertain no such doubts. In several of the big German cities the city government itself maintains a college in which it educates men who desire to obtain places in municipal service. The Germans would think it extremely impudent, and amusing, in any man to pretend to such appointment, in order that, being in office, he might there learn how to perform the duties of the place. This, however, is one of the commonplaces of American municipal administration. Yet no good American business man, in his private undertakings, would think for a minute of employing a man for work of any importance to him unless he knew that man was competent to earn his wages.

There is apparent in this country a slight scattering demand that our cities shall be reorganized on strictly corporation lines, and that instead of the people electing a mayor, that official, with the powers of a corporation president and general manager, shall be selected by the city council. I did not recommend this to my city, solely because I do not believe the time is ripe for it. It is the method in use in German cities. There only the property taxpayers, and a few others awarded the privilege for special causes, are permitted to vote for members of the city council, and the city council, acting in substance as does the board of directors of a great American business corporation, hire the mayor-general manager and all other city employes, under civil service rules, either for life, in most cases, or for long stated terms of years. Munich, for example, hires a mayor for a trial term of three years, and if he makes good re-employs him for life. Dusseldorf hires a mayor for a twelve-year term.

We'll come to that presently, when we have schooled men for such power and built up a professional code of honor in a class of professional municipal administrators. One bite at a time is a good policy for us right now.

* * *

America's Circus Maximus

by Flynn Wayne

OTHER diversions may come and go, but the Hippodrome goes on forever. A few years ago, a city block between Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets in Sixth Avenue, New York, was torn down to build one of the greatest play houses in the world. Its 5,400 seats presented a problem. It was fashioned after the Hippodrome in London with battalions of beautiful dancing girls and the added attractions of the typical American circus, and soon this New York Hippodrome became a national institution. It is the spectacular attraction of all amusements which delight New York's myriads of transient visitors. It is especially a place of entertainment for the entire family, from the youngest child upward, and perhaps the greatest charm of that immense theatre is to hear the little piping voices of the boys and girls, in their ecstasy of delight at the antics of the clowns, while the father, or guardian, wears that look of complete satisfaction in giving the "kids" a good time, and at the same time thoroughly enjoying it himself. There is just enough of the circus to attract, reattract and refresh you, making you feel as you did in the old days when all the tinsel and spangles were not glitter, but reality.

Each season the attractions are planned on a gigantic scale. A fantastic trip around the world "Under Many Flags" brings with it many varied, instructive and enjoyable scenes. Such privileges are rare, but every occupant of the 5,400 seats has a sight-seeing pass and nothing escapes him. The journey starts from the White House in Washington, where an inventive captain is trying to dispose of his newly patented airship to the government. On a trial flight, through the villainy of certain foreign diplomats, the airship is loosed from its moorings and flies off to distant lands with its unsuspecting occupants, landing at a quaint fishing village on the coast of Brittany. From here to a summer garden in Berlin is but a short flight. At each stopping place the costumes, people and scenery give to the music and dances a charming realism. The windmills of Holland, and her dykes and flower markets, the great square in Moscow, a rugged picturesque Scottish Highland glen, and a street in Pekin, China, are vividly portrayed.

The spectacular ballet, "Flowers of All Nations," disclose a fairyland of beautiful flowers in an odorous peach orchard. Sweet, wholesome, beautiful America is represented in the goldenrod of the prairie. The rose of England, the lily of France, and the national flowers of other lands follow one after another, until in the brilliant finale appears the great Silver Palace of Universal Peace, made even more dazzling and glittering by the fleecy, feathery spray from the Court of Crystal Fountains in the foreground.

* * *

Animals have always played a conspicuous part at the Hippodrome performances, and it has always harbored a notable and varied "zoo" within its great walls.

Elephants, camels, horses, zebras, cows, geese, lions, tigers, leopards, panthers, bears, ducks, chickens, donkeys, sacred bulls from far off India, birds of Paradise, doves, pigeons and great and rare serpents and reptiles appear in the many varied and gorgeous spectacles that have been the delight of millions at the Hippodrome.

No building on earth holds at any one time more strange animals from all parts of the earth. It may be called the hotel for animals which are passing through the city, to occidental or oriental countries. At the present time there are nine different kinds of animals being cared for in the great stables of the Hippodrome, in addition to five different breeds of horses, all of which are used in the present spectacle, "Under Many Flags." There are sixteen Red Deer from the Highlands of

Scotland, one of which recently gave birth to twin fawns—the first time twin deer have been born in captivity. There is a pair of New York State oxen which have won prizes at many a state fair, five different breeds of dogs that are used in the Holland scene—in which scene also appears one of the most wonderful sheep that has ever been on the stage, "Gustave," who came all the way from the Pyrenees ranges in Spain to butt the clown off the stage to the shrieking delight of the children. The Arizona scene shows some of the finest bronchos and most skillful "broncho-busters" ever presented on a metropolitan stage, and in the Scotch scene small ponies from the Shetland Islands are ridden by charming boys and girls in picturesque Highland costumes.

When Russia is reached three majestic white dappled Russian percheron horses are used in the royal entertainment in the great square of Moscow, given in honor of the Grand Duke and brother of the Czar. Elephants have become so accustomed to the Hippodrome as a home that they refuse to pass through the town without making an effort to break into the building, and seeking their usual stalls, which are right underneath the Sixth Avenue sidewalks, as was evidenced the other night, when the Powers elephants, which have

THE TWIN DEER, WITH MOTHER, BORN AT THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME, AND APPEARING IN ONE OF THE SCENES OF "UNDER MANY FLAGS"

A PICTURESQUE DUTCH SCENE IN "UNDER MANY FLAGS" AT THE HIPPODROME played regular yearly engagements at the Hippodrome, refused to go by the building, and had to be coaxed with sugar and other dainties in order to get them to move along to their destination.

Every known animal, wild or domestic, which has been trained for any kind of a performance, has appeared for the amusement of the patrons of the big Hippodrome. There have been as many as twenty-three elephants at one time at the Hippodrome.

Somewhere between the demand for grand opera and comedy this great national theatre comes in as "the happy medium" and there will always be a place for the Hippodrome, with its effective scenic and ring exhibits, splendid music, and refined spectacular divertisements.

THE AVERAGE MAN

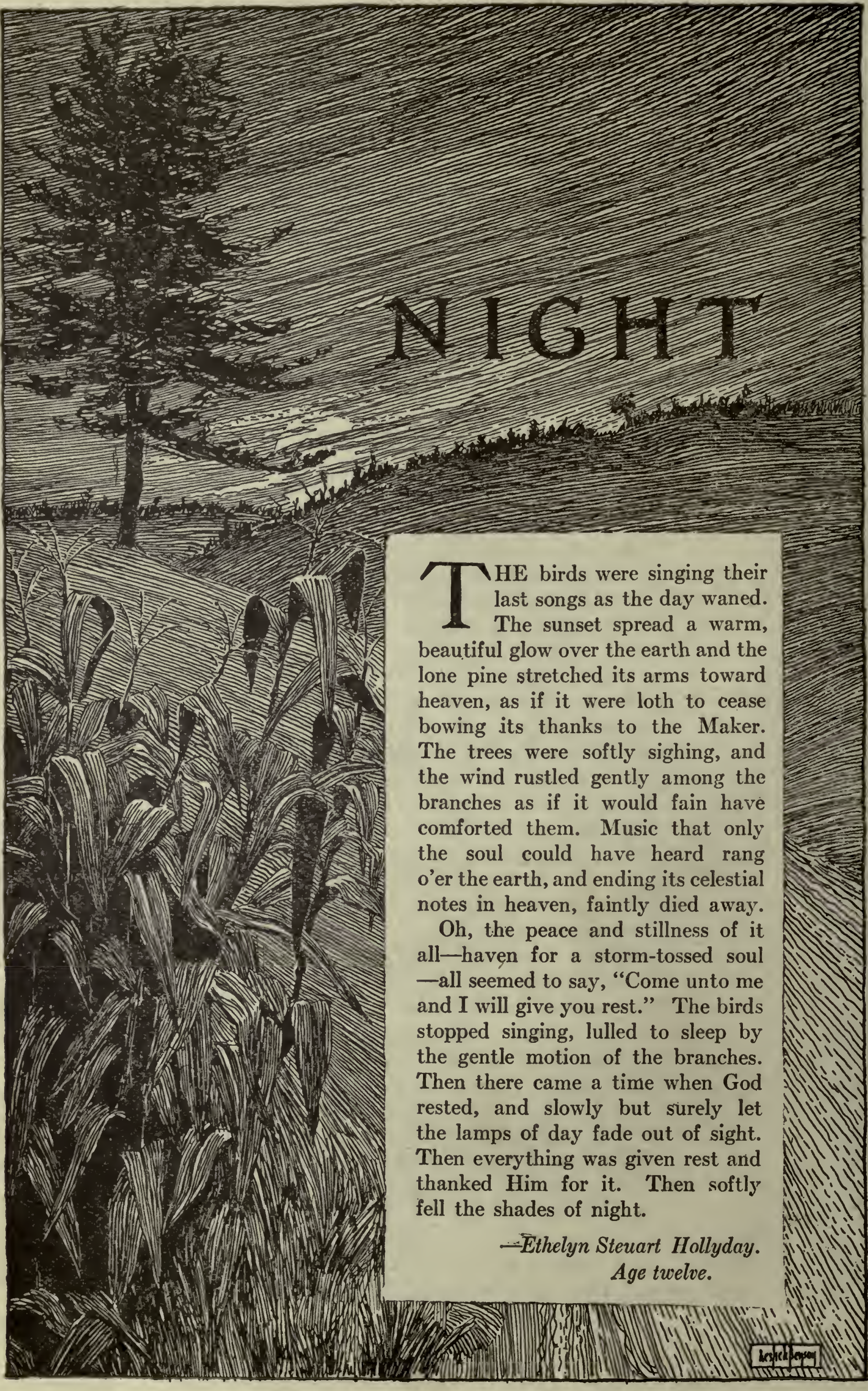
HE is straight and tall and broad and strong,
  And he is clean and neat.
He fares him forth with cheery song,
  A figure good to meet.
He makes no pose of pride or wealth,
  He does whate'er he can:
So here is toast and here is health
  To the great average man!

He has a true and loving wife
  Who greets him with a kiss.
His home is free from jar and strife,
  A breathing place of bliss;
And so because of steadfast trust
  In the Creator's plan
He makes this human life august—
  The splendid average man!

He loves the tender common things,
  The pine against the sky;
The happy bird that sings and sings
  Upon the treetop nigh.
The gorgeous race of flowers he loves;
  He loves the rainbow's span;
The greenwood and the painted groves
  Delight the average man.

He fights for honor and for truth
  He strives for aye to be
Examples for the eyes of youth,
  A force for honesty
His face is open as his soul;
  His thought is clean to scan;
Good luck attends him to his goal—
  All hail the average man!

—*Edward Wilbur Mason.*



NIGHT

THE birds were singing their last songs as the day waned. The sunset spread a warm, beautiful glow over the earth and the lone pine stretched its arms toward heaven, as if it were loth to cease bowing its thanks to the Maker. The trees were softly sighing, and the wind rustled gently among the branches as if it would fain have comforted them. Music that only the soul could have heard rang o'er the earth, and ending its celestial notes in heaven, faintly died away.

Oh, the peace and stillness of it all—haven for a storm-tossed soul—all seemed to say, "Come unto me and I will give you rest." The birds stopped singing, lulled to sleep by the gentle motion of the branches. Then there came a time when God rested, and slowly but surely let the lamps of day fade out of sight. Then everything was given rest and thanked Him for it. Then softly fell the shades of night.

—Ethelyn Steuart Hollyday.
Age twelve.

The HOME of The SELF MASTERS

By Flynn Wayne

THERE is something in the name of "Self-Masters" that takes hold of you. The long-promised visit to this unique colony in New Jersey was made in company with Mr. C. H. Ingersoll, who has been from its inception greatly interested in the project. At their farm in Union, New Jersey, among the Orange Mountains, the colony of Self-Masters has a home for the stranger and the "down and out" that is distinctive. The roomy house is painted in a warm tint of glowing yellow with a classic facade of tall Doric columns, and great stately shade trees add dignity and a homelike and restful tone to the broad acres of the farm. At the door every stranger is bade welcome by Mr. Andress Floyd and his charming

THE HOME OF THE SELF MASTERS

"The house is painted in a warm tint of glowing yellow, with a classic facade of tall Doric columns" wife, who are devoting their life to this work. Although but a short distance from New York, it seemed far away from the business world of ups and downs and the whirling maelstrom of metropolitan energies. Here thirty homeless men were living, and Mrs. Floyd was pouring the tea. It was pathetic to see these men who were unable to carry on the fight against the drink demon, but there was something hopeful in the scene. There was "Happy Holland" in the print shop, which had originally been a woodshed, and in the barn the amateur weavers were at work on simple but inspiring tasks. The whole idea was simply to get a man right with himself. If a man has a friend, he does not go there. It is a home for the friendless, in a hearty, wholesome sense of the word. Mr. Floyd is a young man of poise, clean-cut and attractive, and understands human nature and the power of sympathy. His whole soul is absorbed in helping his guests—for they are treated as guests.

MR. ANDRESS S. FLOYD
The founder and active leader of the Self Master Colony

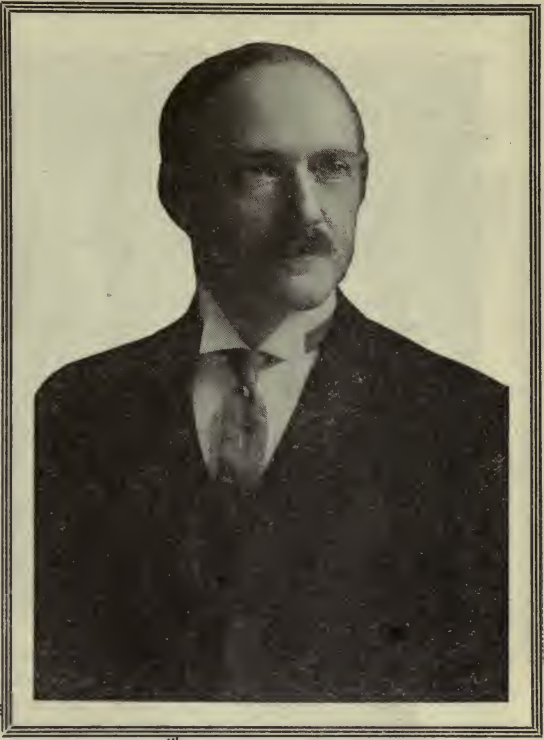
While we were looking at the men at their several tasks, all at work, I was struck by one man who was looking after a stray dog that had followed him there. He seemed to want to pass on his good fortune. A little later a man with muddy clothes came across the field to the back door. He had been there before and had again been kicked out of a bar-room, and in unsteady steps sought again his old haven. He was a brilliant musician in his prime, but drink had got the better of him, and when he approached Mr. Floyd and retold his story, there was no severe rebuke or lecture. Something to strengthen his abused stomach, good clothes, warmth and encouragement to "try again," and so the slow leaven of reformation was again begun.

Mr. Floyd and his wife, Lillian Blanche Floyd, have taken up their life work among these friendless men, real "down and outs." Mr. Floyd does not take hold of ordinary sinners; he gets the "real goods," and insists that it is, indeed, a revelation to find how these men, apparently cast out on every hand, reveal their capacity as successful business men, writers, artists, doctors.

There was one dignified old man there who at one time had been rated in Bradstreet's for a million dollars; a former bank president, a noted chef, and others more than ordinary "successes," who had fallen into the very depths. There is no dealing here in disagreeable comparisons. The home is at once felt to be a real home as soon as you enter the hall, and all find there a place that men can call "home," and find it to be one in the largest and fullest sense.

Mr. Floyd, as the founder and active leader of Self-Master Colony, has found time, before churches, clubs, and associations, to tell the story of his work among discouraged men. He never talks but in an optimistic and hopeful way of his belief and expectation of the practical reformation of most of his guests. He has a real and hearty affection for the men to whom he has devoted his life. No one seems to understand better the keen and intense despair of the "down and out" than this young manager of the Self-Master Colony. Mr. Floyd is engaged in raising a fund to provide for the extension of the colony, whose guests now occupy a home given them by Mr. C. H. Ingersoll, who insists that this is a cause that counts for the greatest and most noble of charities, and merits assistance of the right sort.

As we passed through the ktichen and parlors, the men were at work, some of them just getting acquainted with the others, while the young mistress of the home is the idol of the hundreds of men who have been there. She is always ready to bid them welcome.



MR. CHARLES H. INGERSOLL
Of Ingersoll Watch fame who has provided the home for the "Self Masters"

HAPPY HOLLAND THE HOBO
One of the favorites among the Self Master Colony

There are needs to be supplied for this work, and I thought as I looked about the print shop how many hundreds of dollars' worth of material that is thrown aside and sacrificed for junk could be utilized here to advantage. Generous subscriptions are pouring in, but the great need at all times, as for every other project, is money.

Men are making rugs, real, old-fashioned homelike rugs, and selling them at prices from $2 up, and art squares from $8 to $15. They do their own designing and match samples of fabrics and wall paper, and it is curious how men who will go out to sell their clothes for drink will

THE PRINT SHOP, ORIGINALLY A WOODSHED

"The Self Master Colony prints an interesting magazine called *The Self Master*, every issue of which overflows with keen human interest"

SOME OF THE SELF MASTERS AT WORK

They are making rugs, from their own design, by matching samples of fabrics and wall paper never think of defaulting one cent when the products of the Self-Master Colony are entrusted to them.

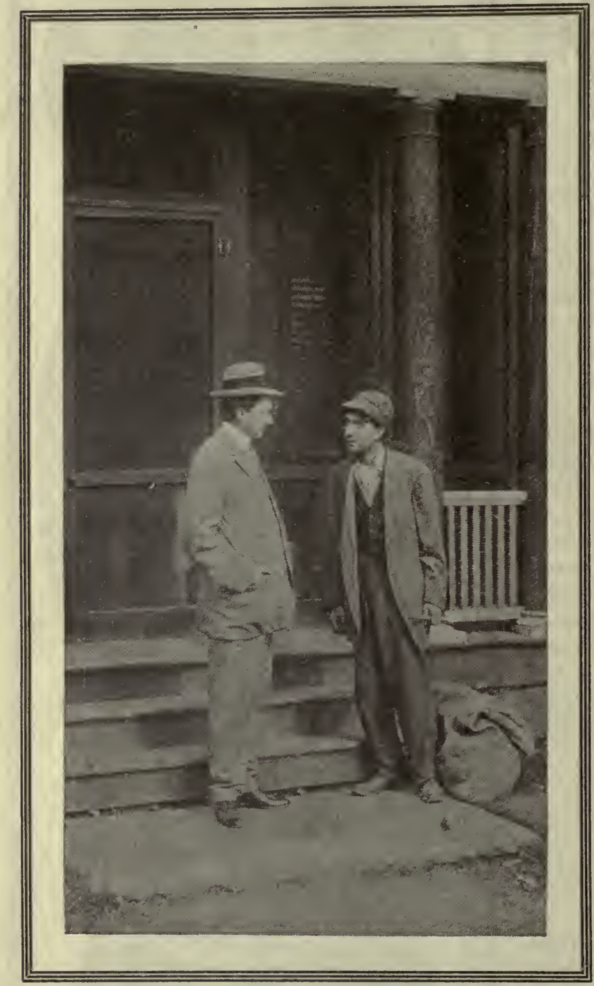
* * *

While nearly all the patients are friendless and homeless, there are cases where the rich man's son who has lost self-control goes there to "find himself." Many poor unfortunates who have been confined in prisons find here the proper environment that builds them up and gives them another grip on their self-respect.

The Self-Master Colony prints an interesting magazine called *The Self-Master*, every issue of which overflows with keen human interest. An outdoor gymnasium is counted upon by Mr. Floyd as the best means to build up men physically and mentally. One day there was sent to their barn a Jersey cow by some friend, and from their own garden comes a host of good things for the table. Over thirty thousand meals have been served to homeless men and boys, and the hospitality of the Home place "shines out like a good deed in a naughty world." There is a sympathetic consideration for the feelings of the men who come there; nothing reminds them of the memory of their past. The one work before them when they cross the threshold is to build up, to get strong and find themselves again and go out again to make themselves useful in the world. It is peculiar how the men will take names like "Umbrella Bill," "Happy Holland," and "Kerosene Bill." After they mingle together for a few days they form ties of comradeship, just like boys who are out together at boarding school. It does not seem right to call it just an uplift colony. It does more than that; it regenerates. Near the home is one of the old-time New Jersey inns, and the home has the cheery air of old-time hostelries. It is a refreshing thing to enter the house and find no "rules and regulations," with a perfect freedom of coming and going. It has something of the spirit of the old monasteries. No searching questions are asked. The entire effort is focussed on the future. The records show that this home turns out many reformed drinkers that other institutions have been unable to handle, and here no drugs are used. It is thoroughly human.

LILLIAN BLANCHE FLOYD
Who has assisted her husband in making "Self Masters" a success

Mr. Floyd, a typical New Yorker, who was once a prosperous Wall Street man, and made money and lost it with a swoop, has not lost himself. He found himself, and this determined his course in life. He began concentrating his business genius for the benefit of others. He had walked through the parks at night and had seen much of homeless men drifting about without employment, and this inspired new ideals. One cannot spend much time about the Self-Master Home without catching the spirit of the place, which has attracted the widespread attention of social workers. It is a remarkable demonstration of what can be done with a little money. It is not what Mr. Floyd gives the men so much as what he gives of himself and of the devotion of his loyal wife.



MR. FLOYD TALKING TO AN APPLICANT
The password is only "Have you room for me."

The printing office and weaving department all stimulate hope and a fresh interest in life. True, there are some incorrigible characters, pan-handlers and hoboes that no one else will furnish with a night's lodging and a square meal, but this, after all, as Mr. Floyd says, only means if at first glance you are imposed on for a little coffee, a pipe of tobacco and food, you soon see that they have done good. Mr. Floyd found one day that he had lost the key to his own rooms and has never had occasion to replace a key to his home.

There are people helped in Self-Master Colony who could not be reached at all through other agencies, and as Mr. Floyd said, it has offered no competition with other kinds of good work. It has a field of its own and has planned to do it without interfering with the good impulses and efforts of others. The types of men who arrive during the course of a year would make a most interesting psychological study. They are as varied as the circumstances that bring them there. It might be called in popular parlance a sanitarium, but in fact it has no particular method of reformation. The password is only "Have you room for me?" and on leaving the resolution that "I will make a good start in life." The appeal of Mr. Floyd is to help save men from vagrancy and look after the homeless. Over sixteen hundred men have enjoyed the hospitality of the open doors of the Self-Masters, which splendid record has been made possible because of the devoted interest of Mr. Floyd and his wife, and of the generous friends who stand ready to help him in this work of practical, Christian brotherhood.

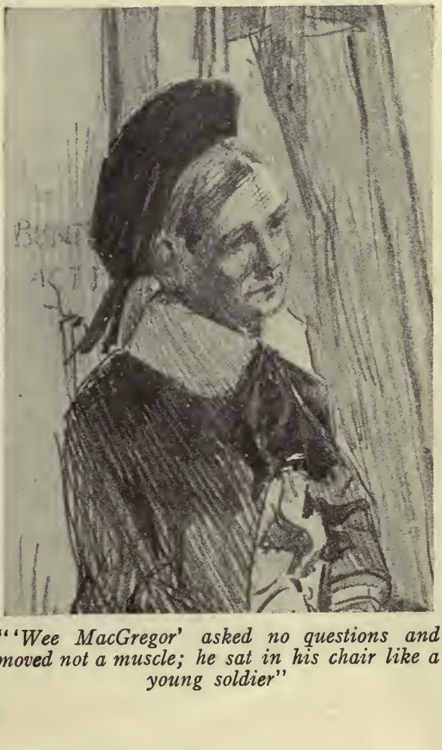
BACK-STAGE WHILE BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS

by Ann Randolph

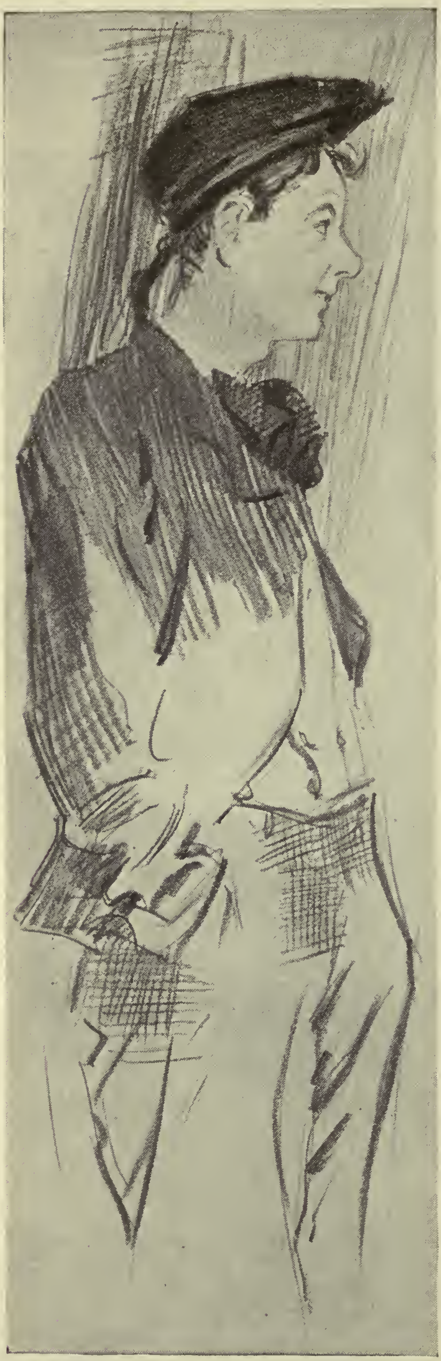
WHEN the average play comes to your town the story of it is pretty well known. The newspapers—and the advance representative—have prepared you for it, and perhaps, if it is a very successful play that has run a season in New York, you have seen it on Broadway. Not that your seeing it makes any particular difference to anyone but yourself, but if your readers have for a year or more been digesting information on a play through the medium of their favorite newspaper, they are likely to resent your explanation of the plot, the author and the cast, as an insult to their intelligence. Even if they are snowed in among the mountains at Pollock, Idaho, they know "the play" on Broadway, and how the leading lady happened to go on the stage. All of which is merely to explain your attitude toward Mr. Graham Moffett's wonderfully successful comedy, "Bunty Pulls the Strings."

The original American "Bunty" company played two years in New York; "original American" being the somewhat ambiguous title of the original Scotch company that came to America with the production. There are four "Bunty" companies now, you know, all excellent enough, without a doubt. But you were glad to learn that the original company was coming to your town—the company with Molly Pearson, Edmund Beresford, Sanderson Moffett, (the brother of the playwright), Vera Pole, Ethelbert Hales, Margaret Nybloc and Amy Singleton. This was the cast of Scotch and English players who had made Bunty and her family household words in American domestic life.

You spent some time in wondering just



"'Wee MacGregor' asked no questions and moved not a muscle; he sat in his chair like a young soldier"



"It was hard to keep Mr. Edmund Beresford, the irrepressible 'Rab' of the play, in one place long enough to make an outline"

what you could say of Bunty, after an enthusiastic manager told you, some weeks in advance, his good news—Bunty was coming to the Majestic.

"Well," you reflected, "it ought to make a good story." You questioned the house manager, who hastily referred you to the advance representative; house managers are modest men. And thus the idea for the Bunty story was passed. It was a ticklish subject. Then—"I find it hard to say anything about Bunty," wrote the press representative. "Everyone knows what it is," he went on. Alas, for your hopes of a new "story" idea. "'Bunty' is genuine and human and true," said the letter again. "The play, as almost everyone knows, is a comedy of Scotch domestic life in the middle of the last century—the crinoline period. Add to the strange, fragrant atmosphere of this time, a rich, dry humor—something as human as Dickens, nearer to actual life than Barrie and yet Scotch through and through—and perhaps some idea may be had of its quality. The comparison is not exact and yet I have been thinking of it as a staging of Jane Austen—from across the border.

"The play is spoken in a compromise dialect, which gives the Scotch flavor and still remains intelligible. This, of course, is necessary. It is also acted by real Scotch actors, and done with a naturalness and artistic restraint that are beyond cavil."

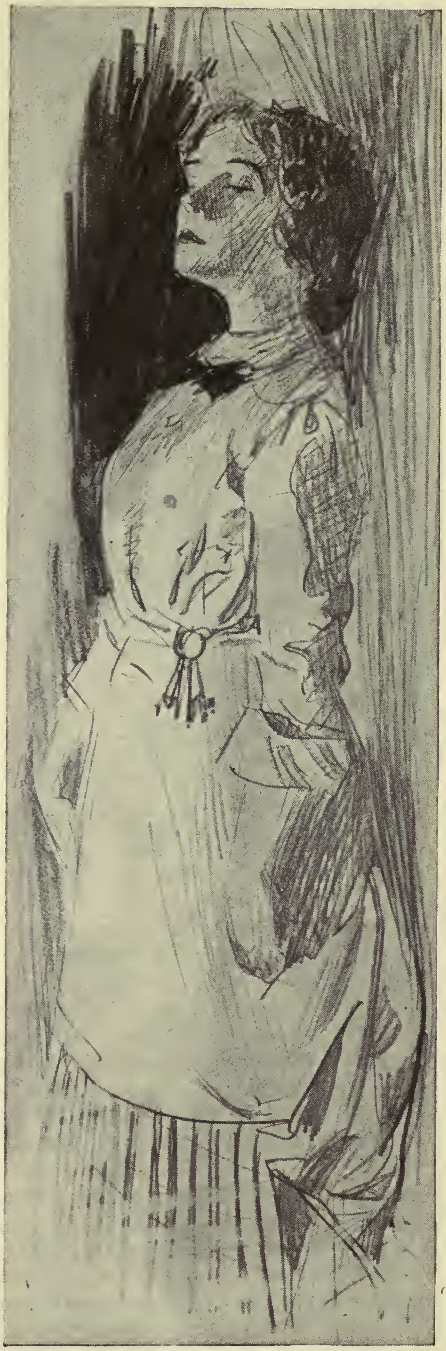
Thus the press representative. Now the Boston *Transcript's* terse summary for such few readers as may not remember the plot—"'Bunty Pulls the Strings' is a bonny Scottish comedy of the 'managing' daughter who saves her 'faether' from arrest and an ill marriage, marries him off elsewhere and adjusts sundry love affairs, including her own."

And now you are ready to begin your story on Bunty, for there is a story. You saw the play from behind the scenes, or "back-stage," as they say at the theatre. It was Saturday night, and in your town, that is the theatre night—it comes before Sunday morning, when the world may sleep. It is a hard night for actor folk. They have been through an arduous week, and have worked doubly hard on Saturday by reason of a matinee. So on Saturday night they have usually reached the limit of their endurance. You would not blame them in the least if they looked askance at curious journalists or artists who invaded their poor little privacy back-stage.

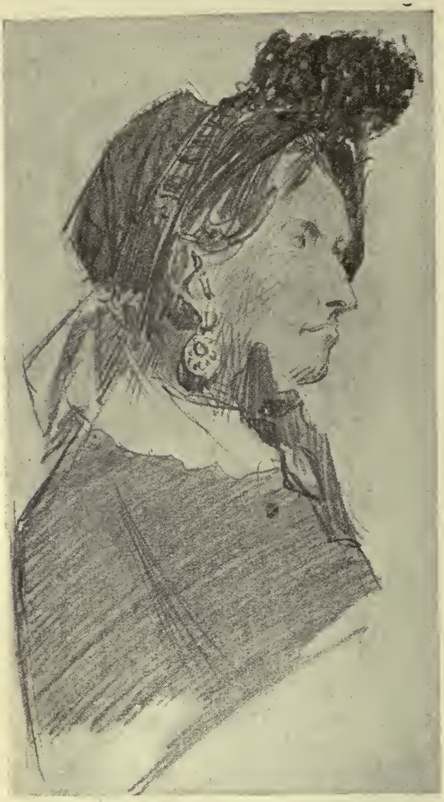
* * *

It was almost time for the curtain to go up, and the cast were assembling from dressing rooms upstairs, downstairs, and all points of the compass. Miss Molly Pearson, the winsome, charming, natural young English woman who plays the title role, sat down for a moment in the wings and chatted pleasantly. The performance was late; Saturday night houses are unwieldy for seating purposes. She gave her crinoline hoop-skirt a few affectionate pats, admitted she was tired, but—why, no, she wouldn't mind standing a few moments while the artist made his "Bunty" drawing—no, she wouldn't mind a bit. She liked the press, and if the press wanted to cartoon Bunty, she was glad to be cartooned. Only—"I've been photographed so many times in this dress," she said pathetically, "that I'd like to be done in something else." So it was decided forthwith that Bunty should be sketched in her washing gown, which she dons in the last act. It is the one "hoopless" gown of the play.

There was consulting with Mr. Hales, the stage manager who also plays the part of "Tammas Biggar," father of Bunty, as to when the various characters could best be "caught." He came nobly to the rescue, giving an outline of the different "waits," and completing the round of informal introductions. "Wee MacGregor" was the first subject. He had just been "made up" by Mr. Hales, and came blithely skipping around from the back to look through the peephole in the scenery. He asked no questions and moved not a muscle; he sat in his chair like a young soldier, while a fond father watched the process of the drawing and explained how this boy happened to be "on the stage." "There's a brain in the back of that child's head," said Miss Pearson in one of her half-minute waits off-stage; and you wondered if perhaps in years to come, you might not some day find that a real actor had developed from the lad who, again quoting Miss Pearson, "does his little bit so well."



"Bunty assumed her 'most scornful' pose, which completely withers her obstinate 'faether' in the last act of the play"

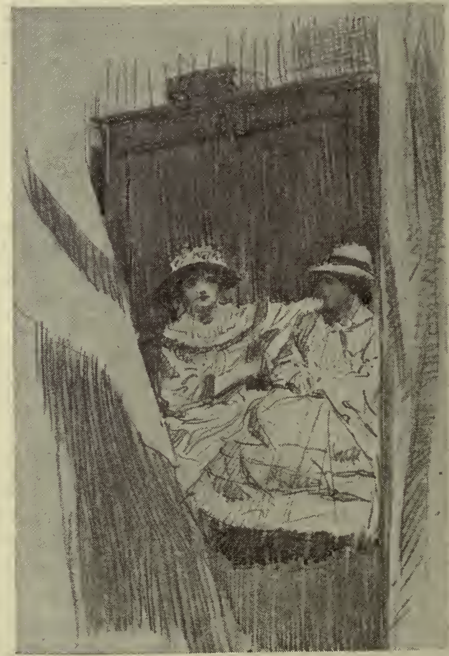


"On the stage she is a female Machiavelli, or a cross between that and a Shylock, for she demands her pound of flesh. Behind the scenes she is the vivacious Miss Vera Pole"

It was hard to keep Mr. Edmund Beresford, the irrepressible "Rab" of the play, in one place long enough to make an outline. He was here, there and everywhere, all in the same moment, always laughing, always boyish. He is too natural, too spontaneous to be called a comedian; he is unlike any actor on our stage. After Miss Nybloc—who, by the way, is called "Teenie" off, as well as on the stage—had been finished (this gay young person's high spirits have sent her up to the heading as a piece of decorative art) she whispered that Mr. Beresford was at that moment standing quite still in the opposite wings. The party moved hastily over, "Teenie" merrily leading the way. The elusive "Rab" was surrounded and forced to submit to the inevitable. Special directions for the reproduction of his nose were given by Bunty when she joined the party during a brief intermission. "His nose is his most expressive feature," she declared. "This company has made a special study of noses."

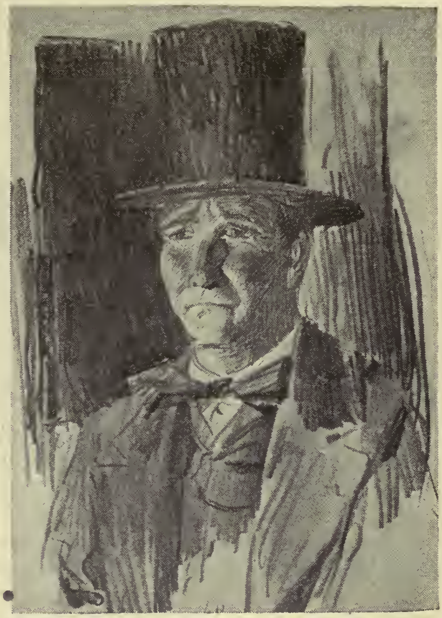
The nose of Bunty herself was the subject of frank discussion when later she was sketched between acts, in her dressing room. She assumed her "most scornful pose," which completely withers her obstinate "faether" in the closing act of the play. The artist forthwith climbed another flight to catch Mr. Sanderson Moffett with a characteristic "Weelum" expression, and you had the naive "Bunty" quite to yourself. She talked delightfully about the character which she plays. "If one isn't very careful," she said, "Bunty becomes a little shrew, bossing everyone in and out of the family circle. I try to make her tender whenever there's a chance, and she loses her temper only once.

"American audiences have been perfectly wonderful to 'Bunty,' but I suppose it's because there's a real Bunty in almost every home, and there are Rabs, Weelums, Tammas Biggars and Susie Simpsons

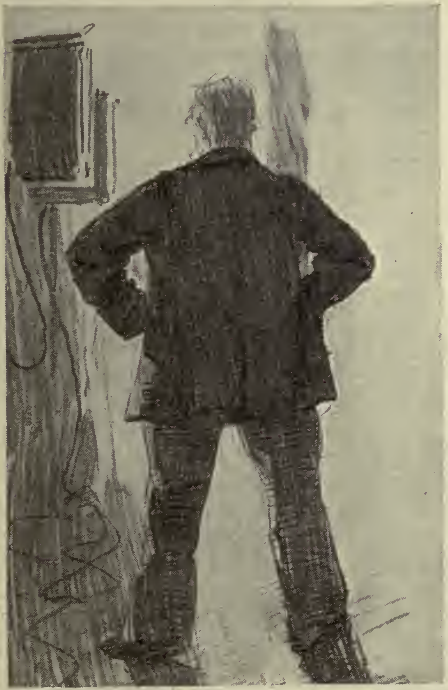


"Two of the bonnie Scotch lassies who form a part of the congregation in the church scene at Lintie-haugh were also sketched unbeknownst in their corner seat as they waited for their act"

scattered in all parts of the land." And this makes you think that thus far you have not said a word of that very excellent character, Miss Susie Simpson, Weelum's "A'ntie Susie." On the stage she is a female Machiavelli, or a cross between that and a Shylock, for she demands her pound of flesh—in this case "a hun'er' an' *twen*-ty pounds," owed her by Tammas. Behind the scenes she is the vivacious Miss Vera Pole. Who could be gloomy in her company? She plays jokes on everyone in the Bunty cast, even including the austere Tammas, impersonated as you have mentioned, by Mr. Hales, the stage director. Thus Tammas is truly the father of his flock. He was caught in silhouette as he watched the performance from the wings. Two of the bonnie Scotch lassies who form a part of the congregation in the church scene at Lintie-haugh were also sketched "unbeknownst" in their corner seat, as they waited for their act, and watched Mr. Beresford demonstrate to an admiring group of stage-hands how he—but the ladies in the corner didn't know that any more than did you what it was he was demonstrating.



"The artist forthwith climbed another flight to catch Mr. Sanderson Moffett with a characteristic 'Weelum' expression"



"Tammas is truly the father of his flock. He was caught in silhouette as he watched the performance from the wings"

The minutes fairly galloped along. The final curtain came down when the fun back stage was at its height. Out in front there was a thunderous applause, and a delighted audience encored the various characters, with a last affectionate clap for Bunty herself.

Then in back, agile stage hands began to move the scenery, and the company prepared to scatter after a round of handshaking and a cordial exchange of "Good-nights."

Finishing touches were added to the Bunty drawing, while that delightful young lady expressed her approval of the series, with a special kind word for "expressive noses." "As I said," she murmured, "this company is especially favored with noses."

"This company—" you began as you were leaving. But you didn't finish. What was the use? Was there ever such a company?

"Oh," said Mr. Beresford, "this company's just one happy family."

HENRY FORD AND THE BIRDS

By Mitchell Mannering

IN a plainly furnished office, indicative of the modesty of the host, I met Henry Ford, a man unspoiled by fortune and success, although today one of the most conspicuous personalities in the automobile world.

Near his desk hangs a portrait of Thomas A. Edison, subscribed to his friend Henry Ford, whom he declares to be "one of a group of men who has helped to make the United States of America the most progressive nation in the world." There are also portraits of John Wanamaker and other friends who, like him, have builded on foundations characteristic of self-made men of creative genius.

In a small room adjoining is kept one of the first automobiles made in the country, which Mr. Ford constructed while employed by the Edison Illuminating Company of Detroit. It has four bicycle wheels, but many of its parts have been developed and improved, and still used in the latest Ford car. The old automobile was sold some years ago, but Mr. Ford left no stone unturned in tracing it, through various purchases, and finally he secured the original machine, the forerunner of his great success.

Smooth-faced and with the bloom of health and buoyant spirits, Henry Ford is the same gentle and affable man who only a few years ago rode through the streets of Detroit with his wife and baby in the vehicle whose manufacture has since become a gigantic industry.

A romance of the automobile trade centers about the life of Henry Ford. Upon a farm near Detroit, which now belongs to him, he attended the "University" known as the district school, a picture of which hangs today on his office wall. Down the schoolhouse hill ran a brook that became a waterfall. Mr. Ford laughs when he recalls his boyish endeavors to harness the falls to a water wheel. "And so," he says, "I built a power plant in front of the schoolhouse."

* * *

It is current report in Detroit that if you can't find Mr. Henry Ford anywhere else, he is sure to be encountered somewhere among the broad acres of his farm, or in the woods where he still loves to ramble as he did when a boy, and listen to the birds whose song, unchanged by time or fashion, bears the same liquid message of hope and happiness in their simple symphonies and praise of the Creator of all things pure and beautiful.

Ever since I first met Mr. Ford there was a longing to visit that farm, and as the trolley now runs that way, I was soon walking around by the Ten Eyck House toward the Dearborn farmhouse.

It was a glorious Sunday morning. Off in the distance a new barn was being built for the cows, and everywhere were the green walls of those old-fashioned hedges, beloved of all places by nesting birds. Here, indeed, was the Ford farm, for on every hand there were bird houses. Circling below was the Rouge River, with the dam and water power which Henry Ford provided for his farm utilities, and the old schoolhouse of his early days. There he had attended school and further up the village was the Episcopal Church, where he went with his parents to morning service and Sunday-school. Up this road, the joy of motorists and farmers alike, one passes the farm where many orphan

AN IDEAL PLACE FOR WINTER PROTECTION

THE DEER THAT FIND ON THE FORD FARM THE FREEDOM OF THEIR NATIVE WOODS boys are given a home and taught not only how to work on the farm, but to love the life and its varied duties. This road is called "Michigan Avenue," and is paved like the Chicago boulevard for which it is named, and is said to run in a direct line to that thoroughfare.

HENRY FORD
The pioneer builder of the popular-priced automobile. His career spans the development of the modern automobile for practical purposes

The Ford farmhouse is just an old-fashioned one, not a place with gingerbread work and overcrowded with "modern convenience." It is a real farmhouse, from which the tempting odors of ham and eggs promptly localized the site of the kitchen. Inside there were all the evidences of solid comfort known to the farmers in the old days, and here Mr. Ford with his wife and son, Edsel Ford, come to spend their hours of recreation. Father, mother and son—here is a happy family in the surroundings amid which Henry Ford grew up and left but for a while when he went to Detroit to carve out a career. It was here that he brought out the great battle which has resulted in the Ford Motor Company, which produces the largest number of cars per annum of any other concern in the country.

The Ford machine is built on the same sterling principles which characterize the farmer boy of Dearborn. There is less tire expense and it is a standardized product. Only one chassis is being made, and improvements on that are constantly being worked out. The Ford motor cars are pronounced models, and the large factory is visited by many people every day from all parts of the world. It is the last word in auto factory construction—the model of models.

The large office buildings and the great gas engine and producer plant evolved by Mr. Ford, have about them the spirit of the Ford institution, which has without ostentation or fuss developed a manufacturing establishment of worldwide renown.

Henry Ford is known as the busy business man who does not have an office. True, there is a desk in his simple Detroit business headquarters, but he is not there any more than is positively necessary, and he chafes at the restraint of mere office work. His active brain desires a wider scope than four walls, for besides being an inventive genius, he seems to see everything in and out of mechanical propositions, and also has that rare executive capacity of having loyal men about him, who not only know what is to be done, but go right ahead and do it.

The one great hobby of Henry Ford is a love of birds, and the recent Congressional hearings on forest reservations brought out some interesting facts in this connection. An effort is being made to stop the promiscuous killing of feathered birds out of season and to give the migratory species a chance. National regulations along this line have become necessary, because birds do not remain any length of time within the boundaries of any one state. Statistics show that where effective game laws have been enforced, the bird life of the country has been most satisfactorily developed. Mr. Ford can discuss all the phases of this important matter, and his keen interest in the proposed legislation has had no small part in bringing the matter to the attention of others.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge and Senator Overman are both working on the movement, and it is felt that in the future the federal government will enact statutes preventing the destruction of migratory birds. The common law declares that wild game belongs to the people, and such ownership being in the people in their united sovereignty, the governing body representing them has the power or control over such game in the exercise of its duties as trustee for the benefit of all the people. This is the tenor of an important decision.

HENRY FORD IN THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE WHICH HE COMPLETED

On Mr. Ford's desk were many dainty books filled with tinted plates, representing thousands of varieties of bird life in colors and radiance of plumage. Through the influence of such men as Henry Ford, effective work has been done toward inspiring among boys and thoughtless hunters a greater desire to preserve for the beauty of the forests and fields those feathered songsters which have added so much to the beauty and joy of life. "What would this world be," says Mr.

Ford, "without birds?"—and just answer the question yourself, if you would not miss their varied calls, whether it be the trill of the canary, the clatter of the wren, the song of the robin or the thrush, the wail of the poor whip-poor-will, the salute of the bob-white, or the homely caw-caw of the crow. All these have more to do with our lives and their activities and beauty than we realize; were it all taken away the world would be full of unavailing regrets. What more desolate outlook for Nature than to have the great fields and trees all desolate and bereft of those beauties who enliven the forests and fields and complete that pulsating activity that lends to nature its own inimitable and enduring thrill of joy?

The protection of migratory birds was the subject of a bill introduced in the House of Representatives a year ago by Congressman now Senator-Elect Weeks, providing that all wild geese, wild swans, brant, wild ducks, snipe, plover, woodcock, rail, pigeons and all other migratory game and insectivorous birds passing from the north to the south should be placed within the custody of the United States government and not be destroyed or taken contrary to regulations. This seems like extending the scope of the interstate commerce bill to cover the aerial transportation of migratory birds.

THE DAM ON THE ROUGE RIVER WHICH SUPPLIES THE POWER FOR MR. FORD'S FARM

This is the stream in which Mr. Ford went fishing as a boy

The Department of Agriculture is appealed to to make regulations in regard to the zones of temperature, breeding habits and lines of migratory flight. It is intended to have the law in no way interfere with the game laws of the various states and territories, but to make a general law, which may escape the charge of constitutionality and protect the birds against the pot hunter and pseudo-sportsman.

The disappearance of birds in New England is accounted the chief cause of the prevalence of the gypsy moth, for the little birds of passage do much to keep down the pests that attack the trees, foliage and shrubbery.

A careful study of the habits of birds is being made by the various states, and the impulse that has led Henry Ford in his earnest championship of the birds of the air lies latent in the hearts and minds of thousands of people throughout the country.

* * *

Henry Ford's love of birds is almost a passion. Never has he been known to shoot or kill a bird. He even does not enjoy fishing. To him life's greatest pleasure is to be on the farm where he was reared as a boy, roving in the fields and hearing nature's sweet symphony.

The first memories of his life are of a robin—a red-breasted robin. At the time his father carried Henry's brother, scarcely two years older, in his arms, so when Henry Ford looked upon that robin and realized it, he must have been very young. More than five hundred bird houses are on his farm, and the little wrens who winter in the Southland seem to come back early in the spring, as if to find good quarters on the Ford farm. Late last December the robins were still in the quarters here, and seven remained all winter.

Through the Ford farm flows the Rouge River, and as in his school days the boy built a power plant by the brookside, so as a man he built on this stream a one hundred horse-power electric plant, which has shown what practical mechanical genius can do on a modern farm. As the boys on the farm enthusiastically remark, "It does all the work," even to milking the cows in twenty minutes. Mr. Ford remembers the long boyhood hours spent in doing chores on the farm, and his genius has been concentrated upon lightening farm labor, even in other ways than inventing the automobile, so practical and popular with the farmers of America. In the same way he has kept personal experiences in mind when perfecting the Ford machine and it is easy to account for the popularity of the Ford on the farm. The owner of the Ford knows he has the value in his machine. It has been a potent factor in revolutionizing farm work, and was designed by a man who knew the hardships and drudgery on an old-fashioned farm.

FEEDING STATION FOR BIRDS

Factory after factory making Ford motors has been built with marvelous rapidity, and the loyalty of the men about the plant for Mr. Ford is manifested in many ways. Their simple, democratic chief goes about among them as one companion with another, just as in the days when he worked with them all day under the galvanized iron roof of a temporary "factory" constructed to meet the growing demands of the Ford. At all times and under all circumstances Henry Ford is himself—a simple, genuine, hearty soul whom everyone loves.

ONE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED BIRD HOUSES MR. FORD HAS ERECTED ON HIS FARM AT DEARBORN

The philanthropy of Henry Ford takes practical form. On one of his farms are fifteen to twenty orphan lads who are being provided for and educated by the erstwhile farmer boy of Wayne County, who in his prosperity and simple enjoyment of life is ensuring for himself big dividends in the future from a beneficence that will bear fruit from generation to generation.

Mr. Ford made his first trip to Europe in 1912, when he was the recipient of well-deserved honors, feeling a glow of patriotic pride in this evidence of the great advance in American automobile construction made during the last decade and so largely through his enterprise. Since then European manufacturers, already alarmed at the invasion of American automobiles, are advocating customs regulations that will prohibit Americans from making European tours in American machines. The story of the American shoe is fresh in their minds, and European buyers are taking a lively interest in the American motor, as a product adjusted to the demands of a people insistently demanding the best and swiftest of modern motor cars.

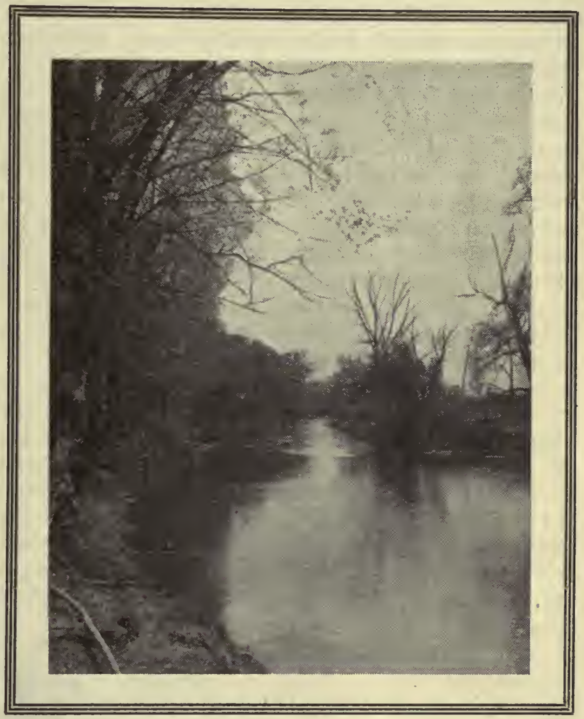
There is a marked resemblance in the methods and ideals of Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford. In fact it is plain to see that the wizard of Menlo Park had been the ideal of the Michigan boy long before he became a manufacturer. Mr. Ford's great ambition now is to make a motor adjusted to the needs and means of all the people. He has labored unceasingly toward making but one size motor for all—emphasizing the true spirit of democracy, seeking less to create startling and revolutionary inventions than to secure a perfect machine, that can be sold at a price within the means of the majority of horse and vehicle owners. The result of this idea is indicated in figures of the business for the past year. The Ford Company transacted a gross business of sixty million dollars, which is more than the total receipts of the great Michigan Central Railroad system with all its years of development and investment. With unfilled orders of upwards of 25,000 machines, a still further reduction of ninety dollars on a touring car was made October 1, making its cost six hundred dollars complete.

In spite of the fact that the earnings are still piling up, the company have provided for a bigger future, and are completing additions to their factory with a capacity of one thousand finished cars a day, all possessing the same basic and inherent merits of the other.

A story is told of one branch manager who received a special order and wanted a large number of cars painted gray, a color different from that always used on the Ford cars, and wrote Mr. Ford in person. He replied that he would provide any color they chose, no matter what color it was, so long as it was the same black as was used on the other cars. The uniform color in Ford cars emphasizes the principle of making all alike, equally good and just as thoroughly tested for one owner as for all others. Those who own Ford cars are always eager to tell you all about them, and how their pet motor has always met all demands. The tire expense is at a minimum and every automobile tourist knows what it is to see a string of Fords go sweeping along when other heavier cars are having trouble. This is accounted for by the light weight of the cars, and the rigid inspection concentrated on every part of the Ford.

Mr. Ford has not permitted his success to wean him away from Detroit and the old home near by where he was born. He enjoys life in the same simple, unpretentious way as when he was working as a director of the pioneer Detroit Automobile Company, and wanted to show them how to improve the car. He pointed out to them the way that led to the present construction of the Ford cars, which seem to "ford" every stream and "afford" everything necessary in automobile development. (If this pun escapes without causing a blow-out, the proofreader will be happy.) Mr. Ford is not merely actuated by the desire of making more money, but, like Edison, delights rather in making and inventing things that will be of practical service to the largest number of people.

The Ford Company has never appropriated a large surplus with which to exploit the world's market. In every country in the world there is a Ford machine, and every owner becomes unconsciously a most effective salesman. At some time or other, everyone wants a Ford, and that is why it was impossible in 1912, even with all the increased facilities, to supply the demand. To tour Detroit in a Ford machine seemed most appropriate, also to sweep around the fine roads of Belle Isle, and through that incomparable Belle Isle Park for which Detroit is famous, and along the boulevards, viewing the great cluster of modern factories which have more than doubled Detroit's population in a decade. Then only it seemed that I had secured a proper setting for memories of the place whence come the irrepressible, universal Fords that flit over the motor paths of the world today—moving and enduring memorials of the man whose genius made them and their stupendous reputation and popularity possible.



EVERYTHING REMAINS IN ITS WILD AND NATIVE STATE ON THE FORD FARM AND BIRDS AND ANIMALS FIND IT A HAVEN OF REFUGE

A Campaign of Financial Education

by W. C. Jenkins

WHEN some future historian gives the world an analysis of the financial events of the latter part of the nineteenth and the first few years of the twentieth centuries, nothing will be more amazing than the childlike innocence in which men and women parted with their money. The well-defined laws of human thought seem to have been set at all defiance, for now that the mental epidemic has in a measure subsided, we are enabled to look back only a few years and gaze at some of the most idiotic speculations which the human mind can possibly conceive. The story of Tulip investments in Holland and the "Mississippi Bubble" will appear as minor events when the true history of the wild speculation of this period is written; and most interesting of all is the fact that not only the innocent and uneducated were drawn into the vortex, but often the biggest losers were men at the head of great financial and industrial institutions who should have known better.

What an interesting commentary upon the judgment of many American bankers one would discover if he were permitted to analyze a certain portion of the items which have been charged off to profit and loss in their financial institutions!

Within the past twenty years vast sums of money have been lost through injudicious investments; and, let it be known, there are few securities more susceptible of disappointment to investors than some of the stocks and bonds of corporations of a semi-public nature. Without absolute compliance with the law and the resolutions authorizing the issuance of such securities, they are of little value as a protection to investors.

It is not expected that the layman can know whether all the legal requirements have been complied with, and he who ventures into this kind of speculation without first getting the opinion of a reliable authority upon such matters is taking long chances. A little care when purchasing public utility securities will obviate needless worry later. This care consists in dealing only through reliable brokers and bankers—men who are trained in public utility finance. Before they will handle stocks and bonds of this nature the details of organization, the legality of the issues and possible priority claims are thoroughly investigated. No honorable broker will handle paper regarding which there is any element of doubt.

Stung time and again by bad investments, the people of central Ohio have until very recently looked upon stocks and bonds with more or less suspicion and doubt. Since reliable brokers and bond houses began to trade in these securities, however, money is not so timid and many strong boxes in that section are being filled with securities of corporations of a semi-public nature. In fact, it is not difficult today to finance any legitimate Ohio enterprise at home.

CLAUDE MEEKER

In clearing the financial atmosphere of central Ohio, due recognition must be given the service to investors by Claude Meeker of Columbus, for no man has been more active than he in separating the wheat from the chaff. It is through his efforts that so many country banks are now in the collateral loan market. Not many years ago the country bankers held aloof from this class of securities, but today Mr. Meeker receives hundreds of letters from men who want to invest their idle funds in stocks and bonds of corporations which can readily be converted into cash.

Mr. Meeker is a specialist in securities of this nature, and hence his brokerage house is the medium through which hundreds of banks are finding a safe market for idle funds. The earnings, capitalization, past performances and future prospects of companies whose securities he handles are matters of absolute knowledge in Mr. Meeker's office, and therefore his advice is based on solid foundation.

Claude Meeker is well known to the people of Central Ohio and in fact to many persons outside. His *clientele* forms a part of the people of almost every state, and his business conduct has always been above reproach. He received his early education in the schools of Columbus, and later engaged in newspaper work. When a writer on the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, he had abundant opportunity to study the necessity for some specialist in public utility affairs to stand between the promoter and the investor. When in later years Mr. Meeker was private secretary to Governor Campbell of Ohio, this same necessity was often impressed upon his mind. His plans for starting a brokerage house, however, were temporarily interrupted by his appointment by Grover Cleveland as consul to Bradford, England, an office he filled during Cleveland's second administration. Not only did he make many valuable reports from the Bradford consulate which were of advantage to American importers and exporters, but he perfected his knowledge regarding public utility finance and operation by a study of the English system, where matters of this nature are on the most conservative and solid basis. Therefore when he returned to the United States he was possessed of a fund of information which but few specialists in financial investments enjoyed.

Mr. Meeker's banking and brokerage house was the first dealer in local securities of an investment nature in Central Ohio. The business was started in a modest way, but it has grown until today it requires a force of trained assistants to handle the daily transactions of the office. Mr. Meeker's campaign of financial education has been of much value in Ohio, and instead of many citizens owning an assortment of worthless paper, those who have dealt through his house possess securities of the very best. Associated with Mr. Meeker are G. W. Meeker, H. H. Rounsevel and M. Helen Grant.

TRUE HAPPINESS

A delicious repose, a sweet book to read, a walk in some open solitary spot, a conversation in which one discloses all one's heart, a strong emotion that brings the tears to one's eyes and makes the heart beat faster, whether it hears of some tale of generous action or of a sentiment of tenderness, of wealth, of gaiety, of liberty, of indolence—that is true happiness, nor shall I ever know any other.

—*Diderot.*

The New First National Bank of Columbus

THE oldest National Bank in Columbus is what is now the New First National Bank of that city. For an unbroken record of honor and integrity, embracing a period of fifty years, there are none that shine with more luster than does this Columbus institution. Two pictures are presented herewith illustrating the history of this bank—one when the heads of the officials were bowed in grief over the assassination of President Lincoln; the other when the present owners had achieved sufficient success to build a home for the bank and which is now one of the prettiest buildings of its kind in the Middle West.

The present new First National Bank is a consolidation of two financial institutions which were doing business in Columbus in 1897. They were the National Bank of Columbus and the Fourth National Bank. The consolidation was brought about by Charles R. Mayers, now president of the bank. When this consolidation was effected the deposits were $724,600.19 with no surplus. Today the bank has deposits of approximately five million dollars and a surplus of about four hundred thousand dollars. It has paid its stockholders during the past fifteen years dividends aggregating $804,000 and as stated above still has a surplus of four hundred thousand dollars. For the past two years this bank has paid its stockholders twenty per cent dividend which in itself speaks louder than words as to its strength and solidity.

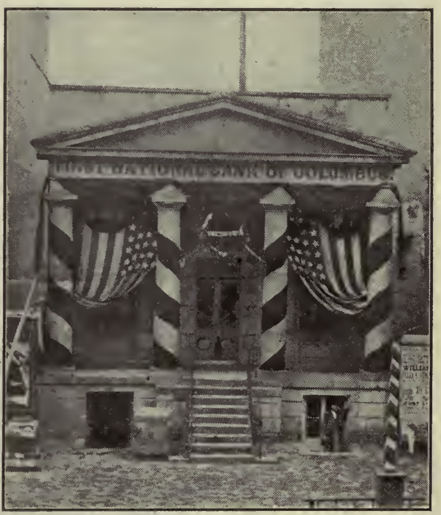
NEW FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Perhaps much of the distinction which this bank has achieved among the financial institutions of Ohio may be attributed to the aggressive spirit manifested by Charles R. Mayers, who has been president since the consolidation in 1897. Mr. Mayers was with his father in the banking business at Millersburg, Ohio. He took with him to Columbus ideas which were foreign to the majority of bankers. The primitive method of sitting idle waiting for deposits to come in were not adapted to a mind so full of energy and creative ability such as Mr. Mayers possessed; so he went out after business. He invited the accounts of business men and he solicited the reserve deposits of banks. It was largely through Mr. Mayers' efforts that Columbus was made a reserve city. On September 4, 1912, the deposits of outside banks in Columbus banking institutions were reported as $3,462,319, of which $1,673,323, or nearly one-half, were in the new First National Bank.

CHARLES R. MAYERS
President of the First National Bank of Columbus

Mr. Mayers was the first banker in Columbus and in fact in the United States to realize the importance of dealing in municipal bonds as a feature of banking, and his bank was the first in the country to start a municipal bond department. This branch has been his hobby, and how successful he has made the department may be illustrated by the fact that the new First National Bank has sold over eighty million dollars of this class of securities and in not a single instance has there been a default in the payment of interest or principal. The bank's customers are scattered all over the United States and Europe. These bonds are obligations of counties, municipalities and school districts and are the safest investments which can be purchased. They bear interest from four to five and one-half per cent. So large has this feature of the bank's business become that seventy-five per cent of its assets consist of or are secured by these municipal bonds.

Leading students of finance assert that the president of an important financial institution should devote his entire time to the affairs of his bank and that he should not hold any official position in other business corporations. This theory is evidently subscribed to by Mr. Mayers, for his interests are centered absolutely and entirely in the New First National Bank. He holds aloof from all other corporate enterprises, and his energies and activity are concerned alone with his bank. Still he finds time to participate in every movement of importance which is calculated to build up the city of Columbus.



FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF COLUMBUS
Photograph of the old building, taken when the bank was draped in mourning at Lincoln's death. The theatre bill shown in the picture advertises Jenny Lind's appearance at the Opera House

The directors are men who have achieved success in Columbus, and the managing officials have nearly all been identified with the bank since it was reorganized in 1897. Albert D. Heffner is Vice-President, Charles R. Shields, cashier; Henry Pausch and Edgar L. Abbott assistant cashiers.

A Public Utility Success

IF I were asked to direct an earnest enquirer to some city where public utility operation can be characterized as an unqualified success, I would answer: Go to Dayton, Ohio.

My studies while in that city were confined to the electric lighting and power branches of the public-utility service and the tribute gratuitously given in this article to the Dayton Power & Light Company, while unsolicited, is well deserved.

A careful study of public-utility conditions in our American cities during the past ten years has convinced me that much of the prejudice against corporations of a semi-public nature has been caused by incompetent, pessimistic managers who have believed that vested rights constituted the most important public utility requirements. These men could not see over their desk tops, and they have allowed their imagination to be obscured and their activities paralyzed because the people saw fit to complain. It has never entered their minds that the greatest asset which a public-utility company can possess is absolute confidence on the part of the people.

The Dayton plan of loan and building association practice has been studied and practiced by thousands of men, who have organized associations of this nature in the United States and Europe, and the Dayton plan of conducting a power and light company is equally worthy of emulation. In that city may be seen a manager of a great corporation recognizing to the full his broad duty for the public and who attaches far less importance to franchise rights than he does to a satisfied people.

F. M. TAIT

Perhaps it should be stated that F. M. Tait, President and General Manager of the Dayton Power & Light Company, is also president of the National Electric Light Association, an elective honor which has never been bestowed upon an inactive or unknown public-utility man. Here are a few axioms which Mr. Tait has started on their way to the corporation men of this country:

"If you have the public confidence and the public is willing to stand up and say a good word for you and your company, you have friends who in the time of need will save you a lot of trouble.

"It seems to me that it would be a good thing to spend a lot of time in trying to keep your public happy and satisfied.

"There is no place where diplomacy is needed as much as in the public-utility business."

"The more intelligent your men become, the more valuable will they be to your company. You cannot keep their light under a bushel, providing they have the right candle power in the light."

"If you have the confidence of the public you are bound to obtain the maximum business."

Five years ago the Dayton Power & Light Company was the smallest public-utility company in Dayton; today it is the largest. During that time the Company's business has trebled and this in face of natural gas competition. The Company never affiliates itself with political parties, and it asks no favors that are not consistent with honorable public-utility practice.

A considerable measure of success which the Dayton Company has achieved may be traced to its splendid organization. Visitors to the company's office never find the manager poring over diagrams, charts and figures at his desk. His time is employed to better advantage in dealing with the broad problems of policy and management; nevertheless the charts and diagrams are in the hands of competent subordinates. Every employee is made to feel that upon his shoulders, to more or less extent, rests the success of the company. The utmost courtesy to patrons is demanded by the management, which stands ready at all times to receive suggestions and rectify errors the moment they are brought to attention. It is Mr. Tait's belief that a public-utility manager must understand the people better than the best politicians of the city. He must be a man versed in practical modern sociology, a man who recognizes the needs of the public. The manager, he thinks, should have the widest local acquaintance, and particularly should he be in touch with the business leaders of the community.

The Dayton Power and Light Company has greatly popularized itself by promptness. A customer can order an electric light connection in the morning and get it in service before night. The average time required to fill such an order a few years ago was a week. Now it is less than a day. The company's slogan, "Anywhere in Dayton, electric light and power cheap," has been placed before the people in every conceivable form, and they have learned to realize that the company means just what it says.

The maximum rate for power in Dayton is six and one-half cents. The minimum rate is one and three-quarter cents. The lighting rate is from three to nine cents, the price being governed by the quantity used and the load factor. At the present time the Company is supplying eighty per cent of all the power used in Dayton. The power development in that city is greater than in any similar size city in this country.

The Dayton Power and Light Company owns the Miami Light and Power Company of Piqua, a city of eighteen thousand people, and has recently purchased the Xenia Gas and Electric Company. Xenia has about twelve thousand inhabitants.

It is often the case that municipalities do a grievous injury to innocent people who have been induced to invest their money in corporations of a semi-public nature. Public service corporations must build many months and sometimes years ahead of the city. They must have confidence in the good intention of the people and also in the growth of the city; and this confidence can never be created unless the corporation is honorable in all its dealings with the people. The result of absolute integrity and honor is nowhere better illustrated than in the relationship which exists between the Dayton Power and Light Company and the people of that city. Investments in public utility companies of this nature are as safe as in government bonds, and are a great deal more profitable.

An Anomaly in Railroad Receivership

OUT in Ohio there is the strange anomaly of an interurban railroad in the hands of a receiver, with the bondholders resisting every effort to reorganize the company and terminate the receivership. As the bondholders are in control, it is probable that the railroad will be operated by the receiver for some time to come.

This interurban system is known as the Columbus, Delaware & Marion Railway Company, and it has a strange history. The details concerning the early methods of financing the property would add another chapter to get-rich-quick literature, and would also portray the principal causes which convey so many interurban railroads into the hands of receivers. Nevertheless receivership has been a distinct blessing to the Columbus, Delaware & Marion Railway, and that without any reorganization, but simply intelligent direction on the part of the receiver and court.

The system is a consolidation of the Columbus, Delaware & Marion Electric Railroad Company, incorporated in 1901; the Marion Railway Light and Power Company, incorporated in 1903, and the Columbus Northern Railway, Power and Equipment Company, incorporated in 1904; and besides operating the interurban line from Columbus to Marion, Ohio, and the power houses and substations at Stratford, Chaseland, Prospect and Marion, it owns and operates the street railways and electric plant at Marion, the street railways at Delaware and the various parks and amusement resorts along the line.

ELI M. WEST
A receiver for an interurban railway company who has brought order out of chaos

When the property was placed in the hands of Receiver Eli M. West three years ago its finances were in a sadly demoralized condition. No dividends were paid to stockholders and the bondholders were looking in vain for interest; in fact the physical assets were unmistakably headed towards the junk heap. Mr. West, however, took hold of the company's affairs, and in less than a year succeeded in bringing order out of chaos. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912, the gross earnings of the company amounted to $402,633.90, against $316,424.65 during the last year the property was operated by the company itself. The bondholders are now getting their interest and at the same time they see the property greatly enhanced in value by legitimate expenditures for betterments, thereby greatly augmenting their security.

As a receiver, Mr. West is more than the term implies; he is the manager, and the system is under his personal supervision. No unnecessary managing officials are maintained, and his corps of assistants are men trained in the particular departments in which they are placed. The general method of receivership is for the court to appoint three men, each of whom is supposed to be trained in the particular duties assigned to him. A Wisconsin interurban company is now being managed by four receivers. All this expense is eliminated in the method which is being applied to the Columbus, Delaware & Marion Railway.

J. H. Lahrmer, superintendent for the receiver, has been in the railway business for sixteen years and is considered in railroad circles very practical in the various branches of the work. A. F. Elkins, auditor for the receiver, has spent fifteen years in public utility service as accountant and auditor, and is well known because of a number of valuable articles he has contributed from time to time to railway literature.

The system is in excellent physical condition, and the general intelligence of the employees of the road is above the average.

Mr. West was born on a farm in Perry County and is associated with George Chennell in Columbus in the bill-posting business. From 1884 to 1886 Mr. West was treasurer of Hocking County. From 1896 to 1900 he was steward at the Ohio Penitentiary. The success he has achieved as receiver has been a matter of considerable interest among railway men.

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET

THE moon looked down on Denver one matchless summer night
And bathed the earth in splendor, a flood of silver light
Suffused the hills and valleys, all wrap't in sweet repose;
We wandered near a garden, I mind I smelled a rose.
We rested in the garden, I and my heart's delight:
The moon beamed down on Denver that scented summer night.

The rain came down in Denver one blowy autumn night,
One bleak night in November, and blurred the tower light.
I told my love a story, the grate glowed warm and red;
She toyed with her fair fingers, then slowly shook her head.
She kindly drew her curtain to give my going light;
Oh, how it rained in Denver that black November night!

The snow came down in Denver, one windless winter night,
And robed the earth in splendor, in splendid robe of white;
I told the same old story, she did not shake her head,
But toyed with her fair fingers. I took her hand and said:
"And this pig went to market, and this pig stayed at home.
This little pig had roast beef, this little pig had none."

* * * * *

Eight years! The snow is falling tonight. Not far away
I hear a baby calling, and hear its mother say:
"And this pig went to market, and this pig stayed at home.
This little pig had roast beef, this little pig had none."
Down past my study window the snow flakes flutter white,
Just as they did in Denver that windless winter night.

—*"Songs of Cy Warman."*

Telephone Coöperation in Cincinnati

THE State of Ohio furnishes an interesting study for those who still cling to the primitive belief that telephone competition promotes better service and is an economic ideal to which a people may aspire. In that state may be seen telephone competition in all its varying forms of expense and annoyance; and in one city, Cincinnati, may be seen the effects of what is vulgarly termed "Monopoly." Surely time in its gentle manner has brought home to the people of Ohio the fact that one telephone system properly conducted is more to be desired than any effort to throttle the Bell and destroy monopoly.

In practically all of the large cities of Ohio, except Cincinnati, the people are being subjected to all the exasperating annoyances of the dual system; and this would not be so bad if the physical conditions of the properties, especially the Independent, kept up to a state of efficiency to best meet the demands of the public; but, pending negotiations for consolidation, but little new money has been put into the properties and as a consequence the general public finds the telephone service, which was never any too good, deteriorating and the impulse to indulge in profanity becomes more pronounced.

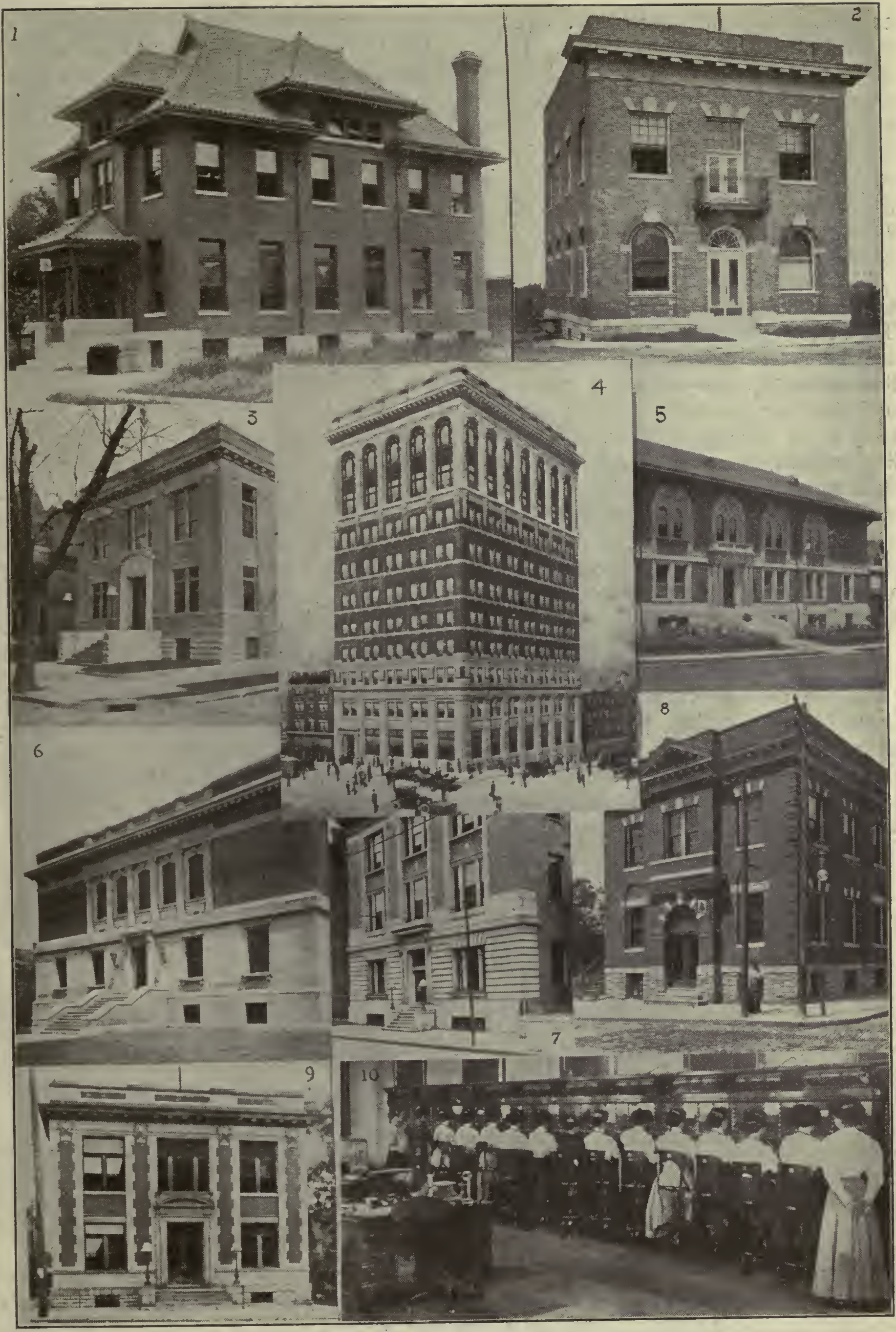
If there is one city in the United States that can give the people an object lesson in telephone experience that city is Cincinnati. The people of that city have always preferred to encourage the local company in its efforts to improve its property, than to encourage promoters who have sought to organize a rival company. What is the result? Today the telephone service in Cincinnati is far above that of the average American city. The rates are reasonable, and the people are not subject to all the grievous and petty annoyances incidental to double service. The splendid service and large telephone development in Cincinnati is the result of co-operation on the part of the citizens in the company's endeavor to bring the telephone business up to the highest ideal. It is true the company has always been splendidly managed and being in possession of ample finances to carry on development and to take advantage of every new invention of importance the moment that it is put upon the market, with the result that the people of that city have enjoyed telephone service to which those of many other municipalities have been strangers.

The City and Suburban Telegraph Association, now known as the Cincinnati and Suburban Telephone Company, was incorporated in 1873 and the early work of the company was confined to an effort to furnish communication for its patrons by means of private telephone lines using electric printing machines, single stroke bells and sounders. It was a primitive method to be sure, but what appears strange today is the fact that when the telephone was introduced the Company had much difficulty in inducing its customers to substitute the telephones for the printing machines.

The telephone development and service in Cincinnati have always been ahead of most cities of its class. The district controlled by the Cincinnati and Suburban Bell has a radius of from thirty to forty miles with Cincinnati as the center. The district has a population of about 750,000, of which 550,000 are in what is known as the Metropolitan District which comprises Cincinnati and suburbs. The entire district consists of thirteen counties in Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana, all adjacent to Cincinnati. In this district with its population of 750,000 the Bell has approximately seventy thousand telephones in service.

In some of the smaller towns of the district the Independents gained a foothold a few years ago, but the total development is confined to less than four thousand subscribers.

The Bell has twenty exchanges in the Cincinnati exchange district, thirteen of which are located in modern buildings owned by the company and equipped with relay, multiple switchboards, and seven



NEW BUILDING OF THE CITY AND SUBURBAN TELEPHONE COMPANY AND SOME OF THE MODERN EXCHANGE BUILDINGS

(1) Norwood exchange (2) Highland exchange (3) Hamilton exchange (4) The beautiful new building of the Cincinnati Telephone Company (5) Avon exchange (6) Nassau exchange (7) West exchange (8) Park exchange (9) South exchange (10) Operating room of the Park exchange

exchanges in leased property, equipped with local battery switchboards. In this district there are 56,000 telephones in service. The rest of the company's territory is covered by nineteen exchanges with 7,500 telephones and twenty-four exchanges operated by sub-licensed companies with whom the Bell has operating agreements. The sub-licensed companies have 6,300 telephones.

The service in Cincinnati and through the entire district is quick and reliable. The rates for business houses in Cincinnati are one hundred dollars per year for direct line unlimited service. For direct line unlimited service to residences the rate is forty-eight dollars per year. Two party line resident service is furnished for thirty dollars per year. Measured rate and guaranteed service are given to both business houses and residences. Every condition has been properly worked out and a service to suit every person's requirement has been arranged.

Perhaps one of the principal reasons for the efficient service which the Company gives the people of Cincinnati may be found in the fact that the employees are all well paid and every consideration is given to them by the company. All the exchange buildings are models of convenience and comfort. Twenty years ago the company encouraged the organization of the telephone employees Mutual Benefit Association of Cincinnati, and this Association has since that time been a valuable factor in stimulating fraternity among the employees. The members draw sick benefits of one dollar and a half a day, the funds for which are furnished by the company without assessment on the members. In case of death the beneficiary gets one thousand dollars, the funds for which are raised by an assessment upon the members. There are no regular dues. Probably few persons are carrying cheaper life and sick benefit insurance than are the members of this Association. The annual dues on one thousand dollars insurance and one dollar and a half per day sick benefit have never exceeded four dollars per year.

The Cincinnati Telephone Society is an association of the telephone employees which was organized five years ago for social and educational purposes.

The beautiful new home of the Cincinnati and Suburban Telephone Company, now in process of construction, will be completed the coming summer and will be without doubt one of the handsomest telephone buildings in the United States. It will be located on the southeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Hammond Street on the site of the old St. James Hotel.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

NAY! I will pray for them until I go
To their far realm beyond the strait of death!
For, past the deeps and all the winds that blow,
Somewhere within God's silences I know
My yearning heart, my prayers with sobbing breath,
Will find and bring them gladness! Drear and slow
Would dawn my days, were they not followed so
With perfect love that never varyeth!
Does the fond wife, when mists hide wave and lea,
Forget her fisher's safety to implore,
Till the lost bark that holds her joy in fee,
Blithe, through the billows, comes again to shore?—
Our vanished ones but sail a vaster sea,
And there, as here, God listens evermore.

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

IT was Grandma's time for a story—after the apples had been passed. She told of leaving her home in Vermont because her husband had signed a note for a neighbor who had defaulted payment. In those days a failure to pay a note meant imprisonment to the endorser as well as the maker. The husband and father left for the far West, to escape the severe penalty of the bankrupt law. The mother and children were to follow and the kind neighbors took them in the wagon to Albany.

At Albany they boarded a canal boat and slowly made their way across the great Empire state. The scenes witnessed from the deck of that canal boat as it lazily wended its way down the valley made a deep impression on grandma, a little girl of five, as well as upon the older children. The mules at one place were jerked back, thrown into the water and drowned when the canal boat struck a snag. After days and days the little party reached Buffalo, where they were to embark on the first steamer to ply on the Great Lakes which had the Indian-like name of "Walk-in-the-Water." The steamer was long overdue, and there were no telephones or telegraph, and they had to wait in a little cabin near the wharf, for the boat to arrive. The children were carried across the swamp on which the business portion of Buffalo now stands.

The "Walk-in-the-Water" did not arrive and the mother of the little family was impatient and bundled the baggage aboard and took passage on the schooner Decatur, a relic of Perry's days on Lake Erie. The vessel was wrecked in a storm one day out, and the passengers and crew were landed at Erie, Pennsylvania.

Grandma remembered that her dress was frozen to the side of the boat in which they were rescued and the ice had to be cut away with an axe. Some days later the steamer "Walk-in-the-Water" arrived, and the little family embarked for Portland, Ohio, the place where Portland cement, so generally used today, first received its name. The original name of the town "Portland" was later changed to Sandusky. Here there was an anxious father awaiting the arrival of his little family. For six weeks he had waited in suspense, not knowing the fate of his loved ones who had planned to leave the little Vermont home on a certain date according to a letter received far in advance of their arrival. They started for the home in the woods, and the children were carried on the backs of Indians anxious to earn a little money with which to buy the bright red clothes and trinkets brought by the palefaces. In the forest, on what is now known as the "Western Reserve" their first home was built of rough hewn logs, and here the family lived long before the advent of railroads—a sturdy group of children, in the solitude of their new home.

A welcome visitor every year was Apple Seed Johnny, who made himself famous by planting apple-seeds all over Ohio. And we all took a bite of apple in remembrance of the hero of the tale that was to follow.

IN the great city of New York at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-Second Streets is situated the School of Philanthropy, of which Edward T. Devine, the most widely known social worker in America, is director. This School of Philanthropy is a branch of the great charity organization of the city of New York, and is a professional training school to fit people to do social work. It is to the problems of social work what the schools of law, medicine and engineering are to their respective lines.

MAYOR GEORGE J. KARB
of Columbus, Ohio. First elected in 1891 was re-elected in 1893 and was again elected in 1911. Mayor Karb is a Democrat. He is progressive and liberal in his views and is giving the city a good administration

The school began in 1898 as a summer session where a few social workers met to plan on mutual advancement in their chosen work. Later the work became of marked importance, and an endowment of $1,000,000 from Mr. John S. Kennedy assured the future of educational work along purely social lines.

The enrollment of the School of Philanthropy is steadily increasing each year, and the present term shows more than one hundred and fifty students seeking to perfect themselves in social work. The tuition fee is $150 to cover a two year's course, and the enrollment entitles the student to affiliation with Columbia University and vice versa.

The work of the School of Philanthropy is being watched with keen interest. There are many places for well-trained social workers of executive ability in the various cities, and the pay is commensurate with the demand. The New York School of Philanthropy is one of several institutions of its kind in the country and keeps in close touch with the other schools in Boston, Chicago and St. Louis.

The next time you hear about the School of Philanthropy you will know that it isn't a school where young millionaires learn how to give money away; but an institution of serious study and field work, in the war for the abolition of poverty.

* * *

IN an interesting booklet published by the Erie Railroad, the great reconstruction work along its system is introduced as "greater than Panama." It is only one more illustration of the great effort which the business of modern railroading is making to provide for the present and the future. When the average man attacks a railroad on general principles, he little realizes what a tremendous undertaking the building and management of a railroad has become. A comparison of the Erie Railroad's reconstruction work with that of Panama makes an interesting story.

Says the booklet:

"It's bigger than the Panama Canal.

"What! The Erie Railroad?

"Yes.

"Listen: The Erie Railroad carries millions of tons more freight every year than the Panama Canal will accommodate, and serves more people, who are both shippers and passengers, than the Canal will ever serve.

"The Panama Canal is fifty miles long. Experts announce that, for the first year or two the annual movement of traffic through the Canal will be 10,500,000 tons, probably reaching 17,000,000 tons by 1925. For the fiscal year closing June 30, 1912, the Erie Railroad carried 136,471,206 tons of freight the length of the Panama Canal.

To float this tonnage would require nearly 27,294 vessels of 5,000 tons each, or nearly five times the tonnage capacity, steam and sail, of all *the merchant fleets of all the nations of the world.*

"The United States is paying for the Canal, but a large part of the commerce passing through it will have absolutely no connection with the United States or its people. The traffic of the Erie Railroad embraces shipments to and from every habitable part of the world, and *our own people* are interested in the movement of every pound of it.

"Last year the Erie Railroad carried over 25,000,000 passengers—a far greater number of people than the combined population of Peru, Colombia, Chile, Venezuela, Guatemala, Ecuador, Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Salvador and Honduras.

"To provide better facilities for handling the travel and shipments over its line, the Erie Railroad Company has now under construction two hundred and sixty miles of second and third track on its line west of Salamanca, which will be completed in 1913. Not only will the line from New York to Chicago be then double tracked, but three and four tracks will be available in the territory having the heaviest traffic."

Other railroads might do well to follow the example set by the Erie and give their patrons something to talk about. Toot! Toot!

JUNE 1st 1909

GAS PLANT AT CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE. LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE

The HOME

ACCORDING to the almanac, February the second is Groundhog Day, the day that decides winter's fate. And this year prophetic Mr. Woodchuck just poked his head out, saw that the sun was shining brightly and went back to his burrow for six weeks' more sleep. And the weather since has proved his wisdom. But yet it is none too soon to begin the spring planning. Houses and gardens will soon require the attention of householders, and now, too, is none too soon to make ready for that long-desired flock of chickens. At this time helpful hints, such as are found in "Pin-Money Suggestions," by Lillian W. Babcock, (published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston) are most welcome.

Primarily, this book was written for those women who, though not feeling the stern necessity of adding to the family income, nevertheless desire to earn a little money for some extras that they would otherwise have to get along without. It gives about four hundred ways in which a woman can use her spare time advantageously. All these suggestions have been contributed by those who have tried them with profit, and who have gladly pointed out to their sisters the pathway to success.

Besides being of value to those who desire a little pin money, the volume would make a very useful adjunct to the kitchen library of any woman who just desires to be a good homemaker, for there are many true and tried recipes in it for candies, breads and desserts, bearing the stamp of approval not only of the maker, but of the many consumers. Many hints on needlework, making toilet accessories, such as sachet powder, complexion creams, perfumery, etc., are given. There is an index which it would be a good idea to consult frequently, for there are numerous ideas in it that can scarcely be embodied in a short article.

* * *

For those who love out-of-door work, the culture of flowers and vegetables is set forth and there are also talks on raising different kinds of stock, especially chickens, which somehow seem to thrive so well when under a woman's care. And speaking of chickens, here is a letter received from a young lady in California who is evidently making good:

"It is a great pleasure to write you in regard to my success in poultry raising. During the spring of 1911, I brought off young chickens, numbering eighty-five in all. Sixty were female birds and the remaining twenty-five males. The following January I sold the males at fifty cents each, bringing me $12.50. The young pullets started producing eggs the following November and the average number they laid in each of the first four months was thirty dozen. Eggs sell at my home market during the months of November, December, January and February for fifty cents a dozen, and I sold eggs to the value of $60. When spring came, of course, the chickens made a great gain. In March and April they laid 198 dozen. These I disposed of for thirty cents a dozen, which brought me $59.90. The total amount received for male birds and eggs was $311.90, my total expenses in raising chickens, $55, which left me

$92.50—Our Price for Next 30 Days

We now offer the Edwards "Steelcote" Garage (1913 Model), direct-from-factory, for $92.50. But to protect ourselves from advancing prices of steel, we set a time limit upon the offer. We guarantee this record price for 30 days only. Just now we can save you $35 or more.

Edwards Fireproof Steel Garage

Quickly Set Up Any Place

An artistic, fireproof steel structure for private use. Gives absolute protection from sneak thieves, joy riders, fire, lightning, accidents, carelessness, etc. Saves $20 to $30 monthly in garage rent. Saves *time, work, worry and trouble*. Comes ready to set up. All parts cut and fitted. Simple, complete directions furnished. Absolutely rust-proof. Joints and seams permanently tight. Practically indestructible. Locks securely. Ample room for largest car and all equipment. Made by one of the largest makers of *portable* fireproof buildings. Prompt, safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Postal sent today brings new 56-page illustrated Garage Book *by return mail*.

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Cincinnati, Ohio

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Registered,
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lie in its absolute purity and wholesomeness, its delicious natural flavor, and its perfect assimilation by the digestive organs.

As there are many inferior imitations, consumers should be sure to get the genuine with our trade-mark on package.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

DID YOU KNOW

that Cobalt mining companies last year paid $10,061,000 in dividends; that since organization they have paid more than $45,000,000 in dividends to shareholders; that the total silver production of the district in eight years has been upwards of $80,000,000?

DID YOU KNOW

that about February 15 we will have ready for distribution a new non-promotion MAP OF COBALT printed in three colors, and showing, besides the producing area of the district, the camp's record of dividends, of ore, concentrates and bullion produced; the price range on Cobalt stocks, and full data on the mills of the district, with tonnage capacity and equipment of each plant?

OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T

know of our purpose, because this is the first public announcement we have made of it. The point is that you know it now, and if you want one of these maps, which will set new standards in disinterested mining publicity, you should write today and ask that your name be entered on the special list of those who will receive THIS MAP FREE OF CHARGE.

Charles A. Stoneham & Co.
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BASEBALL MAGAZINE

(All Newsstands)

Frank Chance Number

Containing the greatest baseball player story ever written about a most picturesque player, ED. WALSH.

Good Boxing Stories, Too

The Baseball Magazine is the official organ of the Baseball Players' Fraternity.

The March Issue is on Sale February 15

$76.90 clear profit. My chickens are brown leghorns. In regard to feed I always keep before them plenty of green grass and sour milk. I feed wheat twice a day, allowing a full handful for each chicken at each meal. I also thoroughly wash and cook small potatoes and potato parings for them. Once a week I feed chipped up horse-radish leaves which they greatly relish and also keep before them burned bone to form shell with. In winter when the ground is covered with snow I substitute green heads of cabbage for grass and cook carrots, turnips and parings of parsnips, which I give them warm. I get my spending money in this way and at the same time keep house for my father and four brothers, doing all the work without any assistance. The farmer's daughter has every opportunity of being independent and country life is so pure and healthy. I sincerely hope that some reader of the NATIONAL may be profited in the poultry business by my experience."

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.

TO MEND AGATE WARE

BY E. L.

When rust has eaten a hole in an agate or enamelled ware foot tub or other vessel of similar ware, that is not used on the stove, the hole may be covered by dropping in melted sealing wax; hot water does not affect the wax and when eventually it falls off, it may easily be renewed.

For Mourning Veils

To freshen a twisted silk mourning veil, either short or long, spread out smoothly on a covered table and sponge off carefully with coffee, then press between newspapers with irons moderately hot.

A USE FOR OLD CUFFS

BY A. F.

The detached cuffs that come with light shirts are rarely worn much by the time the shirt is worn out. Overhanded together, and with the starch thoroughly soaked out, they make excellent holders.

Linseed Oil

Equal parts of linseed oil and lime water make an excellent lotion for burns.. Equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine make a fine furniture polish. A cloth dipped in it is good to wipe painted woodwork with.

A Bread-making Hint

A little ginger added to the yeast when making bread improves its "liveliness."

New Old Curtains

A little yellow ochre powder, dissolved and added to starch will make old white curtains look like new ecru ones.

IMPROVES CROQUETTES

BY N. R. M.

In making fish balls, croquettes, etc., an agreeable flavor is imparted by putting a whole clove in the article to be fried and removing it before serving. Extract of clove may be used instead, but does not impart quite so fine a flavor.

Butternut Fruit Cake

Two cups flour, one cup brown sugar, one cup sour cream, one cup chopped raisins, one cup chopped butternuts, one-fourth pound citron, cut very fine, two tablespoonfuls molasses, butter the size of a large egg, two eggs, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg.

FOR THE BUTTER-MAKER

BY A. E. W.

Scalding of butter-making tools has long been considered essential to prevent the sticking of cream and butter to their sides. Scouring churn bowl, ladle and dash with salt and rinsing with cold water before using will have the same effect as boiling water and is less trouble. Even glass or crockery will not be sticky if rubbed with salt before using.

Spanish Meat Balls

One can of tomatoes, one onion chopped fine, garlic or cayenne to taste; this is the "Spanish." Soak half a loaf of stale bread, then drain off all water. Add, with one egg and pepper and salt to taste, to one and a half pounds of hamburg steak. Mix together, roll into balls the size of an egg and cook in the "Spanish" three-quarters of an hour.

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MAY 1966
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